



THE BARBWIRE FENCE

By
Rachael Rempel
October 2005

To me a life with God can be like barbwire fence.

You will often see a fence stretching across many different terrains, be they ponds, prairie, hills, valleys or even on mountains. This signifies the path we take in life and the many obstacles we can face.

On the fence you will see barbs spread down the wire. To me, the barbs represent God's activity in our lives – his actions. Sometimes he will put up barbs to protect us or guard us from harm. Other times he'll present the barbs as a warning or to let us know we're doing wrong. These barbs are usually sharp and to the point. And nobody can cross his fence to get to us unless we ourselves let them ... if we cut the fence.

Some barbs can get rusty – and this is like memory to me – the older barbs grow rusty and fade from memory while the new barbs are shiny and easy to recall.

And just as you look down the fence – so our life runs. Here and there we hit a barb – and so it goes. Another cool thing is that no section of the fence ever looks exactly the same which signifies change.

One last thing I noticed... As we travel down the fence of life, ever so often, we find a post. And that post is there to hold up the fence. I see that as God's love – a love that grounds us and stabilizes us. Though life is turbulent and constantly changing – filled with barbs and obstacles of all kinds – God puts a post down here and there to remind us of him. And these are the moments of peace, clarity, wonder, joy, epiphany, growth or, simple awe of the life God has given us. This is the stability God offers to us in our walk with him. The cool part about the fence posts, too, is that they always point up. Regardless of shape, size or colour... they point to God.

A note to remember is that sometimes fences do break (just as we do) or we cut them down. But they can also last a lifetime. Just as our lives can be short, so can a fence... or it can go on so long that it disappears from view.

The beauty and diversity of life inspires me to worship God for he is the reason for it all... and that's what I saw in that barbwire fence.