

The Wolf

By David Leach

“Is he a tame lion?” “He is the king of the forest, he is wild I tell you. No he is not tame, but he is good.” (The Lion, The Witch and The Wardrobe, by C. S. Lewis)

I desperately wanted to be allowed to interact with her. She was wild, and powerful and majestic. I had always been keenly interested in wolves, and here was one in a pen just a few feet away. The others looked frightened and dangerous, menacing; but, the one drew me. The fence stood between us, and I wanted to go beyond its safety and separation. When I went inside, I went and sat on a log and waited. I was excited to be in her presence but fear clawed at every fiber of me, knowing what she could do to me if she wanted to. She approached slowly and looked me over thoroughly, inspecting every detail. In a while, she came very near, her jaws coming ever closer to my face, and then she opened her teeth just far enough for her tongue to extend and she licked my face. I wondered a little if it was acceptance and affection, or was she tasting me. Soon she walked on around me and allowed me to touch her.

Today as I considered how I come before God, seeking Gods presence and touch, I recalled that day long ago with the wolf. I am drawn to greater respect and submissiveness. The desire to move beyond the safety and separation that I have maintained, and to risk being touched by and touching the face of God.