

Monday, April 7: All of the Stars

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&context=spotify%3Asearch%3Aall%2Bof%2Bthe%2Bstars](https://open.spotify.com/track/3Th56VIq2sEaEmPPETu7p5?si=vSkP4VtsQWiFULKNwqGRHA&context=spotify%3Asearch%3Aall%2Bof%2Bthe%2Bstars)

Ephesians 4:2-6, NIV

² Be completely humble and gentle; be patient, bearing with one another in love. ³ Make every effort to keep the unity of the Spirit through the bond of peace. ⁴ There is one body and one Spirit, just as you were called to one hope when you were called; ⁵ one Lord, one faith, one baptism; ⁶ one God and Father of all, who is over all and through all and in all.

If you know, you know. A lot of people say this, but I didn't like the phrase in the first place. To me, it somehow sounded exclusive. If I know, I'm in. But if I don't, then what?

That's exactly how I often feel about living miles away from my birthplace and immediate family. Now, I have my own kind of family here in the United States, but there are still places and moments when I feel as if I do not belong. People do not see things the way I do. I cannot see what they know. The sense of unbelonging is not entertaining. It is in those moments that I miss my family in Korea the most.

*You're on the other side as the skyline splits in two
Miles away from seeing you
But I can see the stars from America
I wonder, do you see them, too?*

Interestingly, in times of disconnection and indifference, what connects me with my beloved is often found in something distant and far-reaching. When we are captured and overwhelmed by self, reality, and anxiety, it is easy to become narrow-sighted and lose the ability to see the good in the things or people near us. We keep complaining. We blame those around us. We focus only on the differences between us.

And yet, it only takes a moment of looking up to realize that, actually, we share more than we don't. We see the same stars. We breathe the same air—the breath of life. We share the sky, waking to the rise of the same sun and ending our day at its dusk. If we take one step back and lift our gaze, we will see the undeniable truth: We are all connected. We are made in accordance with the image of one good, loving Creator.

*So open your eyes and see
The way our horizons meet
And all of the lights will lead
Into the night with me*

The greatest thing of all is that once we see, we cannot unsee. It's like reading *Where's Waldo?* The initial challenge of finding Waldo may take time, but once we spot him on the page, it becomes nearly impossible to not find him again. Whether we intend to or not, our brains automatically point him out whenever we revisit the page. No matter how chaotic the pages seem, out of the mess, we find his joyful, smiley face.

Isn't that the same for loving our neighbors? Once we remember someone, it is hard to un-remember them. Once we recognize God's image in another, we can no longer unknow their worth. Once we truly see someone in our community, it becomes impossible to unsee them.

*And I know these scars will bleed
But both of our hearts believe
All of these stars will guide us home*

At first, truly seeing each other can be intimidating. Acknowledging differences is not always comfortable, and facing them head-on can be unsettling. But if not during Lent, then when? In this season of intentionality, just as Christ gave himself to see each and every one of us, I pray that we, too, may find the shining stars—the light of Christ—in one another.

If we know, we know. Once we see, we see. And we can never unsee thereafter.

So, what shall we see in those around us today?