

Twelve men.  
That's the number needed for a jury.  
The judge gives specific instructions.  
They are to observe.  
They are to listen.  
They are to evaluate what they know.  
They are to ponder what they learn.

Twelve peers.  
They see the same evidence.  
They have a shared vantage point.  
More than month passes.  
They're asked for their verdict.  
Ten men agree.  
Two men stand opposed.

Ten men see only the cold facts before them.  
The evidence seems clear.  
Two men remember what is behind them.  
They clearly see the truth before them.

I am feeling better than I have in weeks.  
I am making progress.  
Two huge weights are getting lighter.  
My old friends, peace and hope, are visiting again.

Then, a crushing revelation.  
It's an innocent comment.  
My mind veers.  
Something in me contracts.  
Weight.  
A moment ago, dwindling.  
Now, heavier than ever.

The next 60 minutes are agony.  
My hands shake.  
My stomach is cold.  
Why has God allowed this?

I feel like my last safe place has fallen.  
I was progressing.  
Now it's all for naught.  
I can't do this.

I run.  
I think.  
I pray.  
I tell God "I can't do this."

He's quiet for a while.  
When He speaks it's clear.

*"Did I get you through the day?"*

I think of the twelve men reporting to Moses.  
I am one of the ten.

I have seen God's mighty arm.  
But did I notice?  
Did I forget so soon?

*"The land before me is uncrossable, God!"*

But what of the land behind me?

My progress today was through His strength.  
My fear tonight was because I was already forgetting Him.

I was thinking of the progress as my progress.

*"I can do this."*

No.  
I can't.

But we can.