



## The Wire

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“I need to call an electrician,” she told me. “Do you have one to recommend?” In response to my mother’s question, I posed one of my own: “What’s broken?” She explained that a lightbulb in the kitchen had burned out. (A recessed light. One that is hard to grab. One that is hard to replace, even for my father when he was alive.) “You don’t need an electrician, Mom. I’ll do it.”

It did prove harder than it looked. The bulb twisted off in my hand, breaking and leaving the filament, support wire, and cap still stuck in the socket. I wondered how I was going to remove these remaining parts without electrocuting myself. Step one, of course, was to flip the breaker. Step two was to [make sure we had a potato on hand](#). As it turned out, there were enough sturdy parts to twist the cap directly and remove it. After searching in multiple cupboards, we found where my dad had stashed the last replacement bulb, and the light was back on.

I confess, though, that the prospect of grabbing the pieces of the stuck bulb made me nervous. Maybe I hadn’t found the right circuit breaker. Maybe I’d get a shock that knocked me off the ladder. The pieces looked sharp.

This poem by Steve Garnaas-Holmes spoke to me in a poignant way:

### My power

*The Holy One is my strength and my might;  
God has become my salvation.*

—Ps. 118.14

I have no power.

I can’t change the world,  
even my little part of it.

I have no power.

But God does.

Love is the electricity;

I am the wire.

Touch the world  
and the electricity flows.

Touch the world where it hurts  
and healing can happen.

Touch the dark places  
and light emerges.

(cont...)



But I have no power.  
I am only the wire.  
God is the power.

Steve Garnaas-Holmes, *Unfolding Light* ([www.unfoldinglight.net](http://www.unfoldinglight.net)).

It made me reflect that what was broken was not the lightbulb. What was broken is that my father had died, and he wasn't there to change the lightbulb. I have no power to change that.

As we look at the places where the world hurts and as we touch the dark places, we might feel that we have no power. This poem is a reminder that love flows through those touches, even as electricity courses through the wire. The world can change, even just a little bit. The light can be just a bit brighter in the kitchen.

We are not the source of that power, but we can choose to transmit it.