Dust: a meditation from Afghanistan

M Shawn Morehead

“...for He knows how we are formed, He remembers that we are dust.” Psalm 103:14

On one particular morning from the rooftop of our house in Kabul, I noticed the dust. Dust in Afghanistan is familiar and constant; a companion on all roads and ruins, obscuring and coating, a benign frustration, and a mortal hazard. Daily, I watched the dust as symbolic reminder of the complexities of this war-torn land and its proud people.

Dust here comes in various hues of red and brown, sparking images of decades enduring spilt blood across a dying landscape. Death has never been far from the daily consciousness of any dweller in this land; an ever-unspoken reminder of the harsh realities of this place. Personally, I know little of it apart from history books, and the memories of those who have spoken about it.

However, I have seen the eyes of a longing generation; one that would step over long-drawn boundary lines to glimpse an unknown, imperfect, yet hopeful future. I would do my best to scale that wall with them, guide them down a narrower path; open the gate so they too might enter in. They are proud, loving, hospitable, arrogant, full of life, full of fear, just as we are. There exists little to distinguish our dust from theirs save our understanding of He who has formed us and why. He remembers that we, as they, are all dust and will one day return to our roots. Yet we will not stay; we are and will be changed, resurrected, made new. So should they.