



# St Mikolas

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## On The Fence Line

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*A Journal Reflection by St. Mikolas*

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Read. Reflect. Respond.

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*Man sees the border.  
God discerns the life.*

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Devotional Journal Series

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## On The Fence Line

*St Mikolas*



Today I was trimming back some of the spring overgrowth near my fence line when an ordinary moment began to turn into something more. At first it was just another bit of yardwork, the kind of task that comes with the season. Vines had started climbing where they were not wanted. Fresh growth had pushed itself into corners and edges. Spring had done what spring always does—life had begun reaching farther than the neat lines we prefer.

But as I stood there cutting along the fence, I noticed how much the fence itself shaped the way I was seeing.

A fence line has a way of pulling your attention toward the surface. It makes you notice borders, sides, ownership, and where one person's responsibility seems to end and another's begins. Standing there, you start thinking in terms of what crossed over, what belongs where, what should be trimmed back, what is hanging too far, and what has fallen onto the wrong side. The fence line trains the eye to think in terms of separation. It asks you to measure. It asks you to compare. It asks you to decide what belongs to whom.

And as I stood there, I found myself thinking about how often human life is lived exactly that way.

How often do people argue over leaves falling into the neighbor's yard? Over limbs stretching too far? Over grass getting too high? Over lines that seem so important because they are visible? So much of life in the flesh becomes consumed with boundaries and appearances. We become occupied with what can be seen, touched, defended, and named. We start to believe that because the line is visible, it must also be ultimate.

But creation keeps telling a deeper story.


The vines had not honored the chain-link the way men honor it. They had grown through it, wrapped around it, and made use of it. They had not stopped to ask permission from the border. They had simply reached for life. And nearby, the shade from a tree was falling where it fell, not pausing at the property line to decide who deserved rest beneath it. The tree was not selective with its covering. It simply gave what it had.

That was when something shifted in me.



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Because above the surface, you can see the evidence of a plant. You can see its leaves, its limbs, its fruit, its shade, its visible structure. You can stand there and talk about its size, its reach, its beauty, or its interference. But beneath the surface is another story altogether, a hidden life no one sees first. Beneath the ground there are roots, and those roots are moving through darkness, pressing through soil, bending around stones, stretching toward water, finding nutrients, learning how to keep reaching when something hard stands in the way.

And maybe that is where the deepest truth of life often lives—not at the line, but under it.

That is what made Hebrews 4:12 come alive in a fresh way for me. The Word of God is living and active, and it divides even soul and spirit, joints and marrow. That is such a deep and powerful image because it does not stay on the surface. It reaches into what is visible and what is hidden. Bone is structure. Marrow is the life within the structure. One is what holds form. The other is what carries life inside the vessel. Both matter, but one is easier to see, while the other is buried deeper.

And perhaps that is one of the great human tendencies—we become fascinated with the bone and forget to discern the marrow.


We see the visible structure of a thing and assume we understand it. We see fruit and think we know the tree. We see behavior and think we know the heart. We see the outer life and think we have arrived at truth. But what manifests outwardly always has a deeper source. Nothing visible appears without something unseen sustaining it. The fruit is not the beginning of the story. The branch is not the beginning of the story. Even the shade is not the beginning of the story. Underneath all of it, something hidden has been moving quietly toward life.

That is true of trees, and it is true of us.

What shows up in the flesh is always revealing something about the spirit.

What manifests in our words, in our loves, in our fears, in our patience, in our anger, in our peace, in our mercy, did not begin at the surface. Outward life is always bearing witness to inward formation. The visible life is the expression. The hidden life is the source.

And that is where the kingdom of God speaks so differently from the world.




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The world teaches us to live at the fence line. It teaches us to organize reality by what can be outwardly seen. It teaches us to defend our side, protect our edges, and judge according to appearances. But the kingdom keeps drawing us below the surface. It keeps asking us to look deeper than form, deeper than borders, deeper than what first meets the eye.

What man sees as separation, God may see as shallow.

What man calls division, God may expose as surface.

What man argues about above the ground may already be joined beneath it by a hidden source of life.

That does not mean distinctions are meaningless. Scripture is clear that God discerns truly and perfectly. He is not confused about what belongs where. Hebrews 4:12 makes that plain. He sees with exactness. He knows the difference between soul and spirit, joint and marrow, flesh and life. But His seeing is deeper than ours. We often divide from fear, from pride, from insecurity, from the need to possess. God discerns from truth.

And truth is never trapped at the surface.

That is why Jesus always seemed to live beneath the appearances of things. He was never captured by the surface reading. He did not stop with categories the way people around Him did. While others judged by what they could see, He kept speaking from a deeper place. He looked beneath the fruit to the root. He looked beneath behavior to the heart. He looked beneath the visible situation to the hidden hunger, the hidden wound, the hidden faith, the hidden possibility.

That is why His words so often sound like the language of roots rather than the language of fences.

*"I am in the Father, and the Father is in Me."*

*Then even further:*

*"I am in you, and you are in Me."*




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That is not surface language. That is union language. That is source language. That is the language of a life shared so deeply that visible boundaries are no longer the truest thing being said.

Maybe that is part of why the kingdom is so hard to understand when we insist on living only at the line. If all we ever do is stand at the border, we will spend our lives talking about sides. We will become experts in edges and remain strangers to source. But once the Spirit teaches us to look beneath the surface, the questions begin to change. We stop asking only, "Where is the line?" and begin asking, "What is feeding the life?"



That feels important.

Because the line can tell you where separation appears to be, but only the root can tell you how life has been moving. The line can show you what is visible, but it cannot tell you what has been formed in secret. It cannot show you the stones the root had to work around. It cannot show you the hidden nourishment. It cannot show you how something bent without breaking, or reached deeper instead of giving up.

And that, too, feels like a word about us.

How much of what is beautiful in a person has been formed beneath the surface? How much patience came through delay? How much tenderness came through sorrow? How much wisdom came through confusion? How much strength came because life had to learn how to keep moving around what stood in its way?

Roots do not stop because they meet resistance. They go deeper. They bend. They find another way forward. They continue seeking life. And perhaps much of what manifests in us in visible ways has been shaped by hidden struggles no one else could see.


Maybe that is also part of what it means to bring heaven to earth.



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We do not bring heaven to earth merely by speaking about spiritual things. We bring heaven to earth when the life of the Spirit begins taking form in the visible world through yielded vessels. Heaven touches earth when what is nourished in communion with God begins to appear in patience, mercy, courage, faithfulness, truth, and love. The unseen begins expressing itself through the seen. Spirit begins giving shape to flesh. What is hidden in God begins manifesting in life.

That is why surface readings can never be enough. The surface may reveal evidence, but it cannot reveal fullness. The branch tells a story, but not the whole story. The fruit tells a story, but not the whole story. The fence tells a story, but not the whole story.

There is always more beneath.

Today I went out to trim vines from a fence, and instead I found myself standing in front of a parable. The fence line showed me how easily the natural mind becomes consumed with separation. But the roots beneath it reminded me that life often moves in places the surface cannot explain. And it seemed to me that the Spirit was quietly saying this is how the kingdom works.

*Man sees the border.*

*God discerns the life.*

And once you begin to see that, the fence line is no longer the deepest thing in view.

*Blessings,  
St. Mikolas*

## Reflection & Response

*Take a moment to sit with today's reading. Let these prompts lead you into prayer, gratitude, and honest reflection.*

1. Where in your life have you been most focused on the visible line rather than the hidden root?
2. What might God be inviting you to see beneath the surface in yourself or someone else?
3. What hidden root work has been forming patience, wisdom, or strength in you lately?
4. How can you live more from source than from surface today?

### *My Reflections*

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### *Prayer*

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