The Light of Bezalel
(Hineni, the Artist)

by Brett Dyer

I was not chosen for glory,
but for the work.

Not to be praised,
but to prepare the space—
to carve the sacred into the ordinary,
to make room for light
where there was none.

The gift was not mine to keep.
It came like a whisper,
like breath in dust—
a quiet knowing
that the work would cost me,
and I would do it anyway.

I build what others walk through.
I carry what others set down.
I see what others miss,
and I try—imperfectly,
exhaustedly,
faithfully—
to honor it.

Each time I am forgotten,
I remember the flame I hold
is not for me alone.
It was passed through hands
older than memory—
through ash and sweat,
grief and joy,
pain and paint,
until it landed in mine.

And so I build.
I guide.
I hold space.
I lift others.
Even when my own arms shake.

Because that is what the light asks.
And I said,
Here I am.