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A Wild God

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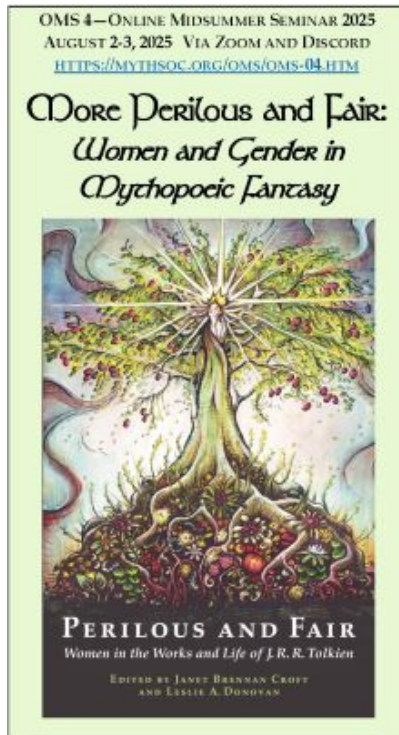
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A WILD GOD

by

David Sparenberg

God turned my way. God spoke before me. God said: "I am tired of these houses of worship, the walled buildings of men. They are beautiful. Some are exquisite; some even sublime. And they have served a purpose.

"But I who am beyond walls am weary of these dividing walls. What is a mind set against itself? Or what a mouth devouring the limbs of its body?"

"I long to be out in the wind. And I am the wind.

"I long to be under stars and the deep space cradling stars. And I am stars, the cradle, the cradling, and the dark mystery of surrounding and gestating space and time.

"I long to be in sunlight and moon-glow. And I am the light and the glow--the radiant.

"I long to be out in rain. I who send rain and am falling rain and the weeping of angels.

"I long to be in snow. And I am the scripture of snow and the calligraphy of water. The seasons of holding and the seasons of letting go.

"I long to journey freely in warmth, wafting over many lands. And I am the fire and the breath moving the myriads of creation. The elements and the many walks."

I heard these words. I felt them as feeling words: the words of a wild God. Strongly longing for a change in relationships.