The Eclectic Rigors of My Spiritual Practice

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Just as a redbird flashes across my path, I long for an epiphany. One that erases my nagging suspicion of chaos as reigning supreme. I’d like a favor from faith; fiery baptism into an explanation—a eureka! Even I can laugh at a joke well told. I search for an arcane code to follow—carved tablets to honor—liturgy to memorize, even argue with—or just one believable, luminous being—like the diamond solitaire of Venus suspended off the tip of a crescent moon—something to send a prayer to. Transported by the swell of a Puccini aria; uplifted by the communion of kindness between strangers or stranger still—spouses, I worship morning birds in the larch and the didactic loyalty of our dogs. On an ordinary evening—a book falls off the shelf, bookmark in place—I rush over to see what sign is sent.