

**In our ever present need for thee: Beloved, let us know your peace.
Let us be your instruments that break every shackle,
for do not the caged ones weep?**

**And give us our inheritance of divine love so that we can forgive
like you. And let us be wise, so that we do not wed another's
madness and then make them in debt to us for the deep gash their
helpless raging lance will cause.**

**Darkness is an unlit wick; it just needs your touch, Beloved, to
become a sacred flame. And what sadness in this world could
endure if it looked into your eyes?**

**God is like a honeybee, God doesn't mind me calling God that; for
when you are kind--sweet--God nears, and can draw you into
Godself.**

**What is there to understand of each other: if a wand turned the
sun into a moon would not the moon mourn the ecstatic
effulgence it once was. We are all in mourning for the experience
of our essence we knew and now miss. Light is the cure,
all else a placebo.**

**Yes, I will console any creature before me that is not laughing or
full of passion for their art or life; for laughing and passion--
beauty and joy--is our heart's truth, all else is labour and foreign to
the soul.**

**I have stood in God's rain and now fill granaries as do the fertile
plains: giving is as natural to love as sound from the mouth.
There is a courageous dying, it is called effacement. That holy
death unfurls our spirit's wings and allows us to embrace God even
as we stand on the earth.**

GOD WOULD KNEEL DOWN

*I think God might be a little prejudiced.
For once God asked me to join God on a walk
through this world,*

*and we gazed into every heart on this earth,
and I noticed God lingered a bit longer
before any face that was
weeping,*

*and before any eyes that were
laughing.*

*And sometimes when we passed
a soul in worship*

*God too would kneel
down.*

*I have Come to learn: God
adores God's
creation.*

Matthew 11:16-19

**Jesus said,
What comparison can I make with this generation?
They are like children shouting to others as they sit in the marketplace.
'We piped you a tune, but you wouldn't dance.
We sang you a dirge, but you wouldn't mourn.'
For John came neither eating nor drinking, and they say, "He is possessed.'
The Chosen One comes, eating and drinking and they say, "This one is a glutton and a
drunkard, a friend of tax collectors and sinners.'
Wisdom will be vindicated by her own actions."**