

Sixty Percent Water

Translucent, shining, glimmering,
reflective, brittle, transitory,
magnificent.

Flowing, healing medium,
primordial life matter,
emotions spanning rage to serenity,
seeking,
satisfying.

Ineffable, mysterious, boundless,
ever expanding and changing,
capable of union and integration,
yet still longing for more,
to change again,
for ultimate purpose.

Oh, how glorious the human person fully alive!

While having a patio breakfast at Ventana Inn and Spa overlooking the ocean near Big Sur, California, I was overcome with a sense of peaceful oneness with the ocean, and with God.

La Ventana (The Window)

Ocean
melts into the shore
melts into my heart
vast
timeless
gentle
beautiful
rhythmic
melts into the heavens
melts into my heart
unitive
complete
soothing
healing
alluring
melts into God
melts into my heart



As a drop of water is to the ocean, so we are to God. God is our source and sustains our existence. We can become overwhelmed with how small we are compared to the vastness of creation, and even more, the Creator. At the same time, we can rejoice in that God lives within us.

I Saw the Face of Jesus

I saw the face of Jesus,
and to my surprise
He didn't have long hair and a beard.
He didn't look like Mother Teresa
or Martin Luther King Jr.,
or like the beggar I encountered yesterday.
I saw the face of Jesus
in my wife and children,
the ones who hear me fart,
bear the brunt of my crabbiness,
moan at my corny humor,
the ones I hug
and who hug me back.
Thank you, gentle God, for loving me
as I am,
through the ones who know me best,
my family.

Kindness

Random acts of kindness toward strangers are quite wonderful.
Random acts of kindness toward people we know—
now that is really something.

The Hug

Do you know those times when you walk into the kitchen,
and your beloved is busy cooking,
and you turn her toward you,
and as she consents,
a hug and a tender kiss,
and more hugging,
just being,
time stopping for a moment,
slightly rocking together as one—
that is what prayer is like for me.

Or when your young child rests on your lap,
perhaps to read to you or with you,
or just to talk about whatever,
and deep in your heart,
sometimes deeper than consciousness,
you know how precious and holy this encounter is,
smelling her hair,
rubbing her back,
kissing her forehead,
time stopping for a moment,
slightly rocking together as one—
that is what prayer is like for me.



I like to say that people are flowers of God's love. Like every flower, each person is unique and beautiful. Each is a physical revelation of God, the source of all goodness and life. The marks flying around represent that our goodness touches the lives of many other people, in ways we recognize and in ways we do not.