

Touchstones Theme: God / The Divine



Let us pray to the God who holds us in the hollow of his hands—to the God who holds us in the curve of her arms—to the God whose flesh is the flesh of hills and hummingbirds and angleworms—whose skin is the color of an old black woman and a young white man, and the color of the leopard and the grizzly bear and the green grass snake—whose hair is like the aurora borealis, rainbows, nebulae, waterfalls, and a spider’s

web—whose eyes sometime shine like the evening star, and then like fireflies, and then again like an open wound—whose touch is both the touch of life and the touch of death—and whose name is everyone’s, but mostly mine. And what shall we pray? Let us say, “Thank you.” *Rev. Max Coots*

We are all born with a belief in God. It may not have a name or a face. We may not even see it as God. But it is there. ...It is the mystery behind the beginning of time and beyond the limits of space.

...If you have any sense of the mystery of the universe around you, you are hearing the murmur of the sea. ...If you hear the call of the distant sea, do not be turned away by the naivetés and contradictions of the beliefs around you. There are many paths, and the sea looks different from each of them. Your task is not to judge the paths of others, but to find a path that will lead you ever closer to the murmurings that you hear in your heart. Begin by accepting where you are. *Kent Nerburn*



Join us in exploring God / The Divine

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