

Sacred Union: The Healing of God

Preface The Realization

Most of us are raised with the idea of the perfect God – all knowing, all-powerful and all-loving. *But if God is perfect and all-powerful, how do we explain the world's pain?*

As children and throughout our lives, this question has nagged at us. How have we answered it? Many have said the world's pain is our fault. They say that we are guilty of original sin, or that pain is payment for past misdeeds, or that we have misused free will, are weak, lack faith, are being tricked by the devil, or are in illusion. Others have tried to eliminate the concept of fault. They suggest that we are being tested, or it's a mystery, or it's all for our own healing.

In 1984, as I was lying in the bathtub apologizing to God for the umpteenth time for my weakness and character defects, suddenly a thought dawned on me that I could not escape. If God is the totality of all being, and I am God, then not only am I God, but God is me, and God is you, and God is everything else. The obvious conclusion was that if I am defective, so is God. And if the world is full of pain, illusion, corruption and sickness, so is God.

But how could that be? God is perfect, isn't he?*

At that moment, I remembered a conversation that I had had with God earlier in 1983. At the end of the exchange, just before closing our conversation, God had said to me, "And remember, Beth, God is changing."

God changing? I thought my world had tumbled. After all, wasn't God perfect? And if God was perfect, she was complete, and if she was complete, she wouldn't and couldn't change.

God, of course, had seen my astonishment and had asked me, "Beth, are you changing?" I said yes. Then he had asked, "Are you a part of me?" Again I agreed. "So if you are changing, and you are me, how could I not be changing?"

I was dumbfounded. I could not deny her logic, but I couldn't consider the implications. Life is insecure and painful. I wanted God to be perfect, so that I would have a safe place to go with my pain. I wanted God to be perfect, so that I could trust that someone was in charge. I wanted God to be perfect, because I knew I wasn't, and neither was anyone else. Who else could I rely on?

Despite God's revelation to me, I continued to cling to the image of the perfect God. But there was a price to pay, and the price was my integrity.

As I lay in the tub that fateful day in 1984 and the memory of that conversation came to me, a rebellion stirred in me. I was tired of denying my common sense. I was tired of shame and blame. I was tired of holding everyone accountable, except for God.

This time I grabbed on to what God had said, and I asked myself some hard questions. In all honesty, what did I see about life on earth? Could the creator of this universe really be perfect?

* Since God is both the male and female energies, and since God also transcends gender, I alternate between the pronouns "he" and "she" by sentence when referring to God in this chapter. In the rest of the book, I will alternate the pronoun for God's gender by chapter.

How Could God Be Perfect, If Life Is So Full of Pain?

- **The devil theory** – But isn't God everything, including the devil? Didn't God create the devil?
- **People are bad** – Again, but isn't God everything, including the "bad" us? And didn't God create us in his own image, so wouldn't that make God also "bad"?
- **We're in illusion and need to free ourselves from it** – Is material reality not a part of God and therefore as real as anything else?
- **Life is a lesson** – What benevolent creator would set up a school which requires us to experience so much misery? What lesson are the animals learning?
- **People grow through pain** – Lots of people don't recover. Instead they visit their pain on others, including their children, who visit their pain on their children.
- **We're never given more to deal with than we can handle** – Lots of people are crushed by their experiences and left broken, bitter and sometimes insane.
- **It's all for our own good** – Oh really?

What kind of God would create such a universe? What kind of God would create a world where we have to kill to eat, where we have to compete to live, where children are beaten by their parents, where animals are subject to humans, where the weak are vulnerable to the strong, and the energy of domination rides roughshod over sensitivity? Had I not always felt angry with God? Hadn't I always seen and felt the suffering on this planet and wondered how a divine creator could have created so much devastation? Hadn't I become an atheist earlier in my life for just that reason? Once I had come back to a belief in God, why wouldn't I allow myself to acknowledge what I felt, which is that we are not perfect, and neither is the God in whose image we had been created?

I would not continue to deny my feelings or my reality. I became suddenly enraged at the amount of shame we humans have taken on ourselves in order to maintain the image of the perfect God. I was enraged at the amount of blame we have heaped on each other for the same reason.

At that moment, I turned to God and said, "Physician, heal thyself." Then I bolted out of that bathtub filled with a new energy. Immediately I wanted to tell others what I had come to realize.

We, humanity, are God, and God is us. We are the plants, and the plants are us. We are not lowly and God elevated; we are one. We are connected to everything. Each being is an aspect of God, and God is the totality of all being. And, yes, the totality includes everything – everything we honor, everything we fear, everything we love and everything we despise. I am God, you are God, the dog is God, the pillow is God, hate is

God, love is God, the rapist is God, the saint is God. God is within me, no further from me than the nose on my face; God is around me, the you that I see in form; and God is above me, the totality of all in this universe and beyond.

I knew that most people felt exactly as I did: that they could not reconcile the ideal of the perfect God with the reality of the imperfect world. I knew that we had been taught to hate and despise ourselves, rather than to hold God accountable. I knew that all humanity was suffering from shame about our behavior, and I knew that all humanity was suffering from the need to blame each other, someone other than God, for the mess we were in.

I rushed out to tell everyone that it was not our fault, that we could not heal our wounded selves until we had healed our wounded God. I believed that this new understanding would help liberate humanity from shame and blame and would catapult us toward a new course and a new relationship with God and the universe. I thought, also, that this new understanding would change our relationship with God in another way. We would come to understand that we are responsible, not just for healing ourselves, but also for healing the collective consciousness of which we are a part. I wanted everyone to understand that we have a mission, which is to see ourselves as part of the whole and to bend all our efforts to healing that whole. I wanted everyone to understand that God is wonderful and evolving, and so are we.

Yes, I had a lot I needed to share. But my words fell on deaf ears. I felt like an outsider, and so did God, because I was transmitting his message, but it was a message whose time had not come.

That was 1984. On September 11, 2001, terrorists destroyed the World Trade Center in New York, and everything changed. Suddenly we were all confronted with the reality that we are one. Whether we are in the same family, community, nation or world ecosystem, we are all connected. We are profoundly impacted by each other's pain and each other's consciousness. And there is no mountain high enough, no fortress thick enough to keep any one of us safe in the illusion that we are separate.

This realization is frightening to some of us. But it's also incredibly empowering. Understanding our connection is essential to our happiness and our very survival. As this book will demonstrate in depth, the belief in our separateness is wreaking havoc in our personal lives, as well as on our planet. And understanding our connection points to the steps we need to take toward healing ourselves, our God, our planet and our universe.

You may not agree with everything in this manuscript, but I ask you to consider its underlying message. I know that what I share are concepts, not "truths." None of us knows the "truth", because "truth" is something that we can hardly grasp with the human soul, much less with the human mind. But I know the importance of beliefs; they help shape our reality. And the beliefs contained in this book are sorely needed on this planet.

And so, God has asked me once more to deliver her message. This time, I think it's a message whose time has come.

Thank you for your support.

Introduction

Does No One Hear God Scream?

*Men hack off God's limbs in the redwood forest.
Does no one hear God scream?¹*

Why would God come out of hiding and acknowledge his part in the pain on this planet and beyond? Isn't he more comfortable with the elevated role of perfect father?

Of course there is safety for God in the role of perfection. People worship him, fear him, and stand in awe of him. But with God in that role, we can't support him.

Yet God needs our support. Why?

First, if God is the totality of all being – body, mind and spirit, animal, vegetable and mineral, past and present – then God is within all things. If that is so, then God feels the pain of everyone and everything. Who can deny the amount of pain that exists on this planet? Who can deny the exploitation, abuse, greed, hunger and sorrow? Who can deny God's pain?

Wouldn't God want to alleviate that pain? We humans desperately seek to alleviate our pain, and if we are an aspect of God, then we are expressing God's cry to alleviate his pain.

Second, if we are all part of God, he needs every one of us, every aspect of himself, to come together to fulfill his own evolutionary purpose, which is described in detail in the following pages. Does that mean God needs each of us to achieve some universal plan? Yes, of course, because we are all parts of the God that is changing and evolving. How is God going to enlist our support if he is perfect and doesn't acknowledge his need for our participation?

This book is evidence that God is coming out of hiding, admitting his oneness with us and acknowledging accountability.

What about us? Are we willing to change our relationship to God from father/child to equal partners in creation and evolution? Are we willing to see God as real and love him as he is? Do we want to come out of hiding, admit our oneness with each other and God, and acknowledge our accountability for the collective pain?

In this book, you will be asked to go beyond your ordinary perceptions of reality to see our connection. You will hear God's voice and the voices of all being. And you will be asked to consider your part and your accountability.

Is it that much of a stretch to feel our oneness? When I was little, I remember loving children's stories where the chair spoke and the flowers communicated, and rabbits ran down holes muttering to themselves. Yes, that was the enchanted world of the child, where everything was vibrant and real, where every aspect of consciousness was given expression.

What happened to that world? Where did I get the idea that only humans are real, or is it actually only humans of my race, religion, nationality or social class? Or is it even narrower than that, that the only beings that are real are members of my immediate family or neighborhood? Or is it actually that the only being on the planet that is real is me?

Today, at the age of 57, I have opened myself once more to my connection to all being. And I have realized how much we are one, how every thought and feeling of mine is impacted by everyone else's thoughts and feelings, and how much I impact the thoughts and feelings of everyone and everything else. And I am in awe of my responsibility and our responsibility to see and to acknowledge that impact and to take accountability.

Through this book, I am calling upon all of us to become more conscious of that connection and that accountability. And I have faith that we can collectively respond to this call because in our hearts, we know that it is true. On some level, we all know that we are connected, and we can sense that connection through love, spirituality and intuition. Sometimes we forget. Yes, love can be difficult, spirituality is most often cut off from everyday life, and our natural intuitive abilities seem to have been diminished and lost. ** But we can reopen ourselves to love, deepen our spirituality and revive our intuition.

And we must, because it is time to remember our oneness, because through forgetting our oneness, we have inflicted and experienced needless pain. There is tremendous pain on this planet, and all this pain is ours, because whether we know it or not, every day, unconsciously, we feel and are impacted by each other's pain, the pain of the flowers and the plants, the animals and the trees, the stones and the streams and even the chair. And we feel and are impacted by God's pain, just as we feel and are impacted by God's joy, God's fear, God's anger and God's shame. And by becoming aware of our connection and taking accountability for our part, we can help alleviate some of that pain.

I say we have forgotten our connection. Is this our fault? No. This forgetting is a necessary aspect of the process of God's evolution, as I will explain shortly. We have just been doing our thing, fulfilling our roles, doing our jobs as the fragments of God and suffering the consequences.

Are we ready to remember? You bet! Because we can readily see the results of our fragmentation and alienation, because we are ready to be honest with ourselves and each other, and because it's just time, time for God to heal, for us to heal, for all of us to move forward.

Are we accountable? Absolutely, because we are capable of self-awareness. We can see, hear, know and intend. And we are seeing, hearing, knowing and intending. And we are calling each other to awareness, holding each other accountable, and creating a powerful force to support the evolution of consciousness.

This book is a part of that process. Part I is called "Forgetting: The Pain of Where We've Been;" in it we will talk about the fragmentation of God and the pain of that fragmentation. This part is straightforward and lays the conceptual foundation for the rest of the book. It's a little dense at times, but bear with me, the book gets easier to understand. Part II is called "Remembering: The Confusion of Where We Are," and in it we come to realize how all this pain and fragmentation have come to pass. In this section the fragments of God actually begin to speak, and the book gets to be more fun and less intellectual. Part III is called "The Healing of God," and in it, we come to a new relationship among the parts, and God comes into a new relationship with himself.

** Intuition is a gift that allows us to tap into the consciousness of others, to know and feel what could not be known through ordinary means, and to connect our consciousness to the whole. All people have natural intuitive abilities that can be encouraged and developed.

There's lots of humor and lots of pain, and we come to new realizations and new hope. And Part IV is "Sacred Union," which gives us a glimpse of where we're going and of what our work is now.

Each chapter is followed by a prayer that enables us to connect to God and ourselves as we're going through the book. After each part, there are questions, which help us see how the material just read relates to our own lives. And finally, there is the Postscript, in which I offer some prayers, which suggest new ways to relate to the evolving God.

We have a lot of territory to cover here. Some sections are complex and mental; others are very emotional and may challenge our paradigms. There will be times when you may feel uncomfortable or even depressed. But, again, bear with me. The book moves us through the pain, so that we can come to a new understanding and a new peace.

Ultimately this book will work only because of us and our unity of purpose: our desire to be happy, to reduce the amount of suffering on the planet and to be in alignment with God, the totality of which we are a part.

***Men hack off God's limbs in the redwood forest.
Does no one hear God scream?***

I do. And I'm betting that you do, too.
Amen.

Part II

Chapter 9

Who Is God Now?

We used to think that we were separate, discrete entities. We used to think of God as perfect, as above us. Now we are remembering that we are a collective consciousness and that each individual is an aspect of God in the process of evolution. We are admitting that God is not all-knowing, all-powerful and all-loving, although God contains knowledge, power and love. We are acknowledging that God is the integration and fragmentation, Mother Theresa and Osama bin Laden, black and white, up and down.

Our old paradigms begin to crumble and we're getting that shaky feeling. Who is God, and what is our relationship to her? Who are we? What is reality?

Everybody is in chaos, including God. Listen with me to the debate.

Who's in Charge? Who Is God?

"I'm God," says Ego, "I make things happen. I'm the essence of all, and I'm tired of being vilified. You guys try to make it look like everything is my fault. If Sally puts you down, you say she's in her ego. If George wants a good-looking date, you say he's in his ego. Everything is blamed on me. Spiritual people often try to kill me or just plain shut me up. I won't go away. You can't live without me. I hate you. I hate you."

"That's silly. I'm God," says Enlightenment. "I see the forest for the trees. I hear the celestial sounds. I know the heavens and the earth. I can see through people's fears and pettiness. I elevate. I sing. I am the light. I let you know that you are part of the one. I'm the best."

"Excuse me," says Food. "I am God. Without me, you'd all be whistling Dixie. I am the source of your energy. I am the source of your life. I am the indispensable physical substance without which nothing else would be possible."

"I beg your pardon," claims Air. "Life can exist for quite some time without Food, but hardly a few minutes without me."

"Yeah, but all of you are deluded," says Love. "People can't live without me. They pretend they can, but all they do is shrivel up."

"While that's true," says Experience, "without my wisdom you guys couldn't survive. You wouldn't even know how to tie your shoes."

"Pretty petty stuff, I'd say," says Death. "If it weren't for me, the whole planet would be cluttered."

"Yes, but without me," says Life, "there wouldn't even be Death."

"Yes, but without me," says Awareness, "you wouldn't know if you were dead or alive, so who cares about the rest?"

"Yes, but without me," comments Violence, the energy of Separation, "you would all crash together and become one big mess."

"Oh, not you again," says Love. "I thought we dealt with you in an earlier chapter. Remember? You without me are brutality? Anyway, if there were no connection

as well as separation, we wouldn't implode, we'd explode. So there! Plus everybody says I'm God, and don't you forget it."

"Hello, there, this is God speaking. Me, God, God the Totality, you know, me. Nobody else is God: not the CEO of some major corporation, not Mrs. Jones in her suburban home, not the alpha male in a dog pack. Me, me, God. Remember me?"

"God?" they all chimed in. "Who is she?"

The Rapist and the Saint

God is the totality of all being. Therefore, God is the rapist, as well as the saint, and God is the ego as well as the transcendence of ego, and God is you, me and the local bartender.

So am I going to worship the local bartender? What kind of God is that?

"I don't want to be worshipped," God replies. "I want to be seen, to be acknowledged, to be loved, hated and all the rest. I want to be real, and I want to be seen as real. I want to be supported in my evolution, no less than you want to be supported in yours."

Yes, but God, how do you expect us to support you, when you have all the power and we don't have any?

"What power do you think I have that you don't? Think about it. If I am you, then you are me, then my power is your power, and your powerlessness is my powerlessness and so on and so on."

Yeah, but God, while all this is true, how can you expect us to ignore that you can make tidal waves, and we can't. You can decide whether we get the new job or go on welfare. I mean, God, give us a break. You don't expect us to feel sorry for you or to feel like your equals.

"I can see your point, because I am the you that sees the point. But you're missing the point, my point. Sure I am more powerful than you, but only because I am the collective expression of all. That doesn't mean I don't need your support. If I am the body, and I want to walk north, one foot travelling south instead would really hang me up. Get it?"

Hmm, yes, we get it. But we're not sure what to do with it. We've got so many problems of our own.

"Haven't you been reading this book? You can't solve your problems by yourselves. You are each other. You are me. We are the totality. The only way you are going to solve your personal problems is by healing me."

Oh, no, he's back on the healing of God kick. That's the silliest thing we ever heard. Anyway, it's a sacrilege.

"Oh, Jesus, I knew I shouldn't have invented religion," mumbles God.

Dear God, We hear a glimmer of your prayer. We want to support you. Help us learn how. Amen.

Part III

Chapter 11

Welcome Back, God

So now that we've said we're mad, and God has apologized, are we okay yet? Are we ready for Sacred Union with ourselves and God? Not hardly. Our feeling and healing have just begun, and for more healing to occur, more pain needs to surface. That's what Part III is about. It's the process of healing itself. The process of healing brings more light onto the planet, but as the light shines, much more darkness also comes to the fore.

In this chapter, we begin to understand and have compassion for God and for the fears and blocks he and we all carry about moving toward greater oneness.

Alone Again

Once upon a time, there was a God who lived alone in the forest. All his friends wondered why he had stuck himself there, but no one understood his explanations. "I am experiencing myself as real. I am lost in my fragmentation. I am working on an experiment. I am meditating."

Try as he might, he was not able to explain to a single soul his odd behavior, and one by one, all his old friends gave up trying to understand him and went to New York on holiday. One day a small child happened into the forest and knocked on his door asking for sweets. God was so excited to see the little child, he immediately gave her a piece and ten more. The candy was heavenly, more delicious than anything the child had eaten before. Gratefully, the little child took the candy and ran out of the forest to tell her friends about the wonderful old man in the forest hut.

Soon the hut was deluged with children and adults who came from all around the neighborhood, then the kingdom, then the earth, then the solar system. Before he realized it, God had become the universal dispenser of candy, candy sweeter than any other known elixir. Moment after moment, day after day, people came asking, cajoling, demanding the goodies.

One day, God got into a snit. "I'm tired of dispensing candy," he said. "At first, I loved the attention and the company, but now I'm just feeling used. I'm on strike." And so God stopped giving candy to the many that came.

At first the people were simply in disbelief. Then they became indignant. But soon they were seeking someone to blame. It must have been the fault of that hunchbacked child who was among the last to receive candy. Or maybe it was because of the way they all behaved in God's presence. Or maybe it was that God wanted candy in return. But they couldn't imagine having anything as good to offer. Or maybe it's just that they were not good, not good at all, at least not so good as those before them, whose baskets had been so bountifully and deliciously filled.

Now there were dozens, hundreds, thousands, perhaps millions of children and adults around the hut, crying, appealing, wondering, praying, asking God why, beating themselves and each other, searching for the answer and the way back to the candy. By this time, God was hiding in his room.

"Oh my gosh," he was thinking. "What a mess I've made! What am I going to do now?"

So God put a sign at the window, a sign for all the people to see. In it he

explained that the candy factory had closed for repairs, so he had nothing to give, and they could all come back way in the future when the factory was open again. God was quite pleased with himself and his ploy, and he looked forward to all the people being gone by morning. But no, in the morning, God saw even more folks outside his hut. Now they were serious, deep into discussion, trying to figure out where the factory might be, and how they could fix it.

At that point, God went to the door, puffed himself up out of all proportion and started blowing heavy winds at the congregation. Clinging to each other, trees and anything else they could find, the people held on, philosophizing that this was just a test and if they hung in there, there would certainly be candy.

By this time, God was so frustrated, he went into the bedroom to sulk. After all, his whole experiment was being ruined. He couldn't go into the forest to take measurements or to stare out at the sky or even to take a piss. What was he to do?

Finally, God humbled himself and walked out the door.

"I am God," he said. "And I don't want to make any more candy. I'm tired of being deluged for what I can give you, and I won't do it anymore. Now if you'd like to chat and visit, you're more than welcome. Actually, I'm quite lonely."

There was murmuring in the crowd. People were angry and disgusted. For what had they been wasting their time? There was no candy here.

Suddenly, the forest was quiet, and God was once more by himself.

"Oh," he said, alone again.

Conversations among the Fragments of God

"Well, I for one think that's a ridiculous story," said God's Ego. "We, the totality of God, would never behave that way. First of all, we wouldn't be lonely. We really don't need anybody, we're complete."

"What do you mean, we?" asked Humility. "I don't feel that way."

"Yeah, but I do," said Pride.

"It's this conversation that's ridiculous. The story is true."

Who said that? We all turned to see.

Wisdom was rolling up his sleeping bag, having awakened from an extremely long nap.

"What, Wisdom, is that you? Have you decided to join us?" said Hope.

"Yeah, I'm done hiding. I want to come out and speak."

"Maybe it's not time," commented Caution anxiously. "You do remember the last time you were out."

Everyone paused, blanched with fear. Yes they remembered. We remembered. And it wasn't a pretty sight.

Atlantis

Once upon a time, there was an island civilization called Atlantis. We remember it well, because most of us were there. Well, in the time of Atlantis, Wisdom walked

among us. We remembered who we were, that we were all each other, that we were God.

Consciousness was powerful, a powerful tool for good and a powerful tool for evil. Those who were connected with Love understood that when we hurt each other, we hurt ourselves. But those who had the Wisdom-to-Know but not the Heart-to-Care saw that they could manipulate the collective consciousness for personal ends. It was like Madison Avenue times a million, because it was mind control by those of us who understood the collective mind. Why did this happen? Because in those days, we had the immature ego running the planet. The ego had not been twice born, once as a “No” and once as a “Yes.” Because the ego of the fragments remembered but refused to come together.

Those were wonderful days and terrible days, and the Immature Ego with too much Awareness led to our destruction. Atlantis, one day, was visited with terrible natural disasters – volcanoes overtook the whole island – and the civilization was returned to the sea. We supposed that that could happen again.

Is this story true? Who the heck knows? But whenever we increase our knowledge, we feel fear, because we know that Knowledge is Power, and Power used incorrectly will destroy us. Only Knowledge connected to Love, and Awareness connected to Wisdom, and all the fragments connected to the Totality will keep this from happening again. We all know this in our bones.

So we humanity, we the collective consciousness, we the all, we God, are scared as we come into this important moment of our history. If, as we said earlier, the ancient Wisdom is coming to us all, what will we do with it?

“I, for one, am afraid,” said Fear.

“Let me hold your hand,” said Faith.

God’s Ego Speaks

If God is the Totality, and the Totality is an aspect of consciousness, then the aspect of consciousness called God, the Totality, has ego.

“I know how I feel about integration,” said God the Totality. “I don’t want to integrate with all the rest of you. I’m different from the rest of you. I am the Totality. You are only fragments. And I don’t want to have anything to do with you. You drag me down.”

“But remember yourself in the forest, God. You were so alone,” commented Compassion. “You are the totality of all being. Connect to us, and come home.”

God looked away, a tear falling from his eye. “I suppose I was dominated by my ego, feeling separate. I guess I still am. I guess I have been pretty lonely.”

“We’ve been lonely, too,” said Honesty. “We wish you’d come home. We want to come home, too.”

God looked at us, all his parts, looked away, then looked at us again.

“You’ve said,” God remarked to Beth, “that when you humans open your heart and feel that you are one with the universe, you have to feel all the pain of the universe, that you have to feel God’s pain.”

Beth nodded.

“Yes all of God’s pain is your pain, and all your pain is my pain,” he continued. “If I stay out of balance with my ego, if I let my ego run me, if I stay in the ‘I’ more than

the 'we', I don't have to feel your pain, the pain of humanity. Like you, I can pretend that I am different, separate, the drop of water different from all the rest, rather than the stream itself. I don't know if I want to let down my defenses. This is way too risky."

We all shook our heads sadly. We knew. We were all facing the same things.

"And will you end up again in self-destruction," God asked, "the way you did in Atlantis? Use my wisdom to destroy, rather than to build?"

We shrugged our shoulders.

"Some things are different," Beth said. "The Ego is evolving. I talked to her the other day. She said she's tired of being alone and blamed for everything. She wants to come into her correct proportion. She wants to connect to all of us. She wants to connect to the whole. Maybe she's really different."

God looked unsure.

"And God," Beth continued, "maybe if we felt our pain, maybe if we felt your pain, maybe if we felt each other's pain, maybe if we realized that we are already one and are already feeling the pain of the universe, maybe, God, we would stop hurting ourselves, each other and you.

"What's our option? Can we go on like this?"

God shook his head no.

"I suppose I'm going to have to find Trust and ask for a hand," he said.

"We're all going to have to do that," we said in unison.

God looked away for just one more moment, indecision, concern and love on his face. Then with a quick, sharp breath, he turned back to us.

"The healing of God," he said. "Let's go for it."

Dear God, How intimidating this is! How are we going to help you? How are we going to support all the fragments of the universe to come together?

We don't even know how to integrate ourselves.

Help us remember that this is your journey and that we need only follow our hearts, which are inevitably guided through our deep connection to you and each other. Help us remember that we are part of you, and as part of you, we cannot fail, because we are you in the process of becoming.

Moment by moment, we will find our way and yours.

Amen.