

I believe in poetry. Poetry hands me precise and exquisite images that awaken me to the beauty of being alive. And a well turned metaphor creates room in me for hope and courage. Poet Mary Oliver says “There are things you can't reach, but you can reach out to them” I believe in living with this longing reach and poetry keeps me on the edge of it. I believe a daily serving of poetry, like music, sets me free and is wonderful nourishment.

But all words have their limits. I believe I will never be able to corral my galloping images of who or what or how wild God is no matter how much poetry I have. The Muslims have 1000 names for God, I need more for that fine old Shape Shifter! I'm not too attracted to logic or reason. I believe in Mystery.

Along with poetry, I need stories. I believe in the old story about the sun competing with the wind to see who could get the traveler's coat off. Sometimes, God is the Big Goodness seeking me out, hoping I'll throw off my coat of unneeded defenses and all that separates me from the purest version of myself.

I believe Jesus is an infinitely wise and loving man, hovering at the brink of my awareness, always hoping to catch my eye. I recognize Jesus wherever compassion blooms. Finding him in chaos and sorrow is harder but I believe he flowers there, too. I believe in pondering the Gospel stories. But I want my own sacred stories of connection with Jesus, too. How else can I ever be an authentic steward of mystery?

I believe traveling with questions, invitations, and possibilities is more important than collecting certainties. I believe that everything that was ever alive is still alive – but in my human limitations, I don't have the capacity to always live into what I know. I believe we take turns holding truths for each other.

I believe in going to church. Sometimes, I discover I am IN CHURCH among the trees or when I am at home with my friends laughing, crying, and singing. I believe there is gold in darkness. When I am blind to it or my heart is too small to find it, then you point it out to me. I believe in all of YOU. When I'm fresh out of faith, imagination, or love, you serve me the Eucharist, in some form or another, and I am made whole. This I believe.

