

Reader of All Life
Rabbi Zoë Klein
Yom Kippur 5764

56 years ago,
a shepherd boy threw a stone
into a cave
by the Dead Sea.
Climbing in,
he found he had broken
an earthenware vessel,
and inside
were rolls of parchment
and papyrus,
perfect for making sandals.
He brought it to a cobbler
 And the 2,000 year old
 Dead Sea Scrolls were discovered.

More recently
In the Promised Land
A true story
A young boy and a young girl
Walking hand in hand
In the gray mist of early morning,
Just before the sun tips over the horizon
When the land is perfectly still and mute,
dearly guarding its deep treasures
of seedlings,
secret gardens
and cemeteries.

In the pearly mist
And diffused light
the children cast no shadow,
Their silhouettes blending
into each other
As if they were one creation,
 And God created man in His image
 Male and Female He created them.
They traipse beside
The Sea of Galilee
the Living Sea,
And beside the Living Sea,
The boygirl tossed a stone
Into a moss-lined cave

And the girlboy crept inside
And found in a tall
Round-bellied jar
A scroll.

Unlike the shepherd,
They could read,

So before anyone else woke
They unfurled it
With tiny clean hands
And they began to read
The words that would change
The world forever.

So many scrolls are never found.

Filled with stories and secrets,
Prophecies and truths,

It is so sad
To be unfound,
The page of a letter
That slips from a hand
Into a slick of mud.
To be unread,
Undeciphered,
Overlooked,
Unnoticed,
Unstoried,
Erased.

A dream soon forgotten.

It is written in Talmud *Berachot*:
"A dream uninterpreted is a letter unread."

A man came to my office
Who had had a terrible dream,
I took down a traditional prayer book,
And turned to a section called
"The Amelioration of a Dream,"
A ritual which requires three good friends,
Declaring the dream be interpreted for the good.

The text explains
All dreams have a hint of things to come,

In Judaism it is believed that
 Sleep is a sixtieth of death,
And that dreaming
 Is a sixtieth of prophecy.
All dreams have a hint of things to come
But all dreams can be interpreted
For bad or for good,
So its prophecy lies in part in its interpretation.
The sincere wishes of the three listeners
can bring about the dream's favorable interpretation.

The dreamer in my office repeated
The ancient formula three times,
 "Adonai shamati v'yarti,
 I heard what you made me hear and I was frightened."

And his friends read the words proscribed:
 "Choose life,
 for God has already approved your deeds.
 Repentance, prayer, and charity
 remove the evil of the decree."

It is intriguing
That the language
For the amelioration of a dream
Is the same as the prayer language
We use on Yom Kippur.
 Repentance, prayer and charity
 Remove the evil of the decree.

What is the dream
we are trying to recover from
Every year on this day?
What is the dream we are trying
to reinterpret for the good?

Is it guilt in the guise of nightmare,
Fear in the form of night-terror
From which we want to be pinched
Into the safety of waking light?

Or is it a numbing life,
 As it was said in the fourth century
 I do not know whether
 I was then a man
 Dreaming I was a butterfly

Or whether I am now a butterfly
Dreaming I am a man,
Is it life itself, numbing life,
A slumbering life,
From which we want to rise
Startled into a frenzy of living,
Loving, learning, being,
Weeping, wondering,
Beating our chest,
The pain of existence welcome
Over the palsy
Of a life of nothingness.

Numerous times I've heard people mourn:
All my life I feel as if I'm watching
Myself on a stage,
the part of the jester,
When I should be the princess.

A person catches a glimpse
of himself in a side view mirror
and does not recognize his own face
in the reflection.
A person does not recognize
her entire life.
In their minds, they are living another life,
of luxuries that never existed.
of love that is never expressed.
A life of daring, a life that never surfaces,
Inside every person is a laughing,
sprightly wish,
an acrobat who swings from clouds.
A dream.
Inside the life is an aching,
stifled dream.

A dream uninterpreted is a letter unread.
A life unconsidered is a dream unfulfilled.
A dream reinterpreted is a life relived
Is a past revised
Is a letter received.

Rabbi Zalman Schachter Shalomi
Wrote that a dream is
“A letter we have written to ourselves
from some previous incarnation.”

Every Yom Kippur
Without being conscious of it,
As if in a dream,
We have been practicing the ritual
Of ameliorating a dream.
And if one studies the ritual,
One realizes that it is not about
Erasing a dream,
It is about entering it,
reinterpreting it for the good.
And we enter our past
As if entering a dream,
Infinitely analyzable,
Rich with symbols and doorways,
For the sole purpose
Of reinterpreting,
Or inventing,

When my brother was a child
He had a recurring nightmare,
Being chased by monsters,
And one morning he woke up happy,
He said that when the monsters started chasing him,
He invited them all
To play Ring Around the Rosie,
And it wasn't scary anymore,
It wasn't a bad dream,
It was a good one.

On Yom Kippur,
Trance-like and hungry,
We enter our dream, as we enter our past,
Not in the way we speak of a [person]
who lives in a dream,
an interior world
of one's own creation,
or some escapist fantasy
living in the past, living in a dream.

We enter the dream
We created last year
And interpret it
To be a subterranean part of
This morning's waking life.

We open the scroll
Buried in the cave
At the hem of our Living Sea.

Once upon a time I had a dream
I stood at the foot of a mountain
And I heard a *shofar* blast,
A scroll was handed to me,
I opened it and read the words
That would change the world forever...

Déjà vu.

I've heard you've had the same dream.

Lawrence Kushner wrote:

“If a group of people can have a psyche
And think of itself as an organic being.
Then a group of people should also be able to dream...”

“[Torah] might be understood
as what has been saved for us of
our collective memory.”

The great dream.

Torah is the synchronized dream of our people,
Filled with horrors and sweetnesses
Too close to the heart
To be expressed
but through symbols and stories.

We study Torah in the same way people study dreams,
Both encountered as mystery
And their final interpretation are mystery.

Both inexhaustible and infinitely analyzable.
Torah and dream are multi-layered.
And their student senses their latent secrets.

Both create their own internal logic
and system of space and time.
Nothing is accidental.
The most trivial detail or nonsensical pun
is there for a reason.
It Torah and Dream are creations
from the innermost depths
of our collective and individual beings.
Creations of our ancient memories

of holy history that seem to hint
at the ultimate nature of reality.

Both seem to issue from outside ourselves,
Both also, in that moment of understanding,
seem to come from inside us.

We recognize ourselves in all parts
Of the Torah Dream
not only in Abraham with the knife,
and Isaac on the stone altar,
but we are the knife,
the ram,
the altar,
the word-play,
the angel who stays Abraham's hand
as well as the hand that is driving down to kill,
as much as we are the revulsion
we feel that a man should be asked
to sacrifice his son,
we are also the Voice that asks
him to make the sacrifice,
no less than we are the Voice that says,
Do not hurt the boy.

Our one self
becomes many selves in Torah and in dream,
We take responsibility for them all.
And then, in a moment
We call revelation,
We discover
that the dreams we have dreamed
are none other than the lives we live.
The scroll we have studied is none other
That the lives we live,
The story is not about someone else,
it is not even *about* you, it is you.
And we must take responsibility
For it all, for happiness and building
As well as war and tearing down.

You are the dream.
You are a dream.

Once upon Atonement I dreamed a dream,
We were cocooned together

And Torah was our chrysalis,
We struggled
And found our way
Out of the parchment shroud.

I understand you've had the same dream.

The Torah that we read from
Is a dream we interpret,
A letter sent from a distant incarnation.
 Once upon a dream, I had a time.

Maimonides describes the shofar
As a kind of moral alarm clock,
He writes:
"Wake up, wake up, you sleepy heads!
Wake up from your sleep,
Reflect upon your actions,
Remember your Creator
And turn back to Him in Repentance!"

On Yom Kippur
The moral alarm
Startles us out of our sleep
And into our dream.

When we are afraid of dying,
We are really afraid of not having
lived our life well.
Of not having lived out our dream.
On Yom Kippur we hope to wake ourselves
Out of our life
And into our dream,
Out of our death
And into our prophecy,
 Our destiny.

 Once upon a waking
 I dreamed I was alive.

 Once upon enlightenment
 I knew I'd been asleep.

Be mindful of this:
The one who dreams is also dreamt.

It is said in Torah
And we sing in our prayer *V'shamru*
U'vayom hash'vi'i shavat Vayinafash.
On the seventh day God rested *vayinafash.*

Translators have a hard time translating *vayinafash.*

They suggest:

“On the seventh day God rested and was refreshed.”

Vayinafash however, literally means God spirited,
On the seventh day God rested and created spirits,
Out of His dark, void chamber before Creation
God suddenly dreamed a dream,
And the world came to be.
When God rests, God spirits,
On Shabbat God generates souls.
And we are the dream come true,

When we sleep, Talmud says that our souls

Leave our bodies,

And go to God,

To report all of our deeds, good and bad.

God doesn't sleep,

As it is written,

“The Guardian of Israel
neither sleeps nor slumbers”

But God rests,

In the Book of Isaiah we read,

“Every sheep shall pass
under the Shepherd's staff,
and on that day, none shall be missing.”

On this day, God is counting sheep,

Resting,

Spiriting,

And dreaming,

We the lambs of God's counting,

We are God's subconscious whose will

Is a surprise even to God's self.

And at the end of God's dream of us,

Once upon our death

We become a part of God's awakening.

If it is confusing,

Sleep on it.

The Great *Hasid*, the Maggid of Mezritch said

“Nothing can change from one reality

into another
without first attaining
a level of nothingness.”
Dream, a fraction of prophecy,
Surfaces from sleep, a fraction of death.
The egg ceases to be an egg before it becomes a chick.
The caterpillar ceases to be before it becomes the butterfly
Who dreams he is a man.
On this day
We timorously welcome the nothing
Before our recreation,
Fasting,
Emptying,

Teshuva, repentance
is a return to nothing.
A sleeping,
A molting,
Where we might retrieve that dormant dream
And wake to it realized.

A dream uninterpreted is a letter unread,
Freud understood dreams as coming from within.
Religion understands dreams as coming from without.

A letter sent from a previous incarnation.
A prophecy gifted in code.
A calling.
How do we find our calling?
Interpret our dreams,
Interpret our lives,
One way to do that is to sit and write,
Refine your message,
Polish it down,
I ordained you as rabbis last year,
If you weren't here last year,
Just ask the person you've been sitting near
After services to ordain you as a rabbi,
Since they are all rabbis,
They have that power.
Now it is time for you to write your first sermon,
Sometime over the course of this year
Write the sermon you would give on Yom Kippur
Before your community and God,

And be brave and send it to me,
I will read it.
Maybe I'll deliver parts of it
to this community next year.
Do this and you will start to see
your dream take shape.

Torah is the synchronized dream of the people Israel,
A people that was dreamed by God,
When it is interpreted
It is a letter read from God,
A love letter addressed to you.

Dear Israel,
How do I love thee, let me count the ways
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of being and ideal grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by Kiddush wine and candle-light.
Dear beloved Israel,
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints. I love with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if I choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.
Faithfully yours,
God

And our life is our response,
 This blank pristine open day,
 the white robe,
 the parchment
 My chrysalis,
 Stylus and papyrus

We the dreamers who are dreamed,
Our life our dream
Is a love letter to God
Our prayers spend so much time
Reminding us that God
Is the Author of all life,

Today let us be reminded
That God is also the Reader of all life,

Life is a love letter,

Written in logos deeper than words,
Every day a new leaf
Spelled in heartbeats
Lettered in breath,
Rolled into a scroll
Perfumed and tucked into the crook
Of an oak tree,
Messengers of the Most High,
Deliver this please,

Dear God,

Hi.

I'm that girl who chased fireflies with jelly jars in the field behind the house. Are You reading this life? Do You interpret it as You would interpret Your own dream? Oh yes, of course, You willed me, and so I am Your dream. I wonder if I am as mysterious to You, God, as my own dreams are to me, as You are to me. I remember in the back of the truck, along the country road, looking up at the clouds, wondering if I could decipher them correctly, maybe there was a letter from You to the world, and then I realized (I was a silly child) that if You wrote a letter to the world it would be in Hebrew, and so I decided right then that one day I'd learn Hebrew. I was silly. Your letters are everywhere. They are scrolled in breath and mist, and my letters to you are postmarked every waking moment, yes, every dreaming moment.

Our prayers read like love letters,

Yedid nefesh

Translates as

Dear one of my soul,

My soul is love sick

I love you so,

I promise I'll run like a deer,

Bowing down fully before your glory.

They are lovesongs,

Sometimes to God,

Sometimes to God's manifestations

As a Sabbath bride,

If I had time I would take you

Through this entire

Prayer book and you would

See it is about love

And especially Friday nights,

The psalms are sonnets ~

Not only are our prayers love letters,

But our love letters are prayers...

The Jewish philosopher Spinoza wrote,
Happiness or unhappiness
is made wholly to depend
on the quality of the object which we love.
When a thing is not loved,
no quarrels will arise concerning it,
no sadness will be felt if it perishes,
no envy if it is possessed by another,

in short no disturbances of the mind.
All these arise from the love
of what is perishable.
But love toward a thing eternal and infinite
feeds the mind wholly with joy,
and is itself unmingled with any sadness.

Love toward a thing eternal and infinite
feeds the mind wholly with joy.

An author wrote:

When...love takes place in me ...
overwhelming me with the sense of something much vaster,
much more enduring and powerful
than the accumulation of matter or energy
in any imaginable cosmos,
then my mind cannot but pinch itself
to see if it is really awake.
I have to make a rapid inventory of the universe....
I have to have all space and all time
participate in my emotion,
in my mortal love,
so that the edge of its mortality is taken off,
thus helping me to fight the utter degradation,
ridicule,
and horror
of having developed
an infinity of sensation and thought

within a finite existence.

Only love gives us
an infinity of sensation and thought
within our finite existence.

Only love,

And only God is that thing eternal and infinite
Which feeds the mind wholly with joy.
Only through love do we know God.

And the *proof* of this is found
In the amazing reversibility
Of love letters and prayers.

For don't the ones who feel touched,
Or blessed by God
pray the very same way Elizabeth Browning
wrote to Robert Browning:

You have touched me more profoundly than I thought even you could
have touched me - my heart was full when you came here today.
Henceforward I am yours....

Aren't the pious ones brimming with adoration, with bowing and praising and
thankfulness as Robert Browning to Elizabeth:

The regard and esteem you now give me, in this letter, and which I press
to my heart and bow my head upon, is all I can take and all too
embarrassing, using all my gratitude.

Isn't theophany as transformative as the love Katherine Mansfield expressed in her letter
to John Middleton Murray:

My love for you...is so deep and tender that it seems to be outside myself
as well. I am fast shut up like a little lake in the embrace of
mountains... You might drop your heart into me and you'd never hear it
touch bottom.

Ultimately, how different is love than grace, how different is the ecstasy the pious speak
of than the one those in love know. Could you ever find it in yourself to pray to God the
way Juliet Druet wrote to Victor Hugo:

I would tell you that you are the greatest marvel of all ages, and I should only be speaking the simple truth. But to put all this into suitable words, my superb one, I should require a voice far more harmonious than that which is bestowed upon my species - for I am the humble owl...

I recognize you in all the beauty that surrounds me in form, in colour, in perfume, in harmonious sound: all of these mean you to me. You are superior to all. I see and admire - you are all!

You are not only the solar spectrum with the seven luminous colours, but the sun himself, that illumines, warms, and revivifies!

What is prayer but love? What is love but prayer? *V'ahavta Adonai Elohecha*, you shall love the Lord your God, *V'ahavta re'echa camocha*, you shall love your neighbor as yourself. What do we know of God but through love.¹

¹ Listen to fragments of this letter that Sullivan Ballou wrote to his wife Sarah just one week before he and his comrades and 4000 Americans died in the civil war, hear it as a prayer, hear the repentance, faith, calling, redemption, faith, holiness, how he says he will whisper her name upon his death, remember the soft words of *shema* upon the dying lips of millions of Jewish souls, can you find in a love letter the holiness of your own life, your own grace, your own dream reflected:

My very dear Sarah:

I cannot describe to you my feelings on this calm summer night, when two thousand men are sleeping around me, many of them enjoying the last, perhaps, before that of death -- and I, suspicious that Death is creeping behind me with his fatal dart, am communing with God, my country, and thee.

If I do not [return], my dear Sarah, never forget how much I love you, and when my last breath escapes me on the battlefield, it will whisper your name.

Forgive my many faults, and the many pains I have caused you. How thoughtless and foolish I have oftentimes been! How gladly would I wash out with my tears every little spot upon your happiness, and struggle with all the misfortune of this world, to shield you and my children from harm. But I cannot. I must watch you from the spirit land and hover near you, while you buffet the storms with your precious little freight, and wait with sad patience till we meet to part no more.

But, O Sarah! If the dead can come back to this earth and flit unseen around those they loved, I shall always be near you; in the garish day and in the darkest night -- amidst your happiest scenes and gloomiest hours -- always, always; and if there be a soft breeze upon your cheek, it shall be my breath; or the cool air fans your throbbing temple, it shall be my spirit passing by.

Sarah, do not mourn me dead; think I am gone and wait for thee, for we shall meet again.

O Sarah, I wait for you there! Come to me, and lead thither my children.

Does the Immortal Beloved belong only to Beethoven, is not God the Immortal and Israel the Beloved and together the Immortal Beloved are we. Beethoven wrote:

My angel, my all, my very self
What a life!!! thus!!! without you - it pains me - and when I consider
myself in relation to the universe, what am I and what is He - whom we
call the greatest - and yet - herein lies the divine in man - Much as you
love me - I love you more - But do not ever conceal yourself from me - Oh
God - so near! so far! Is not our love truly a heavenly structure, and also as
firm as the vault of heaven?
Ever thine
Ever mine
Ever ours

Your faithful,
Ludwig

That is the way with love
the one you love
is a part of yourself,
my angel, my all, my very self,
the God without
is the God within,

Bernard of Clairvaux
describes four essential commandments of love,
you are to love yourself for the sake of yourself.
you are to love God for the sake of yourself
you are to love God for the sake of God
you are to love yourself for the sake of God.

Throughout *Tanach* Israel is referred to as bride,
God as bridegroom.

The psalms themselves are love letters -
In Psalm 130 which begins frustrated,
Angry, and ends with soft pining:

A song of Ascents.
Out of the depths I call You, O Lord.
Listen to my cry;
To my plea for mercy.
If You keep account of sins, O Lord,
who will survive?
Yours is the power to forgive
I await His word.

I am more eager for the Lord
Than watchmen for the morning.
O Israel,
Wait for the Lord
For with the Lord is steadfast love

How like this psalm when we read:

To Josephine,

I love you no longer; on the contrary, I detest you. You are a wretch. You never write to me at all, you do not love your husband; you know the pleasure that your letters give him yet you cannot even manage to write him half a dozen lines, dashed off in a moment! What then do you do all day, Madame? What business is so vital that it robs you of the time to write?

Beware, Josephine; one fine night the doors will be broken down and there I shall be. Write me a four page letter instantly made up from those delightful words which fill my heart with emotion and joy. I hope to hold you in my arms before long, when I shall lavish upon you a million kisses, burning as the equatorial sun.

Yours,

Napoleon

And is it strange to read love letters
On Yom Kippur?
Torah itself
Which we chant is a love letter,
Our lives a dream,
Phantomlike save for our ability to love,
When the sages considered
Canonizing the Song of Songs,
That bountiful
And suggestive
love sonnet
it was denounced as unholy, until Rabbi Akiva said,
“If Scripture is holy,
than the Song of Songs
is the Holy of Holies.”
For the love between Solomon and Shulamit
Is none other than the love
Between God and Israel.

Live your life as a love letter to God.
Our letters written by human hand
Are none other than prayer.
Love is theology.
Love is all we experience of God
All we experience of eternity.

To F. Scott Fitzgerald

Scott -- All the material things are nothing. I don't want to live -- I want to love first, and live incidentally --

When we desire God in our lives,
we renounce the idolatries of the material world
All material things are nothing.
I don't want to live,
I want to love first,
And live incidentally.

And when we read what Franz Kafka wrote to Felice, are we not reminded of the prophets who could not look upon God's face, who became delirious in God's word to them? Of all the warnings of the love-struck mystics, too much and you'll be insane.

Fräulein Felice!

I am now going to ask you a favor which sounds quite crazy, write to me only once a week, -- for I cannot endure your daily letters, I am incapable of enduring them. I belong to you - but for this very reason I don't want to know what you are wearing; it confuses me so much that I cannot deal with life; and that's why I don't want to know that you are fond of me.

Franz

Mary Wordsworth to William Wordsworth:

I am so agitated and my eyes are so bedimmed that I scarcely know how to proceed...

Could you find it in you ever upon a day to pray to God as Johann Wolfgang von Goethe wrote to Charlotte:

I am always conscious of my nearness to you, your presence never leaves me. In you I have a measure for every [person], for everyone; in your love a measure for all that is to be. Not in the sense that the rest of the world seems obscure to me, on the contrary, your love makes it clear; I see quite clearly what men are like and what they plan, wish, do and enjoy; I don't

grudge them what they have, and comparing is a secret joy to me,
possessing as I do such an imperishable treasure.²

You have an imperishable treasure.
Wherefore can one find a love like this?
J-Date?
You already have a love like this.

You must know, upon hearing,
These fragments of hearts exposed
That love is humanity's truest prayer.
Live your life as a love letter to God.

Dear God
Remember that mistake I made,
yes that one,
the worst one,
thank you for giving me
the chance to learn from it,
for welcoming me back.

Dear God,
Where were You, huh?
You broke my heart,
Why didn't You show?
When I needed You most.
I forgive you.
I love you.

How does one live their life as a love letter to God?
It is easy.

Good deeds and learning
are the x's and o's of a living love letter to God.

Dear God,
it was beautiful yesterday,

² Could you yearn for God as George Bernard Shaw for 'Stella' Beatrice Campbell when he wrote:

I want my angel...lighter of my seven lamps of beauty, honour, laughter, music, love, life and immortality ... I want my inspiration, my folly, my happiness, my divinity, my madness, my selfishness, my final sanity and sanctification, my transfiguration, my purification, my light across the sea, my palm across the desert, my garden of lovely flowers, my million nameless joys, my day's wage, my night's dream, my darling and my star...

Seeing you in the face of that child.

Dear God,
you astonished me
glimmering on the sickbed.

Every first Wednesday of the month starting November 5,
We will be having Tikkun Olam Night at the Temple,
We will cook for the homeless,
Bake cookies with our caring community,
Be introduced to mitzvah opportunities for all ages,
Make quilts,
Meet community leaders,
Paint,
Collect sort,
Bag lunches..

Dear God,
I feel Your Presence close to me
When I reach out my hand in charity.
Thank you for visiting me
When I'm involved in community service.
And I know I cannot hurt any person,
I can never hurt any person,
For to hurt any person
Would be to hurt the One
Whom I love but madly.

the entire world is infused with romance,
every rustling leaf is a serenade,
every mitzvah we perform
is a ray of soft moonlight
delivered from our hands
through the gossamer curtain of firmament
God gazing through the broken window

When we pray we talk to God
And when we study God talks to us.

Starting October 16th,
Study and feast with us
At our ongoing learning banquets,
Look through the Adult Education brochure,
Study Mystical Insights with Eitan Fishbane,
Trace your Genealogy with Barbara Algaze,
Talmud with Aryeh Cohen,

Your Colonial Roots celebrating
The 350th anniversary of
Jewish settlement in America with Ellen Cole.
My People's Prayer with Elaine Diamond,
Zohar with Pinchas Giller
Yiddish with Janet Hadda,
Count Your Blessings, with Flori Hendron,
Become Bar or Bat Mitzvahed
For the first time or again,
All this is offered at your temple,
Study, learn, participate,
Enter Torah,
Because a dream uninterpreted is a letter unread,
All this stuff,
All the scrolls ever written,
All the wisdom ever unearthed
Are love letters to you from the Most High,
So break the seal,
And realize your dream.

Your life is a love letter to God,
So make it beautiful.
You write it on your hearts,
V'ahavta et Adonai Elocheicha.
You shall love the Lord your God.

You *shall* love the Lord your God.
We say it so often we forget
What it means –
I'll tell you what it means,
It means you shall love the Lord your God
It is a commandment.

Whether you *believe* in Him Her It or not.
 Anyway, religion is not to be believed,
 It is to be danced, it's to be live.
When Jacob was standing beside the well,
and a stone covered the well,
a stone so big it took many shepherds to move it at once,
when Jacob suddenly saw Rachel appear,
his heart was so filled with love
his arms filled with adrenaline and he lifted that rock.
Obstacles not obstacles in love.

Love splits seas,
turns water into wine,
knocks down Jericho's walls,
and you are in love,

you are dreamt to life by love,
every life is a once told tale,
her story, history,
your story is a scripture
and God is the Reader,
the Receiver,
you are swept up in a cosmic love affair,
sealed in the Book of Life
with a kiss.

Once upon a hilltop,
I said to the almond tree,
sister, speak to me of God
and the almond tree blossomed.

In a cave by the Living Sea,
A boy, a girl
Opened a scroll
And read the words
that would change the world forever.
They read:

On the precise hour
Exactly as had been planned
Before the universe was conceived,
You were born.

They took the words to the cobbler
And said
Make sandals of these words,
That we may
walk the long road home
Where our love awaits
Counting the heartbeats of the world,
Until that embrace
That takes our breath away,
And then the girl woke
And the boy woke
For they were dreaming
They were us,
A true story,
Here in this moment,
Once upon a
Twice upon a
Infinitely upon a time
God dreamed a butterfly

Into being a man.
Dear God,
You are a dream to me,
That makes the heart of the sea surge,
And planets spin,
Ever thine
Ever mine
Ever ours
The very fact of living makes me blush
Oh Reader of all life,
Wait for me while I am away
In battle on earth,
I will write every day,
And when I return
I shan't leave You again.
Yours very truly,
Amen,
Amen.