

Silence.

By Nathanael Zuellig

Let all of creation
Stand dumb
And be still before this:
The mystery of all mysteries,
The mother of all births,
The father of all moments—
The reality that seemingly and adamantly defies
The central law of our reality
And yet,
 Is as plain today
 As it ever has been
 And always will be.

As plain today as it was
To the bushman or the aborigine,
Who looked up at the stars and wondered,
 “I know my mother and father,
And I know their mothers and fathers,
 But who was it that created
The first mother and the first father?”

As plain today as it is
to the farmers daughter tending to the chickens,
Who lets out the hens to gather the eggs and asks,
 “But which came first?”

How brilliant!
To make the most profound of mysteries
Accessible to all people
In all times and places—
As apparent to the simple
As it is to the astrophysicist!
Ha!

Indeed, the miracle of being
Has so fascinated people through the ages
That it seems to almost be a prerequisite for any great religion
To first point their followers, through storytelling,
To admire and wonder at this great discovery—
And *that is* the gift of truly admiring this reality:
Enduring wonder.

But we have always tried so very hard
To dispel childlike wonder with quantifiable answers,
And always to the death of our humility, our imaginations,
And our reverence before the more unfathomable facets of this life.

In ignorance you use the words of Genesis as verbal artillery,
As if by simply reciting the names and events
You comprehend the meaning!
You fuss over dates and hard numbers,
And miss entirely the magnificent mystery
Right in front of you!

From nothing — everything.
From the One — the nations.
Who is this, the Uncreated One
Who holds the power of the breath of life?
But you run and cling to what you know
For fear of what you cannot understand.

In ignorance you prosthelytize,
Professing the story of some great explosion
Bursting forth from nothing,
And setting into motion
What would become us and everything
As if by applying some sophisticated technical jargon
You have cleared everything up!
When, in reality,
All you have done is piled
A heap of useless information
On top of the real issue, which is
The force *behind* the virgin birth of the cosmos!

But that beautiful vision
That imagines and contemplates
The dawning of time and the miracle of being
Presents the timeless, unanswerable question
Which lies at the root of all true spiritual curiosity.
Its simple but inexplicable truth
Exposes for all people in all times our profound limitations:

We are here and yet we have no idea how on Earth we got here.

And yet,
This truth that strips us of the delusion
That we have all the answers
Proves, in the end, to be as terrifying
As it is life-giving,
Igniting the imagination again with boundless curiosity and possibility,
And grounding the soul in humble reverence and awe before life and the Lord of life.

The child within us is shaken
And we begin to remember
How it was that we used to see the world—

Recalling that distant time when we looked up with wide eyes
At our guardians who fearfully towered above us, and yet,
Cared for us and loved us with such tenderness.
Before we knew their names
Or understood a word they spoke,
In our helplessness,
We came to trust in their benevolence.

Before this mystery:
The mother of all births,
And the father of all moments—
We learn again to look with the eyes of a child,
With eyes that gaze brightly upon a world so vast and incomprehensible,
A world full of discovery and danger, of stories to be told and stories to be lived—
And there, little by little, we begin to remember that we are and have always been

Children of the Uncreated One.

Christ as the Second Genesis

See now,
The hero of eternity:
The one who entered this world
Through the birth of a virgin
And left it
Ascending on the clouds of Heaven.

In His miraculous birth, He manifests the second Genesis.

In His death, death itself relents
And oblivion submits
To the power of His undying light.

It is He,
The incarnation of the Uncreated Creator
That expressed again, in the flesh,
That eternal mystery
That founded the cosmos.
Before Him
Let all of creation stand dumb—
No, it simply holds true
That nothing in Heaven or on Earth
Would fail to be awestruck beyond words
When coming face to face
With such a revelation as this:
The mystery of all mysteries,
The mother of all births,
The father of all moments—
The reality that seemingly and adamantly defies
The central laws of our reality
And yet,
Is as plain today
As it ever has been
And always will be.
Amen.

Here and now

At this moment,
I sit here in my chair, enjoying the sounds of music—
The sounds of life, happy to be alive and sharing their happiness with me.
And it seems to me
Like there's so much music to be heard
That I would need many more lifetimes just to listen to it all.
And still, new songs are being created everyday, all over the world—
Songs that did not exist moments ago
And did not even particularly *need* to be created
But were created nevertheless
Out of some unseen but powerful compulsion.
And their continued creation
Is proof enough for me of such a powerful but unseen force.

Let me also not forget, though,
To return to silence and make peace
With the quiet darkness
That I, along with every living thing,
Wake from every day and return to every night,
Just as I was born out of that same darkness
And will ultimately return to it in the end.
And I must learn to trust in the One who gave me life
And holds the power to wake me each and every day,
Even on the last day.

And it seems to me that,
Since all that lies before me now
Is just as well the miraculous offspring
Of the Uncreated One,
I do believe that
The reality of the resurrection
Appears before us here—
Adorned with all the intricacies of creation,
But nevertheless — rooted in silence
And born from nothing,
Out of the unstoppable compulsion
Simply to be.