

April 2, 2020

I have spoken to you of Christian Wiman before. He is a poet, teaches now at Yale Divinity School and has terminal cancer which is not killing him yet but will. His books, **My Bright Abyss**, and **He Held Radical Light: The Art of Faith, The Faith of Art**, are my go-to books these days.

In his latest collection of poetry, **Survival Is A Style**, he has poems dealing with all kinds of human experiences but, especially, his experiences with cancer and all that goes with that but not in a clinical way or as a victim but like all good poets an observer and one who listens.

He has this line in the long poem, **The Parable of Perfect Silence**:

***The love of God is not a thing one comprehends
but that by which—and only by which--one is comprehended.***

and a few verses later:

***If all love demands imagination, all love demands withdrawal.
We must create the life creating us, and must allow that life to be.***

I leave you to ponder what these verses might mean to you, or not.

This virus is certainly not the result of God's micromanaging our lives than anything else that has ever happened to us but, I believe God's love through with and in Christ is giving us the "energy," the fire to respond with love to one another and, most especially, to ourselves but I do really miss you.

(all of these books are available to download on Amazon)