

First Week

First Day

In the Beginning God

Have you ever wondered what the world looked like when it was just a vast unfinished place--teeming and stewing, only half guessing what it was to be?

If you want to know how things looked during that first half-week of Creation, look upon the sea!

Here, on the island of my soul, I have a little dream shack by the water, and I wait for people like you to come and worship here with me. But when those people that blunder through all the beautiful places of the earth try to come and flourish about with their gold, setting up big houses and calling menservants and maidservants, I tell them this heaven is my own and it many not be bought.

I shall always keep my temple above the restless waves—for pure joys. Just a little rocky island balanced up against a dust continent, and guarded—as with a flaming sword—by the four seasons. To all who pass the sea cries out: “Except ye be as little children, ye shall not enter here!” But the ones like you and me who come to worship may have all the room we need to breathe and move and run and leap—to become pure and strong and free!

And these silent, bleak and mighty rocks, this Home of stars and snows, with winds playing in the grasses, and waters circling round it tolling....tolling at its doors—this is kept for God, and you and me. When it is time to go back to the continent we will understand the rhythms of the universe, of tide and gravity, of strength and release. We will be part of all the universal forces, moving with strange new power and ease. And men with their fortunes and men with their laws will be grasping at *little* things.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: But lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal. (Matthew 6:19-20)