

*Meditations
On Genesis*

By Karl Kohlhase, 2016

The Eight Days Of Creation

A Meditation On Genesis 1

On the First Day
God spoke His creative Word
And His voice was like the sound of many oceans

“Let there be light”
And it was so

O light preceding sun, moon, and stars
Most perfect, most beautiful
Undimming illumination

O First Day of the Incarnate Word
The Light of Men conceived
In the hidden womb of a Virgin
When the Spirit of God hovered
Over tranquil waters

O radiant Light shining in the darkness
Where no eye can see
O brilliant Embryonic Light
Bright beyond all comprehension
Source of all light, all knowledge, and all wisdom

The first spark of Enlightenment
For every confused and benighted soul

This is the Day that the Lord has made
Let us rejoice and be glad in it

On the Second Day
God spoke His creative Word
And His voice was like the sound of many oceans

“Let there be an expanse
Separating the waters above
From the waters below”

O air that I breathe
O life-giving atmosphere
Expansive height and breadth
In which I freely move

O Second Day on which Christ
Gave His birthing cry
Separated from the exalted waters
Of Mary’s heaven-like womb
And entering, through compassion,
The lower waters of our human misery
Thus joining Heaven and Earth in Himself
And filling his lungs with the air
Held in common by all mankind

O Breath of Heaven come down to earth
Through Your help all seeking souls expand
To learn the rhythm of prayer on the Second Day

This is the Day that the Lord has made
Let us rejoice and be glad in it

On the Third Day
God spoke His creative Word
And His voice was like the sound of many oceans

“Let dry ground emerge from the waters
Sprouting grain for Our Bread
And grapes for Our Wine”

O blessed Earth, rock upon which I stand
Apart from you I drown in the raging waters

O blessed Christ emerging
From the waters of the Jordan
Foreshadowing that Third Day of Your rising
Like Jonah from the deep abyss of death

O Grain of Wheat
Blessed Seed planted in the earth
Dying to bring forth
The abundant harvest of Love

O beautiful Eucharistic Garden
Planted in the heart of Eden
Your sprawling carpet turns green
And your fruit trees begin to blossom
Deeply rooted amidst the four rivers
That flow from the wounds of the Crucified

On this Third Day all willing souls are baptized
Emerging with a new nature
Remade in God's image
And bearing good fruit
For the life and healing of all the nations

This is the Day that the Lord has made
Let us rejoice and be glad in it

On the Fourth Day
God spoke His creative Word
And His voice was like the sound of many oceans

“Let there be lights in the heavens
To brighten the earth”

O morning sun my eyes delight
In all the colors God shall give
O moon and stars make glad the night
And mark the times in which we live

Exalted Rabbi, Master Teacher
Your words now fill the earth with light
Your Love shall be our sun by day
Your Truth shall be our moon by night

On this day illuminated souls
Are graced to contemplate the stars
Those countless constellations of prophetic insight
Helping us navigate our way to God
In the dark night of faith

This is the Day that the Lord has made
Let us rejoice and be glad in it

On the Fifth Day
God spoke His creative Word
And His voice was like the sound of many oceans

“Let the waters and the skies
Be filled with living creatures”

O swarming life, abundant life
Eyes both deep and soaring above
Help us see the depths and heights
Of unsearchable Truth and boundless Love

The oysters form their pearls below
While eagles soar to upward heights
And all is seen upon the Mount
Where Christ unveils His Inmost Light

From the Red Sea floor of Moses
To the mystical clouds of Elijah
The abundant light and life of Christ
Are made known

On this day God enables introspective souls
To see the murky depths of their psychological secrets
As well as their lofty potential in Jesus Christ

This is the Day that the Lord has made
Let us rejoice and be glad in it

On the Sixth Day
God spoke His creative Word
And His voice was like the sound of many oceans

“Let the earth bring forth all kinds of beasts
And let Us make man in Our image”

On this day the Man was alone in the Garden
With no beast found suitable to help Him
And no one who could comprehend
His Mysterious Language

So He laid down His life on this Good Friday
And was pierced in His sacred side
From the blood which flowed between His ribs
The Church was formed to be His Bride

One who could finally help the Bridegroom
In caring for the garden of all hearts
So that all men and women might eventually learn
To understand His Mystical Communications

Now the two became one
God and Man were bound together in Holy Love
For this is eternal life
To know the only true God
And Jesus Christ whom He has sent

O glorious human potential
Most humane humanity
Elevated by Christ above all bestial nature
And crowned with wisdom, truth, and compassion

This is the Day that the Lord has made
Let us rejoice and be glad in it

On the Seventh Day
God rested from all His work
And His silence was like the sound of many oceans

Having said from the Cross of Redemption
“It is finished”
He rested in the closed tomb
Thus opening the way to our Sabbath Rest
Our Promised Land flowing with milk and honey
Our Zion of everlasting praise and thanksgiving
Our Jerusalem, the City of Peace

And He calls His Bride
To enter His rest
To join Him in the tomb
Honoring His Sacred Sabbath
By ceasing from her old works

Here on this day, purified souls say in truth
“I have died
I am buried with Christ
And it is no longer I who live
But Christ now lives in me
For I am a most willing captive
Of this consuming fire
Called Divine Love”

This is the Day that the Lord has made
Let us rejoice and be glad in it

On the Eighth Day
We return to the First Day
And from the darkness of the tomb
We hear again in the silence of this Sunday
As the stone is rolled away
“Let there be light”

Alleluia! Alleluia!
All things are made and made anew
By Him, through Him, with Him, in Him, and for Him

May every heart adore the crucified and risen Lord
With the Father and the Holy Spirit
One Triune and Everliving God

This is the Day that the Lord has made
Let us rejoice and be glad in it

The Song Of Eden
A Meditation on Genesis 2

The Garden of God's planting tells her story
The Garden of Eden sings her song
Barren and desolate, I cried to the Lord
For there was no Man to till my stony soil
No rain for my desert
No green sprouts to cover my naked ground
Like an empty corpse I felt nothing
Not even the slightest breath of gratitude
Or love for my Maker
Then I perceived Him, in time and beyond time
The Man arising from my dusty substance
Behold, the New Earth emerging!
A mist began to form on the surface
And His sweat became as great drops of blood
Saturating and softening the fallow ground of Gethsemane
Then I perceived the tilling action
Of this beloved and tender Gardener
Covered with deep lacerations from head to toe
He shouldered the heavy plow
Hoeing the row all the way to Golgotha
Removing old thorns, sowing new seeds, and praying
For the first signs of the harvest
Then I perceived in the middle of this garden
The Tree of Life growing tall
And a single river flowed from one Sacred Heart
Becoming four rivers at the wounds
Created by three driven nails
And one piercing lance
The name of the foremost is Pishon
Flowing around the whole land of Havilah
Where there is gold
And the gold of that land is good
Yes! The River flows from Eden
Making glad the City of God
The New Jerusalem adorned as a Bride
With streets of gold transparent as crystal
Love is awakened
The fruitful garden now blooms
And the whole earth will be full of His glory!
Alleluia!
The Man who slept
The Man who was pierced in His sacred side
That blessed Gardener is alive forevermore
And the barren garden of Gethsemane
Now blossoms with the Easter Lilies of Arimathea
For His blood makes the once closed Gate of Eden
Open again to all who believe in His name

Restore Us Unto Eden

A Meditation on Genesis 3

Naked and unashamed
Infantile innocence
Stillness and wonder
In the blissful
Primordial womb of Eden

My soul
Do you remember?

Simplicity
Oneness
Contentment of being
Pure awareness
Of the permeating presence of God

My soul
Do you remember?

Where did you go?
Why did you leave?
And what were all those fig leaves
Covering up your inner truth?

Layer upon layer
Veil upon veil
Pretense upon pretense
And callous upon callous
With every bite
Of that forbidden fruit
Your once warm heart flame
Cooled and died a little more

Pure experience turned into words
Words into concepts
Concepts into ideologies
Ideologies into judgments
Judgments into controversies
Controversies into arguments
And arguments into wars

You were offered unity
And you chose division
You were offered oneness
And you chose duality
You were offered happiness
And you chose discontentment
You were offered serenity
And you chose fear
You were offered peace
And you chose anger
You were offered love
And you chose hatred
You were offered life
And you chose the knowledge of good and evil

See now
How your garden languished
Choked by the weeds and thorns
Of your lower nature running wild
When it should have been vibrantly producing
The fruits of the Spirit

Love, joy, peace
Patience, kindness, goodness
Faithfulness, gentleness, self-control
Humility, chastity, and generosity

By the sweat of your brow
You ate your bread
And in pain you conceived
That which you conceptualized

Your potentially peaceful house
Was divided
As your unruly mind sought dominance
Over your feeble heart

You had forsaken the Truth
And pledged your allegiance
To that lying snake
You were, therefore, banished
From blissful Eden
For as long as you chose to remain a slave
To your own concupiscence

Ah! The dreadful inheritance
Of the First Adam
But he is not
The end of the story
I see the hope-filled glimmerings
Of the Second Adam
For God who is rich in mercy
Has provided a sacrificial Lamb
That we might be clothed
In His righteousness

Christ Jesus is the seed
Of the Woman, Mary
The new Virginal Eve
And He who was once bruised
Shall crush the head
Of that old deceiving serpent
For Christ has conquered sin and death
By His own death and resurrection

O Jesus
Compassionate High Priest
By the blood of Your Cross
You bid the holy Cherubim
To let down their fiery swords
So that the prodigal sons and daughters of God
May approach the Throne of Mercy
With beaming confidence
And find grace to lift them
From their fallen state

Restore us unto Eden, Lord
Restore us unto Eden
In contemplative silence
May we become like children again

Humble
Loving
And filled with wonder

My Cain-Like Ego
A Meditation on Genesis 4

Me, me, me
Get, get, get
Such is the mantra of Cain the Getter
First-begotten of the corrupted couple

See his fallen countenance
His envious eyes
As he glares at his beautiful brother
The good shepherd
Whose selfless nature shines
Like the Begotten-of-God Himself

How it burns the Getter
To see the Giver
Getting the gifts of the Most High
Yet Giving Abel
He Who Is Fathered By God
Cannot help but radiate
The manifest approval of the Ultimate Giver
Who would one day teach the world
That it is better to give than to receive

Lord Jesus Christ
King of Selfless Love
You must increase
And I must decrease

My Cain-like ego is self-serving
While You, my Master
Became the servant of all
My Cain-like ego is self-aggrandizing
While You, my Master
Are humble and gentle
My Cain-like ego is vindictive and vengeful
While You, my Master
Are compassionate and forgiving
My Cain-like ego is self-protecting
While You, my Master
Freely gave Your life away

Yes, Lord
You must increase
And I must decrease

O how Cain has left his mark
His fallen countenance is still seen
Throughout our fallen world

The face of jealousy
The face of resentment
The face of pharisaical judgment
The face of anger
The face of violent hate

And the blood of countless victims like Abel
Still cries out from the earth
Calling for judgment

But the blood of Christ
Speaks louder and more eloquently
For He prayed from His agonizing cross
For His murderers
All of whom were afflicted
With the sad countenance of Cain:
“Father, forgive them
For they know not what they do”

Jesus, forgive me
And empower me with Your Spirit
For sin crouches at the door
Like a prowling lion
And its desire is to devour me
But I must
By Your grace
Learn to master it

May my old nature dissolve away
Until all that remains
Is Your radiant Selfless Love

To Your name alone
Be all honor, praise, and glory
Amen

Seven And Three Generations

A Meditation on Genesis 5

Seven and three generations
Ten generations in all
Are counted from Adam to Noah
To get to the flood from the fall

Though sin like a cancer was spreading
A line of redemption was won
A people who called on the LORD
Like Enoch the seventh born son

Then ancient Methuselah followed
Til finally he passed his long test
His offspring Lamech then lamented
And prayed that his God would send rest

So Noah was born as a symbol
Whose story would serve as the sign
That hope would shine forth like a rainbow
Through One to be born of his line

Lord Jesus, You are that Messiah
Whose lineage long we can trace
The Patriarchs prayed and You heard them
And came to redeem Adam's race

The Flood

A Meditation on Genesis 6-9

Corruption and violence
Corruption and violence
Flooded the world
With unconscious darkness

But one Man found favor
In the eyes of God
A beloved Son
Well-pleasing to His Father

The water
The dove
The forty day fast
All were foreshadowed
By the man named Rest

But this eventual Messiah
Would one day build an ark
Magnanimously more spacious than Noah's
Made from the wood
Of His redeeming cross
Covered not with pitch
But with His own Divine Blood
And the door that opens wide
Is His lance-pierced side

He invites His universal family
His bride, His body, His church
To pass through the waters
Of baptism with Him
For the purification of the planet

And all who board His saving ark
Are fed from His three-tiered storehouse
The Treasury of the Temple
Full of Eucharistic graces
And spiritual insights

Dear souls
Why should you sink down
In darkness, degradation, and despair?
Come and discover
The buoyancy of the Gospel
All who are weary and heavy-laden
Come unto Christ
And find rest

Find faith that floats
Love that lifts
And grace that grounds
The soul in peace

Come and contemplate
The naked Truth once veiled
See how Christ the Savior
Is so drunk with Divine Love
He would rather
Be stripped bare and crucified
Than watch the world
Drown in despair

But do not grow complacent
As You await His return
For it shall be
Like in the days of Noah
While most were preoccupied
With satisfying their carnal appetites
A few attentive souls heeded
The still small voice in their hearts
And were saved
From the overwhelming flood

Babel

A Meditation on Genesis 10-11

From the noble trunk of Noah
Three branches began to sprout
Shem, Ham, and Japheth
From these the nations spread out

They started as one voice united
But sought to exalt their own name
Which led to their being divided
Confusion in Babylon reigned

For only one name under heaven
God had ordained to be praised
A Branch out of Shem who was also
The Root who is Ancient of Days

Since He would not seek His own glory
But poured Himself out to the end
God willed that all tongues should proclaim Him
The Lord before whom all knees bend

In fullness of time this Branch sprouted
Then died on the Tree for our sin
So that the whole world once divided
Might be gathered again unto Him

Lord Jesus, You have been exalted
To sit at the Father's right hand
O pray for Your Church now assaulted
And banished to Babel again

Now let us recall how You pleaded
That all who believed would be one
As You Yourself are with the Father
O Lord, let Your will now be done

O lift us to see with Your vision
How unity can be achieved
I trust that this mountain of Babel
Will move when we truly believe

For by You high mountains are leveled
And by You low valleys are raised
Our powerful pride shall be humbled
While You, humble Christ, shall be praised

Abram

A Meditation on Genesis 12-14

Listen well, O children of Abram
You who are born of his seed
All on the spiritual journey
Unto your great father give heed

From the Flame to the land called Burned Out
Where so many fathers abide
There the Settled One settled
And there the Settled One died

But the unsettled soul of Abram
Heard the call to explore the unknown
To leave his parental conditioning
That place which he once called his home

Go now from your country and kindred
Depart from your father's old nest
Leave for the land I shall show you
And find what it means to be blessed

So he entered the lowlands of Canaan
To explore the low state of his mind
From his crown to his shoulders in Shechem
Unruly thoughts did he find

So there in the low plains of Moreh
Training each word that he found
There Abram built up an altar
To dedicate this hallowed ground

For the Spirit of Hope stirred within him
That one day his children would rise
To take every thought as their captive
Until all conformed unto Christ

Then Abram went south of his shoulders
Exploring the hills of his heart
He built there his second great altar
Fanning a flame from a spark

There between Ai and Bethel
His heart being set in a state
Somewhere between Worn-out Ruins
And the Dwelling of God's pearly gate

But the early delights of his heart-prayer
Eventually started to wane
A famine that left his heart hungry
Sent him out searching again

In Egypt his soul was then tested
And Pharaoh unmasked his dark fear
So Abram called wisdom his sister
His beautiful bride he held dear

His ego now laid low in Egypt
A richer man made his return
Back to the altar near Bethel
Back to the flame which there burned

His quiet heart then was distracted
When quarrels broke out and grew hot
Between his own mystic herdsman
And the veiled misconceptions of Lot

My dear but veiled son of my brother
Traveling friend of my youth
I'm afraid that we must part company
For veiled is your vision of truth

So veering hard left went the Veiled One
Sinking to Sodom down low
While Abram remained in the mountains
Climbing to heights few have known

Then God made a promise to Abram
Now lift up your eyes all around
From west unto east and north unto south
Your children shall gain all this ground

So Abram went south into Hebron
Since God promised him the whole land
There did he fight a great battle
But all those kings fell by his hand

Triumphant o'er all his base passions
Melchizedek then came to call
Of both Peace and Righteousness reigning
The High Priest who blesses us all

O Jesus, High Priest before Abram
Eternal Ideal how You shine
Please grant us the land that You promise
And feed us Your Bread and Your Wine

The Esoteric Inheritance of Abram

A Meditation on Genesis 15-17

All who have ears to hear
Consider this day
The esoteric inheritance of Abram
The prodigious progenitor
Of many spiritual sons and daughters
As numerous
And as luminous
As the stars of heaven

Having dedicated the northland
Of his mind to God
As well as the central midlands
Of his heart
Abram was granted victories
Over those dark principalities
That once dominated the southern regions
Of his carnal appetites

Then the Word of the LORD
The Eternal Logos
Came unto Abram in a vision
Saying, "Fear not, Abram
I am your shield
And your exceeding great reward."

O Lord Jesus Christ
Radiant Word of the Father
Embodiment of spiritual mastery and perfection
You offer Yourself
Your own Divine Nature
As Abram's unfathomable reward

But perhaps the old ears of Abram
Were too dull to hear
The mystical significance
Of Your incredible promise
His old eyes too nearsighted
To grasp the vast vision of Christ

So You lifted his eyes
To consider the stars of heaven
And in them he began to perceive
His promised progeny

Abram believed
And it was reckoned unto him as righteousness

Then You
Who are that I AM
From before Abram's birth
Said to the believing one:

I am the I AM
Who called you out
Of the lower flame of the Chaldeans
And brought you here to inherit
The land called Self-Mastery

But I see that your faith
Is not yet perfect
For you wonder how
You can be made more certain
Of My unfailing Word

Prepare a sacrifice
And I will show you
In a terrifying vision of the night
That I am the Higher Flame
That ignites your humble sacrifices
But these burnt offerings
Are only a sign and a symbol
Of what My burning heart of Love
Compels Me to offer

For in time I shall come
As High Priest
In the order of Melchizedek
To offer My own body and blood
On the sacrificial altar of the cross

For your sons and daughters
Will be captives in Egypt
But I shall become their Passover Lamb

And they shall indeed pass over
From darkness into light
From ignorance into insight
From materialism into spirituality
From depravity into self-control
From pride into humility
From anxiety into peace
From anger into love
From death into life
From slavery into spiritual freedom

Yes! They shall be free indeed
Your Spirit-born sons and daughters
Shall rise up to inherit the whole land
A transformed state of consciousness
 Flowing with milk
 For the instruction of their minds
 And honey
For the sweet consolation of their hearts

But still your faith is imperfect
 Still your vision is veiled
 For you take to your bosom
 Sarai's Egyptian servant
 To beget a son
 Who is born of the flesh

But Ishmael is not of the Spirit
 Ishmael will make no one free
Exoteric religions will come of him
 Whose violent nature
 Will trouble the whole world

Now I must bind you with circumcision
 An exterior symbol
 Of your exterior religiosity
But in time I will appear in My Temple
And on the Eighth Day I will circumcise
 The callous hearts of My people

 For on the Eighth Day
 I Myself shall be circumcised
 A little Babe born under the Law
To redeem those enslaved by the Law
 And again on the Eighth Day
 I will rise from the dead
Inaugurating a new and everlasting
 Covenant in My blood

And for those who believe in Me
It shall be reckoned as righteousness
For by the exterior works of the Law
 Shall no flesh be justified
 But by My grace
 Through faith
 My sons and daughters
 Shall enter the Land of Promise
 Becoming new creations
Through My transformational power

 Just as Abram and Sarai
 Became Abraham and Sarah
 The delighted old parents
Of the promise they named Laughter

O Jesus, may Your Bride
Bring forth joyous laughter
In her old age
The esoteric fruit harvested
After our exoteric labors

May Your mystic sons
And daughters shine forth
When they learn to clean more
Than the outside of the cup

Out Of Sodom

A Meditation on Genesis 18-19

Come, Holy Virgin
Mother of God
Come, all you chaste ones
Clad in white garments
Come, angels and archangels
Of unblemished light
Help us now contemplate
The pure love of Christ

O holy inspirations
Sent from Heaven
O lovely thoughts
Gracing our contemplative tent
Turn in and stay a while
Be our welcomed guest
Why should you rush off
Seeing that this house
Is hospitable

We shall fetch you some water
We shall kill the fatted calf
O please
Let us break bread together

Whisper in our hearts
Of impossible promises
And outlandish dreams
Then turn our incredulous laughter
Into flesh and blood realities

Spark in our imaginations
Potentialities yet unrealized
Which our eyes have not yet seen
And our ears have not yet heard
Reminding us again and again
That with God
All things are possible

Lord Jesus
In comparison to Your radiant chastity
We are compromised and imperfect
But in light of Your transformative power
We are filled with hope
And dare to dream of a better world

A world without rape
A world without molestation
A world without adultery
A world without broken homes
A world where no girls
Are sold into prostitution
A world where no boys
Become the prey of pedophiles
A world where every
Man, woman, and child
Knows how to possess
His or her vessel
With all propriety and self-control

Ah!
But what will that cost?

I see Your eyes turned south
Unto Sodom and Gomorrah
For the cries of so many victims
Have risen to the ears of Heaven
Against those southern cities

And where are those insidious tar pits?
Within us, O Lord
Sodom and Gomorrah
Are within us

Our seething sensual appetites
Our lustful fantasies
Our untamed animal urges
Our old lower nature
Which is at odds
With Your High and Holy Spirit

O Jesus, help us
For the spirit within us is willing
But our flesh is weak
So keep us vigilant in prayer
For with God
We shall do valiantly
We shall trample down our enemies
Not enemies without
But enemies within

Jesus, may Your holy angels
Take us by the hand
To bring us out of Sodom
For the inhabitants
Of that state of mind
Are stricken with spiritual blindness
And doomed for destruction

And may we never look back
For You bid us to climb ever upward
Towards the lofty pinnacle
Of Your Holy Mountain
Which is Pure Selfless Love

Circumcise our hearts, Lord
For our feeble attempts at love
Are often tainted
With self-interest
Superficial infatuation
Or base carnal lust

But Jesus
You have shown us
By Your Crucified Love
Something cleaner
Something brighter
Something stronger
Something higher
That snuffs out
Our lower passions
While igniting
A holy and everliving flame
In our hearts

A flame born
Of Your own Divine Flame
Which necessarily must burn up
All that is contrary to Itself
Including the infectious influences
Of Sodom and Gomorrah

Grant us, O Lord
An increase in vocations
To consecrated virginity
And to holy marriage
For the sake of Your beautiful name
And for the sake of so many victims
Of ugly unbridled lust

Lead us not
Into temptation
But deliver us
From evil

Amen

She's My Sister

A Meditation on Genesis 20-21

“She’s my sister”
Said Abraham to Abimelech
Not quite a lie
But not the whole truth

Riddles and veils
Deep covered wells
Shall yield their secret streams
To introspective seekers in the south

Between Kadesh
A temple prostitute
And Shur
A fortified wall
Abraham sought to make progress
In the grinding lands of Gerar

But his life was in jeopardy
Where there was no fear of God
So this cunning prophet proclaimed
Half-truths
With his half-sister

Then unwitting Abimelech
King of uncircumcised urges
Took Sarah into his palace
Among his many brides

But God spoke to him in dreams
Saying, “You are a dead man”
For this is the wife of a prophet
Who shall make all your brides barren

Now return her at once
And beg the prophet’s prayers
I will heal you
For I understand
That you understand nothing

Gerar may be in the south
But it is not Sodom
Gerar may affect the groin
But it is not Gomorrah

And your commander Phicol
With his ubiquitous libidinal energies
May be one who speaks to all
But he will not have dominion over all

For some souls
Will hear a call to celibacy
In the likeness of Christ and His Mother
While others will find marriage
To be their honorable vocation
And their beds will remain undefiled

Come now, Father Abraham
Abimelech implores your unveiled honesty
Make your solemn promise
To put away your veiled speech
At the Well of Seven Oaths

The Lamb
The Lamb
The Lamb
The Lamb
The Lamb
The Lamb
The Sevenfold Lamb

He who is seated
In the center of the throne
He shall be our Witness
With His sevenfold sight

For He alone has been found worthy
To open the sealed up Book
Through Him the veils are lifted
Revealing the fulness
Of Grace and Truth

Lord Jesus Christ
Unblemished Lamb of God
You take away the sins of the world
Help all married couples
To keep their vows faithfully
And those called to celibacy
To fulfill their vocations
With utter spiritual mastery

But may we all
Like Father Abraham
Spend many days
Examining our southern regions
Making good spiritual progress
Until we all reclaim
The disputed well called Beersheba
With its delightful
And refreshing waters

Lord Jesus
Holy Anointed One
Grant us little sips
Of Your unfathomable depths
Until Your Spirit flows in us
Like a mighty rushing river

Amen

The Sacrifice To End All Sacrifices

A Meditation on Genesis 22

O God beyond all human concepts
Transcending all theologies
O Ultimate Mystery
Behind the final veil

Save us from all imagined gods
Tainted mental notions
That we once thought were You

Far be it from You
Who are the essence of Pure Love
To be like Molech
Demanding child sacrifices
To appease his burning wrath
Such abominations
Have never even entered Your mind

Yet poor Father Abraham
Fresh from the madness of Mesopotamia
Thought he heard you calling him
To offer up his one and only son
Whom he loved so tenderly

But I venture to guess
That he misunderstood
Your mystical communications
As bewildering visions
Flashed in his dreams
Of Your Only Begotten Son
The Lamb provided by God
Offered up on the wood of the cross
In the place of all our sons and daughters

For on the third day
Of Abraham's trial
He perceived also
Of Christ's resurrection power
As he lifted his prophetic eyes
Into the far future
Which is why he told his servants
That he and Isaac would return
After worshipping
On that mystical Mount Moriah

And so it happened
That Your gracious angel restrained
The knife-wielding hand of Abraham
And as the confused prophet
Came to his senses
He perceived
The Sacrifice to end all sacrifices
In the sign of a ram
Caught in the branches of a tree

Praise to the I AM
The Provider
And praise to the Ram
Which God provided
Who lovingly consented
To be caught up in the branches
Of His redeeming cross

Lord Jesus Christ
Lord God
Lamb of God
You take away the sins of the world
Have mercy on us

Show us
By Your Sacrificial Love
What it really means
To be Divine

For there is nothing
Throughout the entire Universe
Higher than Love
And there is no greater Love than this
That a Man should lay down His life
For His friends

In You, O Jesus
The promises of God
Are all Yes and Amen
Through You the offspring of Abraham
Shall rise to bless the whole world

May the seed
Of Your Holy Gospel
Beget innumerable constellations
To shine Your lovely light
On this long-benighted planet

Amen

The Cave of Machpelah

A Meditation on Genesis 23-24

Breathe in and breathe out
Hear the sigh of relief
For a son who returned from Moriah

Breathe in and breathe out
Hear the snorting nostrils of Nahor
Delighted by the birth of Bethu-el
Then Rebekah

Breathe in and breathe out
Hear the last breath of Sarah
Praying for the next generation

Breathe in and breathe out
Hear the wind of the Spirit
Breathing hope
Into the sepulcher of Machpelah

Now listen well, you sons of fear
You Hittites, gather round to hear
Sell Abraham your burial cave
Whose Seed shall triumph o'er the grave

And even now before we see
The first fruits of His victory
The subtle voice of hope is heard
Death shall not have the final word

Beyond the passing of his wife
The prophet sees new budding life
And though one age has come and gone
His promised seed shall carry on

So Abraham prepared to send
His servant north to Aram's land
For Isaac's bride is of that sod
Of Bethu-el who dwells in God

So in good faith the servant went
And traveled north toward Nahor's tent
Beside the well he stopped to pray
That God would send a bride his way

O let her be the one who'll give
A drink to me and all who live
A gracious one who's meek and kind
For Isaac's heart a mated mind

And at that hour a maiden came
Whose beauty matched her fitting name
Rebekah born of Bethu-el
The match was made beside the well

As Isaac went to meditate
A bride was seen to captivate
A spotless virgin dressed in white
Beside the Well of Life and Sight

O Jesus, lift our eyes to see
The marriage of Your bride-to-be
Let each new generation find
More union with Your heart and mind

For daily as the old man dies
Your grace shall cause new life to rise
Your cross, O Christ, has power to save
For You have triumphed o'er the grave

The Abrahamic Tree
A Meditation on Genesis 25

Like a mighty earthquake
Dividing the Great City into three parts
Let us now shake the Abrahamic tree
And examine well
The religions born of him

For with three wives
Three mindsets
He produces three religious families
And none of them
Are without dysfunction

Sarah
First wife of Abraham
Your name means Princess
For your offspring shall possess
The Kingdom of Heaven
But not without first passing
Through the refining fire of Christ
For violent Simeon and Levi
Shall wreak havoc in Jacob's house
And Dan shall be a serpent in the way

Hagar
Second wife of Abraham
Servile fear from Sinai
Your name means Flight
For you flee from the presence
Of Princess Freedom
Who banished you
For your persecutorial ways

You produced Ishmael
He who has heard ideas about God
But does not know His intimate essence
Which is veiled
From those who wear veils
For Ishmael's twelve sons
Define the sham religion
Of all the world's Scribes and Pharisees

First there is Nebaioth
The High One
Who looks down his nose at all

Then Kedar
The Dark One
Who cannot see his own faults

Then Adbe-el
The Griever of God
Whose arrogance stinks to high heaven

Then Mibsam
The Perfumed One
Who tries to mask the odor of his whitewashed tomb

Then Dumah
The Dumb One
Whose tongue withholds inconvenient truths

Then Massa
The Burdener
Who lays heavy loads on the people

Then Hadad
The Sharpened One
Whose sharp tongue is always quick to criticize

Then Tema
The Desert-like
Whose dried up soul lacks compassion

Then Jetur
The Imprisoned One
Locked within his own anger and judgmentalism

Then Naphish
The Breathing One
Breathing threats of violence

Then Kademah
The Confrontational
Always looking for a speck in his brother's eye

Send all these mental constructs away
For the likes of these
Shall never inherit the Kingdom

As for Keturah
Third wife of Abraham
Your name means Incense
But you are not the fragrant aroma
Which rises in the Tabernacle of Christ

You produced Zimran
The Musician
But his interior music is noisy and discordant

You produced Jokshan
The Snarer
Whose legalistic ideologies oppose spiritual freedom

You produced Medan
The Contentious
Who churns up endless arguments

You produced Midian
The Strife Monger
Who stirs up dissent and division

You produced Ishbak
And Abraham said, "Leave him behind!"

You produced Shuah
And Abraham cried out for help

Send these mental constructs away also
For the likes of these
Shall never inherit the Kingdom

Then the weary old Patriarch
Breathed his last
And he was buried with Sarah
In the Cave of Couples

But the next couple
Was already prepared
To receive the full inheritance of Abraham
And the blessing of God
Passed on to them

So Isaac prayed
For barren Rebekah
And she conceived twins
Wrestling within her womb
Two nations at odds
And the older would serve the younger

For the second nature
Must supplant the first nature
As the human family journeys
Towards a healthier spiritual life and consciousness
Increasingly united with Jesus Christ
The Author and Perfecter
Of our Abrahamic faith

Like Father, Like Son
A Meditation on Genesis 26

“She’s my sister”
Said Isaac to Abimelech
Like father, like son
How the apple falls near the tree

So Isaac picks up
Where Abraham left off
Grinding away in Gerar

A wealthy man from the start
Benefitting from his father’s hard work
And godly heritage
But also inheriting
Some of his father’s flaws

O Jesus, save us
From the sins of our parents
And help us to leave
A better legacy for our children

How happy is the child
Reared in a spiritually healthy home
With plenty of love
And good moral guidance
In a stable home filled with peace

O Isaac
How immeasurable your advantages
In a world rife
With so much abuse

But just because your father
Was a spiritual king
Did not mean you could ride easy
On the train of his robe forever

For every man must learn in time
To bear the weight of his own body
Taking full responsibility
For his own spiritual condition

So those frustrating Philistines
Filled in your father’s wells
Forcing you to rediscover
And reclaim those secret streams
That Abraham once enjoyed

But your stubborn Adamic appetites
Resisted your early spiritual efforts
They contested the first wells you dug
Called Esek and Sitnah

So you moved on from there
You persevered in prayer
And found a wellspring
The flesh could not contest
For it was subtle beyond perception

And you named it Rehoboth
Spaciousness
Saying, "Now the Lord
Has made a space for us
And we shall be fruitful in this land"

Then the Lord visited you at Beersheba
In a vision of the night
Saying, "I am the God
Of Abraham your father
Fear not
I am with you
I will bless you
And multiply your seed
For the sake of My servant Abraham"

All praise to the One
Who meets us at the well
And bids thirsty souls
To drink of His Living Water

Lord Jesus Christ
How I thirst for Your Presence
For all that flows in You
Is altogether lovely

Let me pitch my tent
Near Your secret well
For You alone can satisfy
The deepest desires of my heart

Amen

Jacob The Supplanter
A Meditation on Genesis 27

Let the reader understand
The heart is the bridegroom
The mind is its bride
And the waves they produce together
Are their children

These sons are not seen
By the eyes of a blind man
But felt by the intuitive heart

Esau, the first-born
Is rough like a tumultuous sea
Tossed to and fro by violent storms

While Jacob, the supplanter
Is smooth like a sea of glass
Upon which God has chosen
To establish His peaceful throne

Esau is a hunter
Who makes the bowstring quiver
Always on the prowl
For something exterior
To satisfy his father's interior appetite

While Jacob stays at home
In peaceful contentment
Finding that Isaac's favorite food
Is already within his own pasture

Esau is impulsive
Selling his birthright and blessing
For a single fix of red adrenaline

While Jacob is patient
Making shrewd investments
For his long-term spiritual sustenance

And why are Esau's waves so turbulent?
Because of his Hittite wives!
Fear-based mindsets stirred up
From the deep subconscious well called Beeri
And the gnarly branched tree
Of undisciplined emotions called Elon

How those Hittites wed to Esau
Produced bitterness of spirit
For poor Isaac and Rebekah
How those old animal instincts
Disturbed their once-peaceful home

O Jacob, please
Do not be wed to a fearful mind
Go north to find a bride
From the same stock as Rebekah
Whose father was Bethu-el
He Who Dwells In God

Be united with the Mind of Christ
And to His Sacred Heart
For within His perfect pattern
You shall receive the Father's full blessing

Lord Jesus, I implore You
To calm the stormy waves
Of my tempestuous heart

O say to my soul
Peace
Be still

Let me call to mind often
Your powerfully calming words:

Peace I leave with you
My peace I give to you
Not as the world gives
Do I give unto you
Let not your heart be troubled
Neither let it be afraid

Most masterful Master
Grant me some share in Your mastery
Over waves of worry
Waves of fear
Waves of guilt and shame
Waves of controversial argument
Waves of strained relationships
Waves of unforgiveness
Waves of anger
Waves of wanting
Waves of passion
Waves of manic depression
And every other tormenting wave
That robs me
Of Your perfect peace

Then shall my rough seas be supplanted
And I shall rest with You
Upon the sea of glass

Amen

Jacob's Journey
A Meditation on Genesis 28

Now Jacob flee your brother's wrath
And journey north to find
A bride far from these lowly lands
A heightened state of mind

Leave Esau to his sorrow
With loud lament he sings
While Mahalath his new bride
Strikes chords on Ishmael's strings

Go find a higher music
To ring within your heart
Let angels play glissandos
Upon your ten-stringed harp

O watch them dance before you
On ladders low to high
They condescend to help you
Ascend beyond the sky

Now rest your head in Bethel
Upon its feathery stone
Your ear upon Christ's bosom
To hear His Heart alone

"I AM the God of Abraham
The God of Isaac, too
This Heart on which you're resting
I'll one day give to you"

"And to your children's children
I'll give this sacred sod
I'll make their hearts a gateway
To reach the House of God"

Yes, God is surely found here
Before I knew it not
A Peace and Love transcending
All words or any thought

Lord Jesus, at Your table
Your mystics shall recline
And taste in Your sweet supper
Far more than bread and wine

The Mind of Jacob

A Meditation on Genesis 29-30

The bridegroom is the heart
Its bride is the mind
But the mind of Jacob is complex
Perhaps you can relate

Concentrate, you shepherd
All your scattered thoughts
And start with a mind like Laban's
Clear and white

At this clear well
Jacob had his first fleeting glimpse
Of his mind's mystic potential in Christ
And the name of that beautiful maiden
Was Rachel
The Ewe-Lamb of God

Jacob kissed her immediately
His heart set on marrying her
Consenting without question
To Laban's seven-year terms

But Jacob the deceiver was deceived
For no mystic enjoys Rachel-on-the-right
Without first marrying Leah-on-the-left
She Who Is Weary And Worn Out
And whose spiritual vision is weak

But Jacob was determined
To one day marry lovely Rachel
So he agreed to serve Laban
For yet another seven years

Now let us begin
With a Laban-white sheet of paper
A mind as blank as a baby's

No concepts
No complexes
No ideologies
No philosophies
No theologies
No judgments
Just the whiteness of Laban

Then from the bright darkness
Of your mother's womb
You were born

Your eyes were opened
And your mind
Started recording images

This is Leah's first-born, Reuben
That Which You Have Seen

Then your parents spoke to you
Strange mysterious sounds
And your mind
Started recording words

This is Leah's second-born, Simeon
That Which You Have Heard

In time you started joining
Images to symbolic words
Then words to concepts
Then concepts to laws

This is Leah's third-born, Levi
That Which You Have Joined Together

As you grew
You developed some discernment
And your hierarchical values
Were categorically appraised

This is Leah's fourth-born, Judah
That Which You Praise

Then Leah stopped bearing
And barren Rachel gave to Jacob
Her maid, Bilhah
She Who Is Troubled And Fearful

For after you learned
To appraise hierarchical values
You began to conceive
Troublesome judgments

This is Bilhah's first-born, Dan
That Which You Judge

Be on your guard, dear friend
For Dan is a serpent in the way
Causing the horse to rear back with its rider

See how your fear and judgmentalism
Led to interior mental struggles
Between your right and left hemispheres
And the chariot wheels of Jabin
Grew louder and louder

This is Bilhah's second-born, Naphtali
That Which You Wrestle With

Though Leah-on-the-left had stopped bearing
She refused to let Wrestling
Be the final word
So she gave to Jacob
Her maid, Zilpah
The Drip-Dropper

Here you learned to benefit
From your interior struggles
And felt fortunate
For the wisdom you had gained

This is Zilpah's first-born, Gad
That Which Makes You Feel Fortunate

As you learned to focus
On things excellent and praiseworthy
And to always give thanks
Your happiness began to intensify

Ah...
The soothing drops of Zilpah
God grant us this balm of Gilead

This is Zilpah's second-born, Asher
That Which Makes You Feel Happy

Then Leah began to bear again
Striking a bargain with her sister
For some of Jacob's loving attention

And you started to learn
That you get what you pay for
You reap what you sow
And your wages are commensurate
To your works

This is Leah's fifth-born, Issachar
That Which You Have Earned

Then you started learning
About the mind's habitual habitations
And began to perceive
That some mental states
Are more pleasant to dwell in than others

This is Leah's sixth-born, Zebulun
That Which You Habituate

Then you began to perceive
That one habit of yours
Brought considerable disturbance
To your potentially peaceful house
For you often worried
About how others might judge you

This is Leah's vulnerable daughter, Dinah
That Which Makes You Feel Judged

Finally the long-barren Rachel
Was ready to conceive

After several years
Of prayerful introspection
Examining the mysteries of the mind
A child was born to you
A son who brought additional capacities

He was a dreamer
And a dream interpreter
He was an overseer
Who kept watch
Over his mischievous mental brothers
He was a mystic
Full of spaciousness
Who saw the constellated big picture
He was the foreshadowing of Christ
Whose Divine Pattern
We all aspire towards

This is Rachel's first-born, Joseph
That Which Brings Added Consciousness

But Rachel wanted more
And in her discontented questioning
She conceived again
This was The Son Of Her Sorrow, Benoni
For she died in hard labor
But Jacob renamed him Benjamin
The Son Of My Right Side

And now we are approaching
Bethlehem-Ephrath
The House of Christly Bread and Fruitfulness

Lord Jesus Christ
Grant us a heart and mind like Yours
For You are the golden paradigm
Of the Tabernacle of God

While within my own house
There has been much mischief
And so much dysfunctional noise

I have heard the tumult
Stirred up by millions of mental warriors
Needing to be reduced
To 144,000 peacemakers

O let those Christlike mind-heart patterns
Be sealed upon their foreheads
A balanced 12,000 from each tribe

But may Manasseh
The Forgetter
Utterly replace the tribe of Dan
As our Master has declared:
Judge not
That you be not judged

O come, Refiner's Fire
Lord Jesus Christ, refine me
Teach me in quieting contemplation
To scale back my overactive mind
Which has brought torment
To my anxious and troubled heart

O let me be
Increasingly united
To Your perfect pattern
And Your secret song
Shall rise within my soul

Then Joseph shall gain the capacity
To forget the troubles
Of his father's noisy house

Amen

Leaving Laban

A Meditation on Genesis 31-35

Laban Laban veiled in white,
Are you wrong or are you right?
Are you sharp or are you dull?
Are you blank or are you full?

Do you seek or do you find?
Can you see or are you blind?
Are you dark or are you bright?
Laban Laban veiled in white.

Dear friend,
Do you know
What Laban represents?

Neither do I.

But I do know that God
Who shines with blinding brightness
Covers His radiance
With thick dark clouds
And multi-layered veils

Lord Jesus Christ
Incarnate Revelation of God
Grant us a glimpse today
And let a little light
Shine through my little intellect

For it seems to me
That ignorance is bliss
But gullibility is a trap

I was happier as a child
Before my mind waxed strong
In the so called "Knowledge"
Of Good and Evil

But in this confusing world
Full of contradictions
I cannot afford
To be ignorant

So you have devised a solution
84 moons
Of waxing and waning

Let the mind wax strong
For 42 full moons of silver
Then let the moon go dark
In the 42 months of waning

There in that thick dark cloud
You shall find the golden depths
Of the innermost Holy of Holies

The more my mind waxed
The more my heart died
So now I must wane
Back to the mind of a little child

For 42 silver bases
I wandered further from Your Sacred Heart
Now 42 call me home
To the Cornerstone I once rejected

Lord Jesus, help me survive
This dark night of the soul
Or rather let my darkness die
Until Your light alone shines forth

In You the dead shall live
In You the lame shall walk
In You the deaf shall hear
In You the blind shall see

I hear the fussing of Pharisees:
“Are you saying we are blind?”

Oh no
For if you were blind
You would no longer be in sin
But now that you say
“We see”
Your sin remains

For a man who thinks he knows something
Has not yet come to know
As he ought to know

Do you really suppose
That you are all white?
Without any darkness?
Without any blind spots?

Then go join Laban’s failing flock

As for me
I know very well
That I am spotted and speckled

So may Jacob count me
Among his burgeoning herd
All beating our breasts and bleating
“Lord, have mercy on us sinners!”

For if we should say
That we have no sin
We deceive ourselves
And the Truth is not in us

But if we confess our sins
God is faithful and just
To forgive us our sins
And cleanse us from all unrighteousness

If you can see your own faults
You do well
But will you also confess
That you have in your possession
Some of the false gods of Laban?

I hear the self-righteous snarl:
“How dare you suggest such a thing!”

I mean no offense
But have you ever looked
Inside the saddlebags of Rachel?

We all have formed our mental images
Made of golden earrings
Imagined notions of “God”
That are certainly less than God
For the Ultimate Mystery of Christ
Utterly transcends our unaided minds

When we listened to the Law
With our literalistic ears
Rather than our mystic hearts
We formed the violent alliance
Of Simeon and Levi

And our stone throwing religion
Made us stink in our neighbors’ nostrils

Now lay aside your stones
Lay aside your swords
Lay aside your judgments
Lay aside your divisions
Lay aside your grudges
Lay aside your anger
Lay aside your fear
Lay aside your anxiety
Lay aside your pride
Lay aside your ego
Lay aside your false personas
Lay aside your shadowy projections
Lay aside your old self

Leave the high-minded land of Laban
And his ignorant ideas of divinity
Leave what you thought you once knew
And embrace the cloud of unknowing

You wrestler with theological conundrums
You have wrestled long enough
Face your fears and be reconciled
With your brother and with your God

O Jacob

Divided into two companies
Allow the mystic metaphors
To sink in to your thick skull

Then they will integrate
Your dualistic dialogues
Into a constellated union
In your heart

O Israel

It is time for waning
Go south of your shoulders in Shechem
To the heart of Christ in Bethel

Tell all your household
To bury their imagined gods
Under the Great Tree of the Crucified

For it is time to return
To a heart set in silence
Beating in sync with the rhythm
Of the indwelling King of Love

The Associations of Hebron
A Meditation on Genesis 35-36

Tell us, Jacob
Why don't you set your stakes
Permanently in the bliss of Bethel?

Perhaps it is easier said than done
To become a stable pillar
In the House of God

So we shall journey with you
To learn the lay of the land
Where you reunite with your father
In the land called Hebron

Now let the non-Hebrew understand
That Hebron means Association
Or so this poor Gentile thinks

I certainly do my best to study
But I cannot help but wonder
How much is lost in translation

For my English-speaking mind
Makes English associations
I do not dream in Hebrew
Nor do I form Hebraic innuendos

But the Hebrew-speaking mind
Makes Hebraic associations
So the scriptural scholar must try
To think like a Hebrew
And not just any Hebrew
But the mystic Christ Jesus

Now back to our burning question:
Why not remain in Bethel?

The Englishman may ask
"Who cares?"
"Is it not just a piece of dirt?"

Now the English mind may miss it
But Beth means House
And El means God
And the House of God
Is no piece of dirt

And if you have ever tasted
Of that Pure Loving Presence
I am certain
That you would like to stay there

But we are sojourners like Jacob
Tentatively wandering
And pitching our impermanent tents
In unknown territories

What worked one day
May not work the next
And the journey continues
In God's game of hide and seek

So Jacob goes seeking
Like Abraham and Isaac before him
In the bewildering land
Of Psychological Associations

Have you ever studied your dreams?
Every image
Every sensation
Every place
Every person
Every event
Every word
Serves as a symbol
Of some deep mystery
Hidden within your psyche

Ah! The associative wonders
Of the Dark Unconscious
Where God sometimes flashes
With thunder and lightning

God is fluent in every language
But He seems to prefer two of them:
First the language of Silence
And second the language of Symbolism

Now you might ask Him
Why that is
But His likely response
Will be silence
Or else a ponderous ocean
Of mysterious symbols

This is how He invites the soul
Into quiet contemplation
And intense introspection

These are the secrets
Of all the saints
All who have ever sought
To abide in the Presence of God

So at this point in our journey
We are led to examine
The branches of Esau

For Esau is associated with Edom
And Edom with the Adamic appetites
And these are continuously problematic
For those who wish to remain in Bethel

For only the mind set on the Spirit
Remains in spiritual vibrancy and peace
While the mind set on the flesh
Is death

The Spirit here highlights
Three of the wives of Esau
Which are three carnal mindsets

One is a Hittite
And the mind based in Heth
Is a mind based in Fear
Which Perfect Love must cast out

The second is a Hivite
And a mind like Eve's
Has a taste for the divisive Knowledge
Of Good and Evil
And that is forbidden fruit

The third is a daughter of Ishmael
And such a cruel mindset
Shall never inherit the Promised Land
Which flows with milk and honey
For it bears no love for one's brother

These Edomites produce incessant temptations
Towards fear, judgment, and anger
O the struggles
The spiritual seeker must face!

But take heart
For even though
We may falter in some battles
We shall not lose the war

As the Psalmist has sung:

Who will bring me into the enclosed city?
Who will guide me into Edom?
O God, have You rejected us?
Will You not go forth with our armies?
Grant us help against this foe,
For human help is futile!
Through God we shall do valiantly;
He will trample down our enemies.

Lord Jesus Christ
Grant me victories
Over my carnal mind
And all of its base associations
With my old Adamic appetites

Empower me by Your Spirit
To take every thought captive
That I may always abide
In Your peaceful Pure Love

Amen

Joseph The Dreamer
A Meditation on Genesis 37

Now let us learn
Of Joseph the dreamer

Re-imagine the story
Put yourself in it
Joseph is some part of you
Or at least a potential within you

Give him some time to develop
And by the time he is seventeen
He will be your favorite son
With an aura shining like a rainbow

Practice a bit of introspection
Pray as David prayed:
“Search me, O God, and know my heart
Try me, and know my anxious thoughts
See if there be any hurtful way in me
And lead me in the everlasting way”

You may find that Joseph
Will come to you in your dreams
With a bad report about his brothers

Saying, “Father,
If you are wondering
Why your heart is troubled
I will tell you
Those sons of Bilhah and Zilpah
Have been misbehaving again”

For in time
With prayerful practice
With deliberate attention
And by the grace of God
Your Joseph-like potential will develop
And you shall obtain
Increasingly clear spiritual vision

For Joseph sees clearly
That Bilhah means Fear
And her sons are Judgment and Wrestling
And if these run wild in your mind
They will wreak havoc
On the emotional chemistries of Zilpah

So if you would rather feel
The happy balm of Gilead
Than the sting of scorpions in your heart
Listen to the counsels of Joseph

Joseph is insightful
Joseph is wise
Joseph is contemplative
Joseph solves dark riddles
Joseph understands allegories
Joseph interprets dreams
Joseph is an overseer
Joseph is spiritually mature
Joseph is a mystic

And wherever Joseph goes
That house is blessed by God

But Joseph does not flourish
In every house
For some have exchanged his spiritual capacities
For the merchandise of this world
And no one can serve two masters
You cannot serve God and mammon

Now each person is free
To do as he or she chooses
With his or her mental capacities
But if you sell off Joseph
You will find yourself begging for bread
At the silos of Egypt
Then you will find yourself a slave
Under Pharaoh's cruel bondage

But for you, dear reader
I see better things in store
For if you were not interested
In the development of your spiritual capacities
You would not be reading this

Lord Jesus Christ
You are the Bread of Life
Feed us from Your endless storehouse
Of Eucharistic graces
For in You are hidden
All the treasures
Of wisdom and knowledge

I praise You, O Lord
Who are in all
Through all
And over all
For the great company
Of saints and sages
Who have graced this planet thus far

And I beg of You
To keep raising new Josephs
To distribute Your life-giving food
To a world in desperate need

But protect Your mystic children, Lord
For they walk as sheep among wolves
And many of those wolves
Disguise themselves as sheep

How irate they shall be with me
When they hear me say such things
But, Jesus, I know
That You know what I mean

Save us from those
Who would sell Joseph
For twenty pieces of silver
And You Yourself for thirty

Amen

The Transformation Of Judah

A Meditation on Genesis 38

How pale is the face of Hirah
The Adullamite who sits
In the court of public opinion
For surely only Judah
Has reason to blush today

Now let us play the Pharisee
And cast our stones
At a man who sold his own brother
For a tenth of twenty coins

Shame on you, Judah
How could you do such a thing?
How lopsided is your pyramid
Of hierarchical values

Now you have sunk lower
Than all of your brutish brothers

Our pale eyes clearly see
What you are attracted to
A Canaanite daughter of Shuah
A low-lying mind set on wealth

Your first-born, Er
Was Watchfulness
But you were only watching out
For your own bank account

So God struck him dead
That evil son with a good name

Your second-born, Onan
Should have had insightful children
To redeem his brother's noble name
But he spilled his seed on the ground

So God slew him as well
And Watchfulness still had no child

Then you made a promise to the Palm Tree
A vow to the wife of Watchfulness
That you would give to Tamar
Your third-born son, Shelah

But his name means Prayer
And he had not yet come of age
So you forgot your promise
For prayer was not your priority

You devalued prayer
Just as you devalued Joseph
And all of his spiritual capacities
For you were too sleepy
To keep watch
With the wide-eyed Christ

When your wealthy wife had died
It was time to shear your sheep
And the Palm Tree played a harlot's trick
To expose your own naked shame

Now when Tamar was found pregnant
You were the first to cry out
"Burn the wanton woman!"
For you devalued human life

But when she displayed
Your signet ring
Your staff
And your belt
All of a sudden you went silent
And the Pharisees all dropped their stones

Lord Jesus Christ
You have written in the sand
All of our secret sins

Now let Your light dawn upon us
Grant our hard hearts a breakthrough
For the dawn of Judah is Zerah
And his breakthrough is Perez

And by the time these newborns mature
Judah's values will be set right
For he will cast aside his wealth
And offer up his very life
In the place of his little brother Benjamin

I hear the roaring heart
Of the Lion of Judah
The perpetual King
Of that lineage leading to redemption

O Jesus
Break through our defenses
Break through our interior blindness
Break through our pharisaical pride
Break through our hypocritical projections
Break through our twisted value systems
Break through our spiritual lethargy and prayerlessness

Unite us, O Lord
With the Palm Tree of the Gospel
And may we be wed
To Your pure mind and heart

Than we shall bring forth spiritual children
For the glory of our elder Brother's name
All of them wide-eyed and watchful
Who seek first the Kingdom of God

Lord, forgive all our infidelities
And help us to sin no more
Help us to watch and pray always
Lest we fall again into temptation

Amen

Israel's Loss, Egypt's Gain
A Meditation on Genesis 39-41

Israel's loss became Egypt's gain
With blessings on Potipher's home
For Joseph is wise, and wisdom is good
To have beneath anyone's dome

But Wisdom was not for Potipher's wife
Although she was cunning and shrewd
She clung to his cloak and urged him to stay
But Wisdom ran off in the nude

Than into prison the wise one was cast
And in that dark place there was light
For even a jailer with Joseph is blessed
To see through his eyes clear and bright

When servants of Pharaoh were thrown into jail
Wise Joseph shed light on their dreams
The cupbearer smiled to learn of his luck
But soon forgot Wisdom it seems

Then Pharaoh himself had his dreams in the night
But no one in Egypt was found
To tell their mysterious meanings to him
For Wisdom in prison was bound

The cupbearer's memory started to stir
While pouring out Pharaoh's best wine
And O how it lifted his spirits that day
When Wisdom came back to his mind

So Joseph was freed to interpret the dreams
Which Pharaoh had seen in his bed
The ruler then learned that wisdom was found
With Joseph in all that he said

So Pharaoh proclaimed that all Egypt should bow
Before one they once had despised
And Joseph was set over all of the land
For he was discerning and wise

O Jesus, You hear how the emperors laugh
Until their world tears at the seams
Then they return to their senses and look
To Your servants who dream of Your dreams

Surviving The Famine
A Meditation on Genesis 42-50

Hunger
So much hunger
How severe this spiritual famine!

Lies
So many lies
How long shall we wear these veils?

We lie to ourselves
Than starve for the Truth
And all the while we say
“We are honest men”

But Joseph sees right through us
He calls us spies and pretenders
Liars who are incapable
Of seeing the Truth
Even when it stares us in the face

We cannot see
Because we do not want to see
That Judah’s perverted values
Are in our own house
That Simeon and Levi’s angry outbursts
Are in our own house
That Dan’s serpentine judgments
Are in our own house
That Naphtali’s controversial wrestlings
Are in our own house

So we keep our poor heart in the delusion
That Joseph was torn by wild beasts
When our own bestial tendencies
Were really to blame

Now if we are hungry
For the Bread of Heaven
I suggest that we start eating
The unleavened bread of sincerity
And for our dessert
I suggest some humble pie

Then maybe
By the grace of God
We can be reunited
With the wisdom of Joseph

Are you hungry enough like Jacob
To be bereaved of your mental children?
Then come into The Silence

Christ calls us
To come away from all the noise
To a place of quiet solitude
And prayerful introspection

O hear in The Silence
The Divine Voice beckoning you:
“Be still
And know that I am God”

If you practice this prayer
You shall certainly discover
How noisy and troublesome
Your disturbing thoughts have been

And no one can hear
The still small voice of God
Amidst so much interior noise

His oceanic utterances are so subtle
That even the flapping of angels’ wings
Are noisy by comparison

But when the Cherubim
With their almond eyes all around
Let down their whispering wings
And become still
Then you may hear Him speak
Who is enthroned upon the sea of glass

Now not all are as privileged
To hear with the clarity of Ezekiel
But not many are willing
To have their egos laid so low

And no one sees clearly
Who has not been deeply humbled
For Humility and Truth
Walk hand in hand

So Joseph remains veiled to the proud
Joseph remains veiled to the violent
Joseph remains veiled to the pharisaical
Joseph remains veiled to those who wear veils

But when a soul turns to Christ
The veils are removed from our eyes
For the more we abide in the teachings
Of the humble and gentle Jesus
The more we shall know the Truth
And the Truth shall set us free

O Jesus
Your warm and peaceful Love
Is enthroned upon a sea of glass
Mixed with fire

Grant my heart
A union with Yours

Here in this refining fire
Of Your perfect stillness
Let me finally beget
Manasseh and Ephraim

Let me forget the bitter troubles
Of my father's old house
And bear the sweet new fruit
Of Your life-giving Spirit

May the prayer of my heart
Be presented to You
Like a soothing balm
Like sweet honey
Like aromatic incense
With the fruits of your Almond Tree

For You have bound Simeon
That Which I Have Heard
And held him captive
Within Your silent cell

Then You gave him
A new set of clothes
So he could hear Your wondrous words
With a new set of ears

O may all my inner capacities
Be given a change of clothes

May Reuben now see with Your eyes
May Simeon now hear with Your ears
May Levi now connect with Your heart
And May Judah now praise Your virtues

But may Dan
That slippery serpent from Bilhah
Be utterly replaced by Manasseh

For all my old judgments
Are to be forgotten
And all my old fears
Are to be silenced
By Your Perfect Love

Then I shall be well fed at Your table
And survive this worldwide famine
When my heart is united with Yours
Upon the sea of glass

Amen

And Amen