

On the Illusion of Separation

Oh, you who are blind,
yet have eyes that can see
Oh, you who are deaf,
never hearing.
Oh, you with a heart that is calloused and hard
and cannot forever be softened.

Listen, and see, and feel the world
in a way you have never before perceived it.

Look down from on high at the green orb below,
A decades-old sight that is ageless.
See no borders defined, no countries aligned
just a cell that we call our creation.
Blue green in its life, creativity in sight
Vibrating to the soul of its nature.

And now we plunge down
Headlong, to the fiery depths,
And then up through the crust of creation
To a single cell formed, and awakened in life,
and destined for multiplication.

See the bright light above,
climb from water around,
Grow your eyes, and your ears and the other.
And slowly you form a mind of your own
And wander in search of another.

An abundance of food
in the genesis of jungle,
Each one taking care of their own.
With a sun that brings warmth,
And clouds that bring rain
It is Eden that orders the game.

And then the comes the new.
The human in view
And needing to win at all costs.
To be separate in being
and separate in thought
A creature that lives to be fought.

So borders spring up.
'Us and them' both appear
when previously all was one.
A giant in mind, but diminishing the lives
Of those in fear for their end.

But lost is this place, that deepest of spaces
Where mystic and medicine are found
Where sight of the light,
That created us all
Is the path all religion is bound.

A blindness, a deafness, a hardness of heart.
The world turning backwards in time;
and what was once founded, is lost in a thought
And death comes from heartless of mind.

Do you not hear?
Can you not see?
Will you not feel?

That there is nothing betwixt and between.
That thou art the earth to my little tree
I am your branches, O bird.
That my worm is your food,
as your lamb is a gift
To the wolf that is hungry once more.
And that damned be the dam
that drains the water
Which gives life to the future of all.

A time will come when all that is true
will dwarf the lie that's been told:
Of the separateness of life
that deprives us of love.
And leave us alone and at sea.

But the world will rise up and crash like a wave
on the flotsam and jetsam of cares.
For it is not you who are saved,
but the whole that we seek;
The one that will bring us all home.
For the earth shall be filled with the Glory of God
As the waters cover the foam.

Aspen Chapel

A Spiritual Home for Everyone

Sunday August 24th

Architects of Truth and Beauty

Introduction

Meditation

Song: 'You taught my heart to sing'
by McCoy Tyner

Talk

Song: 'Lawns' *by Carla Bley*

Conversation

Offertory Song: 'I am the Lord'
by Desirée Goyette

Prayers

Song: 'Over the rainbow'
by Harold Arlen with Yip Harburg

Blessing





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