



If I told you, you wouldn't believe that God was here.

But, he is.

We peer deep into the wilderness with hunger towards the clearing between the trees.

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But, he is.

We danced in circles around one another, exercising our last desires. You do this, I'll do that. Give it to me, I'll give you it.

If only we could tell each other, that He breathes into your being. I knew the scent of your pheromones before I met you. That's what they say right?

We smell one another out of the wilderness and move into the clearing.

If I told you, He was here, you wouldn't believe me.

Perhaps, we had to peer into the wilderness to see the clearing.

Perhaps, there never really was a clearing until there wasn't one.

Perhaps, there is never quiet without a noise so loud one must turn down their ability to hear.

One must desensitize to emphasize—denoise to hear clearly.

Once we reach the clearing, we see the wilderness as one.

Where are we when the ground is in front of us instead of below?

Jesus walked across the water.

Jesus walked through the wilderness for 40 days, 40 nights.

Jesus walked.

He was tempted by the clearing, he rejected it.

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But, he is.



Lift your eyes to the sky. I reveal Myself to you in the contrast between the cumulus and the nimbostratus – at the point of intersection where white and gray illuminate a yellow light brighter than your eyes can perceive.

Apocalypse means to reveal, to see what is beneath that might be currently hidden.

Strip down to your bare body, he says.

Strip everything down, remove all unnecessary belongings, He says.

There is fear of illumination.

What if what's left is not beautiful or desirable– not successful?

He says to remove everything.

In the contrast between being clothed and naked, we will find the illuminated difference, if our eyes can imagine it.

The illumination is not real. It is not seen. It is desired and achieved in faith.