

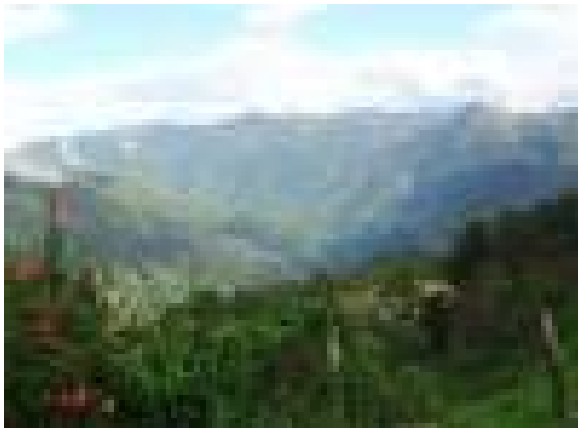
The Psalm of Forever

Ed Hays | Jul. 5, 2009

The Psalm of Forever

Forever is a holy word
I've stolen from God's vocabulary
that I dare to utter
when speaking of my love for you.

From the ten thousand names of God,
with lips trembling in fear,
I have chosen Forever
to sing of my love for you.



Idolatry ? to make human love divine

and put it on par with God.
No, not idolatry, but identity,
for love and God are one
when love longs to be Forever.

O You who never created love,
but *are* Love, and Love-Forever,
gift me with Your sacred heart
to love You, and my beloved,
Forever, Forever.

Reflection: With holy fear and trembling, lovers say they will love each other forever. They dare, with their hair standing on end in fear, to use the name of God as a pledge that their love will withstand anything that might drag them apart, even death.

From the beginning, God wedded human love and God-love together as one and the same ? even when human loving falls short of forever. Gratefully, human love is awakened to its Godhood whenever such love struggles to be forever.

The tree of love can withstand all storms, droughts and disasters when its roots are entwined around the God-Stone at the center of the Earth. Love?s zero gravity is made stable by being thus grounded in Ground Zero. Each time ?Forever? is whispered in the darkness, it sends the roots of love racing to encircle more tightly the Sacred Stone.

So anchored in Love, our loves can withstand the dry desert winds of routine, the twisting tornadoes of emotional differences, infidelity and workaday chaos.

Forever ? let us say it slowly, say it full of meaning, say it as one of the holy names of God.

From *Psalms for Zero Gravity* by Ed Hays

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**Psalm of the Yearning Mountain Stream**

As a mountain stream yearns  
to be consumed by the sea,  
so do I eagerly pray and long  
to empty into you, my Beloved.

As a stream races over rocks,  
tumbling down the mountain,  
so do I fall constantly toward you,  
Sea of Life and Endless Mercy.

As a leaping mountain stream  
stops not to gather gold nuggets  
sprinkled in its streambed road,  
I seek only my treasure in the Sea of You.

As a stream gurgles in wet delight,  
cascading along its pebbled path,  
so I joyfully face along my way,  
aching to reach the Sea of Love.

As a lively stream remains ever fresh  
by refusing to stop and pool,  
may my restlessness keep me ever alive  
till I am fully alive in you.

*Reflection: How can we have the time or the desire to gather gold or silver nuggets if we are racing to the Sea? What stream wants to pause and pool when the Ocean is Love ? when the magnetic pull is toward complete absorption into the Whole.*

*Fear not that you will be damned. Fear, rather, that you will be dammed up. Whether small streams or mighty rivers, only being dammed up prevents them from reaching the sea.*

*The closer to the ocean, the faster the stream races in breathless bubbling anticipation. Thus, only fools ask, ?Why are you in such a hurry to die??.*

From *Psalms for Zero Gravity* by Ed Hays

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Prayer action suggestion:

Tell someone you love them. Show someone you love them.

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