

WONDROUS

Words by Vandoren Wheeler, Film by Sebastian Rogers

We are wondrous creations made by a prolific and eclectic Creator.
In addition to the intricate eye lenses and articulate pinkies he gives us
He blesses us with His predisposition to create.
We can put our hands together to make a church.
With practice and some help we can make sequoia high shopping structures
engineered for earthquakes, humming with escalators and air conditioners,
and handheld computers zinging eye-pleasing letter fonts across the planet.
The letter "X" makes a kiss.

Automated streetlights and complicated crosswalks keep us from getting squished.
We can zip around in sleek electric vehicles made safe by antilock brakes,
and protect our lips with fantastic cherry chap stick,
use handheld GPS to locate a lost but microchipped Chihuahua.
All the trains, trolleys, skates and bikes, Oh the O's
of all the spheres of all the ball bearings delivering us on their nearly perfect little orbits.

What we have made is usually helpful,
but rarely fulfilling, and eventually exhausting.
All this making rings as meaningless if we forget
the impeccable starlight our plastic night lights drown out.

God's divine grandeur.
Every afternoon sparrows trace the Creator's signature
Across the sky's promise He is with us.
The vastness of His forest humbles us.
Moss like beard fuzz on the tree trunks
who've lived here eons longer than we have.
The rhythm of an autumn's oranges and reds please us for reasons beyond us.
The touch of all this beauty tugs our gazes outward then nudges our eyes upward.
An unexpected God-sent sunset can sweep our labored breath away
Wing our doubts and fears to the other side of the earth
So that all we think is this . . . This . . . THIS beauty
working its way over and into me is speaking.

Let the gorgeousness whisper us from the walls of our cells
Illuminate our thoughts with the starlight we mistake as intermittent.
An all-encompassing constant swath of gigantic light specks
more numerous and luminous than the glimpses we get on earth.
Images and words can't recreate who you are when you take in creation.
Its vast expanse shrinks your body.
Its unflinching touch expands your heart.

This measureless, ancient, arresting display proclaims the Creator's "I Am".
I am here with you.
Just as I am beyond you.
Let the intimacy in the infinite remake you.