

Heaven And a Walk With Our Ancestors

At least five days a week, I head down to the Sleeping Bear, the National Park. Many of you know the trail I like to take. While it runs close to the shore of the great freshwater sea, Michigan. It also wanders through a swamp that is part of the Shalda Creek drainage. In winter, it is a frozen land of white wonder interspersed with the dark green of conifers and the giant black veins of deciduous trees.

As I walk, I talk. Some people would call it prayer. But long ago, I always viewed my prayers, as a conversation with my Master, my Jewish Boss.

I remember sitting in a Bible study group some years ago. There was a person there who could not understand why people of my particular Christian religion would pray to anyone other than our Master. Though I said nothing at the time, I thought about our Master, in that He is the head of one body, of which we are all members. So I talk often with many of our other members who have made the Great Leap and are now at Home with Him, especially Our Mother.

In the many books I read by C. S. Lewis, a phrase from one book repeats in my mind every day. He said, "Heaven is all around us. We just can't see it yet." For decades now, I have taken that to heart. So I do talk with our ancestors every day. I realized that where they are now, they are infinitely more powerful than they ever were on this planet.

I wholeheartedly believe they have the ear of Him Who is All.

I remember daily, reams of advice from my own mother and father and that of my wife's. A simple one from my wife's mother I say every day. "Clean as you go." Or my Mom's, "Never let come out of your mouth what you wouldn't want to put in it." And my dear Pop's classic, "Think positive!"

As I trudged the trail on this brilliant day, the sky the color I call Mary Madonna blue, the deepest holiest blue of all, the Spirit, the breath of the planet, spoke with His Force through the pines. From subtle wooshes, distant roars to thundering reverberations, I knew our ancestors we're talking through the pines, especially the First People. They were ones who were here before anyone else. Who roamed these lands way before that of the French, Polish, Bohemian, and Irish settlers. The First People did not believe land was owned by anyone. It was for all, for all to care for and reverence.

I spoke with all who have gone before us. Normally, I occasionally glance up to look around at the wonder of Creation as I walk. Not today. I focused on the trail ten to fifteen in front of me and just listened to the pine talk. At a point in time, during my trudge, I felt the wind behind my back, lifted me, gently pushing me forward, making my walk painless. And to feel the wind down in the swamp is unusual. Normally it flies way overhead.

And then I knew what they were saying through the fine needles of the great white pines.

Everything really will be OK. Persevere. Be kind. Be persistent. And above all Love. Everyone.

Always...

As He commanded.