

This Week on the Big Island: Wandering

JRR Tolkien used Gandalf the Wizard to say, “All who wander are not lost.”

We wandered, un-lost, along a stretch of sand and lava a few days ago, looking at golden wild flowers on surf’s edge, flowers that wandered down into the sea. Boisterous surf beat against them, and they rejoiced. Joyful spray threw her hands up and said:
“I’ll stop when I’m done spending my pleasure on these rocks a few millennia from now.”



Air geysers sputtered through porous rock beneath Vance’s feet. They seemed to us like they were giggling geysers, so pleased to surprise our ears and eyes!
We each laughed in turn, together in concert with Spirit and nature.
Each of us making a joyful noise. Have a look-see-listen:
<https://bit.ly/3mVg08b>

Sometimes when I wander through scripture I doubt whether my interpretation of a passage and God’s intended meaning of that passage are the same thing.

So I tend to stick with the plain things.

Land markers like: trusted friends’ consensus,
how folks have spun this over history’s long arc,
the witness of the Spirit within me.

I figure the main things are the plain things.

The plain markers show the way, even when you feel lost. Trail markers like:
Love folks, even your enemies, like I want to be loved.

Love God in a brawny, muscly, vigorous way.

If I doubt my feelings of love, then the plain thing to me is to act like I love. Once I act,
my feelings—truculent, pouting children that they be—will follow right along.

