

Go Out to Play

*God plays with each of us as we are made,
Silently in the fluid darkness that embraces everything.*

*And whispers to us quietly in the dimness;
Don't forget what the immeasurable is.*

Then from our liquid swaddling we are lavishly flung forth:

*Go out to play beyond all boundaries,
Go out to the limits of your longing,
Where my wholeness cascades into life's myriad of forms
And there embody me.*

*Play with all life has to offer: the beautiful and the terrible.
Be fierce in your playing.
No playground is final.*

*Here, give me your hand and
Play beyond what limits you.*

~ O. Fred Donaldson