

Daily Meditation 10-07-24

Surprise! A Second New Book—This One for Kids

Good morning.

We're dealing with a surprise this morning, as I point out in my meditation, because, it turns out, I've been giving birth to twins! Unexpectedly, that my book on evil, *Trump and the MAGA Movement as Antichrist: A Handbook for the 2024 Election*, came out officially this past week. But now, my book for children has come out officially — *The Return of Father Sky: Cosmic Mischief for Kids of All Ages*.

Now, at first I said, Well, what sense does this make? A book on evil on the one hand, and the book on Father Sky on the other? But actually, I find deep meaning in this synchronicity, and I abide by synchronicity. I believe in that: the surprises that ultimately have meaning and make sense.

And because the medicine for evil is the Sacred. And Father Sky, that is, the Cosmos, is radically sacred. In fact, Thomas Berry, remember, says that “we lose a sense of the sacred. We have to regain awe, wonder, and this is found especially in rediscovering our relationship to the universe, the numinous universe,” as he calls it. That the universe is the ultimate sacrament, the ultimate sacred presence to which we belong, and which flows through us, also.

And of course, in my book on the sacred masculine, called *The Hidden Spirituality of Men: 10 Metaphors to Awaken the Sacred Masculine*, because we have so much today of the un-sacred masculine reigning in so many spheres, wars in Ukraine, Gaza, Lebanon, and Sudan — we seem to be playing out these un-sacred masculine games continuously.

Whereas really, if we would turn our attention to the sky, that is to our origins, our 13.8 billion years of travel coming to this place, we could rediscover a sense of the Sacred. And that is why the very first chapter in my book on *The Hidden Spirituality of Men* is about the archetype of Father Sky. And it's because of that chapter that I wrote this book. And I tell this story in the meditation for today, how it was a woman, a mother of two boys, who urged me, after I did a conference on the Divine Feminine and the Sacred Masculine, and used some of the archetypes

from this book, she said, “You've got to write this out for children, because I am concerned that our boys are not receiving appropriate models of masculinity at this time.”

I'd like just to share with you two quotes that are especially meaningful in this chapter on Father Sky. And then I'll turn to the children's book a bit. First of all, of course, I go through some of the cultures of the world, the Polynesian cultures, and the Aboriginal culture in Australia, and some African cultures. And so many cultures use this metaphor of Father Sky, and have been doing it for tens of thousands of years. And I begin the chapter with this marvelous quote from the indigenous tradition of South America: “to be human, one must make room in one's heart for the wonders the universe, that if we do not have room in our hearts for the wonders of the universe, we not human, yet.”

In an anthropocentric culture like ours, which in our culture America today, we have a whole political party in denial about climate change. And since ecology is functional cosmology, as Thomas Berry says, then clearly we are not people who are human, yet. We are less than that. “To be human, one must make room in one's heart for the wonders of the universe.”

So I want to cite, as I do on the first page of this book, first an observation by D.H. Lawrence. He says,

*What a catastrophe, what a maiming of life, when it was made a personal, merely personal feeling, taken away from the rising and setting of the sun, cut off from the magic connection of the solstice and equinox. This is what is the matter with us. We are bleeding at the roots because we are cut off from the earth, and sun, and stars, and love is a grinning mockery. Because, poor blossom, we plucked it from its stem on the tree of life, and expected it to keep on blooming in our civilized vase on the table. So when psychology replaces cosmology, and religion runs around without cosmology, becomes thoroughly anthropocentric, we are indeed turning love into a grinning mockery.*

Now I'd like to turn to a wonderful passage in this chapter from an excellent book by Scott Russell Sanders called *Hunting for Hope: A Father's Journeys*. And of course, hope is a significant issue in our time of Apocalypse that we are living in today. He writes in his book,

*I still hanker for the original world, the one that makes us, rather than the one we make. A hunger for contact with the shaping power that curves the comet's path, and fills the owl's throat with song, and fashions every flake of snow, and carpets the hills with green. It is a prodigal, awful, magnificent power; forever casting new forms into existence, then tearing them apart and starting over.*

And he recalls a mystical experience he had one night when he was driving his car. He stopped the car, he says:

*I climbed out of the car with a greeting on my lips. But the sky crushed me. From the black bowl of space, countless fiery lights shone down, each one a sun or a swirl of suns, whole brilliant hosts of them enough to strike me down.*

So it was recovering that relationship with Father Sky, that absolutely turned him inside out. He says he ultimately found his faith. Faith in what?

*In our capacity for decent and loving work, in the healing energy of wildness, in the holiness of creation. That the universe exists at all, that it obeys laws, that those laws have brought forth galaxies and stars and planets and on one planet, at least, Life. And out of life, consciousness; and out of consciousness, these words, this breath. All this is a chain of wonders. I dangle from that chain and hold on tight, so Father Sky is indeed a place of rebirth.*

Now let me share with you briefly just the beginning of my book *The Return of Father Sky*.

*Not so long ago, you know, scientists told us the sky was so, Oh, so, so cold, and dead, and inert, like dirt, though dirt is not inert. Father Sky, they said, was a long time dead, like lead. So not even a bed bug lived there, where the moon rose and the sun seemed to roam as it chose. The universe is a machine, was the meme. Then people no longer chose to touch the stars, or mimic the bards, with music the galaxies made, as they passed by in the supposedly dead, dull sky. Then boys and men lost a friend. Big, wise Father Sky withdrew, 'cause he had to. So bid bye-bye to thousands and thousands of years gone by. Connecting soul to seasons changing, ranging far and wide, a special place to abide, in summer, winter, spring and fall, dancing, singing, chanting all, making noise and dressing up in costumes, to welcome the movements of Father Sky nearby.*

So all of ancient ritual was about connecting humans, our psyche, to the cosmos again. And that's what all healthy ritual is about, as Otto Rank points out. So this recovery of the Sacred, it cannot happen without a cosmology. It cannot happen without reconnecting us, rewiring us, I guess we say today, to the wonders and the miracles of sky and earth. And how together they birth us and our future, a new future, a sacred future.

Thank you. We'll see you next week.