

The Pathway of Supplication

I don't relate to God as some guy up there who will grant my wishes if I ask nicely or with enough fervor. I don't believe that I must prove that I am worthy or make some kind of deal with the Holy One of Blessing, in order to get what I want or need. I don't believe in a God that withholds goodness from me, rewards me for my righteousness or punishes me for my transgressions. So, in the past, I've mostly tried to avoid the Psalms that seemed to be based on that old and worn paradigm of Big Daddy granting me favors.

And then I challenged myself to dive a bit deeper.

I remembered that we can't really understand a sacred text or receive its medicine until we have chanted it for a long-enough time, embodying that text through practice.

Through my practice, I learned that when I call out to God, the Great Mystery, from the place of vulnerability, with my whole heart, soul and might... I am changed. God appears in the midst of my longing for Her. In my reaching out, I am humbled and then connected to a place beyond the possible. My supplication does not have to be whiny; it is rooted in longing rather than lack; it can express profound dignity, subtlety and depth. It is such a surprise that when I call out to God, the Great Mystery, I am answered in the very moment of calling. My question seems to hold the answer in it. In calling, I remember what I am really yearning for, and the layers of form drop away, revealing the core and deepest longing for God- my longing is to be connected to that Mystery, to know myself as a spark of the Divine.

And in truth I am longing for that which I already have. It is only the quality of my call that reveals this truth to me.