

*Et resurrectus est* (col. 16 ml. 135 min 1994)

Generations rise and fall, but the earth hardly changes. The sun rises, moves in a arc across the sky and returns to starting place. The wind moves this way, that way, then this way again, but the sea hardly changes. Everything that happens has happened before and will happen again; there is nothing new under the sun. All things made by the creator move in circles.

But human life is brief. While here, we are as though clowns in a dream circus, cocky about our painted faces. No matter how far he or she sees, even the wise person ends with a mouthful of dirt. Horse and rider ride off into dust together. We all become clay, swept away from the page of the present. We are here only for a moment, and then are gone as shadows after sunset.

And to what end? To take satisfaction in the repetition of days, to take delight in the body's being a pen in the hand of the Lord, that He uses to write a fresh page in His Book, to feel the pressure of His will, to know that He has tailored each event in time just as His work has dressed each thing in space, to allow our knowledge of that rightness to shine in its beauty, and to manifest wonder that are hearts become more full as we move closer to our Creator just as our hearts are magnified by our loves and by our loved ones.

Much inspired by meditating on the poetry of John Donne, the book of *Ecclesiastes*, and *The Book of the Secrets of Enoch*, from *Jewish Pseudepigrapha*.