

# Fresh From God

## By Carol Leigh Wehking

**T**hough much of life moves through the Light like a fish swims in a sunlit pond, it's true that not many moments shine with a special radiance of their own. Still, one accumulates a collection of the moments that do. As if they were flash photographs mounted in an album, they may be unremembered for perhaps years, then the page may be opened, and the moment pictured, relived, savoured again.

Here's one I recall, though the picture is faded: when I was about sixteen years old, I babysat for a family of three beautiful, bright, delightful children. One of the joys of babysitting these three was that they were such interesting people. I recall one evening I had put them all to bed, and when I went back again to check on them some minutes later, the middle child was still wakeful. It turned out that he had some spiritual concerns on his mind, and in the end I sat on his bed and he talked for some time. I can no longer recall what his specific issues were, but I can never forget how strikingly profound his thoughts and questions were. That evening still shines for me.

Not all children are so articulate as was that five-year old. But I believe that most children deeply ponder concepts to which they can scarcely give words. Words, in fact, may not be the best help in formulating contemplations of a spiritual nature. Sometimes the boundaries that words put upon things are frustrating.

Though words may liberate and shape thought, they can also be limiting. My nephew, when he was learning to speak, at first saw any round, pale object as "moon", and only later learned to restrict the scope of this word to that distant object in the sky. How much more dif-

ficult it must be to contain and direct the meanings of the vocabulary we have to describe matters of the heart, spirit, and faith. Words are likely not the best vehicles for conveying things of the spirit. Spirituality does not necessarily deal on the level of speech.

Spirituality seems to me to be more woven into the daily fabric of a child's life than it is for many an adult. Without a clutter of life experiences to create barriers, to teach them to be cynical and full of doubt, children are free to respond with and to spirituality; they are open, rather than closed down and cautious.

They do not have the automatic filters, the screens, the suspicions and distrust from which adults, through erosion of that speechless life of the spirit, often suffer.

There is a practical spirituality in little beings who accord all creation the same awe-filled respect. A three-year-old who values the life of an earthworm, a four-year-old who looks for the first time on a bloody crucifix and says through his tears, "Why did

God let that happen? Where was Joseph?," a five-year-old who says, of our recently widowed friend, "She has no-one to say good-night to": these are people truly in touch with the spirit and how it works, in ways so mysterious that they ARE the meaning of life. These are more of those radiant moments.

Perhaps some of the explanation for this wonderful connection is in Mark Twain's comment on children being "fresh from God." As we become more conscious and empirical, spirituality becomes distinct from faith, which is again distinct from belief. And again, these things become separate categories partly because of the limitations that words place upon the concepts. Perhaps this is why silent worship is so powerful.

**... we treasure the freshness  
and open holiness of our children,  
who dance in the Light  
before the shadows draw over  
them, and who have the  
resilience to be drawn  
to the Light , even  
when the darkness comes.**