

June 27, 2010
Acts 2: 17-20
John 1:1-5, 14, 16-18

In the beginning there was this idea that God had. It was a thought, a concept, a kind of notion floating around in God's brain. And it kept pestering God, that idea. Poking and prodding, waking God up in the middle of the night. This idea would not leave God alone and God could not stop thinking about it. You know, thought God, I ought to create something. In the beginning, this idea was with God, and that's all there was, was this idea. And it seemed like a good idea, a good thought for God to have.

Some people get ideas like that. Some dream up new thoughts and are inspired by new visions regularly. They know what it's like when the idea comes and what if we do this and how about if I try that? They are full of creative energy. While some of us struggle to think of anything new or different. We are doing well if we plant a few new flowers, if we mow the lawn in a new pattern or arrange the shelves in the closet a little more neatly or do something a little spicy with the Hamburger Helper. Some of us don't regularly get new 'in the beginning' ideas like that. I mean, we eat the same cereal every morning. We've had the same hair style for 30 years. We can go a long time without

being creative. But there are some people who just can't help it, who have thoughts and ideas. Big, big ideas. And they drop on them like a load of bricks or possess them like a swarm of bees. Maybe you know what it's like when an idea hits you like that. And it grabs onto you, and grows in you and tugs at you, and pushes at you to do something. And you are at the mercy of that idea until you do. And you won't be able to be yourself until you get it out there and do it and make that idea real.

I imagine that, in the beginning, that's what happened to God. God had this idea. This thought, this big, big dream about creating something. Something wonderful with oceans and stars and volcanoes and glaciers. With grass that you walk barefoot in. And red sunsets. And sour apples. And walruses. And redwood trees. And fireflies. And the smell of pine needles. And the taste of rain. And the feel of a smile and a good laugh and holding someone's hand. And life and love. Real love. Tangible love that was more than an idea. A whole universe made by love and for love, with love right there in the flesh. In the beginning, God just had this idea, but God couldn't just let it be an idea. God had to make it real. God had to create it so others could touch it and see it

and feel it. This idea that had to be, that life is good. And in the beginning, the idea, the Word, became flesh and blood and real among us.

Life is good and beautiful and God put something in us, some kind of desire and dream to make that real in the world. Some do it with wood and metal and pottery and paint and glass and film and fabric and ink. They put inspiration out there for people to see and hear and touch and feel. Created beautiful things. But if you don't consider yourself an artist don't worry. Each of us has a part to play in God's plan to make things good. Each of us can create. When we help a neighbor. Send a note to a friend. Have a picnic with our family. Greet a stranger. Visit someone who is lonely. Forgive someone. We create something amazing. Something beautiful in the flesh. And it makes a real, tangible difference in the universe around us. In this creation made for love and by love. Made real in us. We are God's idea, God's inspiration made real in the world. We are, all of us. So let us be creators too and let the Word of God be flesh and the love of God be real.