



God, the *Architect*, we honor you.
You who silently whisper the secrets of home-building
in the hearts of weaver-birds and ants;
in the hearts of spiders and mice;
in the sacred geometry of the temple-makers
and in the wombs of mammal mothers,
we honor you.

Upping the Ante

“Excuse me? EXCUSE me?? HELLO! Can I talk to you for a minute? I just have a few questions and they are very important to me. Can you stop what you are doing for a few moments and give me some answers? I’d prefer to interview a group of you, but I’d settle for even one who agrees to listen.”

But nobody stops; not a small group; not even a single individual. They continue to scurry about in a frenzy of activity. So I’ll just have to shout out my questions and hope that I’ll get some answers. Or maybe they use telepathy? Yes, that makes sense, because I don’t hear any conversations among them, yet their efforts are perfectly coordinated. So I’d best try to send my questions psychically.

I’m sitting atop Meditation Rock, looking down on an apparently raggedy line of ants; yet they seem bent to their purpose with an uncanny intent. I believe each ant has about 250,000 brain cells; so a large colony has the equivalent of about 20 human brains. Here goes with the telepathy:

“Greetings to you fellow Earthlings. I respect the fact that you’ve been here about 120 million years; so humanity is a mere Johnny-come-lately. But we’ve had some pretty amazing achievements, too. For example you can find us all over the globe even in Antarctica, Greenland and Hawaii. Rumor has it that you guys haven’t reached those three places. And I’m not about to tell you how to get there unless you listen up and answer a few questions. I realize that you only live about two months, but surely you’ve archived your achievements and observations. I hear that one of your races, Polyergus Rufescens, is known to steal the pupae of other species and then raise them as slaves. No offense; I know we’ve done that too. And I see you dump left over food outside your nests; though, in fairness, it’s biodegradable.”

“What concerns me is this: What’s with all the scurrying? Are you preparing for 2012? Are your subterranean dwellings really bunkers, because you hear Armageddon is around the corner? Are you afraid - or just concerned? Is each of you a monad, like me? See, whenever my stomach feels hungry and I need to go to the fridge, all of me has to get up off the couch and go to the kitchen. I can’t just send my hands. I’m a unit, a monad; in fact, a skin-encapsulated monad. Is that true for you, too? Is each one a unit or are you simply neurons on a single brain? Are you, in fact, a myrmecological monad, whose individual members are free, in some kind of dendritic elasticity, to come and go as the central brain pleases?”

“Are you concerned about chemtrails, economic collapse, GM foods, insecticides, herbicides, mortgage rates, ecological degradation, global warming? Do you know of important groups like G7, G20, the UN and the Lakers basketball team? Have you studied analytical geometry and can you tell me the formula for a straight line? And have you heard of Rumi or Rilke or U2?”

“Do you have a soul? Are there Catholics and Muslims among you? Agnostics or even atheists, perhaps? Do you believe in God or just in the Selfish Gene?”

“I know that you guys, and the cockroaches, are going to be just fine no matter what. By the way, how do you get on with them? The cockroaches I mean.”

“Will you miss us? Do you even see us? I’m just about to leave Meditation Rock and go back to my house for lunch. Have you any advice for me or for my species? Please! Just a few tips? Nothing??”

They totally ignored me. I suppose I’m going to have to wrestle with all of these questions myself.

Do you have any suggestions?

May God continue to hold you tenderly in the hollow of Her hand.

Namasté,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Sean". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a long horizontal stroke extending to the left.