

MUSINGS

by FR. SEÁN ÓLAOIRE, PhD - 2020 VOLUME 2



God, Please Paint
me a Picture!

They're back!

After weeks of pristine-blue heavens

- courtesy of the lockdown -

I awoke today under skies smog-shrouded in chemtrails.

I wanted to curse those self-appointed saviors
who think that applying a vaporized sunscreen

will protect us from Global warming,

at the cost of having all mammals

- including us -

breathe in particulate matter

(barium, strontium and aluminum),

even as they unleash an indiscriminate herbicide

that is causing a form of flora genocide. I thought,

"Isn't it bad enough to be on lockdown and facing a pandemic;

do we also have to be pepper-sprayed from above?"



Before the curse reached
my parted lips from my angry mind,
I caught myself and
offered the Buddhist Metta-prayer, instead,
for the perpetrators of this project,
who neither consulted
nor even informed the other 7.5 billion of us.
The Metta (loving-kindness mantra) prays,
“May they be free from all harm;
may they be truly happy;
may they be healthy and strong;
may they be in alignment with God.”



And, so,
I asked God for a sign that
- in the words of Julian of Norwich -
"All things might be well."
I didn't have to wait very long for an answer.
Within 15 minutes,
shredded chemtrails organized themselves
into a series of healing symbols;
first, an Angel,
spreading its white wings over me;



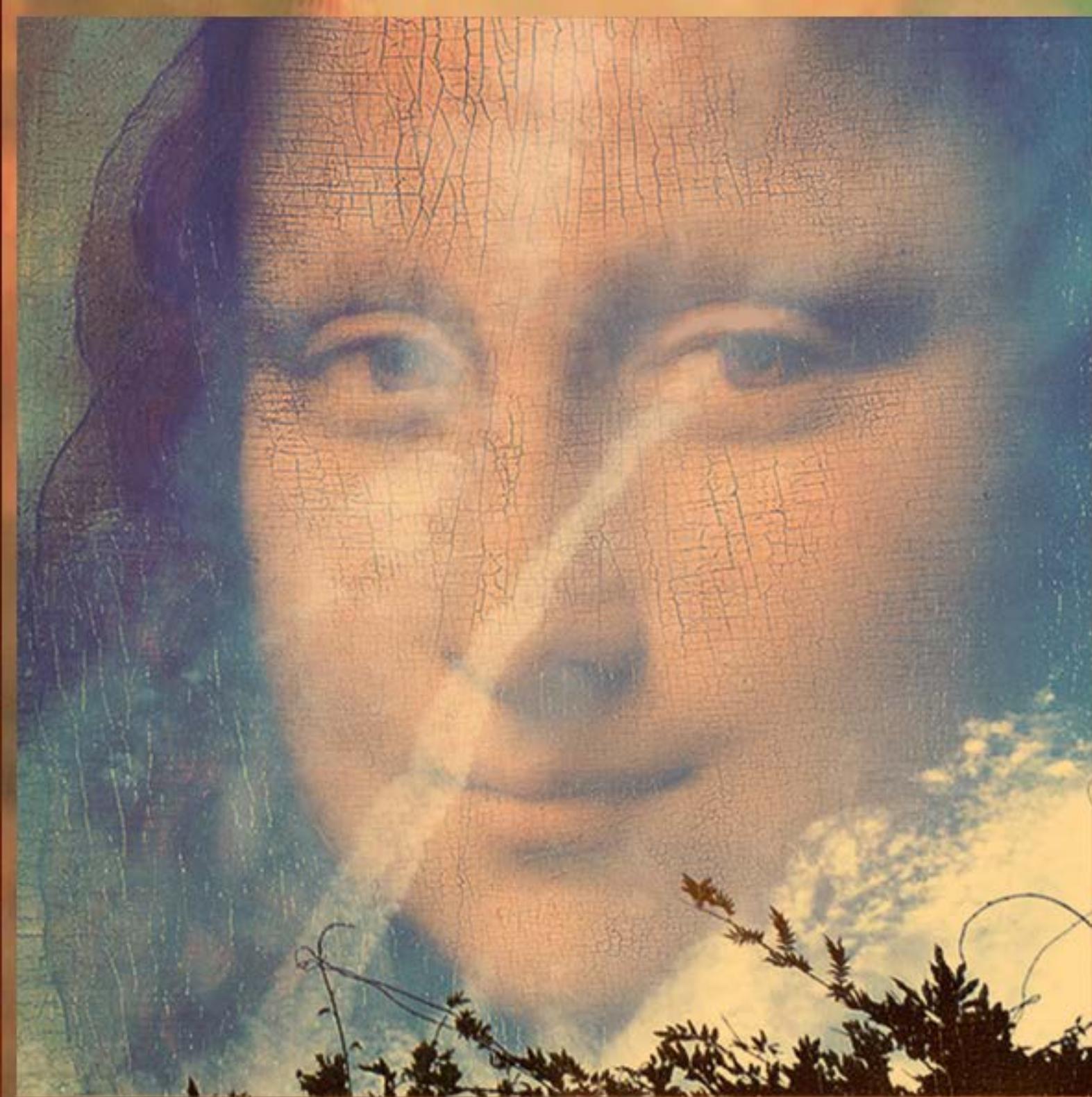
then a Cross
letting me know
that Crucifixion
must always precede
Resurrection;



and,
finally, a Fish -
the first secret sign
of the Jesus Movement.



Can God use even chemtrails
to create both Art and Hope?
I am reminded of a saying
of my great-grandmother,
"God can write straight on crooked lines."
She would use this phrase
to point out the good even in
the dysfunctional members of society.



You may object,
“It’s not a sign;
it’s only chemtrails.”

Yes,
and the Mona Lisa
is only daubs of paint
on a piece of canvas!

If God can write straight on crooked lines,
could She not also use the sky as a canvas,
human-created detritus as Her paints,
and the butt-ends of jet planes as a brush?



Am I the one
who just imagined it,
or was God the one
who actually created it?
Maybe it's just a text
- with embedded video -
sent by the Outer divinity
to my Inner divinity;
from Atma to Jiva;
from the Transcendent
to the Immanent;
from the Timeless One
to the time-bound one?



Whatever!
I just sent Him back an emoji
of hands-joined-in-grateful-prayer,
and He immediately replied
with an emoji of His own,
a “thumbs up” that said,
“You bet!”
As we say in Swahili,
“Ya Mungu ni mengi!”
(“from God are many things.”)
Namasté,

Seán

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