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Presents

God's Nose

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God's Nose

God doesn't have a nose. Ha ha.

So what's the point, you ask? Well, it is often stated that we are made in God's image. In fact the point is repeated so regularly that any real meaning tends to be lost as continued rote repetition creates clichés. I suspect there still are some people who harbor an internal image of God as a twelve-foot tall, lightning throwing and bearded patriarch based on the 'made in God's Image' concept.

God is knowable but unfathomable. The direct presence of that Being is only experienced in the physical location of Paradise. There is an actual location called by that name but it is hardly physical in the terms of time/space/matter, our current perceptual boundaries. For example, all who traverse the various universes in the pilgrimage of spiritual ascent and finally arrive there have evolved to the point that their personalities survive in spirit energy alone. A material envelope is no longer required.

In fact, now I'm thinking about it, I don't like the word God. It doesn't really have any particular meaning for me other than the implications added by centuries of authoritative emotional baggage that has been attached to it. I much prefer The Creator as a term to define the source of all existence. It also yields a greater personal sense of definition to the concept when we say we are made in The Creator's image. We are all creators whether we know it or not.

Every action we humans perform is an act of creation. Each can be infused with qualities that make it another tiny step in our own spiritual ascent and the progressive evolution of this world. Or not. Conscious development of the creative potential living within us is our most direct touchstone with God and provides an unerring personal path toward perfection. Practice provides proof. You see, we are all chips off the Old Block. Hmmm, perhaps we should rename our species 'Chipsoff' instead of Human. Well, maybe not.

Anyway, back at Paradise we find not only the actual presence of God but also the mechanism created to give substance to the entirety of Creation so we bits of personality can act out our passion plays. There's a two lobed edifice that provides the basic elements of the structural universe. One lobe extrudes space while the other is the gravitational center and draws everything back to it. The whole physics of the universe is a binary tension between space and gravity ... on top of which the spirit plays.

As space and gravity are the root elements of physical existence and these elements variously expand and contract over the eons, it could be analogously hypothesized that they are very like the inhalations and exhalations of The Creator. Could it be that Paradise is just God's Nose after all? I leave that to your conjecture while I tussle with the possible need to completely rewrite this essay.