"If there is a God, I am in awe.

If there is not a God, I am in greater awe."

Jan Phillips

Praise for previous work by Jan Phillips:

The spiritual path Jan describes is cosmic, multi-faith and culturallydiverse. Infused with vitality and hope, it will dominate the spiritual consciousness of the 21st century. **Diarmuid O'Murchu** 

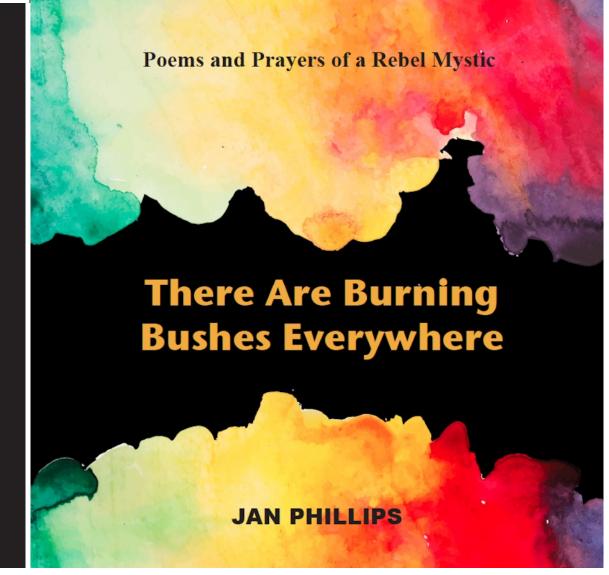
Consciousness is the new frontier in human development and spiritual understanding. Jan Phillips probes it with insight and integrity.

John Shelby Spong

You will keep sentences in your mind, in your pocket and in your heart. Gloria Steinem

Through story, poetry, and her own creative-mystical awareness, Jan Phillips inspires any seeker to discover the truth of their deepest inner knowing. Barbara Marx Hubbard





# Our Father, Holy Mother

Our Father, Holy Mother,
Creator of the Cosmos, Source of Life,
You are in my mind, in my garden,
in my cup of wine and loaf of bread.
Blessed be your names:
Mother, Allah, Goddess, Beloved, Great Spirit,
Radiant One, Yahweh, HaShem, Sophia
Your presence has come, your will is done
on earth as it is in the cosmos.

May we give each other strength, mercy, tenderness, and joy and forgive each other's failures, silence, pettiness, and forgetfulness as we ask to be forgiven by those we've hurt.

Lead us home to ourselves and each other, to clarity, to oneness and deliver us from the darkness of our ignorance and fear.

So we pray and so we receive. Amen



### What I Want

I want my creations to be heart-seeking missiles that explode upon arrival into a million sparks of light.

I want to be like a tree turning sunlight and air into food for the soul.

I want to wake up feeling like the world couldn't make it without me.

I want my stories to feel like a shower of rose petals to whomever is listening.

I want to be unattached to the outcome of my work and unrelenting about its coming out.

I want to write the book I'm hoping to find.

I want to be like nature unpredictable, yet constant, stable, yet ever-changing, safe to be with, yet wild as a wolf.

### If You Are Joing to Be My Teacher

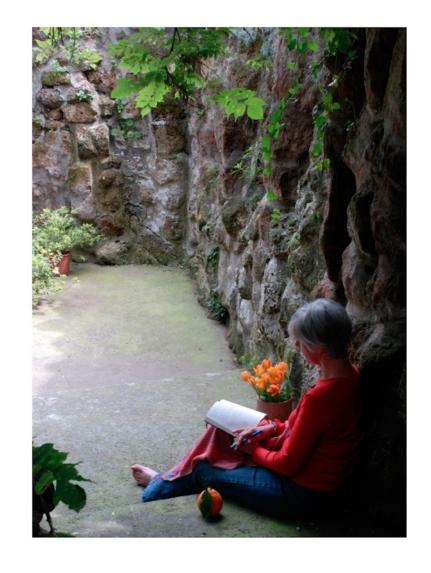
If you are going to be my teacher hone your memory like a razor so your forgetting is rare and doesn't overlap with mine.

If you are going to be my teacher wake up polishing the mirror of your self so when I sit at your feet, looking up it is myself I see my own torch burning and lighting the way.

If you are going to be my teacher start practicing surgery so you can remove my cancerous judgments, my deteriorating opinions my tumors of cynicism and jealousy.

If you are going to be my teacher take multiple vitamins for your own intelligence so you never forget I am you too.

If you are going to be my teacher get out your church key and open the can of me then stand back and make room for the shower of stars that will fall your way each one a question and you its mark.





#### What Does It Matter?

What does it matter the myths of old if they don't feed the soul and fire us up when we take them in?

What does it matter
if God exists or Jesus rose or
Eve ate an apple
if in our time we
allow hungry children,
human trafficking,
the shunning of gays
by the "people of God."

What do I care about church or religion when they don't lead to justice or mercy or truth? I am here to live out the meaning of God, not to argue about what God means.

Don't make me laugh with that pompous talk about true religion.

Get up on your feet and do something. Show me what it looks like to be a believer.



## If God Could Talk

If God could talk it wouldn't be in English or Latin or Arabic It wouldn't be in Yiddish or Spanglish or pidgin

If God could talk the words would crack like thunder pour down like a torrent of jewels flooding our basements with shining ideas, sparkling conclusions.

If God could talk
a thought would be a redwood
a word an ocean
a sentence a century.

If God could talk
I would not have to
for all the words today requires
would flow in on the morning breeze
and find their way to the daily news.



If God could talk God's word would be carried on the wings of eagles the ankles of gnats in the pouches of kangaroos and the paws of polar bears.

It would spread through the sound of honey bees and hyenas be translated into a rainbow by blue herons and cardinals, blackbirds and yellowjackets pink flamingos and gray whales, purple martins and chameleons.

It would cause rivers to flow, tides to rise, moons to wax, suns to set, sparrows to fly, planets to revolve, universes to expand if God could talk.



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#### When I Die

When I die let them know I was ready to go that I'd had enough fun, sailed enough seas, smelled enough roses.

Tell them I had no regrets I laughed all the way and could hardly wait to slip through the veil and see what was next.

If they wonder what advice I left behind say: add some silence to every day sit alone in a quiet room and cry some tears of adoration.

If they wonder did I believe in God tell them every other week, and the rest of the time I bowed down to Mystery. Let them know I died saying thanks and publish my papers that say what for.

When I die, bring out the guitars and weep for joy. Let wonder run down your ruby cheeks.

I've folded back in to Mind-at-Large, my flesh becoming words that may find your lips in time.



