

## ***A Word Called God...***

***What God would nudge his world but not be in it  
And only round his finger twirl and spin it!  
He moves the world by inwardly impelling,  
And He is nature's, nature His, indwelling  
So that what in Him lives and works and is  
Can't lack the power and spirit that are His.***

***Within us too a universe we find;  
Hence, laudably, that custom of mankind  
That each will give his own ideal the name  
Of God, as his own God proclaim,  
Will give Him earth and heaven above,  
Will fear Him and may even love.***

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, better known as Goethe, wrote that poem in 1812. He called it: *What God would nudge his world but not be in it*. Goethe is considered Germany's greatest man of letters. His work was a major source of inspiration all across Europe not only for his poetry, but for music, drama and philosophy as well. He also was involved in the study of natural science and his work influenced Darwin and countless others. His *Theory of Colours* was published in 1810, which characterized colour as arising from the dynamic interplay of darkness and light. After being published in English in 1840 the theory became widely adapted by the art world.

Goethe gives me a lot to think about when I see the word God used in his work. I think I know the meaning of the word, and yet I really don't know what it means. The definition of the word could be short or long and very expressive, but then at the same time it could be nothing based on my own interpretation. I know what I'm taught to believe and I build a physical life around that conviction and then experience it. I see a world around me that believes in the word God in different ways, and those lives become as real as mine, yet I want to judge them because I think my perception and knowledge is superior in some form.

A Separation of ideas develops and I fight and force my belief on others who see the same word and define it differently. God, the word, has caused more wars than any other word in any language. But it is not the word or the meaning that creates the wars and separation it is my thoughts and beliefs about the word that causes the pain and suffering that has been recorded since before the written word existed. Perhaps if I change my belief about the word, the world I find myself experiencing would change. It only takes a thought and a choice to make that a reality. Of course I can continue to believe as I always have, and that's okay, I'll just continue to experience what I always have expressed in some way.

Goethe asks a very good question: What God would nudge a world and not be in it? What God would watch suffering and death and call it redemption? What God would allow children to be born into a world filled with evil and sin? It seems God the word does, but God the energy is a completely different entity. Goethe's explanation is that God lives through us, a lesson I learned and most everyone learns in religion, but Goethe's idea is that he lives not through separation, but through the unity of nature. My expression and what I become in life is God manifested physically, just like a tree, a stone, a flower or any physical manifestation; all the same consciousness experiencing diversity in order to expand in awareness. One consciousness expanding in awareness, filled with the expression of love, in a world filled with contrast. But I don't have to believe that. I can continue believing in the word and living each day in fear and a watered down form of love, in order to be accepted as a member of the righteous.

Goethe in his poem *Unless the eye had sunlike parts*, explains his beliefs this way:

***Unless the eye had sunlike parts  
It could not see the sun and sight us;  
Unless the god's own power were in our hearts  
How could what is divine delight us?***

Words describe and create more thoughts. I created words as tools to express my self physically. Words are a road map, not the territory. I can experience and express my self through my inner senses; the senses that are connected to my inner universe.

By intuitively grasping the territory within me, I can define my world without words and create in unity without definition. I leave the word, God in a dictionary along with the word fear and find another reality waiting for me to live it. I can do all of that and still be a word called human, living in the world called God.

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Howard (Hal) Thomas Manogue, was born in Philadelphia, and is a forerunner to the Indigo children, a new age term for misfit with an intuitive nature, a desire to know his truth with a gift of giving and sharing. Hal retired from the shoe industry after 35 years of sole searching, and discovered his real soul.

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Hal's new book Short Sleeves Insights: Live An Ordinary Life In A Non-Ordinary Way was published in May 2008. Visit any book store or Hal's website to get a copy. Hal's third Collection Of poetry: Short Sleeves A Book For Friends will be in print in July 2008.