

Evensong March 4, 2026

I believe that God is a singer... no, I'm serious.... I believe that God loves to sing.... In the so-called religious enterprise over human history we have devised many metaphors as to the nature of God: Creator, King, judge, light, Son of Man; warrior... some useful... some not so much.... In the Koran it is suggested that God has ninety-nine names... implying, of course, that we are still in an evolving process as to apprehending God's mysterious nature.... A singer, yes.

In the prologue of John's Gospel we are given another creation story... "In the beginning", it begins... a story of beginnings... "In the beginning was the word" ...the very first thing... a word... and I'm pretty sure that the word was not spoken, but sung.... In the Genesis account of creation we are told that God looked upon the creation, God's own artistry, and called it good... I'm pretty sure that was a song too.... And no ordinary song, but a song of praise.

Dante thought as much as early as the fourteenth century... In his *Divine Comedy* he speaks of the heavens not as static science, a mathematical equation, but as a moving order... spheres of evolving completeness moving to music; the very heavens governed by a song.... Modern physics is on to this reality as well.... We are now told that the most rudimentary element of the universe underpinning atoms, quarks and strings... underlying the primordial essence of existence... is tonality... sonorous rhythm left over from the

magnificent birth of all things... a harmonic pattern of energy.... Music, in short... that the governing truth of the universe is a song, and no ordinary song, but a song of praise.

The older I get, I don't believe that God has a plan... I believe that God has a score... a musical theme full of grace and truth which is being improvised... which has been improvised all along... like a jazz musician, God making it up as God goes... that the only governing principal of the universe is beauty and praise.... A beautiful score with infinite possibility.... Notwithstanding the brokenness of our world; its violence to which Jesus refers in Matthew's Gospel... for us singers it is for us to join in the singing, continuing still the artful vocation of calling the created order good.... Continuing the artful vocation of singing the world into being.... Beauty forms and transforms.

In truth that is all there is... when our illusions fade, when our work is done, and even along the journey that we call life.... When our illusions are revealed for what they are... the only thing left is praise.... The one beautiful song.... As it was in the beginning... as it is now... and as it shall forever be.