

A Spiritual Exercise With Children

Child

Touch my nose, my lips, my eyes
with your small hands.
Then touch my arms and chest.

Feel their shape
how real they are.

Now, touch my love.
No, not my chest or arms or lips.
You are puzzled.
How is one to touch love
and where is its place.

Love is not here or there
But who would
deny its reality.

Where does love reside
if it cannot be pointed to
as with other limbs

Is it less real than my chin?
If anything, love is sharper, harder, softer,
warmer than things, objects I can touch.
Love is not like things touched.

There are important matters not subject to the senses
taste, sound, smell, sight, touch
Matters elusive to definition
yet known without doubt.

Known to make us cry and laugh
to move us to unimagined heights
to courage and self-sacrifice.

Experiences--like love or God
Cannot be fingered, placed or poked.
And of such things
it is wiser to ask
not where but when.

Not where is love
or where is God
But when is love
and when is God.

When refers to events,
between me and an other
Between me who cannot be completely
grasped
and the other who cannot be
completely known.
Neither I nor the other can be
measured,
Betweenness cannot be located or touched.

That which is untouchable, touches us deeply
That which cannot be pointed to,
points to the core of our being.

--Harold M. Schulweis