

Nature Pursues Its Own Course

On Dying

I do not believe that dying is divine punishment
a malediction thrust down upon me from above
a chastisement meant to correct some transgression
I do not believe that dying is some mysterious test
Strange compensation designed to build character.

There is accident, contingency in the world
Blind accident that has no design
Rabbinic sages observed: "*olam k'minhago noheg*"
nature pursues its own course
a course independent of my doing or will
an amoral flow of events
indiscriminately falling upon young and old
good and bad.

In this amoral part of life
Where in this dying is divinity to be found?
In curative forces discovered within me, between us
In healing powers that form scars
Life-sustaining powers within us, between us.

In comforting powers energized
by family and friends
who stand beside one another
hold each other embrace each other's sorrow
with the balm of compassion
Compassion -- we suffer with you.

Curative forces of Godliness move us
to struggle for life
to appeal to the God-given will to live
to live again, to hope again, to love again
for his sake
for the sake of his children
for God's sake
we turn our hearts.

To the source of healing, the ground of hope and courage
the faithful Physician
the Life of the universe
my heart flows over.

