

A New Creation Story – Matthew Fox

From: Creation Spirituality—Liberating Gifts for the Peoples of the Earth, 1991, pgs. 1-4

In the beginning was the gift.

And the gift was with God and the gift was God.

And the gift came and set its tent among us,

first in the form of a fireball

that burned unabated for 750,000 years

and cooked in its immensely hot oven

hadrons and leptons.

These gifts found a modicum of stability,

enough to give birth to the first atomic creatures,

hydrogen and helium.

A billion years of stewing and stirring

and the gifts of hydrogen and helium

birthed galaxies-spinning, whirling, alive galaxies

created trillions of stars,

lights in the heaven and cosmic furnaces

that made more gifts

through violent explosions of vast supernovas

burning abright with the glow of more than a billion stars.

Gifts upon gifts, gifts birthing gifts, gifts exploding,

gifts imploding, gifts of light, gifts of darkness.

Cosmic gifts and subatomic gifts.

All drifting and swirling, being born and dying,

in some vast secret of a plan.

Which was also a gift.

One of these supernova gifts exploded in a special manner

sending a unique gift to the universe

which later-coming creatures would one day call

earth,

their home.

Its biosphere was also a gift,

wrapping it with beauty and dignity and just the right

protection from sun's radiation

and from cosmic cold.

And eternal night.

This gifted planet was set as a jewel

in its most exquisite setting,

in this case the exact distance of 100 million miles

from its mother star, the sun.

New gifts arose, never seen in such forms in the universe-

rocks, oceans, continents,

multicellular creatures that moved by their own inner power.

Life was born!

Gifts that had taken the form of fireball and helium,
galaxies and stars, rock and water, now took the form of Life!
Life-a new gift of the universe, a new gift in the universe.
Flowers of multiple color and scent, trees standing upright.
Forests arose offering places for all manner
of creeping crawling things.
Of things that fly and sing.
Of things that swim and slither.
Of things that run on four legs.
And, eventually,
of things that stand and walk on two.
With thumbs that move and make more creativity-
more gift making-
possible.
The human became a gift, but also a menace.
For its powers of creativity were unique in their potential
for destruction or healing.
How would humans use these gifts?
Which direction would they choose?
The earth waited for an answer to these questions.
And is still waiting.
Trembling.
Teachers were sent divine incarnations
birthed from the soil.
Isis and Hesiod, Buddha and Lao Tzu, Moses and Isaiah,
Sara and Esther, Jesus and Paul,
Mary and Hildegard, Chief Seattle and Buffalo Woman.
To teach humans ways of compassion.
And still the earth waited to see if humanity was a gift or curse.
Trembling.
Have you ever given a gift and regretted it afterward?
Earth wonders and waits.
For the gift has been made flesh
and dwells everywhere among us
and we tend to know it not.
And to treat it not as a gift but as an object.
To be used, abused, trampled underfoot-even crucified.
But to those who do receive it as a gift
all is promised.
All shall be called children of the gift,
sons and daughters of grace.
For all generations.