

COMMUNITY IS MY RELIGION

Doug Jones, December, 2022

Sun, my source! I bow down.
Teeming Life, my temple, everywhere I step
You inhabit every crack.
We are tiny seeds, then giants.
Plants, my miracles,
And my health insurance policy.

But Community, You are my Religion.
My People are my thriving.

Buffy Saint Marie sang
God is Alive, Magic is Afoot
I sing
God is the Mystery of our brief existence.
Magic is..... Community.
Community is our playground
Where we delight in shifting paradigms
Where we bring it all back Home
Where we reinvent the Tribe.

Deep in our chromosomes
For 100 million years
Grew genes of cooperation, love, compassion.
We fed each other
Sharing the Commons.
Belonging.
We pooled our wisdom
Kindness prevailed
We handed it down
We survived.

But then, a mutation happened.
We got smarter, not wiser.
A Narcissism gene appeared.
Soon, we played the Zero Sum Game.

No longer "I prosper when I help Us".
Now, a few prospered while many suffered.
Teeming Life: now merely resources.
We consumed the Earth,
Now we are starving, lonely, lost.
But it's not too late to save Us
Because we renew and grow the Tribe each day,
Remembering.
Love will get us out of bed in the morning.
We turn again to the Sun.