

*December '06 - January '07.* The magnificent “O” of GOD.

In the midst of personal despair over my son’s brain tumor, I find the only prayer I own is short and simple.

**“Oh God.”**

I repeat this over and over, a cry from my very depths. Increasing at times, in intensity and volume ~ until I feel my heart surging out of my own lips ~ all the time still performing my daily and mundane, impossibly mundane, tasks....

**“Oh GOD!”**

To pray this way ~ no fancy wording, no declarations or decrees, no quoting promises or covenants, no reverberating authority, ~ just lonely, naked, helpless, icy pain ~ the kind that promises insanity.

**“Oh GOD!”**

Then, suddenly, with my hands in the dishwasher, I see those two words march before my eyes.

**“OH GOD!!”**

Marching words more than capture my attention. I cease my lament and wonder instead what these words ~ of mine ~ are doing.

Standing still in front of me, there is a challenge issued. Eyeball to eyeball, we face each other. I gaze in silence first, empty. Anger slowly seeps through emptiness, feeding fear until it erupted. Like daggers seeking their mark my questions thrust through all veils of propriety. In sharp strained staccato I bark...

“Where is the God of Isaac? Where is the Father of Love?  
Has His Covenant grown stale? His attentions scattered?”

“Where is He, the Redeemer”?

I cry now, spending anger into despair, “.. my Lover, my Friend.. where...are....You...?”

Worse it gets  
as despair runs dry  
and the very bare bones of purpose and existence  
surface in whispered horror...

“The very Hero of my life ~ my reason, my heart... where are You?

**Where are You?”**

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The magnificent “O” of GOD.

The words, my words, “O GOD!”, face me still, but make no defense. They speak nothing. My aloneness in not comprehending the actions of my Beloved drives me to my knees. There is nothing left to say.

I close my eyes for relief and when I look again, “OH GOD!” has grown bigger. The size of these words increases until I can only recognize the “O”. It continues to grow across my vision, nearly engulfing me ~ and I sense His silent invitation.

**“OH GOD!!!”**

Falling into the “O” of God, I feel tears caress my cheek. Tumbling into this vast, tunnel-like “O”, my heartbeat unites with this phrase... *“He is Great. He is very, very Great. He is Great. He is very, very Great.”* This strong beat joins the tumbling action of my body and I become a dance... in this tunnel of His “O”.

I stretch out my hands and feet and instantly feel the circular walls. Bracing against them with all four limbs outstretched ~ I halt my fall. I rest then, quietly still in this unimaginable tunnel of God.

And I ask, **“Where... am... I... ?”**

I see rather than hear an amused sigh. Like liquid love. Like the enormous delight of a father when his child asks a question whose answer is dear to his heart. A teachable moment? I feel Him ~ nodding. And instantly, I know exactly where I am. In the “O” of my lament... in the “O” of my Beloved! In the very Center of His Being ~ I am in the “O” of my own “OH GOD”.

Sometimes there comes an insanity in communicating with Father. He lives so far outside my world, so deep where I am shallow, that His communications to me, no matter how varied His method, often null and

void all thought processes, leaving my initial reaction to His Words and His Love a stunned silence. As His “comment” (can I call it that?) now wraps around my limits, overlapping my outermost boundaries of experience, I sense rest ~ peace ~ from the **Father of Peace**, that is truly other-worldly. And so, in this new Peace, born of anguish and distrust, I leave all behind and set out to explore these extravagant surroundings, knowing He desires to communicate further.

The inner “O” ~ circular, tubular, with walls you can touch. This Touch is His. Living, healthy, nurturing, vivifying. Living walls of grace and love; touching them I am secure.

Here, in the Center of GOD, is David’s strong tower. Here, the Very Present Help in time of need ~ for everyone before David and everyone since. Like a transfusion, I give and receive and give and receive and give and receive...

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The magnificent “O” of GOD.

His Touch is so significant. And yet we’ve been forbidden to touch. All the way back to Eve, as she says to the serpent “... and He said we mustn’t touch it!” (Gen 3:3)

How sad. How much we’ve lost. And from that loss comes the forbidding to touch.

Do not touch Mt Horeb. (Exodus 19:12)

Do not touch the unclean. (Leviticus 5:2)

Do not touch the anointed. (Psalm 105:15)

And poor Uzzah! Guiding the cart with the Ark of God on it, he reaches out to steady it... to touch it ~ and whammo. Do not touch Uzzah, do not touch. (2 Samuel 6:3)

Even in the Peace of His “O” I sense His sadness and His loss. He is the **Father of Touch**, both to give it and receive it. Babies die from lack of touch. Physically, mentally and spiritually ~ they die from the lack of it. He grieves for this.

Then whammo ~ A New Testament Leap!

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If only I can touch the hem of His garment! (Matthew 9:21)

They brought their babies to Jesus so He could touch them (Luke 18:15)

The rule of forbidden ~

“Do not touch Me for I have not yet returned to the Father” (Jn 20:17)

make the leap to ~ It is I Myself! Touch Me and SEE! (Luke 24:39)

Father bids me, “Touch Me and See. Observe and experience My New Testament Leap.”

I eagerly run my hands across His inner wall, stretching farther and farther to find the limits. There are none. I become a membrane stretching across it. A fresh breeze faintly stirs the air around me. This freshness is new. It brings life! Pulsing through the tunnel, vibrating me as it goes... Fresh... Fresh... the **Father of Fresh**. As a membrane, **Fresh** passes through me with ease, refreshing ~ invigorating ~ renewing. I am surrounded and saturated, completely drenched with the Fresh Wind of God. I sense three distinct breezes over me. The first Fresh touches time, the second, quality and the third, sweetness.

Webster says FRESH is recently made, obtained or grown, not salted, preserved, spoiled or stale. Fresh is bright and clean, not faded or worn; energized and healthy, not tired or sick.

The manna was Fresh every morning. (Num 11:8)

New Fresh thing He declares! (Isa 42:9)

Our song should be new and Fresh (Isa 42:10)

His covenant is Fresh. (Jer 31:31)

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The magnificent “O” of GOD.

Charles Finney said, if you want revival, draw a circle on the ground and step into it.

Then say, “*Lord, begin a revival within this circle.*”

The magnificent “O” of God is everywhere, at all season, in all shapes, in all cultures.

The circle of this “O” encompasses. It is not distant, but equidistant. Because He is not a respecter of persons we are all invited to revolve around Him. As I sat with my family, not knowing how to share this “O” communication, our 7 year old daughter spoke of her own God-encounter. “I saw a gold ring. Everyone could touch it if they wanted. If they did they got joy and Kingdom. The ring fit my finger but He has one there to fit you.”

I am leaving you with a gift. Peace of mind and heart. And the Peace I give isn't like the world gives. So don't be troubled or dismayed.  
(Jn 14:27)

*RingO! Not even about brain tumors!*

The very atmosphere of earth does encircle and protect us. How like the Father of Peace, of Touch and Fresh, to bless the earth with His ring, His circle, His “O”.

He drew a circle upon the face of the deep  
and stretched out the firmament over it. (Pr 8:27)

It is God who sits above the circle of the earth.. (Isa 40:22)

The inexhaustible Oil from the golden pipes in Zechariah 4.

Last week, as the study group rejoiced and worshipped nearby, I was overwhelmed with the magnificent “O” of God. I entered again the calm tunnel of His “O”. It pulsated with the dance of the worshippers. It throbbed with grace, as if it were the very heart of God!

The tunnel became arteries and veins, delivering His nutrients, His touch, His Kingdom.

I reached out again to touch the walls, and felt instead cheekbones, noses, eyebrows. The walls indeed are living! Into clear focus, revealing faces, I saw the entire “O” made of faces! All shapes, all sizes, all sexes, all races, all religions, they are all His and they are all made, created for, His love.

His people! His cloud of witnesses, past, present and future. And as He communicated a portion of His love for them to me, I understood the tremendous need to obey His love commandments. The intensity of His love teachings solidify in this “O” place.

“A new command I give you; Love one another. As I have loved you, so you must love one another. By this all men will know that you are My disciples ~ if you love one another.”

Jn13:35

If I cannot love my brother in the Lord, if I cannot love my sister here on earth ~ I cannot

dwell in the magnificent “O” of God ~ for its very construction is that of love. He is, more than anything else, the **Father of Love**.