

First Reading

A Knock At The Door by Ken Nye (419 words)

A knock at the door, late morning.

The dog makes a racket, but the two stand their ground.

They are on God's business. I know before I open the door what they have to say—that God is the answer. I pull the door open, try to be pleasant, (but, please, don't talk too long).

Two women, earnest, polite, sincere. (There is a message simply in their manner.)

They ask if I am worried about where the world is headed.

I answer, yes, I am.

They ask me if I read the Bible.

I answer, no, I don't.

They ask if I believe in God.

I answer, yes, I do.

And then I become infused with the same spirit that brought them to my door. I say that I believe there is only one God, worshipped in many ways, called by many names.

I say that the God they worship and the god I worship are the same God. They doubt that might be true.

They say if I am worried about the future of the world, there are answers in the Bible. I say there are answers in the Koran, the Bagava Gita, the poems of Whitman.

God, I say, is the god of all and the word of God, therefore, is found in many places. There is no language that God does not speak.

They say people should turn to God to solve the problems of the world instead of turning to "man." I say that God works through man, that the problems of the world can be solved only by "man," BUT only if God wants them solved. They read me something from the Bible.

Then it dawns on me: I am doing what they came to do; we are saying different things but the same things; God called them to my door, just as God called me to speak instead of ushering them on their way.

After the door is closed, I reflect:

There are people in the world who bring their beliefs to other people's doors with guns and machetes in their hands.

These two gentle souls shared their hearts and listened to me.

Wouldn't the world be Eden itself if we, Christians and Muslims, Jews and Pentecostals, Catholics and Orthodox, all went door to door from time to time and had conversations like this?

“Blessed are the peace makers, for they shall inherit the Kingdom of God.”

Oh, that we realize the door to God's kingdom is the one upon which visitors knock. **Thus ends the reading**