The Story of the Monumental Mountain’s Cry

My traveled trek many have followed to swallow my breath, which can dissipate the struggle of ego and spirit within the little ones and rid themselves of pain. My cry will spring pleasantries in their ears; for it is You, oh Maker, who fashioned us in this way.

Yet now, no one seeks me? The little ones have forgotten the way. Their minds seek folly and toil, which leads them afar. Oh, how I long for their footsteps upon my back. Within the distance of hearing, journey their steps my way. I am here; I am here, I cry; above the domain of the little ones; I am here, I sigh. My dearest Journeyman, where art thou? The little ones, those who forage for truth, knowledge and justice, when will they return, oh Maker, who fashioned us in this way?

My cry is soft but breakable and pungent to the soul; the shrill of my cry is never ending. The little ones cannot be joined to me, oh Maker, unless my cry is embraced. Within the distance of touching, journey their steps my way; send Your Journeyman round about, to and fro, giving rise to my occasion. Oh, that the little ones would return, oh Maker, who fashioned us in this way.

My cry entices our Maker into action. Our Maker is well able to give rise to my occasion. I will sing softer, which will pierce the little ones’ hearts and ye, oh Maker, shall fasten together a cord twist us. Oh Maker, establish a step down then up, made of blue and yellow, yellow and red, black and white, grey and purple; call them out of the little ones; those with the golden wings; tried and true little ones, the leaders of leaders; within the distance of seeing, to journey their steps my way, oh Maker, who fashioned us in this way.

At last my Journeyman is here within the distance of knowing; oh, Maker of cords, who fills up my song with pleasantries in the little ones’ spirits. See the beaver and the wolf, the armadillo and the bobcat? I sing of them; hear the Tiger beetle and the Bonytail, the Mountain King snake and the Bearclaw poppy; see the Danainae and the Welsh milkweed, the conifer, the coyote, the stately Bigtooth? Come closer, they too long to touch you. Are they not in my song also, oh Maker, who fashioned us in this way?

Journeyman spread your wings; be filled inside the little ones. On Your back they shall ride and take my traveled trek, which has been tried and is true. Drag the little ones, folly and toil with them, to hear my cry that they should struggle no more; for my traveled trek, many have followed to swallow my breath, which can dissipate the struggle of ego and spirit within the little ones, and rid themselves of pain. My cry will spring pleasantries in their being and bring forth keepers from among the little ones; for it is You, oh Maker, who fashioned us in this way.

Poem by Dee Ann Manatowa

We all have this in common, a Heavenly Father and a Mother called Earth. Humans are made up of the breath of God, dirt (Genesis 2:7), and water. In the chemical makeup of humans, you can find dirt such as silicon, sulfur, lead, calcium, iron, magnesium, etc. Also, water, which is hydrogen and oxygen. We not only owe our existence to God but to our Mother, Earth. In other words, humanity has a direct attachment to Mother Earth. Mother Earth helps God take care of us.

This notion of Mother Earth stewardship is a condition of human existence. Many human factions throughout time have this similar practice. Creation and earth sacredness stories of ethnic cultures around the world are more than myths. Values and belief systems (culture) structures the way we view our world and forms the context of our relationship with our Creator, others and Mother Earth. Useful lessons can be learned from Indigenous spirituality and values. All humans have roots as Tribal people (Revelation 7:9). The explanation of ethnicity and race can be quite puzzling, especially to Christians. There are many false explanations derived from the doctrines of man, which are not supported by God’s Word, the Western school of thought, or by science. Most traditional biblical scholars might conclude that the sons of Noah, Shem (Mongolian), Japheth (White), and Ham (Black), are the origin of races. But race is a vague term at best. Non-Western views of race are often largely opposite. The subject of race really gets confusing by adding to the mix the Tower of Babel for instance. I do not find anywhere in God’s Word where He makes the distinction between races regarding His love and/or blessing. Or that Mother Earth is not blessed by God through His prize creation: Humans.

Which leads me back to my story of the mountain. That story is really a prayer, which reflects some of my beliefs such as my role as an environmental steward, my belief, faith, and trust in the One God Almighty and Creator of everything including all people (the little ones) and their beliefs even if they differ from mine, God’s love for His Creation (man, beast, and earth), my belief of God’s Holy Spirit, who is the Journeyman in my story, my belief in the interconnection of humans to their environments and to each other, and my belief that our Creator’s action (showing His love to us), as the loving Heavenly Father He is, is fueled by what most call prayer, which is just talking to Him through our spirits, thoughts, speech, and actions.

I am reminded of Psalm 121:7-8, which states ‘The Lord will keep you from all harm---He will watch over your life; the Lord will watch over your coming and going both now and forevermore. One of my hardest challenges as a parent and grandparent is knowing that I cannot ultimately protect my children from some hurts and heartbreaks. Some of that pain is necessary to help them mature and grow. Some of it is just the agonizing result of living in a fallen world. But, we can be fully confident that God is on our side and Mother Earth’s as well. God can accomplish the task of keeping you forever, but, He chooses us to help Him complete that task. We can be confident, if we share the Lord with our children, they will embrace God and learn from Him the value of caring for themselves, Mother Earth and all people.

I urge you today, to talk (pray) with DADDY GOD about your role as an earth keeper and ask for His help to guide you, however you want to do it, whether it be speaking or thinking, but intentional and actively engaging Him. Take courage in the knowledge He will speak back! And tell you the what, how, and whens of building a sustainable healthy existence for all mankind. Then go celebrate by spending time with Mother Earth.

Sermon by Dee Ann Manatowa