

## Homecoming

We need a new metaphor to transcend the spiritual malaise of our time. I propose the metaphor of home coming, and my central argument is that we need to come home, not to God, religion, or church, but to the creation to which we innately belong. Our exile, alienation, and estrangement are not from God, but from creation. With God everything is basically okay. Our spiritual not-at-home-ness has to do with our ambivalence and ambiguity toward God's creation.

The long journey home to where God first encounters us, not with the threat of judgement and punishment, but with the embrace of unconditional love. From God's point of view, that is expressed first and foremost in the cosmic and planetary creation. Long before humans ever came to be, long before formal religion was ever conceived, God was birthing forth ancestral giftedness in the unfolding stars and galaxies, of planets and quasars, including the paradoxical cacophony of building up and tearing down as the web of universal life unfolded. Here is where we first encounter and come to know the embracing mystery of divine benevolence. Deprived of this awareness, we inevitably short-circuit the meaning of God and inevitably we misconstrue the meaning of God's creation.

*[Ancestral Grace](#)*, Diarmuid O Murchu p. 121/122.