

In the Footsteps of *Moshe Rabbeynu*

A Meditation on the Burning Bush

Imagine yourself walking in the summer on dry parched land,
deeply absorbed in thought.

You're a long way from home, although you're not so sure where home is.

You've done some good things and some bad things in your life.

You know that you are powerful, but you don't know how to focus your energy.

You're feeling quite lonely, confused, and broken-hearted.

You have some of the pieces of the puzzle,

but you can't understand the whole picture.

Your life is good, but unsatisfying.

You feel like you are running away from yourself.

You are drawn back into one of your earliest memories,
nursing at your mother's breast.

She is singing to you, and crying,

"Min hametzar karati Yah anani bamerhavYaH"

(From the narrow place I called to *YaH* and from the wide space I was answered.)

Her tears have become your tears, and you yearn for the answer to your prayers.

"Please God, do not hide your face from me. Reveal to me who I am."

Out of the corner of your eye, you notice a glimmer of light,
and as you turn toward it,
you witness an unusual sight.

At the base of a mountain,

a lowly thorn bush is alive with a fiery radiance
that is brighter than the sun.

You want to run away, but you know you must not,
so you take off your shoes, because you know
that you are standing on holy ground.

Listen.

God is calling your name.

Answer, "*Hineni!*" I am Here Now.

Acknowledge your suffering and your healing.

Acknowledge your insecurity and your strength.

Acknowledge your loneliness and your wholeness.

Open, to the call of God in your life.

Open. Listen. Breathe. Receive.

And when you can find the words, call back to God -

"Who are You? Tell me your name."

Eheyeh Asher Eheyeh - I am that I am.

YHVH - Pure Being.

Makom - There is no place where I cannot be found.

Shaddai - I am the mother's breast overflowing with milk.

Tzur - I am the foundation rock of the world.

Ein Sof - I am without end.

Shekhina - I dwell within you.

The ground you stand on is holy.

The body that houses your spirit is holy.

The light you see is holy.

You are alive with *Ru-ah Elohim*.

You are the lowly thorn bush consumed by the fire of devotion.

Open. Listen. Breathe. Receive.

The Voice of God is calling.