

2 Samuel 6
DON'T STOP DANCING

How might your life have been different if,
when you were young,
young enough not to have learned to hide who you really are
and while you were learning to recognize your true self
how would your life have been different if someone had hugged you then
taken your hand
and showed you the Mystery of God
loved you into the holy
deep inside you and all around

and how might your life have been different
if you were encouraged to seek out that Mystery
and
know that the Mystery was seeking you too

even as you knew you had already been found?

And what if, on the day of your baptism
Or your first day of school
Or your third birthday
You had been given a box
And told it was a place where your most precious treasures could be safe?

And you kept placing those treasures in that box
That you kept where only you knew
And the treasures kept you warm, and reminded you of who you honestly, freely are
And who you long to be

And your treasure box was yours for keeping

And what if, every time you thought about your treasure box
You felt peace, and wonder
And you were reminded of what the treasures can only point to –
The awesome mystery of God

And you felt the glory of God's presence
And it made you laugh, and clap your hands and sing
And dance
Right where everyone could see
But you didn't care
And you danced with your body moving and your face lifted and your hair flying
Until you got dizzy and fell over in an undignified exhausted heap
Still laughing

And what if someone had been there, watching
Who knew what that was about
And gathered you into their arms, and laughed with you
And knowing –
Just knowing –
when it was over, said “amen” .???

How would your life have been different then?

Today we read the story of David dancing before the Ark of the Lord.

The Ark – symbol of the very presence of God with the people
The Ark had been captured by the enemy.

Sometimes that happens, doesn't it?
The ark – the treasure box –
The holy place inside of which is all that is precious, all that is YOU, and that leads you into the presence
of God

Sometimes the ark gets captured.

And of course there are different kinds of enemies aren't there?

Sometimes that ark – that treasure box – that place that is deepest, most profoundly divine and most
joyfully you

Sometimes it gets captured.

Perhaps your ark has been captured – has it?

By the enemy?

By someone or something who does not honour what is deep inside you
Who turns away from your most acute pain or is embarrassed by your most delicious joy?

I've told this story before but it seems to fit here again so I'm going to tell it again. It's not my story – I
heard it years ago. It's the story of the moon maiden.

*Once there was a village where the people noticed that their cows, when morning came, had already
been milked. After wondering about this for several days they decided to find out what was happening
and so they agreed....*

They would take turns watching each night to see what happened.

One man took his turn first....

And during his watch, the first night

Right at midnight

The clouds moved away from the moon

And down to earth on a moonbeam

Came a woman.

She landed at the end of the moonbeam, stood up, and from the folds of her gown she took two buckets. She took the buckets to the barn, milked the cows and then back up the moonbeam she went, back up to the moon, carrying the milk.

The man couldn't believe his eyes. He didn't say anything for fear that the others would think he was crazy, so he volunteered to watch the next night

And the next

And every night the same thing happened. Exactly at midnight the woman slid down the moonbeam, milked the cows and went back to the moon with the milk.

He was enchanted. One night he gathered his courage and approached her. He asked her to marry him. She agreed, explaining that on the moon, life was beautiful, but there was no milk. She would agree to marry him providing she could make one last trip home with the milk.

When she returned, she was carrying a box. She said she would marry him, but asked him never to open the box – the one thing she had brought from home.

Months went by....and one day she was out, and the inevitable happened.

Curiosity got the better of him and he opened it.

Inside he found.....

Nothing. NOTHING.

Confused, he closed it up again and put it back.

When she returned, she could tell by the look on his face that something was wrong. She said "you opened it, didn't you?" and he said

"Yes I did, but I don't understand. Why are you so secretive about it – there was nothing inside."

She began to pack her things. She said she was going home – back to the moon.

As she packed, she said

"When I went home that one last time before we married, I knew I would miss my home horribly. So I filled this box with the smell of the air and with the breezes from the place I love the most. It means everything to me.

And I can't possibly stay with you

When what is everything to me

You call nothing."

Sometimes our ark is captured.

But listen – there's good news.

Even now the ark of God is coming home.

And David is dancing – dancing in leaps and bounds for the joy of the Ark's return.

Your ark can come home too. You can have God's presence in your life

You can have the wholeness, the peace, that is the gift of the risen Christ.

Your ark – the things most precious, most holy, most true to yourself

Can come home.

For each of you I wish a lifetime of dancing before the ark of God.

I wish for you

The eyes to see and the wisdom and courage to pursue that ark as it come to you in your life. The presence of the Holy

Leading you to your truest, most authentic self.

I believe with all my heart that the place to begin is here.

It is here that you will hear time and time again that you are loved beyond measure.

It is here that you will be asked over and over again to choose life – and to choose

Jesus, who calls you to use your life to make a difference for others and for this world.

It is here that you will join with others

And together we can do so much more than we could ever do alone

And become for each other the ark of God

Sign of God's presence

That which is most valuable, most holy, most precious.

When we become the church that would put into our treasure box of all that is a sign of God

When we put into that box along with the cross and the communion ware and the scriptures

Each other

And those who need us most

Then we will be dancing the dance of David

And all the people said AMEN.