

Epilogue

“All water seeks its own level.” By this I mean that after the waters of my being, of my mind and soul are stirred and agitated, they will afterwards settle back more or less in the place where they were before the agitation. I embarked on this inquiry seeking to clarify what I thought about the whole “God thing,” and by the time I reached the end, I rediscovered, as had already happened when I wrote *Jacob’s Struggle*, that the faith I imbibed as a young child in Cuba was basically intact, although, to be sure, reformulated in new and fresh ways.

This booklet or essay was an important activity for me. I was looking for my bottom line regarding God and faith. Writing this has helped me to clarify this substantially. It has made my struggle easier, because it seems that I have a clearer view of its framework, as if the ring wherein I fight, perhaps also my opponent (primarily myself), is more delineated, not as amorphous or open-ended or unclosed and vague as I might have thought. This makes it easier to fight, to gage more exactly what it is, and who it is, I am up against. It helps.

By nature and by training and experience, and even by my father’s example, I am a doubter and skeptic, innately distrustful. I fear the worst and try to prepare for it, and test people and things, to gage whether I can trust them, and the burden is on them. I am also quite alone in the world. But in my own personal narrative, I believe that God has intervened, has visited me from a young age, has even pursued me, as a religious sister (a “nun”) once told me, and I have learned to trust God. Even now, these days, when I put Him too to the test, and demand a sign from Him, I still somehow, in some way, trust God.

There’s a saying in Spanish about God, or Christ; he is called *el palo que nunca cae*, “the pole which never falls.” Mankind has never been able to do away with God. Communism has not been able to do it, though the Dutch have done a better job: in a hyper-rational, prosperous culture, God has indeed become quite dormant or irrelevant there, God can die, it is true. But I tried to be an atheist, and that ended when God, as it were, entered through the window pane above the door leading to my Cambridge apartment balcony and made his weight felt heavily upon me. At least that is how I perceived and interpreted it. I described this in chapter five above.

I began these pages emphasizing how in matters regarding God, *faith*, of one sort or another, has the ultimate word, faith which interprets our experience. God can neither be proven

or disproven. He is a hidden God, at best. This hiddenness calls us to prayer, or turns us off. The struggle required of humans willy-nilly applies to God too, to our “relationship” with Him. It is the exercise we are forced to engage in by sheer force of circumstances, unlike physical exercise which we can neglect even when this hurts us and makes us feel worse and even incapacitates us. It is as if the hidden, aloof deity nevertheless pursues us by forcing us to turn to Him by our sheer desperation, by our helplessness, if we feel it. In this too God is mysterious and unique, hidden but still closer to us than our jugular vein.

In the end, we must be silent about God. He is beyond the dark cloud of unknowing above us, and we can penetrate our way to him only in the stillness and quiet of “a sharp dart of longing love,” not giving up, “whatever happens.”