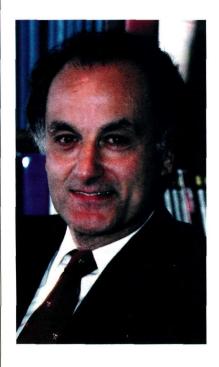
## **Editorial**

## Worship or the Painful Nostalgia



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orship is not just a beautiful spiritual experience of the moment or just the privilege of a few mystics. Every one of us can worship. In fact, every one of us does worship. This is the most universal experience. Before the beauty and the Infinite of nature, before the mystery of life at birth, or before the frightful void of death, there as we mumble, sing, inquire, shout, or simply stand in silent awe, we worship the Invisible who hides His face. And we want God to answer. We feel that He is answering, yet we cannot articulate what He says nor can we say what rushes through our souls. Then we pray and

sing and repeat in chorus the ancient Sacred Texts; and the magic of words and of music moves the soul upwards. Worship obliges us to remember the old song but also inspires us with a new song. And this old-new song triggers a painful nostalgia and recreates in us the desire for something else. Those who worship are the most dangerous people, for they dream of a new country, a new life, a new place where only the One who is there and transcends the differences will be worshiped.