

A Hungry God

When you look at the sky tonight, October 8, and see the waning Harvest moon – only half of it is left – or at least visible.

When I was a child I remember hearing the story of my older cousin who as a young farm boy of about four years old, looked up at this half moon and for the first time was consciously aware that something was missing. He went running back into the house calling, “Papa, Papa – come quick. Bring your hammer and nails – someone has done sawed the moon in half!” From his limited world view of rural North Carolina in the 1930s he had no other context for explaining or imagining how this phenomenon could have happened – and of course he knew exactly how it could be fixed – as he had seen his dad saw many a plank in half, and with hammer and nails put others back together again.

Each generation has its own context for viewing nature and for sparking their imagination. A few years ago as I was in the backyard catching lightning bugs with my grandson – who was about four at the time – we looked up and also saw the moon at half mast. We gazed at it together in wonder and amazement – and I told him the story about my cousin at his age – thinking that the moon had been “sawed in half.” He got a big laugh out of that, knowing it to be impossible. After all, this *Star Wars* generation kid knew a lot about outer space and such stuff.

So when I asked him – well what do you think happened to the other half of the moon – without hesitation he said emphatically (and with a twinkle in his eye) - well I think some space men ate it for dinner. Don't you love the imagination of a four year old?

This past summer, now that my grandson is much older and wiser at age seven and a half, we were once again enjoying an evening under the stars gazing into the night sky. We were sitting on the deck at the lake house on a crystal clear night with calm water below and the bright moon above. But only half of it could be seen. So, without reminding him of our conversation when he was four – I said, “Oh, look at the beautiful moon, I wonder what happened to the other half – do you suppose someone ate the other half?” He paused for a long pondering moment, scrunched up his face and said quite pensively, “Well, I suppose God must have been mighty hungry.”

Indeed, we do have a God with a great appetite for wonder and amazement. May this hunger continue to delight the hearts and minds of our children for generations to come.

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