

CONVERSATIONS WITH GOD

A 7-Day Devotional

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DAY 1

Genesis 1:–5, Trusting in God’s Speech

God Says

Child with a thousand thoughts, a thousand worries, a thousand dreams,
I was in the beginning, before all of it.
Before there were roses or reasons, daisies or daylight, there was *us*.
And our Spirit hovered over the waters like a story teller,
Waiting to bring the greatest tale into time,
To break through the black, churning waters wielding words,
And through them, through our Son, the best Word,
To call to attention the attentionless.
We willed to bring into being what we had in our mind.
And then . . . we said. In language beyond light itself,
We spoke illumination. We spoke brightness. We spoke beauty.
And we called it, “Day.” And the shadow—that we called “night.”
The first day was our speech, and every day after.
Do you hear us, little imager? Are you listening?

I Say

Yes . . . yes, I hear. My ears are open.
It’s hard for me to believe that you speak,
That you spoke to create,
That you spoke to make the day and night,
That you set the world turning with words.
Please, help my unbelief (Mark 9:24).
Help me to trust in you, my speaker.
Help me to listen well,
To hear your voice in every corner of the day,
So that I can grow closer to you
And etch the sound of your voice on my heart.
Protect me from the thought that you’re mute,
That your quietness is silence,
Since I know I’m hard of hearing.
Keep my ears open.
Let me seek what you say.

What do you say?

DAY 2

Genesis 1:6–10, The One Who Separates and Gathers

God Says

Little creature whom we love,
We spoke a space for you.
We parted the waters in the glory of our light
And made the heavens for you to gaze at.
That was our second day, a day of separating.
But then we gathered.
We brought the waters below together
And made the ground appear.
Then we named them. We called them by a sound.
And as we looked upon them,
We saw that this was good.

I Say

I take space for granted.
I walk in it without a thought.
The sky I see and marvel at.
But this space, this place for us,
I cannot find my gratitude for it.
Thank you, my maker, for separating the waters,
For making a way for me.
And thank you for being a gatherer.
You brought together the waters
So we could walk.
Here I sit on a piece of earth
That you rose out of the waters,
Baptized by your speech,
Made good because of your greatness.
I have space and a place to stand
Because of your words for me.

What do you say?

DAY 3

Genesis 1:11–13, The God of Patterns

God Says

It was only after the separation and the gathering,
That we made the growing things—
Fruits with seeds which lead to fruits with seeds,
Hearts that bloom and give birth to abundance.
We made patterns for our glory and your gratitude.
An apple grows *this* way; a fig grows *that* way;
And *this* is what the grapes will do.
So much variety in the unity of purpose,
A unity in diversity, reflecting us.
Then we dimmed our self and burned again:
The third day.

I Say

I know patterns are all around me.
I don't see them with gratitude, though.
I see them with greed—trying to squeeze from them
Whatever suits my soul's appetite.
But you made plants with seeds and fruitful trees
To give and grow. You are a giver.
I am a taker.
But please, my maker, pattern my heart
After your greatness.
It's not a greatness that takes, that consumes,
But a greatness of seeds: a giving
Running through the seasons.
Help me also to see the pattern of today,
The ways you have set like streams,
That I might step into the current of the momentary
And point to you.

What do you say?

DAY 4

Genesis 1:14–19, The God Who Is Light

God Says

I am light, little one.
When I spoke the stars into the silent black,
It was not to create something new
But to reflect something old.
I uttered my Son in the power of my Spirit
To separate again, as we did with the water and the earth.
We made a way for you.
We gave burning lights to you for signs and seasons, days and years,
Markers of something passing, something else we made—time.
With light came markers for minutes, markers for passing,
Markers for growth.
The two great lights we made as rulers over two kingdoms,
A separation that is good.
We did not want the darkness to have fellowship with light.
This was the fourth day.

I Say

I see the stars on clear nights. I admire them.
But I don't think of them often enough.
I don't think of them as signs and markers.
And it takes me a moment to understand
How they are only reflections of a greater light.
As for the sun and moon, they are my ordinary.
Routine dulls my heart.
I need your Spirit to scrape away the calloused skin
Around my soul so that I can marvel again.
These are rulers and separators, and that is *good*.
My God, help me to look at these lights
As burning fingers, pointing beyond themselves
To you, the original light, the greatest light,
The greatest love.

What do you say?

DAY 5

Genesis 1:20–25, The God of the Living

God Says

We can only make what matters to us.
On the fifth day, we made living creatures—
Flapping, chirping, hopping, buzzing, fluttering.
We made tiny mirrors of our own vitality.
And in the thicker atmosphere of water,
We made the wavers and twisters,
The gliders and the swishers.
We made a poem in the sky and a poem in the water.
And then . . . we *blessed*. We gave them the gift of “more.”
That was a good day.
But we were not finished.
The water and the air had life in motion, but not the land.
So we made the walkers, the creepers, the beasts of the earth,
With their joints and jowls, their faces and their fur—
The bones and the sinews, the muscles and the skin,
The shapes—according to their kinds.
Another great poem.
But not yet the greatest.

I Say

My mind feels like a rock sometimes, resisting the simplest truths you give,
Offering a hard exterior to the soft light of your speech.
That’s the way it is with the poems of life you’ve written.
I have trouble seeing the living creatures in this world
As mirrors of your own vitality.
I see them as “things,” rather than words of a person.
God, please keep giving me language lessons.
Help the ears of my heart to grasp the sounds of your revelation,
And to turn all of me towards you.
I want to live a life of poetry,
A life that falls into the rhyme of the world you’ve spoken.
Give me the sounds and syllables,
The words and phrases,
The sentences and the silence
To hear your voice in the world I see.

What do you say?

DAY 6

Genesis 1:26–31, Mirrors of God

God Says

Then we did it: we made mirrors,
Sparks of our light, little flames of glory.
We made them to commune with us,
Lesser lights with the greater light.
They would draw near to us and to each other,
As we commune with ourself,
Each to each, and all to one,
For one is three.
Then came the blessing of abundance
(We spoke to them directly, as with a friend),
To make more of two, to multiply, to spread.
And we gave them the grand gift of everything
That held the breath of life.
And with abundance came dominion,
Governance in grace.
We gave them crowns as king and queen,
Jeweled not with gems but with generosity,
For they would serve the high, the low, the in-between.
Only *this* sort of royalty is worthy of us.
We looked at all we made—with a steady gaze.
And we pronounced it very good.

I Say

I don't often think of myself as a mirror.
My soul lacks luster from my faithless heart,
Which heaps the dirt of self upon me.
I want to commune with you so badly,
To trust your presence and speak boldly.
But I doubt. I distrust. I feel alone. Grant faith to my faithless heart
So that I can reflect your light.
Yes—make me a *reflection*.
As for my crown, its jewels are caked in the dirt of self.
Wipe them clean. Sow seeds of giving in me,
So that I might wield the wonder of your grace,
And not the weariness of my own malcontent.

What do you say?

DAY 7

Genesis 2:5-9, A Dirty Gardener

God Says

Before the greenery broke through the face of the dirt,
Before we sent the water flying from the clouds,
As a mist hung over the canvas of creation,
We bent low, cupped our hands around the earth,
And formed.
We shaped and scraped, molded and embossed,
Until we had him, this earth-made image,
Set silent in our invisible hands.
We breathed deeply, filled the inhalation with hope,
And exhaled into the tiny holes on his face (yes—we made a face).
Then and there he became one of the *living*.
Then and there he became our walking image.
We put him in a garden we had planted—the first garden.
He would touch his hands to the earth, to till and tamp,
To plant and protect, to shelter and care.
He would be marked with soil that encased his own soul.
And we called the trees out of the ground,
Like great hands offering him their colored, shaped, and textured goodness.
There also we put two trees: both of them paths:
One an ascent to greater glory, and the other a descent to . . . darkness.

I Say

I don't think often of where I came from.
To have a heritage of dirt does not seem so glorious.
But you made the earth good. You made the ground.
You called it up out of the seas and saw it.
And from the moldable, smearing soil,
From the cool and calming sediment,
You put me in your hold hands . . . and began to move.
Your movement made me.
Your breath gave me breath.
You, as life itself, gave me life to live in you.
It is no small thing to be made of holy dirt
And shaped by holy hands.
Thank you, my providential potter.
And to think that you made me a gardener
After your own heart . . .

The trees, I think, have open hands.
I'm sorry that mine are closed so often,
That I'm always more eager to take than give,
To wear the garment of blessing.
Make me a giving gardener, Lord.
As for the two great trees,
You know we chose the wrong one.
We did not trust you.
Even after you have given your own Son,
We still fail to trust you.
We trust other things, things we can see.
Oh God, build our faith in your speech,
That one thing that offers eternity
And always will.

What do you say?