

Writers Blog: Slow Train To Spain [4] Semana Santa



It's **Semana Santa** in Spain. In fact even in a little town like Fuengirola the preparations to look at its very best, have been going on for a fortnight or so. Windows, bars, streets pavements everything is being cleaned, painted and polished. There are quite a lot of churches here, and every church has its own procession. Sometimes there even is a **collision** of processions, however well prepared in theory. I've never seen such a collision, but somehow I can, and like to imagine it. The brutal one, heads-on, clashing in each other and using crosses and statues to beat each other up should be nice in books, and reality in the Past, however the clashing should have been more between Christians, Moslims and Jews; however smashing, crashing and they get, one very important issue is shared: The believe in **ONE GOD**. This always made me wonder: If we share this central thought, and we share the belief that the Name of this One God is unknown of course to us, humans, because knowing the name is having power over. So the chance is very very big that we're dealing with the Same God; isn't it an awful *heresy* to smash eachother's heads in, already for ages and ages and not Amen here please. I mean there has to be an end to this craziness? Shouldn't a more humble approach please this One God more? Shouldn't it be a great offense to This One God, to kill one of his creatures great and small? Ain't it a crying shame, thinking about Jerusalem, for example. In spite of the billions of tears shed on the Weeping Wall, It's the Capital of Divisionland, which is everywhere.. Incredible really. So, just for fun and futures sake I like to imagine this collision of various processions being brought into existence by humbleness, and friendliness, one procession saying and waving at the other one: After you, after you after you. And since it is born

out of the heart, not sheer politeness which is just another tactic to win the other on this side, but from love, next year perhaps it could result in One United Procession. When that happens, I will be there on a balcony, shedding tears and roseleaves, and other smelling leaves, in the knowledge that God will never leave us when we're united.

