

Dialogs by Rick Kimball

Let's consider ice cream.

"I want some, I want more than some, I want a whole lot," cries Heart with hot passion.

"No," shouts Head with cold logic. "Look at a mirror. You are growing broad of hip."

"Hip?" says Heart. "That reminds me of a triple-dip cone of Hippety-Hop ice cream I had on Coney Island in 1973. It was love at first lick. The memory still turns me on. Use your GPS, Head. Take us to an ice cream stand. I want, I want, I want. "

Head shakes itself. "I won't, I won't, I won't."

So it goes, Head versus Heart, reason against passion, opposites in endless, sometimes heated interplay.

Heart and Head skirmish all the time at this church. "I want, I need, a loving God to pat my head," says Heart. "Good luck," says Head. "What you've got is all you'll get and what you've got is fate slamming you in the gut with a putrid political punch."

"Sunday is my day of rest," says Heart. "Let me enter my church and be at peace." But Head again demurs and points to a table in the foyer where you can sign up for the committees that support our soulful sanctuary.

I feel it too, this tug of war. Do you? Maybe Heart yearns for a nice shot of booze to calm your soul, but Head speaks of hangovers and addiction. Perhaps Heart pulls the bedcovers down so you can end the day early, but Head says that Family Promise needs you to sleep at church. Maybe Heart needs both to laugh and to weep but Head says, "Pull yourself together."

Head and Heart play a great game of Catch-22. If you yield to passion, you lose your head. If you keep your head, you snuff out your heart. Yet you can't have one without the other.

The struggle at times seems eternal, with Heart and Head too often moving beyond gentle interplay to grab at each other's throat.

Is there no relief from strife? Must we forever be tormented by the tension between thought and emotion, between reason and feeling?

We cannot force Heart and Head together physically. If you bend Head too far toward Heart you may hear a loud snapping sound. Even barring that, you may never straighten up again if you have as much arthritis as I do.

But forget the body contortions and let time work its magic.

Time is grace, and time is movement. Through that grace and in that movement, Heart and Head may find the will to touch, to move forward in ways they had not thought possible before, they might join in purposeful connecting and intentional consensing, they may cause their struggle to raise them up, lift them to a new plane of spiritual and sensible synthesis.

A plane where Head mindfully prepares a physical church space for Heart to experience peace. A place and plane where laughter and tears form a whole. A plane allowing acceptance and understanding of

other opposites that touch both Heart and Head, the opposites of life and death, of joy and sorrow, of heaven and hell, of us and them.

But wait. And listen with me. I hear the voice of Head saying, "Stop the preaching. We get the idea. Heart and I must find common ground on which we stand together with pleasure and for useful purpose."

"Yeah," says Heart. "Useful purpose like eating ice cream. I'm in for three scoops with sprinkles."

"One scoop, no sprinkles," says Head. "I'll bring recyclable cloth napkins."

They pause for a moment, then agree on two scoops with light sprinkles. Hand in hand, they walk together to their favorite ice cream stand.