

Early Claravian sermon

The stream that quenches also drowns. The tree that gives shelter also crushes under falling bow. The fire that cooks the food also burns the flesh. Why revere these things? They care not a wit for you or I. Has even a great gross of offerings moved the River not to flood?

Have the trees entrusted us to carry out commandments?, or has the River revealed its precepts? Did the rocks guide us forth from the jungle? Have the clouds shown us love? Did the ring give us writing claws and speaking throats? Worship these dumb objects if it please you, though they will not give you succor. As for me and mine, we shall follow the Light alone.

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