

## *My March Moment for Maheo*



**“We call God *Maheo*.  
*Maheo* means ‘I don’t know’  
because  
we don’t know what it is  
but it is everything.”**

(Quoted from the Cheyene people in  
Dave Bell’s recent Blog)

**The little girl holding my  
hand** is our 9<sup>th</sup> great  
grandchild...she can’t walk or  
talk yet but her little brain is  
learning fast. She knows a lot.

### **“MY GRANDPA KNOWS EVERYTHING”**

Her cousin is in 2<sup>nd</sup> grade. where the teacher had a “show and  
tell” time. He took my photo up front and told the class;

***“My grandpa can answer any question I ask.  
My grandpa knows everything.”***

I laugh but not loudly. Nobody knows everything. Artificial  
intelligence is trying. Infant trust soon becomes “Why, grampa?”  
Until grampa finally says “Just because!”

I don’t know of any religion that admits “*I do not know*” so  
urges silence. Maybe the Quakers. Buddhist meditation maybe, but  
mostly we hear preachers proclaiming, evangelists interpreting, or  
scriptures declaring.

One of my youth ministers said “*Belief and Faith are highly  
over-rated.*” You can hardly avoid the two. But ultimate “knowing” is  
beyond us. Belief in some variety of “god” becomes less certain..

To question or deny belief has led many to be excommunicated  
or executed.. Albert Schweitzer wrote “*The Quest for the Historical  
Jesus*” that “*He comes to us as one unknown...*” Schweitzer’s Missionary  
Society at first rejected him over his questioning. He had a wider view.  
His guiding life-principle was ***reverence for life***. He lived that principle  
as a doctor in African Lambarene. (See Dick Wing’s book on Schweitzer,  
“*Finding Your Lambarene.*”)

Back to now and my wonder and awe about everything and how  
little I know. I can’t really grasp the fact in my moment of existence our  
outer space camera is sending pictures of galaxies **13 billion light years**  
away. And at the same time I am alive to see 9 great-grandchildren.

My great-grand-daughter crawls to me and pulls herself up and  
holds my hand...and something touches my heart. I don’t know what *it*  
is...I don’t know, but it means everything...Maheo.

For the Moment...  
Art Morgan March 3, 2023