

the flames of YHWH, the same flames he saw at the burning bush, when the Lord said: "I AM WHO I AM" (Ex 3:14). Zechariah sings of the coming light: "By the tender mercy of our God, the dawn from on high will break upon us, to give light to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death" (Lk 1:78–79). On top of Mt. Tabor the face of Jesus "shone like the sun, and his clothes became dazzling white" (Mt 17:2). Paul is struck down on the road to Damascus by a great light, and he hears a voice from heaven saying, "Saul, Saul, why do you persecute me?" (Acts 9:4). Dante in his *Paradiso* consummates his vision of God as a white rose of pure light (Canto 31). Thoreau concludes *Walden* with the promise that tomorrow holds ever so much more light than today: "The sun is but a morning star." We know God as light. We await the beatific vision, when we will be able to look upon the sun/Son of God with eyes open to infinite splendor. We shall then see not only the three primary colors of our human creation, but an infinite array of divine colors never seen on earth. We await the new Jerusalem coming down from heaven like a bride dazzling in the beauty of her sparkling jewels. "And the city has no need of sun or moon to shine on it, for the glory of God is its light, and its lamp is the Lamb" (Rev 21:23). "And the fire and the rose are one."³²