

Love and Trickster by Gabriel Hughes

Love is a many faceted word. Love can be Building, Love can be Destructive. Love can Heal. Love can Nurture, and the lack of Love can literally kill you. But Love can also be a warm fire in a dark night, the quiet breathing of those you love in the silence.

Because that is where I see Trickster, in the Love of a community which huddles together for warmth in the cold, in a community which comes together after disaster, in our community. Trickster is a force for chaos sometimes, it's true. He is a force of fear, darkness, and the wild. But He is also the God who gave us stories. He stole us fire. He loves and is a patron of mankind. How can these things coexist? How can a force for such anxiety be also a source of comfort? Because it is by that fear that we seek out communities to belong to. It is by that darkness that He has given us such a love for light.

Trickster drives us together, shepherds like with like so that we stand strong. He is both the cold to huddle against and the warmth to huddle towards. Without that cold we could never appreciate the warmth, and without that warmth we would never appreciate the cold.

This is shown best in the strange, the outliers, those who are too weird to live but too rare to die, like all of us. If there is a fitting description for our little community it is strange. But because we have felt the cold of bigotry, or hatred, or exclusion elsewhere we know what a place like this is worth, and we know that it is our responsibility to keep it for others who need protection from the cold

This place, all of us in it, are full of Trickster's brand of love. The love that says "you will not take this from me, this matters, and I will stand for it even if I stand alone"