

The wind farmer releases the wind

by [Jeff Gundy](#) in the [April 21, 2021](#) issue

The strange notion of rûah in the Hebrew Scriptures shatters taxonomies, leaving us to ask mistakenly, “Is rûah wind? Breath? Spirit? Or spirit?” In particular, rûah causes tidy dichotomies to splinter, neat categories to fragment.

—Jack Levison, A Boundless God

There are no crosses on the wind farm. The turbines, with their three blades and the great arcs they make, refuse the stasis of upright and crossbeam, to their singular place they are also free, they spin, they make their rounds. And wind is breath, is spirit in Hebrew after all, the blades are tuned and turned to the wind, to the spirit, nothing men have ever made is so cleverly, closely tuned, so capable of drawing true power from what looks like nothing, what moves beyond chance or habit in its great whorls and streams.

What preacher behind his oaken fort can hope to speak so craftily, so truly of the power, of the sizzle and shame, the buzz and hum and emptiness spinning in the heart of things. What nun or priest or worship singer could chant or sing or bellow so precisely so well of the secret messenger, the vast and complicated wind, the wind without border or end, the wind that is ghost and spirit, breath, the inbreath and outbreath of the being more real and tenuous than dark matter, than strings or quarks or whatever particles, spins, sparkling bits of almost nothing make up the heart of the real, the spirit, the wind, the breath, and yes, what can sing like the long blunt blades of the wind machine,

the blades that cut nothing but the wind and know
the wind flows back together, smoother than any water.