

Week beginning 30th August – The Santa Fe bus

I'm sitting up front. Hale, the driver wants to talk. He's been at the wheel all day. Started out this morning in Denver. He tells me many interesting incidents from his decades of driving across the States. . . . Throughout all of this I'm very aware of the reality of what's going on. I'm trying to live in the present moment, in all of its dimensions. If the theological position I'm holding in these pages is true, then one of the most perfect ways of communion with God right now is by giving full attention to what is happening inside the Santa Fe bus. The true contemplative lives in the present. So does the prophet and the mystic. So did Jesus. On the Santa Fe bus I was rejoicing at the way community happened so suddenly amongst us – total strangers having a laugh about a negative situation (the broken-down air conditioning). And then, in the high desert I was reflecting with great delight, on the glimpses, in the distance, of the hard evidence for what is now called The New Story (the tracing of our origins, our infancy, over the past 14 billion years since the Big Bang) As we wondered at the geological layers and eras of the Sandia Peak granite and limestone in terms of pre-historic millennia, which they wondrously were, I was seeing them too as pages from the diaries of God and snapshots from the albums of divine becoming . . .

The mystery-filled moment of incarnation revealed and reveals the rich levels of significance that lie beyond, behind, below and around everything that is, and that happens. Whatever we perceive with the senses is surrounded by an infinity of wonder. Since Jesus, we know that the universal being that permeates and draws all things from the beginning of time, is truly personal. And more than that, we know that this personal life-force and energy, active and at work in all things since the first creation, is not only personal but is intimately so. When we look, then, from the Santa Fe bus, at those smooth and craggy rocks of ages along the summit of the Sandia Peak, we can discover, with the eyes of faith, the clever, beautiful face of a totally committed lover, whose intense gaze is directed to each one of us alone and to all of us together. To simply be is to be a traveller who is learning to be familiar with the contours of this magic land called our lives, who is expectant of surprises hidden in every new moment, who continually and delightedly explores the most ordinary of things and is never disappointed. And who also knows that the only place for all of this to happen is a little-known and mostly uninhabited countryside, quite close to all of us, called the present moment. (*Travelling Light* pp192,193)