

Weekly Meditation June 23, 2010
By Rev. Teri Lubbers

Absolutely

There isn't something called the absolute that is greater than the relative. They are just two sides of the same coin. The phenomenal world of people, trees, and rugs, and the absolute world of pure unknowable nothing, of energy, are the same thing. Rather than pursuing a one-sided ideal, we need to bow to the absolute in the relative, as well as the relative in the absolute. We need to honor everything.

~Joko Beck, "Nothing Special: Living Zen"

I confess I live in an either/or world. I routinely think in either/or terms. I frequently construct my understanding of existence in either/or frames of reference. Not sure who originally decided to frame things in this binary way, things like: male/female, good/bad, light/dark, black/white, happy/sad, body/spirit, work/play, secular/spiritual. I think, like other human social constructions, we just find it easier to deal with two things at a time rather than the infinite possibilities of the Reality spectrum. Comfy pigeon holes.

When I was a teenager all I wanted was to be done with this sad, painful physical existence and go home to be with Jesus where I was certain I would live happily ever after. In my 20's and 30's I shifted consciousness a bit and decided, well maybe I don't have to die to escape this life, maybe I can just go somewhere else in my spirit (and head) and live happily ever after. In my 40's I started thinking maybe I could learn how to be a bit more comfortable in my own skin and hang around here for a while. Now in the last half of my 50's decade it's just beginning to dawn on me that everything I never knew I always wanted is all right here in front of me.

Joko Beck calls this the *absolute in the relative*. There's no getting around it. Whether we like it or not, whether we notice or not, Spirit is everywhere. Take a breath with its hint of magnolia, watch a bird in flight, listen to the sound of water falling, taste the salt on the skin of a lover, feel the heat of the summer sun penetrate your being, and your heart begins to echo the psalmist's words: Heaven and earth are full of Your glory. Heaven *and* earth. God *is* all and *in* all. The table is set...all we have to do is show up for dinner.

Prayer: Creating Spirit, give me eyes to see, be the air I breathe, let my heart reveal your beauty. In every breath I take, help me be awake to the wonder of your being. Amen.