

Introduction: Oblivious to a bug

It was one of those warm Spring mornings when the air is still and cool and surrounding me is that perfect Colorado Blue Bird sky that defies description. I'm sitting in my patio chair celebrating what I believe is the best cappuccino ever crafted. It's 5:15 am and this is my sacred space. Birds, rabbits, trees, and life calls from every corner of my view. I am not in a remote mountain cabin, I'm in *suburbopolis*, a neighborhood of homes that look just like mine and it's not even the weekend.

This morning practice began decades ago when I developed a preference for sunrises to sunsets. This is a time for stillness, study, contemplation, prayer, and then production. Cup in one hand, sacred text displayed on my phone in the other. For me, this sacred time is a *get-to*, not a *have-to*. No agenda, no ritual, no schedule. Just me, discovering myself in words that are thousands of years old, learning to be present, in *Presence*.

Finding wisdom.

Experiencing being.

Filling my tank.

Preparing my soul.

Readying for work.

That's when it caught my eye, somehow despite its near invisibility. It was so small. It was moving so slow. Across my patio was an insect that was so tiny I couldn't tell if it was a beetle, a spider, or something else. My small patio was a giant concrete desert that this little life was crossing with great determination. It had clearly been there

a while, it would clearly be there a while longer. I assumed he or she was heading for the crack, of course, don't all bugs want to go into the crack?

How did this little life know where to go? Why would she leave the crack from where she came? Why would he leave a place where all good bug things would be? Why was she alone? What was she seeking? I looked closer. His life amazed me. In this itchy-bitsy life was a brain, muscles, tendons, a nervous system, a digestive system, eyes, a plan, an agenda, a goal, an inner instinct or divine impulse, all so tightly packaged with what had to be Nano-technology. Then it hit me. The life that powers him, powers me. I'm seeing the bug, but I'm *just now* seeing the life-force beyond her too.

It also occurred to me that I am the only person who is likely to ever see this particular tiny little life. Her journey from crack to crack was all I was given to know of her life. I saw only the second half of the timeline to which I was privy, but could now perceive the whole event of her crossing my patio. She showed me how everyone I meet is just reflecting a small portion of his or her own timeline if I wake up enough to pay attention. A life of lower consciousness could not possibly comprehend how much has been given to me by going on this journey. How could something so small, impact how I interact with others in such a big world? Yet somehow, I could perceive that the life that powers him, which also powers me, could.

And that's when I saw it.

The Metaphor. Not a metaphor.

Perspective.

Ultimate Truth.

Beyond everything.

Purpose.

In and through and with and beside and because of it all.

I saw the word become flesh. I saw the power *behind and beyond* the vast universe poking through the smallest thing my eye could see. The divine love of the Divine was palpable, tangible as concrete, specifically located, manifested even, in the smallest of bugs. It was not a theological construct, it wasn't an ideal, it wasn't a feeling, it wasn't a theory, a principal or a religion. It was an *experience* with beauty. It was profound clarity. It was beyond comprehension, but completely knowable. It was through the bug, in the bug, beyond the bug, beside the bug and embodied by the bug, but it wasn't the bug. I could see that all which is true for the bug was in that moment true for me.

True for you.

True for all.

Truth.

Total Truth.

Had I been meditating with my eyes closed I might have missed it. Had I been engrossed in scripture and my next blog or podcast, I would have missed it. Had I been reading email, social media or sitting inside, I would have remained oblivious. That amazing moment would have passed. Then I thought...How many *moments* have we all passed?

Oblivious is worse than ignorance. Ignorance is bad enough. Ignorance is not knowing something and knowledge is how ignorance is overcome. Oblivious is being

completely unaware. It means that an entire stratum of life exists beyond our ability to perceive it. It's worse than not knowing what we don't know, it's not caring that we don't know. If that dimension of experience is missed, lost or absent from life, the cost to our human experience is horribly truncated and forfeited. Oblivious means we live on a plane with no moorings to prevent us from sliding into the gravitational pull of our own despair, political hatred, egotistical pursuits, poor judgements, creaturely impulses and potentiated suffering.

Living oblivious is like living in a danky, dark, cave and believing that such a cave is all which exists. Imagine the effect of a piercing shaft of light emanating through a crack, a broken structure in the surrounding rock. Just catching the smallest flicker in the corner of your eye would open up a pursuit, a following, which would unfold discovery upon discovery until we emerged into the world for which we were purposed. Oblivious is the default mode of not realizing that we each possess such blazing light.

If I thought looking at bugs transformed the hearts of humanity, I would teach people to become entomologists. You know as well as I do, it wasn't the bug. The bug was the tiniest container for something much, much bigger...*infinitely more*. Our world is full of such containers. It's bursting with them. You are one. So am I. Whether we need a microscope or a telescope, every particle of the universe is flowing with energy and life-force. Even the rocks cry outⁱ each moment, telling and retelling this story, this drama or play in which we all play a part, where we all reflect and shine that which is beyond and through and beside us all.

This moment was so not a bug. This moment was an *event horizon*. I write this book in humble service to all who, like me, share an existential hunger for connection,

being, and meaning. To those who long for freedom and have mistakenly looked to some institutional power to give it to them. To those who long to know their true name and live authentically in it. This is for everyone who would can perceive that life and this world can be better than it is right now and who are willing to do something about it. There is so much more to which I myself am still oblivious, but I offer this book as a portal for all who read this, which will allow us to see *beyond everything*.
