

I'm writing this on St Swithun's day (15th July). It's blowing a hooley with intermittent heavy showers. So, according to the legend, that's what it should still be doing in 40 days' time. The idea that St Swithun might influence the weather after his death (google it - it'll save a lot of print space) is, of course, ridiculous. Fascinating, then, that a rainy 15th July has some people responding with, "oh-oh."

For me this indicates two things: first, people seem to be hard-wired to entertain the concept that literally supernatural things can happen; second, paradoxically, that we need to control or suppress these things by explaining all life's mysteries.

Probably the most profound thing St Paul ever said was, "For now we see through a glass darkly," meaning that in this life we just won't ever have a clear enough vision to understand what "it" is all about. He's right. For example, explain beauty. Things aren't intrinsically beautiful, but made like everything else, from the same atomic particles. A tree, cloud, wild flower, or whatever, is only beautiful because we perceive it as such. Music is just certain sequences of sound waves. However, we can hear a piece of music for the first time and be moved to the core of our being, or hear a piece of music for the 100th time and be overwhelmed in the same way. On one hand, neat explanations as to how; on the other hand, no explanation as to why.

I hate non-sequiturs but there has to be a little leap of imagination here: I conclude from all this that we are indeed spiritual beings; so much more than the sum of our parts, so much more than stardust, so much more than monkeys...

Take a bit of time off this August; lie with your back to the planet, look up and wonder who you are. Moses once asked God "Who are you?" God replied, "I AM." I think that when you ask yourself the same question you'll get the same answer. Not rocket science, you child of God.

Graham