

Beside the Ocean

Sitting early this morning on my upturned sandals on rugged rocks beside the ocean, the vast ocean which at its fringes allows me to see through clear waters its intricate systems of life and scattered shells across the sand, the quietness occasionally interrupted by a couple of humans walking their dog. Their presence is fleeting on the fringes of life's ocean which breathes in and out across the sand as it has done for millions of years. I am a mere momentary observer beside the wonder of life which can be calm or turbulent and reaches far beyond the horizon of my seeing and my time. More than a sacred place, a meeting with reality. As a theologian do I now put God in there? My folly. I am the visitor here. It is God who makes me welcome.

William Loader