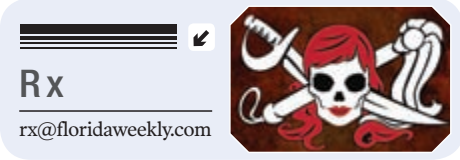


MUSINGS

Inordinate



What is more ordinary than looking up? We do it myriad times each day: a simple tilting of the ocular orb, with a possibly simultaneous coordination of cranial tilt. But if we are not simply looking up in space, but are also lifting up our gaze to be uplifted, that may be quest for the extraordinary.

We might see a star that distinguishes itself, one that stands out upon the sky stage as revelation, as epiphany. Our look might rescue this star from the fate of being unrecognized, merely stellar flotsam lost in a sea of sky, jetsam out of ginormous bang.

In that sudden perception, that intuitive grasp of a nascent reality, we are fancy free. We are open to imagine, to visualize, to interpret. We fancy that, and we are Magi, members of the priestly class of ancient Persia, on a journey to come closer to the chosen star.

And for what, all this fuss and all these gifts? This decoration of treasure chests and the evasion of maleficent kings? For what purpose is this life and death trek across seas and across deserts that pretend to be shimmering waters to eyes taken in by the fancies of mirage?

All this story telling is the journey

that brings the ancient present here and now, legacy unfolding. The rescued star rescues us, portal connecting worlds. The world of ordinary appearance — of babies naked on straw and animals lowing and desperate sales and bell ringing obese bearded men and homelessness — transcends itself. Divine immanence reigns. The extravagant is plausible. Truth is stranger than fiction.

And strangers in strange lands can grok. With Heinlein's Martians we all drink, and so once separate entities are entangled. The observer is part and parcel of the observed. We are rescued by our refuge star rescuing us from the all pervasive human assumptions of singular realities.

We have no choice but to experience all things.

This flagrant excess is bliss.

In Tarpon Springs, each year there is Epiphany celebration. This year marks the 103rd annual ceremony of the Greek Orthodox community there. A blessing of the waters of the sea changes the very nature of the water. And into this Theophany water is thrown a cross. Young men from across the world come, and wait to dive in to retrieve this cross. Successful retrieval creates a year of special blessing.

From the excessive bliss that is beyond name the particular is constantly thrown and retrieved. Ancient Persians and shepherd Jews, the 21st century Greeks

of Tarpon Springs and the ancient philosophers from whose genetic and ideal loins they have sprung, all play together with countless hosts of other players. In each new moment it is the time for epiphany. The joining of vertical transcendence and horizontal immanence, crossed, are again and again ritually flung into the sea. And the peoples who need to imagine safety in the sea are nurtured, baptized into new names and new stories.

We all swim out to retrieve the thrown crosses, Roman a clef redemption with edges blurred. Our return marries sky to sea, stars living in each, pointing, merely mirage and more real than real.

There is no more need to fancy up the ordinary, for we have become fancy humen, illicit lovers free from attachment, free to imagine. It is all too much, and just right.

It is excessive and enchanting.

This is the way the inordinate world begins, not with a whimper, but with a bang of vision that sees into being what is already given and gives to that an outpouring of the extravagant excess that is love. The love child of the extravagant excess of manifestation and the womb of infinite possibility is the yarn we spin.

Fancy that. ■



— Rx is the FloridaWeekly muse who hopes to inspire profound mutiny in all those who care to read. Our Rx may be wearing a pirate cloak of invisibility, but emanating from within this shadow is hope that readers will feel free to respond. Who knows: You may even inspire the muse. Make contact if you dare.

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