

May 05

It is the season of the dreaded orange signs telling me that the most direct routes between our home and my office are closed for construction. Each summer I have been faced with road closures that present me with the ‘magi’s challenge’: *to return home by yet another way*. I am forced to be creative and find new routes. I am forced to surrender habit to attention.



It is not only a signal that it is summer in Edmonton but construction is a perennial season on the road where faith is built. I recently walked through the halls where I spent my final seminary months, some twenty-five years ago. It wasn’t long before the fresh coat of paint I was wearing when I graduated sustained marks and scratches.

As the years have gone by I have smelled fresh paint on myself many times. It wasn’t long after I left the classrooms of Knox College that I grew passionate about inclusive language. I could no longer read myself into words that truly excluded me. My images of God changed and soon the words I used to name myself toward the divine changed, too.

With the passage of time, the exclusive claims of Christianity seemed disrespectful and impossible to me. In time, I heard the cries of those who had been some of the victims of the ‘imperial’ brand of Christianity and felt deeply my own complicity. Somewhat fearfully, I began to embrace a sense of the sacred which was also ‘under construction’, still becoming. The “I AM WHO I AM” began to be for me the “I AM BECOMING WHO I AM BECOMING”.



Experiences of loss and companioning roads of tragedy replaced my all powerful, all knowing divine with a God who grieves and with whose tears we cry for one another. I am grateful to scholars and mentors who have offered me new understandings of Jesus. I have traveled from a road that proclaimed Jesus as THE way, THE truth, and THE life to a road that seeks in Jesus of Nazareth a story of human potential ... a window into the heart of God and a mirror into humanness at its best. In an ever evolving universe, my sense of the sacred is ever being constructed. Often I don’t even recognize the site or the materials until I have traveled some distance beyond the construction zone.

May these summer months be for each of us a time of reflection and a zone of construction. May we open to new experiences, new ideas, new images, new dreams and new relationships. May the spirit in whom we travel be with us and between us on the road where faith is ever and always ‘under construction’. Blessed be our summer journeys.

Warmly,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Nancy'.

Nancy Steeves