

Part II

It is a great adventure to contemplate the universe beyond man, to contemplate what it would be like without man, as it was in a great part of its long history and as it is in a great majority of places. When this objective view is finally attained, and the mystery and majesty of matter are fully appreciated, to then turn the objective eye back on man viewed as matter, to view life as part of this universal mystery of greatest depth, is to sense an experience which is very rare, and very exciting. It usually ends in laughter and a delight in the futility of trying to understand what this atom in the universe is, this thing – atoms with curiosity – that looks at itself and wonders why it wonders.

- Richard Feynman

Connecting the pieces

So, we have arrived at another beginning. The words offered here began as a movement to dissolve my own pictures of pictures. They continue as a movement to connect the pictures that are left once we've come to terms with our place in our story. We've seen the false pictures that divide us from the world and now take the view of a whole, interconnected reality as our point of beginning. *We are creating the world all together all the time.* And we've created a divided world so now we must begin putting the pieces back together. This is the story of climate change. It is not new, it has not come from nowhere, yet it seems like it arrived on our doorstep only yesterday. What happened?

To begin answering this question is not a straightforward matter. In fact the answer lies not in the end of a series of deliberations, it is more like the assembling of a map torn in little pieces or the piecing together of a thousand-piece puzzle. And, if we are to take seriously the fact that we constantly create the world together as individuals, there will be more than six billion maps or puzzles to put together. The map offered here is only one of the many maps, and by no means a complete picture of the entire landscape. But it is the only route I know through this territory, and all I have to offer is the views I found on the way and the short cuts and dead ends I encountered. The picture is complete only when you find your own footsteps somewhere along the trail. What brought me to this page was a glimpse of what lies beneath the fractured and frightening world that is going down the drain (the world of human order). All the while we are worrying about the state of the economy or the people who might hurt us, there is a world of exhilarating beauty unfolding right before our eyes. It is my hope that this piecing together of maps will offer such a glimpse, even if just for a second or two.

When you put together a jigsaw you try out many combinations of pieces, and you assemble different parts of the jigsaw into larger ones, before you finally put the last piece down. The same is the case with these words. I've found that I could not describe one area without making connections to other areas of my map. So the narrative is not linear but develops according to its own logic. I hope this will not obscure the story and that a clear picture will emerge as we go along.

For the moment we are in a completely dark room, so dark that we cannot make out any contours, we cannot even see our own nose. In fact it is so dark that we forget we have any bodily extension in this black place. We don't know if our eyes are open or closed, we don't even know if we have eyes. Take a

moment to go there... Suddenly there's a flash of white light, so strong that it is painful and we must turn away. And when we come back from the shock we see a small circle hovering in the air against a background of blackness. A tiny, perfect sphere of blue and white barely visible in the distance. As we move closer we can make out clouds and oceans and continents. We see the full beauty of the Earth suspended in the void.