

## GLIMPSE

### Interruptions and Invitations

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Everything about which I am going to relate to you is absolutely true, without varnish, garnish or exaggerations. Picture this please. I have just finished passing through the security check machine at the local airport. I was re-belted, re-shirted, re-sweatered, re-shoed, when I was bumped into ever so gently and a delightful young female voice apologized. I smiled and asked her for what exactly was she sorry. She replied that, well, she had interrupted my getting things arranged. I offered that I consider all interruptions nothing more than disguised invitations.

She laughed a little and told me she had never heard of anything like that. So I rattled on about the adventure of surprises and that kind of Jesuiting. When we both were again properly attired for air travel, she asked if she could accompany me to my gate and would I speak more about interruptions as invitations. She was going to a different gate, but we walked along, talking and laughing and when we arrived at my gate she grew silent for a moment and then asked me if I really believed what I had been sharing and if I really lived that way. I told her I tried, most times. With a little laugh she said, "Well that's good, because they just posted that your flight has been cancelled."

It does take humility to be surprised. We have our very important plans, schedules and conveniences. We usually have pretty good ideas about what will be the results of our rituals or expectations. There is a comfort in the predictable. Doing the same things and getting the same consequences is secure enough, if a bit boring, I suppose.

I do not believe that God creates surprises; I think life offers us many and with God's good grace, we find new life within them. Anger is a rather natural reaction to our plans being bumped into and our flights of self-security do get cancelled. There are those interruptions which are tragic and life-threatening or life-taking. I suggest that we prepare for living through and with those, by waiting to find out

to what we are invited when the little humbling plan-dashers don't even say that they're sorry. That airline provider has provided me many opportunities for practicing this interruptionality. They "do apologize" and thank us for our patience, with a sincerity bordering on the mechanical voice which announces floor-levels when riding the elevator.

We love being invited to the familiar, such as parties and other social activities. There are always going to be adventures and surprises hidden within every true encounter, because each person we happen to bump into is not mechanical, but mysterious and just might allow you to receive an invitation by surprising you with a new thought, an old memory or a snub, challenge, contradiction, or some other kind of interruption to your security. Anger is not the only reaction. Checking more humbly to what are you being invited. Here just might be more life up around the corner of your very human reaction. It is just a glimpse. Enjoy the flight, even if it's delayed.