

**CALL TO WORSHIP**  
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Every couple of months I take my mother to an eye doctor who carefully monitors the pressure in her eye to prevent damage from glaucoma. She's 86 and I'm pushing 60, and she still scolds me lovingly about wearing sunglasses to protect my own eyes from damage. So I finally got new glasses with lenses that screen out ultraviolet light.

All of this preventive medicine is fine, but the dimming of sight with age is inevitable for most of us. Nature may be wiser about this than we give her credit for. After 86 years, or even 60, haven't you seen pretty much everything? And as my favorite mythologist, Michael Meade, asks, do you really need to be able to recognize your exact grandchild? At your age, shouldn't you be wise enough to know that every child is grand? Just pick them up, one by one, and say "oh, you little sweetheart! Oh you little sweetheart! Oh you little sweetheart!" Eventually one of them will turn out to be yours, and anyway, by now you've lived long enough to claim all of them as yours.

As much as we do value our sight, vision is more important; and vision comes only by turning our gaze inward, looking deeply into our own hearts. This is the place where, even at 60 or even 86, there is still something radically new to be found. And it's not a bad place for explorations by 20-somethings either. What might we find waiting for us if we take this downward, inward journey? Come, let us live in the questions again today. Come, let us worship together.