

The interesting question is: Into what?

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"Incredible Things"

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Sister and little brother are walking along the sidewalk, her left foot forward (pink pull-ons and red socks), his right foot forward (golden colored slippers). Her right hand holds his left hand, making sure he is safe. Both wear blue shirts, short-sleeve. She with curly brown hair. He with curly yellow hair. They resemble miniature versions of Harpo Marx. Wildflowers and mulch line the sidewalk. You can see Mickey Mouse's yellow shoes sticking out from her left hand. His right arm is blissfully pudgy, the satisfying joy of chubby elbows and wrists. His pants bulge from the diaper. The sky is cobalt blue. The crisp shadow in front of them mirrors their linked hands.

Mommy trails and snaps the photograph. It may seem they are walking away from mommy, which they are, though they also are walking forward. They are pressing on ahead, together. As they should. They will make the journey together. They may be walking now but not for long. Soon they will be running toward the adventure and there shape their future.

Three years ago sister traveled via mommy's womb. Then she traveled by infant snuggle carrier. Next came the stroller. For us, when our littles were so very young, it was an old-fashioned English perambulator. Sister and little brother's incautious steps and tumbles quickly followed, until, feeling secure and safe, walking was eventually mastered. Jumping too. Dancing too. Freed for something wonderful. There's no stopping them. As it should be. It's not as if they are walking away so much as they are walking toward. The interesting question is: Into what?

We received a glimpse of what sister and brother are walking toward courtesy of the Webb space telescope and its incredible things. What earth-shaking perspectives and wonders, life's magnificent magnitude! From womb of God to cosmic birth, our universe is 13.6 billion years old. Webb's magic mirror sees stellar nurseries. It sees light from 13.5 billion years ago. It sees into the atmospheric composition of exoplanets and already has told us how one exoplanet, 11 thousand light years away, has clouds and steam. New stars, never before seen, are seen. New horizons.

Imagine the discoveries yet to come, questions yet to ask. "Romper, bomper, stomper, boo. Tell me, tell me, tell me do. Magic mirror, tell me today. Did all my friends have fun at play?"

What will we discover about ourselves? For the Webb telescope's photographs make us look at ourselves. We see no room in this universe for a world where our children are prevented, tripped, limited, betrayed from moving forward into a remarkable world of remarkable wonders, a world of incredible things.

I trust they walk toward a universe of vast wonders. For two months now the public has been shown by patriotic witnesses incredible, bias-shaking facts. We've gained clearer perspective. And America is rejecting flabby, fascist Donald along with Trumpism and all the violence and hatred it feeds on. Don't you dare scapegoat this spoiled brat. He's your creation. How do you inherit the wind? You troubleth your own house. Proverbs 11:29. Obsolete Trumpism already is whirling down into the cesspool of history. We walk away from those opportunists with their corrupt conspiracy fetishes who fish through

a hole in the bottom of their boat. Humanity requires something kinder, wiser, generous, selfless. We reject a world infested by black-shirted Oath Keepers or brown-shirted Proud Boys, these pathetic termites. Don't cry, little boys. We the people know what to be proud of. I'm Calvinistic enough to doubt utopias can ever be achieved, but I'm devout enough to reject that we are fated to live the dystopian future they want to impose on us.

Riddle me ree, what do I see? I see sister and brother looking at gas pumps the way we look at pay phones. I see them mystified that we relied on kidney dialysis rather than regenerate the diseased organ. I see them baffled at how people once thought there were different races and how they exploited this ignorance to separate humanity. I see them laughing at our despairing and cynical predictions of doom.

Consider today this my peculiar version of Ray Bradbury's short story, "The Toynbee Convector." I too have time traveled and seen the future, the same as Bradbury's inventor, and I too have returned to tell you that these two children, and yours too, are walking toward a world that is abundant, full of promise and goodwill. We simply have to believe it to make it so.