



# The View from the Cross

David Newton Baker

The Cross is the nexus of many streams of power. It stretches upward toward ultimate mystery and a transcendent source of values. It is planted in the earth that all men and women walk upon and which feeds them with unbranded manna. Its arms reach east and west around the world. It is the vantage point from which to see mothers, brothers, sisters, thieves, religious elitists, those with ephemeral power, the homeless, the refugees of political and religious persecution, you, me and our arch-enemies.

The man on the cross is pinned to this intersection of realities, held up between heaven and earth for everyone to see, for everyone to ponder and, for everyone who will, to ponder more deeply by imagining what that view from the cross would be like for them. For most, it would be a view through eyes of anger, self-pity, judgement and contempt. But by some miracle, the man on the cross sees through eyes cleared of all this. All he sees is us. He looks right through the sham of our lives, our words, our politics, our religion, our need to dominate and our need to be right.

He demonstrates that these two worlds, the one above and the one below, are not disconnected as they often appear to be. Indeed, they intersect in the very center of the cross, the heart of all realities, revealing that the many are one and the one are many.

This Genius of Love cares nothing about either political correctness or religious correctness—only Correctness, that is, the Union of the two realities which, at the moment of crucifixion, seem to tear him apart, yet, in the world beyond politics and religion, he makes one. When he shows us this At-One-Ment in his own body, he points us toward what is truly the case and therefore shows us how at odds we are with the true essence of All. And in showing us how far off the mark we are, he gives us the opportunity to realign ourselves with the view from the cross.

To be aligned with both the essence of all things and with the messy business on earth would, in a perfect world be the loving union of the transcendent and immanent; of values beyond space-time and the mundane work of men and women in the process of becoming more perfectly aligned in that union with the transcendent and with one another.

This is the deep reality that our foolish family fights about at the edges of the cross because we have lost track of the center, the nexus of heaven and earth. The tiny squabble over the separation of church and state is rooted in this most astonishing reality and that is why the arguments carry such voltage. The answer is to move toward the Center—not the delicate and ephemeral political center of compromise, but to the Center of all things where our best lives await.

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