

**2003-10-5**  
**The Time Machine**  
**Mark Belletini**



There are many branches in the Tree of Life,  
and we are among them.

Blest art you, Mystery, that the Tree of Life exists at all, for

be both circle and line. (Such) perception can literally change the end of the story.

**The Second Reading** *is a Yom Kippur reading by the Jewish poet of worship prayers, Ruth Brin.*

### **The Tree Trimmer**

Dangling from a leather sling in the oak, the tree trimmer, high in the swaying tree  
reaches out to saw away a branch.  
It leaves a staring eye when it drops,  
a round white eye on the tree trunk.

now, which grabbed hold of my imagination. It was the very clear ideas he put forth about time.

For example, I found his idea of “the four dimensions” quite convincing. “Everything,” he said, “has length, width, breadth, and... duration.” His reasoning about time travel made sense to me. “Just as a train helps us to travel the length of the world, or a balloon lifts higher than our own height, so my time machine can move me along the dimension of time longer than my own duration.”

H. G. Wells described the wonderful time machine quite

But ya know, it's mostly the fantastic stories I remember. The wonderful tales that stand out from the rest. When I look over my own life, I simply do not remember the Tuesdays when I sort the laundry, or the stroll I take to Lazarus on Thursday to buy socks. I do not fondly dredge up the memory of the shelf where they keep the canned black beans down at Kroger's, or the number of gallons of gas I pumped into my car at 11 PM on a cool Wednesday night in October.

No, I remember first the fantastic stories: the day I first fell

that the time machine stories that came after H.G. Wells had  
invented the ge



I say it did happen.

economic. Everyone in this room moves to rhythms larger than our own selves. Not one of us is fully co

context of what happened, so he can begin to restore relationship, not just with this person he hurt, but all persons, including first and foremost, himself. For, hurting others hurts us.

Please understand me. I am not talking about taking down all boundaries here. Drawing *more*

wonderful image, when a branch drops off. It's *that* eye  
which has the power to see th

turn from all the promises I made  
because of pressure or praise.  
I turn from all the promises I made  
because of shame or guilt.  
I turn from all the promises I made  
because of habit, custom or confusion.  
Gone they are, vanished, like autumn  
leaves blowing in the wind.