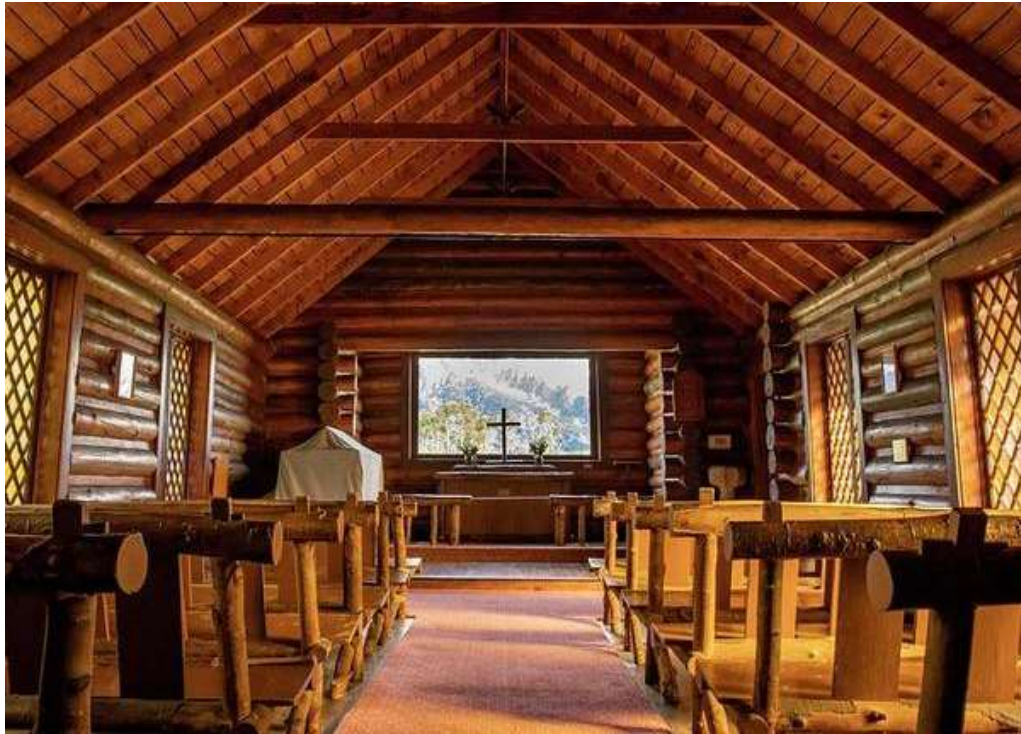


Imaging the Word

As we come together this Sunday to celebrate the Transfiguration of Christ on the mountaintop, I offer for your reflection not a painting or drawing, but an instance of architecture--the [Chapel of the Transfiguration](#), in Grand Teton National Park, in the community of Moose, WY.



The Chapel, built in 1925, is owned and operated by St. John's Episcopal Church in Jackson, and is built as a small log cabin, with pews also made of undressed logs.



What catches one's attention most strongly about the chapel, though, is its location, affording the spectacular views of the Teton Mountain Range. In fact, the window behind the altar, which in your typical church depicts a biblical scene in stained glass, here frames instead a view of the 'Cathedral Group' of peaks.



More than simply providing a gorgeous view, the decision to have an open view to the mountains can be taken as a theological statement. Namely, that, in light of the church's dedication to Christ's Transfiguration, the designers intended to invite worshippers and visitors alike to contemplate how the glory of God shines through not just Jesus on Mount Tabor, but through the whole of God's creation: "Holy , Holy, Holy is the Lord of hosts, the whole earth is full of his glory" (Isaiah 6:3). What does it mean for us as children of God to recognize and to honor God's glory *in all creation*?



"Our ordinary experiences of beauty are given to us to provide a clue to give us a starting point, a signpost, from which we move on to recognize, to glimpse, to be overwhelmed by, to adore, and so to worship, not just the majesty, but the beauty of God himself."

N. T. Wright, *For All God's Worth: True Worship and the Calling of the Church*

God's Grandeur

BY GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;

It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil
Crushed. Why do men then now not reckon his rod?
Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;
And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;
And wears man's smudge and shares man's smell: the soil
Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.

And for all this, nature is never spent;
There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;
And though the last lights off the black West went
Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs —
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.