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Taken from *The Seamless Life* by Steven Garber.

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Published by InterVarsity Press,  
Downers Grove, IL. [www.ivpress.com](http://www.ivpress.com)





forward for everyone who wanted a home there. He had eyes to see the sorrow that came with his coming, compounded by the sorrow that was already present in the centuries of aggression and violence of “the first nations” of California, and that too is the history.

Some time ago, I publicly reflected on these early years of what we now know as California, lingering for a while over its capital city, Sacramento, on my way to an argument for a sacramental vision of life and learning and labor, speaking first to a gathering of folks in the church and the marketplace, and then to a university faculty. Pointedly, I observed that in the generation after Serra, the Spanish captain Gabriel Moraga explored the hills on the eastern side of the great bay, what we now know as Oakland and Berkeley, wondering what might be beyond. With his soldiers, they found a great valley graced by the great mountains we now call the Sierra Nevada, full of flowers and trees, birds and fish, sunshine and blue sky, exclaiming, “Es como el sagrado sacramento!” *is is as beautiful as the holy sacrament!*

From that amazing moment, we have the city of Sacramento, capital of California—and so in my lectures in San Diego and Los Angeles, I chose to begin with the history that still shapes the people and their place. One cannot make sense of California in the twenty-first century without remembering to remember its missional history. The architecture itself tells the tale, with clay-tile roofs almost everywhere, adobe-colored buildings in cities small and large, and bells and more bells ringing through the generations across the Golden State, “Es como el sagrado sacramento!”

Not surprisingly, I spent my time working out a way of seeing seamlessly, which I argued was only possible if we see “sacramentally.” Drawing on the biblical tradition, as well as the work of the contemporary French philosopher Simone Weil, I wanted my audience to understand that dualisms of every sort betray us because

we imagine a chasm between heaven and earth that does not exist, seeing some things as “sacred” and some things not. We think that worship and work are fundamentally different—one being more important to God than the other, one being “spiritual” and one being “secular.” Rather, if our truest vocation is the imitation of Christ, the very image of God, we see that everyone and everything matters, sacramental as it all is, holy as it must be. In a thousand ways our human experience of life in the world should be a window into the mystery and wonder of the reality of heaven touching the reality of earth, a “sacrament” so to speak, if we have eyes that see.

And that is always the issue for us, frail, fallen human beings that we are. Do we have eyes that see? Father Serra did, naming his missions after sainted folk, remembering them in hope for what might be. Captain Moraga did too, naming his moment with the grace of the holy sacrament, seeing even and especially the small things of life as holy. Ordinary people in ordinary places they were, but each had eyes to see more meaning written into the meaning of who they were and what they did.

That is our task too, ordinary people that we are, living in the ordinary places that are ours, called to see all of life sacramentally, understanding our vocations as signposts for a more coherent world where things that are real and true and right are woven into the fabric of the world—eating and drinking, worshiping and working, loving and living—seamlessly connecting the world that is with the world that someday will be.

With the mess that is mine—with the horrors of history that we bear, with the sorrows that sometimes overwhelm—I live my life for that.

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