

Imagine a Place Like: **SwimAndPray.com**

Imagine a place where you can be formed in exactly the way Grace always meant for you to be—and for all our neighbors to be so as well—as the one community at peace we were ALWAYS meant to be—TOGETHER.

A place where formation does not mean everybody becoming the same.

Quite the opposite.

A place where each of us may become more completely the particular human being Grace has always been calling us to be...

while, mysteriously, all of us become more capable of belonging to one another.

That is part of what we are imagining SwimAndPray.com to be.

And much of it begins very simply.

With people like you subscribing to our Founders Circle.

With water.

With music.

With stories.

With prayer.

With people returning again and again.

Every day we swim together, there is another opportunity to listen.

To remember.

To wonder.

To keep groking.

To pray.

To laugh.

To notice something we did not notice yesterday.

And then to leave the water just a little more capable of following Jesus more closely in whatever we may do, wherever we may go...

right on the streets where we live.

The music will change.

Today it may begin with:

I HAVE DECIDED TO FOLLOW JESUS.

Tomorrow Grace may give us another theme entirely.

And another after that.

The soundtracks may arise organically from the life of the place, the season, the people, the stories we are living, and the good work that seems to be calling us farther along.

But underneath them all will remain a common architecture.

The 4EVER! architecture.

The 25 stories of the whole Rosary Prayer Cycle set to music.

Then number 26, the Hail Holy Queen surrogate song.

Then the 27th entry, the musical 4EVER! Tesseract that fits it all into the context of eternity in our own minds.

Then the Missive 12.

Not merely a playlist structure.

A formation structure.

The 25 give us STORY.

Human stories.

Sacred stories.

Stories of joy and sorrow.

Loss and finding.

Failure and mercy.

Death and resurrection.

Ordinary human lives becoming strangely luminous when seen from farther along.

Then comes the HAIL.

The turn toward mercy.

And beneath the whole architecture lies something far older than any agentic technology we might use to deliver it.

The Rosary.

Because the deepest backward-chaining technology in this whole system is no technology at all.

It is the ancient 25/6/7 STORIES/HAIL/META-STORY architecture of the Rosary.

The mysteries give us stories through which to contemplate each of our lives in light of a life well-lived.

The Hail turns us again toward Grace.

And the META-STORY allows every story we have heard—and every story we ourselves are living—to be interpreted from farther along...

Perhaps even from a vantage point where time shall tick—and tears shall drop—NO MORE.

What does this moment mean if resurrection is real?

What does this grief mean if mercy gets the final word?

What does this stranger who needs our assistance of MERCY mean if we truly are members of one another?

What does today's suffering look like from the far side of reconciliation?

What does my little story become when I discover that it was never merely mine?

And each of our interpretations can remain absolutely individual, and yet mysteriously unifying in our shared purpose for working together for good.

The song that opens one person's heart may pass almost unnoticed by another.

One mystery may summon an old memory in me and an entirely different memory in you.

One person may hear courage.

Another repentance.

Another consolation.

Another laughter.

Another nothing much at all today.

That is not only permitted... it's expected... as part of being human on this mortal coil.

This is what we all experience as human family members, because this existential empathetic response is what makes us most human, indeed.

This is also what made Jesus divinely most human of us all when he dwelt with us as Emanuel—GOD WITH US.

Because unity does not require identical interpretation—just as the Day of Pentecost teaches us.

It merely requires us to make ourselves available for merciful service and open to the small, still, sometimes almost inaudible voice of God's All-Sufficient Grace.

Grace which forms each of our individual human consciousnesses through exactly the meanings, memories, mirth, wounds, joys, questions, and surprises that belong to each particularly formed—and uniquely bent—one of us.

And still...

mysteriously...

all those utterly individual backward chains in each of our minds can draw us all closer toward one another—AS ONE.

And increase our Reachability among each other as humans... as the best and highest experiences of the MERCY OF JESUS for one another overall that we can possibly be.

Just as the Spirit of God has always meant us to be...

Moving evermore toward ONE BODY.

In uno corpore.

As the ONE TRUE BAPTIZED REMEMBERED ANOINTED AND SENT OUT TO HEAL
BODY OF CHRIST.

There are at least three horizons in that formation.

There is NOW.

The life you and I are actually, individually living today.

The neighbor standing before me.

The mercy I am capable of offering—or receiving—before bedtime.

Then there is the horizon of my own death.

The point from which each of our particular stories can—perhaps—finally be seen as a
beautiful, mosaic whole rather than as merely a disconnected series of lonely and
ruggedly lived individual pages in time—at random at best.

And farther along still lies the horizon at the end of all time...

when perhaps all our individual stories can finally be understood together—and
ultimately backward chained by all our minds and bodies and hearts and souls into an
infinitely forward-chaining EVERMORE GLORIOUS WHOLE.

A whole that perhaps shall never cease enlivening us into the infinity of hope which the
face of GRACE HAS SIMPLY ALWAYS MEANT US TO BE—even as Elohim has always
meant our existence to be—4EVER!

Not to be dissolved into a lukewarm sameness.

Not to be stripped of our peculiar faces by the face of Grace.

But to be revealed as belonging somehow to one great story of Mercy on the whole.

Absolutely individual.

Mysteriously unifying.

And unified.

ULTIMATELY ONE... HALLELUJAH!

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And then comes the Missive 12.

The exit music.

The keepgroking.com benediction.

The sending forth of us into fields already white for the harvest we were always meant to help gather into the storehouse of all Grace.

So that we might harvest all who wait for our help by our mercy and bring them back to the chapel—the temple, the ashram, the mosque, or wherever we find the strength of our common faith in Mercy—with us to be sent out with us to bring an ever-growing bundle of sheaves in with us as the first fruits of our love for the Lord God Elohim on High.

Not twelve songs telling everybody precisely what to do next.

Something gentler.

Something freer.

Something more like the personal glimmer of the flickering flame of a Paraclete, a quiet candle in the wind that guides us home—even in the storms of strife—because that infinitely steady flame of light and life refuses to be blown out.

The Missive 12 as a whole becomes the way Grace may begin glimmering each one of us forward in a mysteriously coordinated way—as we all are spurred on together—simply because Grace serves us all as a strangely attractive force for good along whatever pathways may lie farther along—not only for us each individually but also for us all together as one army of Grace meting out mercy to the most needy wherever we may go.

One person may hear a summons to reconcile.

Another to feed somebody.

Another to build.

Another to forgive.

Another to call home—and go home—for good.

Another simply to stay beside someone who should not have to stand alone.

Different pathways.

Different lives.

Different gifts.

But perhaps all bending toward the same good.

Toward mercy.

Toward service.

Toward the least of our neighbors.

Toward one another.

Toward Jesus cloaking himself in the needs of our neighbors as he said he would in Matthew 25—waiting for us to back up the words of our faith, our Credo, with our valiant actions of loving kindness—IRL... right on the streets where we live.

And so we are sent into the streets where we live.

We are sent into our various neighborhoods TO LOVE AND SERVE OUR LORD MERCY by giving our best to the least of our neighbors.

FOR NOW.

NOT FOR LATER.

FOR THE HERE AND NOW THAT STANDS PATENTLY BEFORE OUR GAPING EYES.

THANKS BE TO GOD!!!

Because FOR NOW matters.

FOR NOW always matters most.

We are not finished.

We are never “done” with the work God has given us by his Countenance of Grace.

Tomorrow comes.

And, God willing, we return.

We swim again.

We hear the songs.

We swim along with them as the story of life—at least as we understand it for now...

AND simultaneously as it becomes for us...

Today's ancient-future rendition of:

The Prayer of the Holy Queen of Grace.

So...

We pray again.

We encounter another soundtrack.

We notice another glimmer.

We discover that a story we thought we understood yesterday has somehow become new today.

And through that repetition, we practice following.

Not repetition as stagnation.

Repetition as formation.

We Return.

We Swim.

We Listen.

We Remember.

We Pray.

We Keep Groking.

We Laugh.

We Help.

We COMMIT to being sent.

We return again... for each day has new troubles AND SOLUTIONS that require both our unique individual and our unified-as-possible response—IRL.

And perhaps with every cycle we are made just a little more capable of recognizing Jesus wherever he has been waiting for us all along—Matthew 25 style.

In the hungry neighbor.

In the lonely neighbor.

In the difficult neighbor.

In the joyful neighbor.

In the person who helps us.

In the person we are given the privilege to help.

In ourselves.

In one another.

And slowly perhaps eating Chickenjoy at the Jollibee becomes swimming.

Then...

Swimming becomes praying.

Praying becomes helping.

Helping becomes mercy.

Mercy becomes community.

And community becomes We the People, We the Merciful who are committed to increasingly becoming more capable of being Mercy and Peace for one another as Grace has always meant us to be—working together for the greater good of us all, wherever we may go.

With Meaning.

With Mercy.

With Mirth.

Magnified.

In the communion—as one body—as a bunch of otherwise unwieldy human spirits—  
**MADE ONE.**

Not merely folks who consume nor things to be consumed.

But things, people, hopes and dreams—unifying embodiments of the Holy Spirit—  
BECOME AS ONE!

And perhaps, farther along, we'll discover that all these individual acts of becoming  
have been creating something larger of and by and with us all through all the moments  
we have shared, even when we were apparently apart.

Perhaps we are becoming:

The Collectively Refreshing ICED-T™ that Grace has always meant us to be—  
TOGETHER.

Not perfected individuals standing separately.

But... a refreshingly Diversegent™ body of one.

Different individuals.

Different ingredients.

Different stories.

Different gifts.

Different pathways.

Held together.

In the spirit of Kadayawan.

Given to one another.

Poured out for the world.

By a simple playlist we compile at Spotify and then swim to as we pray.

Not that Spotify must become to us some sort of sacred agentic technology—of  
course not.

Spotify is simply a useful technology that plays coordinated playlists of music for us.

Full stop.

It can help us sequence.

Recommend.

Discover.

Remember.

And Repeat.

But Spotify does not create the meaning.

The human heart encounters the music and brings the back-chaining, forward-looking mental acuity that brings our playlists meaning.

The Rosary gives us a way of interpreting the story as we hear it in real time.

Grace supplies the strange attraction.

Community gives us somewhere to embody what we are learning by our good works prepared for us from before the creation of the heavens and earth—at least as we know them.

And TO HELP MERCY ABOUND is the motto that gives our whole mission of peace its direction for us all.

That's the formation we imagine ourselves to be fostering at:

**SwimAndPray.com**

Not programming people.

Not manufacturing agreement.

Not forcing everybody into one interpretation of one song, one story, one life, or even one moment.

Instead:

We are creating a place where people can come near enough to water, story, beauty, prayer, service—and one another—yet a place where Grace has room enough to do what Grace has always done.

To form each of us particularly.

Imagine a Place Like: **SwimAndPray.com**

To form all of us communally.

And to send us back into ordinary life just a little more capable of divinely following Jesus than when we last arrived.

Again.

And again.

And again.

4EVER!

Or, at least for this moment—in the best way we can...

FOR NOW.

Until tomorrow.

When we shall come back to swim again.

And pray.

And listen.

And keep groking.

And laugh.

And help.

And perhaps—one ordinary day at a time—become the one community at peace we were always meant to be...

TOGETHER.

Right on the streets where we live.

TO HELP MERCY ABOUND.

Nothing more, and nothing less at:

**SwimAndPray.com**