

## SACRED MOMENTS

In Sacred Space we have often published information on the nature of healing, and in this regular series contributors will illustrate from their experience those healing moments when barriers and boundaries slip away moments of insight and learning about spirituality that may remain with us forever. As has often been said in this journal, all time and all things are sacred, but sometimes we get a glimpse of that sacredness that is perhaps a little more intense, a little more focused than others. This series is not intended to be scholarly or authoritative, just illuminations of moments when we may glimpse a little of the mystery, sacredness and the richness in our individual human experience the connection between spirituality and healing moments. The editor welcomes contributions from readers for this section of the journal.

Turning the radio down.

Paul M. Wishart<sup>\*1, \*2</sup>

When I was quite a bit younger than I am now, and hadn't been driving for more than a couple of years, I got the car stuck in the snow at my parents' camp. I had driven off the beaten track in to the camp. I was spinning my tires and figured I was firmly stuck, going nowhere. My father must have heard my "story" from the kitchen, with the whine of the tires spinning. He came out and I moved over to the passenger seat. He got into the driver's seat (a place that I must confess he liked to be in, as I do). He told me that the first thing I should do is turn the radio off. That was too much for me. Of all the things he could tell me about getting the car out of the rut it was in, I thought that this was the lamest piece of information he could have passed on to me. (I wasn't listening). My father turned the radio off and put the transmission into reverse. He gave the car just enough gas to start it moving backwards ever so slightly, just up out of the rut a bit. Before the tires lost their slight traction, he put the brakes on to hold the car. He then let the car slip forward, gave it some gas and the car was out of the rut without anyone pushing. It was almost as if it hadn't been stuck. My father must have detected my earlier cynicism about turning the radio off because he took the time to explain to me why it was so important. He said that if the radio was on, it was difficult to hear and feel the point just before the tires were going to lose traction. As long as you could have a feel for this, you had a much greater chance of getting the car out of the rut it was in. A correlate of this might be that if you get stuck and really get frustrated and just spin your tires, you will only make the trench that you are in that much deeper and more difficult to get out.

Reflecting on this lesson my father passed on by example these many years ago, I am touched by the wisdom that my father passed on to me. I have found that what he was trying to tell me was not just about getting the car out of the snow when it was stuck. It was a lesson about listening; really listening to what is going on around me and within me.

- \*1 Paul M. Wishart, PhD, MA.  
President, Spirituality Research Institute (Sri) Inc.  
Calgary, AB  
Canada T3A 4M1  
Phone: (403) 208-3431  
E-mail: [pmwishart@SpiritualityResearchInstitute.ca](mailto:pmwishart@SpiritualityResearchInstitute.ca)
- \*2 Paul M. Wishart, PhD, MA.  
Adjunct Assistant Professor, Department of Surgery,  
Faculty of Medicine, University of Calgary,  
Calgary, AB  
Canada T2N 2T9  
Phone: (403) 944-1697  
Fax: (403) 270-8409  
E-mail: [paul.wishart@calgaryhealthregion.ca](mailto:paul.wishart@calgaryhealthregion.ca)