

# Ode to Oriel

---

*Source:* <http://sci.tech-archive.net/Archive/sci.geo.geology/2009-03/msg00017.html>

---

- *From:* don findlay <[don@xxxxxxxxxxxxx](mailto:don@xxxxxxxxxxxxx)>
  - *Date:* Sat, 7 Mar 2009 17:02:07 -0800 (PST)
- 

I went down to the sea last night (I'm sure Jonathon's Emily's got lots to say about the seaside), and watched the sun set. Warm day, balmy breeze, .. a clear patch of blue beneath some cloud on the horizon that let the sun burst through just on setting,

.... and thought, "How did they do it, ..I mean, really \*do\* it, .. ... way back then, .. think that it wasn't the sun setting at all that was happening, but me, falling backwards off my seat with the planet turning.? Falling, .. but not falling.."

But not so much even that, .. the intellectual 'knowing', ..as the mindblowing struggle for the ordinary, to come to terms what it \*really meant\* in terms of understanding, ... this immeasurably big blob of stone, covered in water, hanging in the sky, ... turning.. When everything before was nice and flat, .. and easy...

A five year old today can easily understand that 'intellectually', and take it in its stride, but surely back then, at the time, it would have taken a savant of the highest, to come up with that one. I mean, ..what astounding \*leaps\* of intuition were there! And would have been called a nut for sure. Even then, ...watching the sun go down, .. and the immensity of what was unfolding in that disappearing light, and trying to think yourself back into the shoes that did it, .. that was a tremendously humbling experience. And the price that was paid to get there ( I mean here.) Now they're looked on as old bachel, ..heaped in the corner of history. That's the difference between knowing and understanding, the hacked and worn, ... everybody's hand-me-down cracked old bachel (..take one off the pile anytime, no need to try it for size, ..one size fits all), .. ...or Cinderella's diamond-studded slipper of shimmering gold and crystal, just for you, .. provided you turn up at midnight (or sunset) for that bewitching instant of understanding.

And so we have it, ..geology, .. the setting sun, ... whilst the Real Deal is actually falling backwards off its seat, ..but never seen to commit this trick.

( Emily? Has Emily got a poem for Oriel? )

