
Good Morning, Atlanta!

**An article for the *Cathedral Times*
by the Rev. Canon Ashley Carr**

We live 8.4 miles from the Cathedral of St. Philip. When people find out where I work or live, they often ask about my commute. It can take anywhere from 25 to 90 minutes depending on the day and time, and, sure, that can get long, but a balanced mix of good music and God's wild and wonderful presence often makes it a nice ride.

You should know that the first thing I try to do (hear me say try) when I open my eyes each morning is center myself with these words: Thy will be done. A reminder to let myself see and make space for God's will in my own heart and in the world around me. Some days, I can hear it blaring and glaring in front of me, and other days I really really can't.

Nevertheless, I try to search for God's will on my commute to the greatest job of all time.

The car is a container for good vibes. There's a delicious beverage, and the seats are either warming or cooling, and the music selections are perfectly tailored to the mood. Through the miracle of GPS, I am often whisked through the city on a variety of efficient paths, but the time and fuel saved play second fiddle in my heart to the unraveling of God's will along the way.

Sunday mornings are probably the best ride of the week. I leave early in an effort to beat Salmooni to church (I always lose). Because Sunday morning traffic usually flows, I take the interstate. The Gold Dome, and all it holds, powerfully welcomes me downtown. It often happens that as I crawl around the Grady Curve on 75 North, the sun peeks over the horizon, bouncing boldly off the windows of hotels and office buildings. God, thy will be done.

In the orange and pink light of dawn, I pass by those who sleep in tents by the interstate. There in the shadows, I can see them packing up to move on for the day before the authorities arrive and make their departure a bit less relaxed. God, thy will be done.

I watch as headlights and streetlights flicker off leaving the sun to do its work, bringing light to the darkness in our city. Oh, I love this city. Teeming with possibility, Atlanta is waking up. God, thy will be done.

In those hospitals that hug the interstate, lives will be saved, babies born, and unimaginable grief will clutch undeserving souls. In office buildings, the overworked stumble in early on a Sunday to catch up. Down below, the hourly workers will clean up from the night's debauchery. God, thy will be done.

I take the Northside Drive exit so that I can ride by the Bobby Jones golf course. There, over the heads of the fitness fiends, I can see that city I've just crawled through in all her lightness and all of her darkness. Weaving in and out of the silhouettes of the buildings, there is a sky show that cannot be anything other than God's will, done.

After 8.4 miles, I round the bend on Peachtree Road to see the belltower at the Cathedral of St. Philip. Past the beautiful homes of Peachtree Battle Avenue, the sidewalk sleepers, so many people exercising, hospitals, flat tires, schools, stores, lost and found souls, there it is—a House of Prayer for all People. It's a sure sign of the way that God's will scoops up and welcomes in all kinds of kinds. God, thy will be done.

Whatever each day brings, and whether we see it or not, God's will abounds before us. In the ordinary and the extraordinary, God's will teaches, guides, and unveils. There is plenty that bogs me down, but I know for sure that my days are best when I can open up to trust and see what God is doing.

Now, for the afternoon drive home—God, thy will be done.

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