

Hypersonic Hallelujahs

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The soul of an engineer asks, how far is the satellite from the observer on earth, based on the altitude and the azimuth? How far can a soul wing its way towards God while praying *lectio divina*, the divine

meditation on a pericope about eagles or angels, while singing a psalm about the speed of light? How about the trailing edge of a wing at its rear, gracefully curved airfoil with an invisible stream?

And what of the angular velocity of lofty ideas—how far can a helium balloon float before it hums? And what would be its song; why would it sing? Can humans build an elevator to Alpha Centauri,

the closest star system in proximity to our sun? Can we tunnel to the center of the earth? If we do, would we float, swim, or burn in gravity's heart? What do our blueprints say about our civilizations—

engineers yearning for elegant solutions in design, the dreamers of skyward imaginations, heavenly in their hypersonic hallelujahs of the Holy Spirit? Freefall or not, an engineer rejoices in the flight.