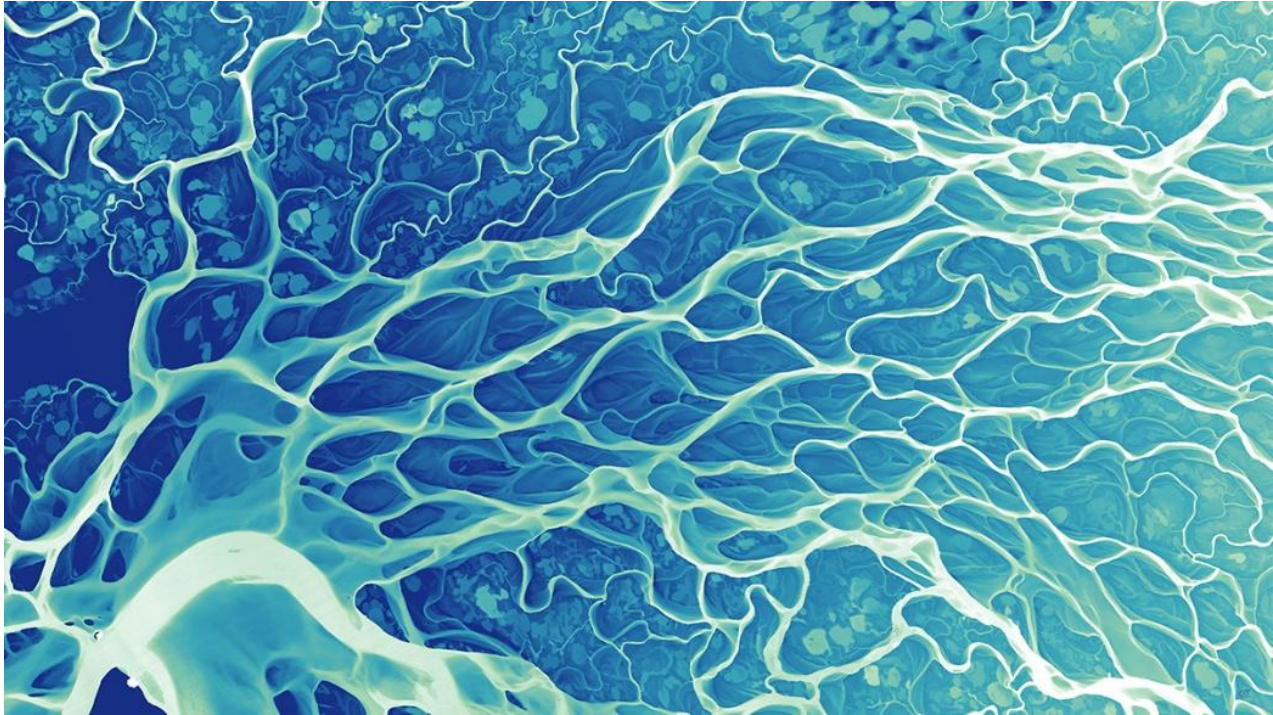


## Is Truth Inexhaustible?



I've been engaging in some fascinating conversations over on Substack with Darryl, Paige and Alison about the nature of truth, our capacity to receive it, and how we engage with it.

For much of my life, I have unconsciously assumed that truth was something rather like an object: something "out there" waiting to be discovered, mapped, and understood. Science's search for a Grand Unified Theory of Everything perhaps reflects the same impulse—a hope that reality might ultimately be reduced to a single, elegant formulation.

Lately, however, I have begun to wonder whether we may be chasing a chimera.

In these recent conversations, my understanding of truth has shifted. Rather than appearing as an object waiting to be found, truth seems increasingly to reveal itself through relationship, dialogue, and inquiry.

At first, I thought we were uncovering something that already existed, like archaeologists brushing away layers of dust to reveal a buried artefact.

But on reflection, that doesn't quite capture what happened.

It felt more as though something emerged through the conversation itself. In the cut and thrust of questioning, responding, reflecting, and refining, new formulations appeared that none of us might have arrived at independently. The conversation became part of the seeing.

I don't mean that we were creating truth out of nothing. Nor do I mean that truth is merely subjective—your truth and my truth.

What emerged felt like a genuine resonance with reality at the level we were exploring. Yet that resonance seemed to require relationship in order to become visible.

Indeed, these conversations became the catalyst for this essay. Not as an articulation of a final truth, but as an invitation to further inquiry. Another surface for reflection, challenge, and exchange. Another opportunity to see what emerges when ideas encounter one another.

And the more I reflect on this, the more I wonder whether truth may be relational all the way down.

Even solitary contemplation is a form of relationship: self and world, awareness and experience, question and mystery.

Perhaps truth does not simply sit waiting to be discovered. Perhaps it continually reveals itself through the encounters we have—with one another, with the world, with ideas, and with life itself: when we are curious enough to go looking for it.

This might explain why the same book can affect us so differently at different stages of life. The words remain unchanged, yet new meanings emerge. The truth is neither wholly contained within the text nor wholly created by the reader. It arises in the meeting between them.

Perhaps this is because truth is not a static thing at all. A book may contain wisdom, insight, and possibility, but the truth it points towards only becomes alive in the moment it is encountered. Unread, it remains potential. Read, it enters into relationship with a living consciousness and something new becomes possible.

The words themselves do not change, yet what they reveal can change dramatically. The same passage can seem trivial at one stage of life and profoundly illuminating at another. Not because the truth has altered, but because the relationship between the reader and the text has changed.

In that sense, truth is always alive in the present moment. Even when preserved in ancient texts, it only becomes meaningful through a living encounter. The words may have been written centuries ago, but the truth they reveal is always discovered now.

A butterfly pinned to a sheet ceases to be a butterfly in any real sense.

And you cannot capture the essence of a river in a bucket of water.

The water in the bucket is real. It tells us something true about the river. But the river is more than the water. It is the flow.

Perhaps truth is something like that.

Every formulation captures something genuine. Every insight reveals an aspect of reality. Yet the living movement through which truth continually reveals itself can never be fully contained within any single theory, philosophy, or worldview.

The more I explore this possibility, the more I find myself wondering whether the Grand Unified Theory is itself a kind of myth. Not a falsehood, but a powerful story that keeps us searching for a final formulation capable of encompassing everything.

What if reality is not like that?

What if truth is less like a completed structure and more like a rough diamond whose facets reveal themselves through relationship?

Each perspective illuminates something real. Each encounter reveals another aspect. Each conversation brings previously unseen connections into view. None exhaust the whole, yet each contributes something valuable.

In that sense, understanding may grow less through the construction of a unified theory and more through the gradual weaving of a living network of insights, experiences, and ways of seeing.

Not a fixed structure.

A living ecology.

The older I get, the less interested I become in certainty. Indeed, the more I appreciate the value of not-knowing. Not-knowing creates space. It loosens the grip of fixed formulations and allows something new to emerge. It leaves room for surprise, for discovery, and for the possibility that reality may always be larger than our descriptions of it.

And it seems to me that it is often through relationship that these new truths become visible.

Not the bucket.

The river.

Which leaves me with a question:

Is truth inexhaustible?

Thank you for your participation and engagement on Substack: Darryl Gray of Pragmatic Harmonism, Paige – Metabolizing Reality and Alison King