

Journey and the Joy!

Volume 8 Issue 1

Spring 2006

We are women of Faith bonded
in the spirit of Carmel desiring
to live out Gospel values
through our commitment to an
apostolic Life of Prayer and to
the development of a
Community of Love.

Carmel
In The
Heartland



Journey and the Joy is a spiritual quarterly published by the Carmelite Nuns of Eldridge, Iowa. The mission of *Journey and the Joy* is to make the Carmelite themes better known and to invite all people to the awareness of the gift and joy of Everyday Mysticism.

Journey and the Joy subscribers participate not only in the life of prayer of Carmel but also further the mission of the Carmelite Sisters.

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Current Reflection

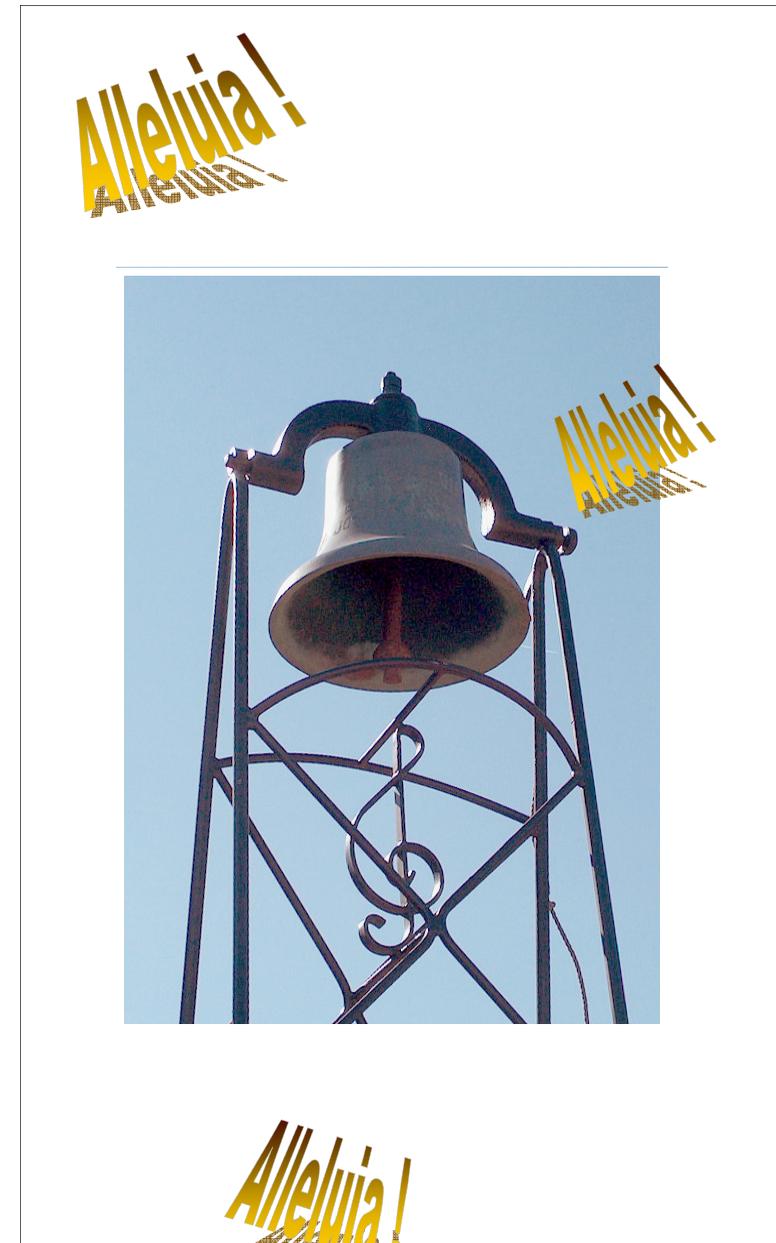
Blaise Pascal once said that the heart has its reasons which reason does not know. Perhaps, we can also say that the heart has its seasons. Who of us can live without a spring? Furthermore, we know that each season brings its own gift and new awakening. What is this gift and awakening?

In this issue of *Journey and the Joy*, our writers invite us to welcome the spring and to respond with great openness to the gift of God before us.

Editor

Cover:

Monastery photo of the former Bettendorf Monastery in spring-time.



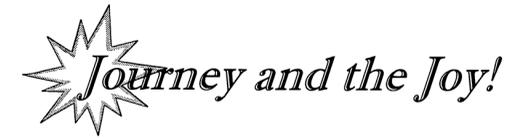
Strange as it may seem, vulnerability is also a part of our treasured path. In this, God walks with us. God wants to guide us, hold us and comfort us.

Sometimes, there really does not seem to be a sign that we are walking the path that is meant for us. Actually, it could feel like the opposite. We may feel just plain lost, and without a guide. Usually, this is only for a time, and not meant to be forever. During these moments, we are asked to be quiet and to trust. Even though we do not see the path ahead, God does see it, and will not let us down. Later, when we look back, we will see how everything fits together.

MJL

The Alleluia Bell

Pictured on the opposite page is the Alleluia Bell, formerly situated on the grounds of the Carmelite Monastery in Bettendorf, Iowa. When the community of Sisters relocated to Eldridge, Iowa, in 1975, the bell also went on a journey. A few years ago, a faithful bell-keeper returned the bell to the Eldridge community. Now, in its very own tower, decorated with musical symbols, the bell greets all who come. This new art piece is dedicated to Sister Mary Anne Schuman, O.C.D., whose presence and music will always be remembered.



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The new encyclical of Pope Benedict XVI

God Is Love

Hidden In The Moment

Mary Jo Loebig, O.C.D.

Is it really true that what we learned in kindergarten, or at the kitchen table, is enough to carry us through life? Robert Fulghum seems to think so. He tells us that for many years, when spring comes round, he attempts to rewrite his personal statement of beliefs. Wisdom, he says, was never high on the academic mountain in graduate school. Strangely though, there in the sand pile of Sunday school, he learned what he needed to know for life. Here are some of the things Fulghum learned.

When Spring comes round

Share everything. Play fair. Don't hit people.
Put things back where you found them.
Don't take things that are not yours.
Know how to say you're sorry.
Take a nap every afternoon.¹

Here is one of my favorites: "When you go out into the world, hold hands and stick together." Lastly, he muses on what a better world this would be if the whole world would have milk and cookies around three o'clock every afternoon and then lie down on a blanket for a nap.

What Better Time

Reading this, and having been a few years away from kindergarten myself, prompts me to meditate on my own everyday beliefs. What better time than Lent and springtime to compose one's own beliefs, together with all the different lessons life has taught one along the way. To my surprise, when I attempted to do this, I found that I had more guidelines than

Finding Our Pathway

Web Site Current Reflection

Recently, a new book found its way into our monastery, the title being *Falling Into the Arms of God*, by Megan Don. It is a meditative presentation of St. Teresa's *Interior Castle*. The very title is inviting and soothing.

In the *Collected Works of St. Teresa of Avila*, St. Teresa is quoted as saying: "It is important to understand that God does not lead all by one path." (*Vol. II, 99*) While this may be true, often the way is not clear. Also, we all know what it feels like to walk a path that is not really meant for us. We are unique, and so are our pathways.

We may question just how one actually goes about finding this unique path. It seems like Lent is a good time to ponder such a question. Have there been times when we have actually fled God down labyrinthine ways as we tried to search for a path we thought would be our fulfillment? On the other hand, we may be on the right path and not know it.

If we think about it, there may be signs indicating which way to go. For example, let us take just one day, recently. Can we say that our responses to all that happened that particular day were connected to our inner source, to our inner God? Did we even take time to reflect on this?

When was the last time we actually experienced deep peace? Where there is true peace, there is God. Looking back over our lives, and tracing the patterns of peace, is also helpful. Then, too, there is that certain event that seemed to light a fire within us. It may have been a casual happening or just a simple statement by someone. Something within us resonated. We found ourselves thinking, "That's it! That's really it."

Each day, Elizabeth walked with a still consciousness of God's Indwelling Presence in her inner soul. Silence helped her to live in this space, finding a tranquility and hope promised in Isaiah, 30:15, and quoted in our Carmelite Rule. It strengthened her in the midst of her daily happenings and during the intense physical pain of her final illness.

“God will be silent in God's Love.”
Zephaniah 3:17

May we acquire the practice of sprinkling moments of silence during the hours of our day, which will establish us in God, in serene peace.



Love's growth seeks to become definitive, both in the sense of exclusivity (this particular person alone) and in the sense of being "forever".

It embraces the whole of existence in each of its dimensions, including the dimension of time. It could hardly be otherwise.

space would allow. The following is a sample:

At least twice a day, stop and really listen to someone. What a kind and grace-filled gesture for the other person. The listener also gets changed.

From time to time, take a moment to read what is written on your heart. The Bible says there is something there. On the strength of this, you will be able to walk far.

**Written on
your heart**

Make a decision not to worry. If there is something that really needs worrying, there are enough people available for the task. I once had a friend, who stopped worrying once she learned that someone else had taken on the worry. You can also put your worries into the hands of one of your favorite saints. This is their task, now. St. Teresa said that she never asked St. Joseph for a favor he did not grant. St. Therese, the Little Flower, spends her heaven doing good on earth.

Every now and then, write down your inspirations in a little book. At a later date, reading these will be a source of encouragement. You will even see the pattern and continuity in your life. Annie Dillard said that how we live this day is how we live our lives.

Return books on time. If late, pay the dues. Chalk it up as a donation and feel good about yourself.

At least once a day, find a piece of sky where you can look up and forget all the difficult things in life. The heart needs this.

Let go of defenses. We were made for greater things.

“Believe that good can come out of anything that happens. Some people call this hope. (Joan Chittister)

“Make visible that which, without you, will never be seen.” (Robert Bresson)

Pray for the other as if his or her cause were your own.

Most of all, take time to encourage someone. Be the rainbow they need at the moment.

One may ask what all this has to do with prayer or contemplation, or the living out of the spiritual life. In response, we can only say that, up until Vatican II, we generally had the impression that the human spirit could only think and talk *about* God. But with the coming of the Council, and especially in the writings of Karl Rahner, S.J., we have come to know that our God is a God Who is very near, and a God we meet in the midst of every day.

It is always possible that someone may never have had the experience of love or deep happiness. But, as Rahner points out, it is impossible for anyone not to have a basic experience of God, even though the person may not be aware of it. As Michael Skelley cites in his commentary on the writings of Karl Rahner, “the experience of God lies hidden *within* every human experience.”² To emphasize, the experience of God is not just another experience alongside other experiences. It is different. It is hidden in all those truly human experiences. This means that we cannot help experiencing God, however dimly.

It Is For All Of Us

There are other aspects of this phenomenon. Sometimes we may feel called to pray for another but do not know exactly just how to pray. Perhaps, the best thing we can do at these times is to pray that the other person will become aware of their experience of God. The experience and awareness will take care of what is needed. I have seen this happen. Furthermore, mysticism is not reserved just for the saints like St.

Birthing Beauty

Jeannette Doran, O.C.D.

After the remains of winter have departed, we are surrounded with bleak land and sounding wind. As the days grow longer, hope expands our hearts. We know that something beautiful is about to give birth. We remember the seed hidden in the dark soil, which will soon push its tender leaves toward the warming sun, giving birth to new life. It has been pondered that all beauty begins its birthing in stillness and silence.

After college, I spent some time in the Chiapas Jungle in Mexico. As we went by horse over earth-covered ancient Mayan ruins, in the distance, in sheltered groves, we could see the valued cocoa trees. I then learned that cocoa trees will only produce the treasured chocolate bean as they grow in solitary spaces.

In the depths of our faith’s darkness and silence, we know our Beloved’s Presence, and our hearts fill with a quiet serenity.

Growth In The Depth Of Silence

This year, we celebrate the 100th anniversary of Blessed Elizabeth of the Trinity’s departure from her earthly life. Elizabeth, of childish tantrums, later blossomed into a gifted pianist and sought God in the stillness and solitude of Carmel. One thinks of her spiritual growth in the depth of her discipline in silence.

souls, the panes of our minds to see with the understanding heart. Even if we cannot fully comprehend the stature of a person's situation or world event, we can imagine or make their cause our own. We go to God with this person, with their heartache, with their joy or with their concern and plead on their behalf, as if it were our own. We empathize we carry the same burden we lift that person up with all that he or she is. Words are not necessary, only the attitude of the heart. With that attitude, one needs to see, to have windows, to comprehend, even if it is a little and take it out of one's "closet" within, and step forward, reach out and go beyond.

Yes, we need to stretch our own skin, and put on another human skin, mind, flesh and bones, and journey to God with their cause and let it be ours. We need to be cause. We are all part of the human condition, or maybe just because.

*I wish to speak of the love which
God lavishes upon us, and which
we in turn must share with others.*

*Love is indeed "ecstasy",
a journey...towards authentic
self-discovery and indeed
the discovery of God.*

**We go to God
with this
person**

Teresa, St. John of the Cross or St. Therese of Lisieux. It is for all of us. Skelley points out that "more than education *about* God, we need direction to God."³

It is important to mention here that while it is easy to see positive experiences, (such as a sunset, the birth of a child or a field of grain at harvest time), as experiences of God, other experiences (such as loss, isolation and loneliness) can also be experiences of God. There are times when God is hidden in pain and darkness, even "when the lights shining over the tiny island of our ordinary life are extinguished."⁴ Whenever we go beyond ourselves, we experience God, even in those small events recounted in our opening remarks. We forget that the events need not have the guise of religion or come with flashing lights. Ours is a God who is always very near, and who continues to speak to us in all that happens.

**Hidden in
pain and
darkness**

¹Robert Fulghum, *All I Really Need To Know I Learned In Kindergarten* (New York: Villiard Books, 1990) pp. 6,7.

²Michael Skelley, S.J., *The Liturgy of the World: Karl Rahner's Theology of Worship* (Minnesota: The Liturgical Press, 1991) p.70.

³ *Ibid.*, p.79.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p.80.

*Only my readiness to encounter
my neighbor, and to show love,
makes me sensitive to God as well.
Only if I serve my neighbor can my
eyes be opened to what God does
for me, and how much God loves me.*

Springtime In The Soul

Lynne Elwinger, O.C.D.

Spring seems to be the good news Spring and seeds are sisters, carrying within themselves unimaginable potentialities for transfiguration-producing growth and change. I find it almost impossible to think of one without the other. Seeds, appearing as they do in an infinite variety of shapes, sizes, colors and blueprints for fruition, hold within in their tiny containers powerful energy systems for bringing forth the future of their kind. Carrying the histories of their species, together with new possibilities gained from past experiences and unique responses to those experiences, seeds are repositories of the sacred secrets of creation modified by individual trial and error, weather and geography. The lengthening hours of spring daylight, in combination with gentle rains, encourage sleeping seeds to wake from their naps and begin sprouting forth new life. Spring seems to be the “good news” time of nature, bustling with energies of birthing, budding and becoming!

Something New And Beautiful

Entering this season of Lent, I have found myself musing on the presence of God as seed within each human spirit, within each human heart. As we take more time to reflect on our spiritual journeys – where we have been and where we are going – I see it as a means of preparing our soul-soil for nurturing another growing cycle for the divine seed planted there. Looking at Lent in this way, there seems to be a greater harmony between the liturgical season and the springtime of the year. The concept of nurturing spiritual growth feels quite different from the tone of penance, pruning, and letting go of

Just Because

Carol Strzynski, O.C.D.

There is a great Talmud saying: “Never pray in a room without windows.” There is another beautiful statement: “To pray for another is to take their cause as our own.” In a strange way both statements need each other in order to be productive and efficacious. **Windows of the human soul**

In regard to the first statement, even prison cells, and places of solitary confinement have windows or outlets of some kind. I tried to reflect back if there was ever a time or place in which I was in a room of four walls with no window or outlet. I imagined myself in a closet with door closed without light or much air, and truthfully I would probably go crazy. It would be not only unhealthy physically, but also mentally unsound to lock oneself up in such a situation. To pray in a room without windows, is also to try to pray with the eyes of the mind and soul closed shut. Even the physical eyes are windows of the human soul.

To Pray For Another

To pray without the eyes of the soul is like doing, without knowing what you are doing. When we say, “I see” it also means “I understand” or “I know.”

How does this tie in with the second statement: “To pray for another is to take their cause as our own?” To really pray for another, one needs to put herself or himself in that person’s skin or that person’s shoes. To do that we must try to understand, comprehend their situation, their need, their hope, their pain, as best as we possibly can. We need the windows of our

but the love that is our common language. It is a joy for me to discover that no matter what cultural background one has, we all speak the same language of love, where words are not spoken but done, are not heard but felt, and this makes it wonderful and kind of mysterious. This language is far beyond spoken words. This language of love, of which we speak, has a common denominator. It is directed towards the good of others, towards the welfare of others. Love is not at all selfish. We know that we do not love the other person just for the sake of being good or nice.

The Dwelling Place Of God's Love

Love is natural in us. I have always believed that the heart is the dwelling place of God's Love. From the time of our conception our hearts belonged to God. However as we experience life with all its challenges, we sometimes wonder if God really loves us and sometimes to the extreme, if God really exists. Pope Benedict XVI states in his new encyclical: "Being Christian is not a result of an ethical choice of a lofty idea, but the encounter with an event, a person, which gives life a new horizon and a decisive direction." A smile, a thoughtful gesture, a word of encouragement, a compliment, makes a whole lot of difference.

I know that I will be at home here in the monastery because, as I have discovered, we are all Christians here, and we have a common language which is love.

*No one has ever seen God as God is.
And yet, God is not totally invisible to us.*

things, which for me were the dominant themes of past Lenten seasons (and seemed more appropriate to late autumn than to spring). Disciplines and examinations of conscience and of the way we are living, are certainly a part of this soil preparation, as are tilling, weeding, and fertilizing in a garden. But with the focus of energy on the birthing of something new and beautiful, there is a more joyous aspect to the process than I have experienced in many Lenten seasons. We can await the birth of another year of our spiritual lives as eagerly as we anticipate the birth of a child, as happily as we wait for spring flowers.

Meister Eckhart has told us that God's seed is within us and is meant to grow God-nature in the garden of our souls.

It is exciting to think of all the surprises contained in that divine seed planted deep in heart and soul as part of our creation in the image and likeness of God. **God's seed is within us.**

Each growing season brings out some new flowers and fruit and calls attention to areas needing weeding, watering, fertilizing, and yes, pruning too. And all of this is for the future seasons of becoming, seasons that as yet remain in the realm of mystery. Who can know what God has planned for the fruition of the human spirit! The wonderful Good News of Lent and, of course, of Easter, is that God is always with us as an inseparable part of our being. We can get distracted from our awareness of that divine presence, but we are never abandoned by it. We may not always recognize it when it doesn't exactly fit with the images we have of God, but that never means that God is suddenly absent. We always walk accompanied by our loving Creator, whose tending of our inner seedbed, is unailing.

The Best Place To Find God

St. Teresa has told us that the best place to find God is within ourselves (most likely, I suspect, in the garden). Perhaps our Lenten practices could be focused on opening up to the increased light and gentle rains of God that are bringing to

us all we need for another season of spiritual growth and fruiting. Perhaps it's not so much about letting God into our hearts and our lives, as it is about letting the already present God out – of letting the seed sprout.

The One who supplies seed to the sower and bread for food will supply and multiply your seed and increase the harvest of your righteousness. 2 Cor 9:10

Pondering...

I wonder why we should never pray in a room without windows. One may ask what this means. For me, windows let the light in. They also connect us with the tremendous beauties of nature. Sometimes, they tell us that someone needs help.

The room I received has big windows. This was such a gift, and continues to be a gift. I can see the cars go up and down, and the animals in the field across the way. This has been somewhat of a new experience for me. Windows connect me with the world and bring back memories. Because of these windows, I am able to experience the changes of the season, including the coming of spring and Easter.

I know I could not live without windows in my life. Every day, I pray in this room for the needs of the whole world. Early in the morning, the sun comes peeping in my room. Being in this room helps me throw wide open the windows of my soul to the sun, to God and to all the people of the world. My world is big.

S. Catherine Luth, O.C.D.

Our Common Language

Fe de Torres

When I decided to leave my homeland and come to the monastery, with all my good intentions, I was thinking that everything would go smoothly. But I was wrong. Everything did not happen as I expected. Coming from a country, which in many aspects is very different from the United States, I began to experience and understand the word “culture shock”. It is difficult because I came here alone. I survived the trip (which is about half-way across the world), yes alone, but I am about to live with a community that I have known before only through email correspondence. Although I can read and write in English, I am having difficulty speaking and holding a conversation in English. There are things that the sisters ask me that I cannot explain, and that is frustrating for me.

**I survived
the trip**

All Things Are Possible With God

Silence and prayer have been so real for me during this period of adjustment. Silence which means for me to let God be God, and prayer that enables me to listen to whatever the Spirit is trying to communicate. This sign I put at the side of the computer that I am using served as my guide. It reads: “The Spirit helps us in our weakness; for we do not know how to pray as we ought, but that very Spirit intercedes with sighs too deep for words”. (Rom 8:26) And that is true. I felt better when I prayed and asked for faith to go on. (My name means “faith”.) All things are possible with God.

I came to the realization that what makes everything fall into place is not my good intentions, not my motivations,

younger sister replied: “A Saint. But first, one has to be dead!” We laughed at the time, but now that many years have passed, and the baby has grown to an adult, we gratefully recall again in our own lives both the baptismal privilege of sharing in the priesthood of Christ, and the promise of sharing in Christ’s Resurrection.

Time passes, and over the years, we as family have experienced the illness and death of our parents and of many who were close to us. Still, the Easter mystery, which encompasses life/death/resurrection, brings us a fresh encounter and understanding of the Communion of Saints to which we are called by our Baptism.

Returning to the example of Mary Magdalen, St. Teresa noted that by the Paschal Mystery, in which “we enter into the dying and rising of Christ, we enter into union with God...[The same is true] with the Lord’s words to the glorious Magdalen that she go in peace.”⁴ Indeed, like the disciples on the road to Emmaus, for us it is a matter of growing in awareness of the presence of Christ who is always present to us and who desires to gift us in this life with His glorious post-Resurrection gifts of peace and love. It is His peace that the world cannot take away and it is His love that sanctifies bread and wine and changes them into His body and blood.

Finally, unable to further describe such realities, we respond “Christ is Risen, Alleluia!” and await the refrain from the community: “He is Risen indeed! Alleluia!, Alleluia!”

^{1&2} Cf: Carroll, Rev. Eamon R. *The Saving Role of the Human Christ for St. Teresa* <http://www.catholic.net/rcc/Periodicals/Dossier/MARAPR99/saving.html>

³Ibid., The comment of Kieran Kavanaugh, O.C.D. is: “The purification of the human person is realized not merely through the sufferings inherent to the human condition but especially through contact with the person of Christ in his humanity and divinity”

⁴ Ibid

Your Treasure

Maria Rosa Del Castillo, O.C.D.

We bow in utter respect and reverence as before us lies that Infinite Treasure, that Divine Treasure, which has no price – the very Beloved of God, Jesus Christ in the form of Eucharist! We do not see God, but we have God. One marvels at the ingenuity of God becoming bread to insure our human needs. Wanting all to be united, God lowers the God-Self for the sake of creatures. Truly, God wants us to be close.

Nothing gives us a more magnificent idea of God than the impossibility of understanding God. Truly, God is far beyond our understanding. God’s infinite perfection both reveals the God-Self to us and hides God from us at one and the same moment. The light becomes so bright, it is blinding. As Columba Marmion, O.S.B., so beautifully puts it: “The One we receive in Communion is the very Beloved of God begotten from all eternity, the Beloved to whom God, the Creator, communicates God’s life, the fullness of Divine Being. Thus, through Christ, we have direct access to the Creator.” And, what greater Treasure could anyone desire than this!

Furthermore, it is of utmost importance for each of us to be a sign of unity wherever we are and with whomever we live. It is for us to look for ways to be peace with one another. Strength comes from unity, and that is where true community is born. Since we partake in the Eucharist, we are one in Christ.

I often think of the Lord as being inflamed with love for us with a deep desire to envelop all of us. Everyone is welcome.

Melody Upon The Harp

Suzanne Schwarz

As I listen to the sound of the harp, I sometimes wonder what it is that makes its sound so beautiful, so peaceful, so tender. A harp maker once told me that the best harp you will ever make is one that is literally on the verge of falling apart. The beauty of its sound, he said, comes not so much from its exterior structure, but from within, where the sound resonates in the hollow of the sound chamber as the stings vibrate against its board. To create this large hollow space for the sound, a wood that is soft, vulnerable, easily bent, easily carved, works best. The tension of the strings, however, is so great that its neck and post must be made of wood whose fiber is hard and strong enough to withstand the pressure of this incredible tension. Without it, the harp would surely collapse into itself.

**Soft,
vulnerable,
easily bent**

Sounding Forth

After working with harps these last few years, I am learning more and more about creating within the balance of this sometimes awkward tension which leaves much room both for beautiful sounding ... and even broken harps. As I have been thinking of these things during these past few days of my stay here in this Carmelite monastery and of the Sisters who live and pray here, a little prayer for Lent comes to my heart:

Come Holy Spirit, carve us into the image of Jesus, the Divine Harp, strong, gentle and humble of Heart. Hollow

Hence, we are invited to a special kind of relationship that puts words aside in favor of recognizing the presence of the Word among us. Indeed, a traditional Orthodox Easter greeting states: "Christ is Risen and walks among us!"

We also know that St. Teresa would often see the Risen Christ after she received communion. Rev. Eamon Carroll observed: "The Jesus, whose name became attached to Teresa's when she chose to be known as Teresa of Jesus at her first foundation of St. Joseph, is the triumphant victorious Christ of the Holy Scriptures and the Holy Eucharist."¹

Teresa advised that everyone can keep the Risen Jesus present in their lives and in their prayers. It is not even necessary to know a lot of theology. In fact that can be a hindrance! She tells us that if all we can do is say an Our Father or Hail Mary, that is enough. "For Teresa, contemplation is not an escape from the body, not evasion, but the concentration of all the faculties on the person of the Risen Jesus."²

**The Person
of the Risen
Jesus**

The Fullness Of Human Life

Further, I think that as we ourselves, experience the fullness of human life³ which includes suffering, loss, sickness and pain as well as growth, strength, health and fulfillment, we can of ourselves (as St. Teresa says) be mindful of the sacred humanity of Christ who also experienced these realities as well as Resurrection and Glory. For it is to the wholeness of the Christ life that we are called, and that we can, in faith, experience the presence, the deep peace and joy given to us by the Risen Lord in the now of life's present moment.

One day, prior to a baby's baptismal ceremony in the family, some one asked: "What is the highest thing that one can be in the Catholic Church ...a pope?" "No!" my quick witted

Easter Questions

Miriam Hogan, O.C.D.

How does one prepare How does one prepare for entering into the Easter mysteries? Who can we listen to concerning such sacred matters? Where in our busy society do we find the time, the peace and the courage to ask the profound questions concerning Life/Death/Resurrection ...much less to allow these mysteries to become part of our lived consciousness?

In this article I would like to suggest that Easter is best understood and appreciated by those who have experienced suffering and loss in their lives. Further, that Easter experiences are usually subtle and not easily explained or interpreted with our usual means of communication. For example, we have the post Resurrection scripture stories of Mary Magdalen, who first thought Jesus was a gardener, and the two disciples on the road to Emmaus who asked, "Are you the only visitor to Jerusalem who does not know the things that have happened these days?" (Lk 24:18)

The Voice Of God Deep Within

In these two examples from scripture, I think that we have an important clue as to how to proceed to deepen our understanding of the sacred mysteries. Perhaps at this time we are invited to let go of many sources of noise, even those that are good, and to listen carefully to the voice of God deep within our being calling our name. Simply put, this means we have to pause and stop talking, even to God. For it was not in talking that Mary Magdalen recognized the Lord but in hearing him call her name. Also, it was not in talking that the disciples recognized the Lord but in the "breaking of the bread."

out in us a space that is wide and tender, where every fiber of our being, all our strength is in pleasing You. May the Song of Your Love resound within us, filling not only the walls of this little chamber, but sounding forth into every corner of the world where Your Love is yet unheard.



Pondering...

It has been said that when the ocean is disturbed, one cannot see anything when one looks down. But when the ocean is calm, one can see all kinds of beautiful things. In much the same way, as St. Teresa writes, when we pray, we need to be calm, because then God can do all kinds of beautiful things within us.

S. Maria Antonia Scheer, O.C.D.



For lo, the winter is past.
The flowers appear on the earth,
The time of singing has come..

Song of Songs 2:11,12

This is a beautiful time.

We are lands gathered for God

and clothed in a

measureless morning.

Let us sense this Presence

so near us,

moving like quiet leaven,

lifting the skies of our souls,

shaping new heights and depths,

filling our hollows with Easter light.

*Jessica Powers,
inspired by and adapted*