

## LEARNING HEART: Weekly Reflections

Easteride 2011

### Week 6 - The Infinity of Now

When I go to Ireland I'm always struck by the Angelus broadcast on television. It is a valiant effort to recover a kind of timing and fine-tuning of the way we are present to whatever we are doing at that moment. At twelve and at six, the bells are tolled. During the pealing, workers from a variety of professions are depicted as lifting their heads and pausing for the length of a few breaths. They have moved, for a moment, inside themselves, drawn to a horizon deep within their own soul. It does not seem to be so much a distraction as a way of living more fully in the present moment, of being more present and developed to the immediate work of their hands and eyes. . .

There is a story that I love which illustrates the grace of this awareness. Two men were building a wall – long and high, one at each end. When asked what he was doing, the first brickie replied that, for a start, he had no interest whatever in his work. A wall is a wall is a wall. He was bored and listless. Brick after brick, day after day, month after month. He longed for Fridays; he hated Mondays. With no interest or involvement, his work was slowly killing him. 'I'm creating a cathedral', murmured the other man. 'This is the South Wall of it. I've seen the plans. It will be such a beautiful building. I can't believe I'm part of it. When I watch the young children playing around here, I can see them and their own children worshipping in this holy and lovely place for the decades of their lives.'

When talking to parents, teachers and priests, I often tell this story. It transforms the way we see things. It is what the Incarnation has revealed. It is what the sacraments are for. It is why God created the world – so that one day we would tumble to the amazing reality that lies beneath what we too often term as 'ordinary'. That is why the story of the two workman is called 'The Infinite Horizon'. There is an infinite horizon to every single, routine, menial task we perform. The heavens reverberate to the least of our whispers or acts of love.'

*From 'Already Within, Divining the Hidden Spring', pp 89,90*