

Light Incarnate – Week beginning 17th February 2014

For the Christian, anything and everything we give in love is consecrated. Since the first Christmas there is nothing too big or too small in our blessed and broken humanity to be revealed every Sunday as Real Presence.

One day the celebrated violinist Yehuda Menuhin was walking down the corridor of a music academy and came across a young Irish student having his lunch. Not recognising the soda bread sandwich, he asked Liam what he was eating. 'bread, sir,' the lad replied, 'Me ma sent it.'

The great man smiled and was moved to reflect on an Irish mother pouring her love into the dough she was kneading for her beloved son, away from home for the first time. He imagined her baking it, posting it overseas, and homesick Liam slicing it, buttering it – an eating it with great gusto.

Menuhin's imagination was sublimely sacramental and incarnational, yet inspired by something so commonplace – the bread of life wrapped in brown paper, tied with a piece of string and posted in Connemara! In this very ordinary, everyday moment, the musician recognised the love hidden like the yeast in the dough, the bread behind the bread, the horizon behind the horizon, the mystery of the whole world in the body of a baby, the unity of everything in God.

Christmas calls us to be God's spies as we penetrate the disguises all around us; to be water-diviners of liquid of life beneath the desert of our days; persistent beachcombers who discover the glimmer of God's gold along the leaden shores of our lives . . .

Nothing is 'merely' natural or ordinary any more. All is now graced. Every human breath is an inspiration of the Holy Spirit; every heartbeat reverberates throughout eternity . . . every real relationship is sacred; no bitter tear or heartfelt wish is ever wasted; no sin is ever left unredeemed; nothing is lost; everything, in the end, is harvest.

(Unmasking God, pp125, 126,127)