

Daniel's reflection for Pentecost Sunday 23rd May – A Meditation

*'Bright mornings bring the mountains to my doorstep,
calm nights give the rivers their say.
Some evenings the wind put its hand on my shoulder,
I stop thinking,
I leave what I'm doing
and I go the soul's way.' John Moriarty*

Bright mornings. . . . May we have bright mornings this week when the mountains of our minds become less daunting, become more accessible to us; may our morning thoughts decide the quality of our day; we forget that we have a choice every morning of our lives – to go down one road or the other; a choice about our response to the call to change our lives while we have the time; to understand something more about the wonder of our being, of the world we live in, of the way God loves us so very much. May we wake up in time from the sleep-walking we have fallen into, the unconscious unawareness that is like death.

May bright mornings be ours this week.

Calm nights . . . May the rivers of the Holy Spirit open us up this week in a way that has never happened before to us; may we enter the streets and fields of wisdom and courage to do things we never did before; may the stormy waves that distress our minds calm down these days to let us flow with the present moment, to find a stillness we sorely need, to make space for us to remember important things that we have forgotten, an openness wider than ever before to God's whisper to our souls right now. But where do we hear that whisper? – in a conversation, in a poem, in a moment's music, in a dream, in the stillness. And usually suddenly. We cannot plan it – we can only prepare for it. Going deeper, becoming more resonant, more wise, more free, more useful to others. That, in fact, and only that, is what it's all about.

May calm nights and whispering rivers be ours this week.

Some evenings . . . May the wind of the Holy Spirit touch the shoulders of our hearts these evenings, making them aware of the urgent call to deepen our lives, to nourish our hidden self, to enter the race to save the world as we save our souls. May these be evenings of our listening; listening to what is stirring in us these times – a bigger picture, a beckoning horizon, a new clarity about where we go from here? Teach us to love from our deepest longings, from our heartache and fears. During these silent hours let what lies unconscious within us come to the surface, and flow into our consciousness – that is how we become our true self. May the winds of God push us along the way of self-discovery, and, while there is still time, into the mystery of a total union with our Mother-God, our Lover-God who lives in our every breath and heart-beat.

May evenings of self-discovery be ours this week.

I stop thinking . . . May this week bring us the great gift of stopping thinking. While our mind is our greatest gift, it is also the source of our greatest pain – the torment of regret, loss, hurt and despair. It blocks the brightness of the morning, the rivers of night, the evening wind that brings us the freedom for which we were born. Help me to stop dwelling on the past, on the negative things, to transform the patterns of my daily thinking, to mind my mind. We are what we think! - miserable or happy. And when we have peace, others will catch it from us.

May the grace of living in the present moment be ours this week.

(‘We can make our minds so like still water that beings gather about us that they may see their own images, and so live for a moment with a clearer, perhaps even with fiercer life because of our quiet’ (W.B. Yeats).)

I leave what I’m doing . . . May I be released from the trap of habit, get me off the treadmill of the half-life which is destroying me, the superficial routines that I call my life. Give me courage to explore my soul with its infinite desires, my heart with its memories and dreams, my mind with its cliffs of fall. Teach me to go deeper – to find my soul, because only then and there will I find God. Restore to me the passion I once had, the excitement of purpose, the desire to be part of saving the world. Yes, I’ve done what I could for the world and the church; but don’t let me go to sleep now. There is much more to be accomplished. My race is not yet run. Let me not miss the chance to change. As Rumi said: ‘Get up early. The dawn has secrets to tell you. Do not go back to sleep!’

May many secrets be revealed to us this week.

And I go the soul’s way . . . May I feel your presence, my loving lover, in all my senses. May I see and hear and touch and smell and taste you in everything, in every one, in each new moment. That is the soul’s way. May I weep at the destruction of your beautiful children, at the ravaging of your beautiful earth. Along the soul’s way may I deepen my shallow life, join with those who are vibrant with hope, who have not given in or given up or given over to age or doubt or disillusion. May I begin another journey now – the start of my final journey into my truest self, my truest human self, into my intimacy with you, into the abundant life you always promise, into, perhaps, the most fruitful, effective work of my life. To be forgetful of myself and my happiness and well-being. ‘Life is not about you. You are about life’ (RR). When I believe and feel that my every breath, my every heartbeat is your whisper of love, that is the beginning. That I when we are ready. Only then, in the company of the Beloved and of others, with them in actual presence or in spirit, will we renew the face of the earth – and of the church. ‘Arscath a cheile a mhaireannadaoine.’

One way or another, may we all walk the soul’s way this week.