

## Daniel's Reflection for week beginning 12th June Season of Soul – PART 1

*Without the gift of imagination it is very difficult to believe anything. In this article we are invited to the most sublime insight of faith – that the wholeness and holiness we search the heavens for, is, in fact, right where we are, at any given moment. It takes practice to perfect this perception.*

I went alone to see the Palme d'Or-winning film *Amour*. I knew I would cry. Watching the relentless stripping away of an aging Parisian couple's energy to love each other was deeply moving. It raised the most sensitive issues about how we see loss, love and hope in raw detail in the most extreme circumstances. The cinema was utterly still when the credits ended.

Why was this, I wondered? Because, I suspect, we had been taken to the place of our souls, to that land where our deepest spirit lives – a land we are slow to enter. The context of our lives mitigates against such profound awareness of mystery. Too much unhappiness, anger, betrayal, fear and an existential and stressful urgency are filling our days and nights.

It takes great courage to set about regaining the lost rhythm of the soul. We generally postpone the work of self-realisation, of the inner journey, of the ultimate questions. Committed to a shallow agenda, we do not live at our deepest truth. We forget that if we do not live our lives abundantly now, we never will. And as death approaches we bitterly regret the greatest tragedy of all – our un-lived lives. W. H. Auden writes,

*We would rather be ruined than changed,  
We would rather die in our dread  
Than climb the cross of the moment  
And let our illusions die.*

We need to keep re-setting our spiritual compass so as to discern and painstakingly follow the innate, intimate longing with which we were born. half-hearted hankerings after happiness won't do. Stifled though it may be, somewhere within us there is always a half-remembered memory of the way forward; we sense a vaguely familiar blueprint too often out of focus. It is hard to find words for this echo, this stirring, this blurred star that persistently attempts to draw, drive and sustain us that reminds us of our true north, even while we fall back into the allurements of lesser lights and loves in the process.

The journey of a soul is never clear, direct or final. It tests our commitment to the limit. But distracted and confused as we mostly are, the original design is never lost. It spills through the cracks of our daily distractions, but it never rains away completely.. .