

### 3. Everything is Holy

It is Thursday morning at nine o'clock. I'm walking along Church Lane. The place is thronged with people and cars in front of three adjacent nursery/primary schools. Some mothers look grin; others so happy. Some of the children are ecstatic; others pouting and resisting. I sense the range of struggling emotions going on inside them – the hopes, disappointments, delight and fear.

Later on I'm walking through the Thursday Market stalls, tables and displays in the town square. All of life is there, too. The farmers are fearful, the locals conversing, the sellers are expectant. Locally made artefacts and home-made organic produce offer a wholesome and homely atmosphere to savour. It is good to be here; to feel I belong in this urban, classless crowd that is moving around this homely place . . .

Late that night I asked myself a question: 'As a Christian priest, what have I to say to all those people I saw around the city today? . . . What, if anything, do I have to offer?'

Only this. 'Your lives are already full of God. You do not need to go anywhere else to find God. God is at your fingertips when you feed and dress your children, wipe their bottoms and stroke them to sleep. God is in your feet when you drag yourself to another day of boring work, or rush to a friend's party. God is in your mouth when you try to say a consoling word of encouragement. When your hearts beat faster in hope or desperation, it is God's heart beating within you. When you break down and weep, it is God who is weeping inside you. Whether you know it or not, God is already there.'

How do I know this? I know it because that is what Jesus came to reveal to us. Nothing more; nothing less. We are always loved extravagantly by a Mother-God. God cannot remember our sins or forget our beauty. We are utterly divine and we do not know it; we are full of God's loveliness and we don't believe it; we can heal each other as Jesus did, but nobody told us.

And even if we were told such astonishing stories, such amazing good news, we would scarcely believe it . . . Because we are so unfamiliar with unconditional love in our own lives, we cannot accept that it can ever happen to us. We have a strange resistance to this chance of intimacy with God. This, then, is why we need to go to church on Sunday; why we celebrate the eucharist each week and say our prayers – so that we will never forget that what I have just told you, is true.

*Prism of Love pp 17,18*