

6. In the Stillness is the Dancing

Many people long for a moment of silence each day. So do I. Without it I'm like a car without a steering wheel. . . It is the time when I stop running from the fear in my life, when I stand to encounter it face to face, because, so often it turns out that my fear is all a figment of my own imagination, with no reality behind it. At the root of my fear and of my need for silence is the reassurance that I am truly loved. There is a story that I play over in my mind every so often, to convince me of how precious I am to God and to others. It is a picture of a mother waiting at her window for her children to be dropped off by the school bus and come rushing up her driveway.

She reaches for a chair to lean on while she watches them, dishevelled and untidy, socks around their ankle, ties and ribbons askew, buttons undone, faces smudged from the fall-out of the day's adventures. Excited and laughing they run to the front door. Their mother leans forward on the chair-back to track them to the very end. She also leans on the chair back because her heart is so aching with intense love that her knees are going weak.

That is one of the images that never fails to restore my courage at a weak moment. That is how God sees and loves me – and you . . .

Love drives away fear. When we know we are loved, we walk tall and can face the darkness with a new heart. And only in silence does the true meaning of love emerge.