

LEARNING HEART: Weekly Reflections

Summertime 2011 *In Summertime We Dream*

Week One Memories That Bless And Burn

In Summertime we dream. The warm winds comfort our hearts. There is often an ache within us when we look back on our lives. It happens a lot to me in mid-summer.

During these weeks of July I carry a kind of nostalgia; I remember, with strange and elusive emotions, the playful days of childhood. 'Where,' I now wonder to myself, 'have they all gone?' What has happened to that part of me that loved to laugh and play all day long? That part of me that could not wait to go barefoot on the first warm day in May, and stay that way all through the hot Summer? That part of me that could not wait for the dawn to come because there were so many games to play, so many things to do, so many mysteries to discover? Even as I write this, I can still feel in my body that aching call to explore the darkness of the small woods around our village.

I loved being young and new. I loved being beautiful and perfect. I was excited about something every day. I was always happy then. The whole world was my playground. 'Any reason was a good enough reason for you to celebrate,' my Mom once told me when I asked her about what I was like when I was little. . .

I think we shine like God when we're small. We carry God's light into all our adventures. But something happens when we grow up. The light in us dims. The dream dies. Everything becomes ordinary. The magic fades.

And yet our inner child remembers. Unbelievably, there is a magic to be worked at any decade of our lives. I have no doubt now that the excitement of our encounters with light and darkness of our childhood years can be recovered, re-lived and rejoiced in. There is an eternally young child in all of us, who still jumps out of bed, impatient for the day to begin; who still wants to be a hero and win the world from evil; who still believes that a fairy-prince will kiss her into her true beauty; who still believes that there's more to life than the cultural and religious boxes in which we live. . .

I have read that if we all spontaneously did what was most urgent in our hearts, we would go barefoot, play and act the clown. Maybe it's time we did.

(Prism of Love pp105,106)