

Daniel's Reflection for week beginning 2nd July The Soul's Way

The funeral memorial card of John Moriarty, Kerry mystic, carries one of his reflections.

'Clear mornings bring the mountains to my doorstep.

Cool nights give the rivers say.

Some evenings the wind puts its hand on my shoulders.

I stop thinking. I leave what I'm doing.

And I go to soul's way.'

Along the soul's way we find the only places of encounter between our spirit and the Spirit of all life,, between our emptiness and the universal flow of energy. It is along the soul's way that we hear and create a unique music that only we can hear and create. It is here that we come home to the God of harmony already within our hearts. 'God is always at home,' Meister Eckhart insisted, 'it is we who take a walk.'

If the present moment is the only place we can meet the incarnate God, will we be at home when God comes in disguise to find us? Are we always too distracted, seduced by other transitory attractions, to gaze at and recognise the Mother of all beauty, to hear the music she is always making for us? There is something so funny and lovely about a verse in John Ashberry's 'At North Farm':

Somewhere someone is travelling furiously toward you,

At incredible speed, travelling day and night,

Through blizzards and desert heat, across torrents,

Through narrow passes.

But will he know where to find you,

Recognise you when he sees you,

Give you the thing he has for you?

It is though a secret smile, a whispered assurance that a small melody lies hidden, like an impatient epiphany, in everything we encounter in the course of each day. Everything wants to draw us into the harmony of life. Everything is waiting to encourage and support us as we struggle, mostly out of tune, to get the timing right. Our monkey minds miss the magic and the music of the moment.

In 'Now I Become Myself', May Sarton writes of the time it takes to be present to one's true harmony after years of distraction, of panic, of wearing 'other people's faces.'

'Oh in the single hour I live

All of myself and do not move.

I, the pursued, who madly ran,

Standstill, standstill, and stop the sun!'

(*Treasured and Transformed* pp 97 and 98)