

Daniel's reflection for week beginning 26th June

Waiting for the ambush

In our lives there are times of extraordinary richness in which we are able to discover and even feel the limitless power of God's comforting love. How often do we let God, who loves us, make music in our hearts

At some point during one special season, the veils will part just enough to transfix our hearts and transform our lives. That intimate moment will happen when the divine breath sends beauty into our shape, into our face and form. Everything is affected because everything is connected. The song of Creation itself is muted when the reeds of our lives are no longer receptive to the breath of God. 'Lord only let me make my life simple and straight,' wrote Rabindranath Tagore, 'like a flute of reeds for Thee to fill with music.' The melody is pure and beautiful, new yet familiar, and it calls to us like a far wave. our stalled heart remembers, surrenders and recognises again the melody of the maestro. It is the music from which we come; it is the music towards which we go. We need daily silence to catch those grace notes in the cacophony of our distractedness.

Falling in love with God like this is for everyone. Human hearts are fashioned for this to happen. it does not mean loving the world less, or the people in it. It means we love them more. Wherever we love sensitively, passionately and faithfully, we are already in love with god. entwined with the heart of God, our love now has no fear to it. utterly safe, we begin, to thank, to play, to bless, to live, to adore as never before.

This realisation is a daily and deeply felt transformation of our way of being and our way of seeing. We do not need to be successful, liked, praised anymore; these needs are transcended. We find we can forgive almost anyone for anything; it is easier than we thought. We no longer compare, compete, complain; we do not need to. We stop judging, blaming and resenting; there is no satisfaction in doing so now. our vision of love is deeper. 'Out beyond ideas of right and wrong there's a field,' wrote the Persian mystic Rumi. 'I'll meet you there.'

In the still point of this bright field we come up against the edge of our darkness, the wilder frontiers of our possibilities, our passionate desire for life itself. Here in the heart of God, beyond the tyranny of a suffocating conformity, we sense the horizons for which we were created. In this silent embrace within our soul, we get younger as we grow older; we start to divine our divinity with a fiercer intent. When we mindfully receive holy Communion a transfiguration happens within us as the bread and wine die into us. Our naked souls are enraptured in utter wonder. god's desire for intimacy is becoming flesh in us. Beyond words, as John Paul II once reflected, this is embodied experience. It is the ultimate manifestation of love. for one shining moment of mystery we know we are 'of one being with the father'. With delight it dawns on us that every moment can be like this moment. in *All Desires Known*, Janet Morley describes her experience of it:

*... and I was nothing but letting go and being held and there were no words and there needed to be no words and we flowed ... and I was given up to the dark and in the darkness I was not lost
and the wanting was like fullness and I could hardly hold it and I was held and
you were dark and warm and without time and without words
and you held me.*

(Unmasking God pp14,15,16)