

2012

### Week 10 - Farmers of Hearts

Farmers I have known were well acquainted with their land. Given the right conditions, and with the help of sun and rain, they knew the potential of the soil. From their field they drew a harvest of plenty as the seeds and gave forth a hundredfold. And in the times of drought the occasional farmer with the 'gift' would divine, with a carefully held twig, the hidden spring that waited a long way down, to be discovered and then run fresh and free to green the yellow earth and nourish its precious offspring.

There is an underground spring, a secret spark in every heart. Behind the veneer of our lives the eternal is at work. Within us is a secret immensity that we seldom even glimpse. In its subtle wisdom, the eternal artist carefully designs a unique destiny for each person. 'Before I formed you in the womb . . .' To be born is to be chosen. There is a task that is only accomplished by each particular heart. And this task of grounding, focussing and nourishing the creative longing of the divine with everyone, is priestly work.

It is so consoling to know that the soul with its inbuilt discernment, and enlightened by the sure light of our divine Revealer, is the true guide to its own wells of wisdom and healing. This growing awareness will change all our lives deeply.'

*( New Hearts . . . : p39,40,42)*