

2012

Week 3 - Catching the Rhythm

It is easy here in this hidden haven on the south coast of Ireland, to swing and sway to the summer winds and to the rhythm of the sea. It is retreat time . . . Here in Owenahincha, whether feeling the spray of the ocean during the day or hearing its unique and muted murmur at night, we felt an affinity with mystery. The sea and the soul are spiritual sisters. They call to each other. They need each other. The soul needs form and context. The sea needs to be named and experienced. This is why the spiritual is also physical – it spreads along the arteries of an embodied soul, through the seasons and through the universe itself.

Moving to the tempo of the tides each morning, it was easy to visualise God's healing power touching our minds and caressing our troubled hearts. From our inmost centre where the Blessed Trinity lives, and from the mysterious love pressing on us from all around, all we had to do was surrender to the truth of reality, to the embrace of the present moment, to the way things are. With practice it becomes easier, this experience of our essence, this sensing of the heartbeat of God in the silent pulse of our attentive presence – the rhythm of our breathing, the rhythm of our being, the rhythm of God. Leaving aside what Eckhart Tolle calls the 85 per cent of our thinking that contributes only to our fears, we discover another place of tranquillity inside us. Open to this overwhelming, but shy and subtle presence, this God-Being, an extraordinary sense of peace and confidence fills our soul. In 'Variation on a Theme' by Rilke (The Book of Hours, Book I, Poem I, Stanza I) Denise Levertov wrote;

A certain day became a presence to me;
there it was, confronting me—a sky, air, light:
a being. And before it started to descend
from the height of noon, it leaned over
and struck my shoulder as if with
the flat of a sword, granting me
honour and a task. The day's blow
rang out, metallic—or it was I, a bell awakened,
and what I heard was my whole self
saying and singing what it knew: I CAN.

(Already Within: p85, 86, 87)