

2012

### Week 6 - Horizons of the Heart

When I go to Ireland I'm always struck by the Angelus broadcast on television. It is a valiant effort to recover a kind of grace. When I listen to the dreams of ordinary, healthy people I often wonder whether this persistent compulsion for greater and finer things burns in every human heart . . . All kinds of counter-attractions – loss of nerve, negative judgements and jealous comments – can numb and dumb down that first God-given spark that is always waiting to be fanned into a fiercer flame. But that spark, I believe, can never be extinguished. God's imagination is within us. It is not easily overcome . . .

Is there, I wonder, something of immense importance hidden in the least aspirations of our lives. Antonia Machado, the Spanish poet, wrote, 'Anyone who moves onwards, even a little, walks, like Jesus, on water.' Yet my own experience of walking on water resembles more the embarrassing misfortune of Peter than the elegance of Jesus. To step out of the boat of our secure lives, on to a precarious surface that may not hold our weight is a foolhardy thing to do. Crossing a new terrain, to do a new work, is never a safe option. But once you begin to know yourself, to feel the shape of your soul, to have one courageous conversation with your true essence, then you have no choice. We are divinely created for growth; fashioned from the very beginning to become like God. That is why, to have heard the whisper of that call coming to you, like a far wave, is already to have answered.

*(Already Within: pp127.128)*