

Week Beginning 6th December – The Well – A contemplative prayer

My well was dry until you came. It was blocked with buried debris. I was trying to fill it from the top. Worn out with fruitless effort, I had to hand it over to you. Now with the first springing into new life of the long-repressed water much is happening. While a peace and satisfaction renew my life, I'm also more aware of so much rubbish floating around on the water – all the forces that have damaged and diminished my true self. In a flash I see my sins, the pain of those I've hurt, the lost opportunities, the foolish, unnecessary mistakes. I'm learning not to panic at this unpleasant sight. 'This is the hour,' writes Teilhard de Chardin, 'of the specifically Christian operation when Christ, preserving in us all the treasures of nature, empties us of our egocentrism and takes our heart . . . (But) it is a salvific hour for the person enlightened by faith who experiences him/herself being liberated from selfishness and dying by the force of a communion.' There is no fear in me now as, after another hard day, I prepare to rest my head, without explanation or self-consciousness, on my Beloved. The constant, easy pushing of the sweet, spring water is effortlessly doing its work in the landscape of my soul.

(Travelling Light p 210)