

Week Beginning 22nd November – The Word – A contemplative prayer

Just the one word I listen for O God of Wisdom, the one word so I know you're there for me – to reassure my frightened and confused heart. Yet the silence is enough. You teach me to live with silence, with emptiness, with the nada. I don't do it very well. It can't be much pleasure for you to see me so distracted, tired or tuned out. But is the mother turned off when her baby sleeps or cries? I try to keep my mind quiet so that your word may be written on it. I try to still the noise to hear your whisper. Maybe tomorrow; maybe next year; maybe never. With a wild patience, I wait. But you have spoken your Word. At Mass today, in raw bread and red wine, that Word has now become the very fibre of my body, flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone. We are no longer distinguishable. Not only have I heard your Word, I am your Word. To be aware of myself is to be aware of you. St Augustine prayed, *noverim me ut noverim te*. To live in my body, to feel my soul, is to live and experience you. In faith I simply put my arm around you and lean against you.

(Travelling Light p209)