

## An Exultet Moment - Joyce



When I lived so close to the sea, I used to take the dog with me on my electric wheelchair, and watch the sun rise over the sea every day. While she played on the beach, I used to watch and wait for that breathless moment when, as the sun rose, the sky and the ocean filled with glorious colour. “God’s morning greeting,” I always called it.

Then, to the quiet lapping of the waves against the shore, I was ready for my morning meditation. Remember Yeats’ poem ‘The Isle of Inisfree’, when he ‘hears the lapping of the water in his deep heart’s core’.

I expressed a wish recently to my carer to be able to experience that once more, and, bless their hearts, she and another carer made it happen! It’s Autumn here now and a lovely time of year. So one morning in Easter week, they arrived at 5.30am (night staff had already dressed me and given me my insulin injection), and we went in a wheelchair taxi to the foreshore, and positioned ourselves near the jetty, and watched and waited. (Sunrise was at 6.30am).

It was a little cloudy but still wonderful - the lovely fresh air, the smell of the ocean and the silence “filled with sound”.

Then the moment that can always make me cry with joy. The awesome moment when the sky began to lighten and fill with glorious colour - an ‘Exultet’ moment, I feel. Oh, the blessed peace of it in a very special gifting of God’s blessings on the new day. Then the seagulls came to life, screeching and wheeling across the sky with their own morning praise . . .

. . . It was such a treasured time of mutual blessing, as we all three enjoyed our morning’s adventure. How wonderfully blessed I was, and am, each day. I try to ‘live in the present moment’ and appreciate, even on the worst of days (perhaps more so then) the ‘miracle of the ordinary’.