

Sitting in the garden, one afternoon during the period of convalescence, I suddenly had a sense that, in some inexplicable way, time seemed to have slowed down & I became aware that something was 'stirring' deep within me.

Picking up a nearby pencil and note pad, these words flowed effortlessly, uninvited and unrehearsed on to the page. Reading them later, I recognised that they reflected what I often describe as my 'other way of seeing Life' - a way of 'seeing' that seems to describe Life – not as it appears on the surface – but how it seems to connect in some amazingly mysterious way, just below the surface of things. Or, to describe it another way, I guess it's what I have also heard referred to as the 'second glance', whereby when we choose to look a little deeper, we are privileged to experience a hint of what lies at the essence of things – to sense a connected flow and rhythm to this amazing mystery we call Life:-

### Today

Today, as I turned a corner on my journey, I caught sight of God.  
He looked, for all the world, like an oak tree but I recognised him,  
on sight.

He invited me to shelter a while under the expanse of his branches;  
To lean a while against his ageing trunk, to regain my strength.

I accepted his invitation – curious to see what I would find.  
And there, within his seemingly limitless embrace, I was not  
surprised to find there was room enough for all.  
That all, without distinction or discrimination, could find a temporary  
refuge to re-energise for the journey ahead.

He showed me his roots, penetrating deep into the earth,  
Drawing up nurturing goodness to provide him with the food he needed, both for his own inner strength and  
to use for others, simply by 'being'.

I tenderly traced my hands across his scars, placing my fingers gently into the grooves where, over the  
years, knives had cut deeply into his body.  
He showed me how he used his strength to heal those scars from within.

The serenity with which he bore his scars; the patience with which he still offered shelter to all travellers  
spoke to me of a forgiveness promised even before the infliction of the wounds.

Today, as I turned a corner on my journey, I caught sight of God.  
She looked for all the world like a field of grass but I recognised her on sight.

She beckoned me to rest a while, cushioned within her soft blades;  
To lie a while, wrapped in her verdant arms.

I was drawn by her invitation and eased my tired body into her waiting lap.  
As she rocked me to sleep, she showed me how to heal myself;  
How to allow myself to 'let go'; to be supple and flexible;  
How to relax into the flow of Life – to be in harmony with the energies around me.

Gazing through her strands, I observed the infinite variety of the creatures for which she tirelessly provided  
shelter and protection.

The grace with which she served; the depth of her compassion, spoke to me of true humility. (cont.)



Today, as I turned a corner on my journey, I caught sight of God.  
They looked for all the world like waves breaking on the shore but I recognised them on sight.

They invited me to bathe a while in their cool depth;  
To relax a while within the massaging rhythm of their eternal motion.

I welcomed their invitation and stepped into their mystery.  
As I swam, they told me stories of the world beneath me; a vast world beyond my grasp.  
They whispered into my eager ears, tales of the great love story, which gave birth to the world and which every moment creates anew.  
They shared secrets with me of times I had never known and yet my soul recognised with the telling.

The persistence with which they continued to unfold unceasingly upon the shore;  
The immensity of the mystery held within their depths, spoke to me of the omnipotence of a Creator.

Today, as I turned a corner on my journey,  
Everything I caught sight of spoke to me – of God.

**Linda**

