

Windows of Wonder - Mary

June 2011

'There is a place in my Catholic parish church where the paint is flaking off the walls and the plaster beneath is petrifying and blistering. This corner of the building has been special to me for some time. I have felt drawn to it and learnt to let it speak to me of spiritual poverty and vulnerability, of brokenness and lost ways. Recently I have noticed the worsening condition of this somewhat hidden place. Purposely hidden that is, by flowers and greenery, which always irritates me. It is as if this faked beauty, this tamed floristry, is blocking my connection with a truer beauty. For me the enriched work of nature represented in that decomposing piece of wall, with all its changing colour and texture, its subtle hues and tones of mold and damp, with its fragile damaged surface, turns my mind and heart to GRACE. Why it should do that I don't fully understand – but it truly does. It reminds me of the need to be ready to receive grace, of being 'poor in spirit' and so being truly blessed. Yes, that is it! Once I can see beyond the camouflage of greenery and so unblock the light – what I sense from this, my, dingy place is an outpouring of God's love and a fondness for us all in our vulnerability, our poverty, our shadows of our real selves. God seems to be saying that if we want him to come into our lives then maybe we need to recognise him residing in some unlikely, but nonetheless, familiar fringes of our 'Eucharistic surroundings'. That God may continue to bless us all, in our purifying poverty, especially when it comes to 'building church.'

