

See how the flowers of the field grow
Part 1 - Being

Be silent.
Be still.
Alone.
Empty
Before your God.
Say nothing.
Ask nothing.
Be silent.
Be still.
Let your God look upon you.
That is all.
God knows.
God understands.
God loves you
With an enormous love,
And only wants
To look upon you
With that love.
Quiet.
Still.
Be.
Let your God love you.

Edwina Gateley

Matthew 6: 28-30, 7: 9-11 (NIV)

See how the flowers of the field grow. They do not labour or spin. Yet I tell you that not even Solomon in all his splendour was dressed like one of these. If that is how God clothes the grass of the field, which is here today and tomorrow is thrown into the fire, will he not much more clothe you — you of little faith?

Which of you, if your son asks for bread, will give him a stone? Or if he asks for a fish, will give him a snake? If you then, though you are evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your Father in heaven give good gifts to those who ask him?

Camas Lilies

Consider the lilies of the field,
the blue banks of camas opening
into acres of sky along the road.
Would the longing to lie down
and be washed by that beauty
abate if you knew their usefulness,
how the natives ground their bulbs
for flour, how the settlers' hogs
uprooted them, grunting in gleeful
oblivion as the flowers fell?
And you— what of your rushed
and useful life? Imagine setting it all down—
papers, plans, appointments, everything—
leaving only a note: "Gone
to the fields to be lovely. Be back
when I'm through with blooming."
Even now, unneeded and uneaten,
the camas lilies gaze out above the grass
from their tender blue eyes.
Even in sleep your life will shine.
Make no mistake. Of course
your work will always matter.
Yet Solomon in all his glory
was not arrayed like one of these.

Lynn Ungar

Coming home to myself

Am I comfortable in the home that I call me? This home is of utmost importance, for it holds the key to my being comfortable in other homes... It is such a delight to come home to myself, to become my own friend. I experienced this kind of homecoming once when I was living alone. Under the guise of ministering to others I had become alienated from myself. In my everyday maddening ministerial rush I suddenly discovered myself eating on the run—grabbing a sandwich and eating it while standing up or going out the door. The violence of this great irreverence to myself suddenly occurred to me. I was not at home with myself. It took a while to slow down, but I was finally able to make a decision to spend time with myself. I began to experience the joy of being with me. I put a flower on the table, lit a candle, turned on soft music, ate slowly. I learned the joy of simply being with myself without rushing. It was like taking myself out to dinner. It was a kind of coming home to myself. When you can lovingly be present to yourself, your presence to others takes on a deeper quality also.

There are many ways we are called to come home to ourselves. There is that part of ourselves that feels ugly, deformed, unacceptable. That part, above all, we must learn to cherish, embrace, call by name...

This is coming home to yourself, to face yourself and embrace yourself. Invite yourself into your own abandoned house, abandoned only because you are not at home with yourself. Invite yourself in, then. Sit down at table with your estranged self, estranged only because you've forgotten the real unity that exists within you...

So, invite yourself in! Treat that self like a beloved member of your household. It is a beloved member. it is you! You've come home.

From Macrina Wiederkehr, *A Tree Full of Angels*, HarperCollins, 1990.

What does it mean to “be” rather than “do”?

- How does this focus on “being” rather than “doing” sit with me?
- Do I hesitate, feel myself drawing away from simply “being”?
- If I were to focus more on “being” rather than “doing”, where might that take me?
- Do I need to “come home to myself” How might I spend more quality time with me?

Love After Love

The time will come
when, with elation,
you will greet yourself arriving
at your own door, in your own mirror
and each will smile at the other's welcome,

and say, sit here. Eat.
You will love again the stranger who was your self.
Give wine. Give bread, Give back your heart
to itself, to the stranger who has loved you

all your life, whom you ignored
for another, who knows you by heart.
Take down the love letters from the bookshelf,

the photographs, the desperate notes,
peel your own image from the mirror,
Sit. Feast on your life.

Derek Walcott

A PAGE TO PONDER

Many poets are not poets for the same reason that many religious men are not saints: they never succeed in being themselves.

Thomas Merton



Camas lilies in the Western USA

What does it mean to be myself in prayer?