

CRADLING THE WORLD

This inner and abiding truth of silence
is a contact with the all-enveloping Mystery of Love,
which cradles the world within itself silently.
Thus it is not in any way a flight from reality,
a descent into untruth and a realm of lies.
It is the exact opposite—liberation by the truth,
which irradiates the heart in silence
and in silence frees it from disturbance,
from the ruckus and the anxiety of lies.

Then from this place, and always within it,
all else in life can be recognized as dwelling,
unceasingly, within the mystery of the great Silence.
Indeed, each thing can be an expression and a form
of the deep Silence from which all things flow
and to which, in the end, they all return.

Words themselves become bearers of silence,
and a look or gesture expresses the silence of the heart.
Activity springs from a place of deeper repose
and manifests this repose in its very fruit.
All doing and all giving expresses a prior acceptance,
and is but acceptance manifest in a particular way—
and is enshrouded in the primary acceptance
of your all-enveloping and sheltering Love,
this Love that silently accepts and cherishes us,
holding us in ineffable stillness in intimate embrace.

Indeed, every experience, in both joy and sorrow,
in enjoyment and in suffering, expresses Silence,
for it not only occurs within the mystery of Silence,
but bears its presence in a mysterious way within.
The joy that washes over the heart
when it is touched by encounter with beauty,
or that wells up secretly from its inner depths—
this is a bearer and a form of your divine Silence,
the silent ecstasy of your eternal life,

in which Father, Son, and Spirit behold one another,
and pass into one another, mutually indwelling,
in the fullness of the unchanging “now” of eternity.

Each moment intersects with this eternity.
Each moment is a sacrament of grace.
Each moment is open to the fullness of divinity,
which is ceaselessly pressing upon me,
hidden only by a thin and fragile veil.
To dwell fully in each moment,
not pulled away by thought of past or future,
but rather opening my heart to eternity present now...
this is to remain in contact with the Silence,
with the abyss of divinity, this boundless Ocean,
in whose depths I am immersed, in stillness and repose.

Even in the experience of suffering,
in the mourning of those who are called blessed
—and indeed in this in a particularly intense way—
I come into contact with the mystery of Silence,
which is not a great emptiness, but inner fullness,
a Passion of the heart that is surrendered in love,
and in love welcomes the gift given from the other.

The movement of love in the suffering heart
can become an expression of communion
when the message of Silence is read between the lines.
Indeed, in suffering the Silence speaks very loudly,
not, of course, with voice or word or feeling,
but in the mysterious beauty of the night.

This, however, is not just any kind of suffering,
for there is a suffering which arises,
not from the fullness of the silence,
but from the disturbance of interior noise.
The tempter comes to us and stirs up our feelings,
causing our thoughts and anxieties to churn madly.
He grasps mind and emotions and pulls to the surface,

so that we lose ourselves, and, like agitated water,
cease to recognize the silent message
that the hidden reflection of God's face ever gives.

But in the face of such temptation,
whether it arises from the evil one
or from the disordered movement of our own heart,
there can be a deeper movement into silence,
as the heart flees again into the Heart of Jesus,
opening its woundedness and pain to him.
When the disorder, the brokenness, the noise within us
is laid bare in vulnerability before the eyes of Love,
it cannot but grow silent and still once again.

And then this silence and stillness
draws us on to a stillness and silence deeper yet.
For the darkness of the tempter,
shattered against the rock of the Redeemer,
leaves in its wake an abyss of longing
in the heart that has been torn open by affliction.

This longing, this openness of heart,
yes, this mysterious experience of cruciformity,
opens the way to experience of the divine Silence,
which is indeed a mystery of spiritual darkness,
a darkness, however, which is but a Mystery of Light.

For in this mysterious darkness,
in the aching pain of the heart in love,
there is not the distress of anxiety and temptation,
nor the need to comprehend and to be in control.
There is, rather, only the surging movement of surrender,
springing in each instant from a prior acceptance.

This inner "passion" of the heart, abiding in you
and in contact with the mystery of your love,
passionate in self-giving to the full—
this passion indeed transforms every experience,

not only the movement of the inmost heart,
but every joy and suffering of this life.
It lights them up from within by the deeper mystery
of this passion of acceptance and surrender,
which binds hearts together as one in love.

Yes, the silence speaks clearly,
yet with a clarity deeper and more mysterious
than our words and concepts can ever give.
Yes, the night shines with a mysterious beauty,
and we realize that the darkness is but an image...
for the truth is that all is light, light, and light alone,
appearing dark only because it exceeds our ability to grasp.
Rather, it grasps us and expands us beyond our limits,
to be, and to abide, in contact with your Mystery,
within the silence and stillness of your loving embrace,
dearest Father, Son, and Spirit, ever one.