

UNITED IN HIM

To enter into this silence and solitude,
this inner quietude of heart in your presence,
is not, dear God, to forget about my brethren,
about all of your children in this world,
to whom I am inseparably united in the Body of Christ.

To think that this is the case is a temptation,
another wile of the evil spirit, who, hating me,
wants to keep me on the surface, tossed here and there,
estranged from myself and from you,
and therefore also from the ability to encounter,
in true heart-to-heart communion,
my brothers and sisters who are your gift to me.

Rather, it is only from the depths of the heart
—yes, from the innate solitude of my life,
my unique personal mystery and existence—
that I can truly welcome others
and let myself, through self-possession,
be given away totally as a gift for them.
It is necessary, therefore, to descend, descend...
into the stillness and silence of your Love in me,
this mystery of your habitation in my inner heart.

Only in this place can I see and feel in truth
the reality of my life and of the lives of others,
and the truth of this world—illuminated by your Love.
Indeed, not only is this inner silence,
this hidden prayer of the heart, a necessity
for true “going-out” for others, and true welcoming,
but it is also itself the deepest meeting-place.
For in this place I realize that in solitude
I am not truly alone at all...but quite the opposite.

The place of depth where you, dear God,
touch me in the nakedness of my being,

is the place where, in you and through you,
I touch my brothers and sisters most deeply too.
Yes, we are united in the truth of belovedness,
and only within this realm do we know one another fully...
and yet in awe before the ever-greater mystery alive in us.

Ah, Father, in the Heart of Jesus Christ we are united,
in the ineffable silence and solitude that is his.
He comes to us, your beloved yet fallen children,
from the intimate solitude and word-filled silence
of his intimacy with you in eternity,
in the single, ceaseless Kiss of the Spirit.
He draws near to us without leaving your bosom
and enters into the experience of our lonely isolation.

In this way he inhabits what before was closed,
closed in upon itself in fear and shame...
and makes it the meeting place of two in love.
Yes, in the mystery of his Passion
he penetrates into isolation and breaks it open,
transforming it into authentic solitude again.
As he hangs upon the Cross he is in solitude,
the deepest solitude there has ever been in this world...
and yet this very solitude, through his naked self-giving,
is open in cruciformity to the most perfect intimacy.

As he hangs, with nothing covering his body,
his arms stretched wide in a gesture of love,
and his Heart itself open unconditionally to us,
he knits back together what was estranged.
In the sinews of his own Sacred Heart,
pierced through by the needle and thread of Love,
he weaves back together God and humanity,
the Trinity and each and every human heart.

Therefore, as each one of us is taken
and held close to him in his intimate solitude,
made one with him in the nakedness of encounter,

we are knit together intimately to one another too.
Yes, and this means that when I draw near
and stand at the foot of his Cross in silence,
in the solitude which is but the deepest meeting-place,
I come to the place of universal convergence,
where all things become one again in the Heart of Christ.