

Reflection Monday Week 31 - All Souls 2020

Though Satan breaks our dark glass into shards
each shard still shines with Christ's reflected light,
it glances from the eyes, kindles the words
of all his unknown saints. The dark is bright
with quiet lives and steady lights undimmed,
the witness of the ones we shunned and shamed.
Plain in our sight and far beyond our seeing
he weaves them with us in the web of being.
They stand beside us even as we grieve,
the lone and left behind whom no one claimed.
Unnumbered multitudes, he lifts above
the shadow of the gibbet and the grave,
to triumph where all saints are known and named;
the gathered glories of His wounded love. (Malcolm Guite)

Poem: "The Sacrament of Letting Go," by Macrina Wiederkehr

Slowly
she celebrated the sacrament of
letting Go...
First she surrendered her Green
then the Orange, yellow, and Red...
Finally she let go of her Brown...
Shedding her last leaf
she stood empty and silent, stripped bare
leaning against the sky she began her vigil of trust...
Shedding her last leaf
she watched its journey to the ground...
She stood in silence,
wearing the colour of emptiness
her branches wondering:
How do you give shade, with so much gone?
And then, the sacrament of waiting began
The sunrise and sunset watched with
tenderness, clothing her with silhouettes
they kept her hope alive.
They helped her understand that
her vulnerability
her dependence and need
her emptiness
her readiness to receive
were giving her a new kind of beauty.
Every morning and every evening she stood in silence and celebrated
the sacrament of waiting.

Patient to friend: "I saw the doctor to day about my loss of memory."

Friend: "What did he do?"

Patient: "He made me pay him in advance."