

## Reflection Wednesday Week 31 All Souls 2022

John Keates in Endymion wrote:

*“A thing of beauty is a joy forever; its loveliness increases; it will never pass into nothingness.”*

Macrina Wiederkehr ***A gift of Life and death***

I want my death to be a gift, a birth.  
When in that final breath  
I breathed myself back into God,  
I believe I was drawn back into you also.  
Into the world of stars and earth,  
plants and birds and animals, into the roaring sea.  
I have become an intimate part of all the universe.  
And so, as I am breathed back into the heart of this world,  
into the hopes and dreams and joys of people,  
into the yearnings and the tears and sorrows of this world,  
I hope my death is both a birth, and a gift.

I want my death to be a gift;  
and the only way my death can be a gift, is  
if my living was a gift to this frantic, confusing, lovely messy moment in  
history.

After all, my life was visible and unhidden,  
alive with a hope that had no boundaries,  
ever aware of the immense goodness,  
at my fingertips, within my reach,  
receiving and sharing that goodness;  
midwifing it into being,  
tasting that incredible truth, that every day is a good day for living  
and that every day is a good day for dying.

I want you to see my life as a gift so that my death may be gift, too.

**Into the eye of God** Macrina Wiederkehr.

Our prayer for your journey into God.  
Since you had been given a small storm  
a little hurricane named after you,  
persistent enough to get your attention,  
violent enough to have awakened you to new depths,  
strong enough to have shaken you to the roots,  
majestic enough to have reminded you of your origin:  
made of the earth yet steeped in eternity;  
frail human dust yet soaked with infinity.  
You began your storm under the Eye of God  
a watchful caring eye that gazed in your direction  
as you wrestled with the life force within.  
In the midst of these holy winds;  
in the midst of your divine wrestling  
may your storm journey like all hurricanes  
lead you into the eye, into the Eye of God,  
where all is calm and quiet.  
Into a stillness beyond imagining!

Into the eye of God after the storm  
into the silent, beautiful light; into the Eye of God.