

Purple Compassion

In days to come you will take root, you will bud and blossom and fill all the world with fruit.

Is. 27:6

*I think it pisses God off if you walk by
the colour purple in a field somewhere
and don't notice it.*

What it do when it pissed off? Fast.

Oh, it make something else.

People think pleasing God is all God care about.

*But any fool living in the world can see
it always trying to please us back.*

Alice Walker, The Colour Purple.

- The purple blossoms of the jacaranda tree reflect the luminous colour of our hearts – outer universe and inner universe, one verse of love infusing love, singing and drawing us to awaken Love's greening power, *viriditas*, luscious greening, Spirit energy.
- The purple petals of her fertility invite all the colours of our hearts to glow with Love's radiance. Sophia wisdom stirs, gathers, knits, ones us, in a depthless spiraling, deeper and deeper, into the still point of our heart-centre. We become one centre of love, in the Centre of centres, enfolding, encircling, making all things one.
- As we circle into this deep peace within, into oneness, we hear the cry of the earth reminding us we are made from the earth, we are part of her soul. We hear the lament of archetypal grief, generation after generation of original earth peoples, weeping for their land, for peace, wailing for their children, for the unborn, to have hope. We see the pollution of the centuries of policies, of politics separating, dividing, oppressing, disempowering. We see nation after nation divided. Especially, we see, in this pivotal moment, the crisis in the United States, indifference, social absencing, obliterating. Black lives matter, people matter, birds, fish and animals matter, earth matters, divine love matters, a discipleship of equals matters.
- Our hearts bleed as we feel the pain, embrace the suffering in a womb of compassion. We allow the pain to touch deeply, to transform us into compassion poured out. The political uproar cannot obliterate the deep, abiding, holy, Silence. Radical grace is present. Sophia wisdom is flowing. Love is drawing us to converge in oneness in Omega.
- We offer our solidarity with the marginalized, peace and discretion to politicians, wisdom and courage to those voting, as we wait, in Mary womb darkness. We are the one womb of compassion creating, one dark waiting, with a point of greenness within, so pure. This point, this verdant Centre of centres, is gathering all things into itself, into Love. Emerald light is illuming, purple flowering is flourishing.
- The newness of a future of oneness in a Christ-enlightened unitive consciousness beckons. We yield, heart in heart, in Christ, as one body of Christ. We dream a dream. We have a vision for a new era.
- The colour purple illumes—the radical hope of choosing to live, of birthing anew as we walk in this field together. We see the purple, the jacaranda blossom, and we flower, as our hearts burst forth in love. We hear the echoes of the memory of the future, the song of the birds, calling us into the oneing. We are the oneing. We are the love. We are the body of Christ evolving.