

Infusing the Fragrance and Colour of Lent

Icon of Suffering

The Compassionate One is close to the broken-hearted,
and on those whose spirit is crushed

Love will pour salve.

Though many are the sufferings of the one who loves
still, Compassionate Love will enfold and rescue them all.

Taking care of every bone,

Love will not let one be broken. From Psalm 34:18-20.

- * Quietly, we listen to this music from Psalm 34 as dewdrops of wisdom infuse our hearts. We come together again, as one communion of hearts, to be enfolded and oned into the one heart of divine compassion, that is wounded, vulnerable, holding the suffering of the planet in a way that suffering, in love becomes joy. The verse resounds throughout the cosmos, "Compassionate Love is close to the broken-hearted." This closeness in an enfolding, enclosing, oneing closeness that draws all that is wounded, into the divine womb of compassion, so starkly exposed as Jesus/Yesua hangs on the tree of the cross.
- * Gently, we come with our own vulnerable, broken-heart one with the broken-heart of humanity and the wounded soul of the earth, in this transformative moment, of choosing the way of love. We bring all that is hidden in the shadows, collective wounding and trauma, all wrapped in our loving communion. We are open to creating a noosphere of compassion.
- * Vulnerably, we feel the closeness of divine love tenderly embracing, enfolding, wrapping, infusing, absorbing, drawing all pain into the wounded body of crucified love. We become attentive to our crushed spirits, our disconnected head and heart, our split brains, mental health anguish, inequality, disempowerment and feel the Spirit of love infuse our minds. We imbibe the perfume of the healing balm of love, illuminating, connecting, integrating, freeing, oneing. We draw all this fracturing into the oneing in the ground of our heart, into the wounded heart of Jesus/Yesua.
- * We awaken our soul seeing within this icon of suffering and sense the illumination of icon shining into icon, as all our suffering dissolves into the divine heart, into the healing radiance of Love, into the ever-healing, ever-fertile ground of Love's oneing. Here, we see as the wounded one sees and realize we are participating in the enfolding, embracing, enclosing, oneing, drawing all things to oneness.
- * The divine closeness ones as we sense how we are *close, clos-ed, clos-ing, enclosing, enclosed, beclosed*. This embrace that becomes the enclosing becomes the oneing — we are one in the crucified body of Jesus/Yesua. We are one in this icon of suffering in love. We, hold the pain of the world, as love pours out salve. Together in common, our name is oil poured out. The wounded Jesus/Yesua pours out the oil of himself. We pour out the oil of ourselves with him. We feel the intensity of his deep and lasting healing as we are touched right in the middle of the depth of our pain. We feel the tenderness of the kiss that draws us into the mystical marriage. The point of our deepest wounding becomes the point of creative union. The onening becomes a holomovement of salve, pouring, healing, creative, collective peace throughout the planet. We infuse the healing silence.

Blessing

As we feel your closeness Compassionate One, this Lent,
may our communion in suffering expand into a Christ consciousness
where all is experienced within your vision of cosmic oneness. Amen.