


Contemplatio

Infusing the Colours and Fragrance of Lent

Lamenting



O my Beloved, my soul weeps within me.
Still, I remember You,
from your womb before the dawn to my mother's womb,
and through all the days of my life.
Deep calls to deep
in the roar of the waters;
as breakers and waves engulf me.
Yet, ceaselessly, the Compassionate One showers tender loving by day,
and at night Love's song is within me,
a prayer from the Heart of all hearts. Psalm 42:6-8

- * We gather today Beloved, at the beginning of Lent, aware of the ashes of our hearts formed by the burning incense of your loving aflame within our hearts. As we gather, we come as a communion of lovers lamenting. Our hearts weep with tears of love, as we are so aware of the heart-ache of our vulnerable world – with the dissonance, violence and oppression of war, the pain of pandemic, the extremes of climate crisis – floods and fires, the addiction to patterns of trauma, the polarizations within our community, and our own personal family heart-aches. We come, our hearts overflowing with tears of love.
- * We become aware of the intimacy of the aroma of your presence infusing a unity that radiates, inviting a yielding into a receptivity, opening a deeper releasing into your ground, creating a fertile new way of being together in silent communion, in the fresh creativity of your oneing.
- * We hear deep calling to deep and attend to our mind's conceptualizing, releasing all our thinking and worrying, into the depthless ground of our heart.
- * We become present to our bodies, softening and gently releasing. We feel the pores of our skin, receptively open into your unmade love. We feel our bodies become porous, as our veins and bones infuse into a mind-body-heart loving. Quietly, effortlessly, the senses of our heart-loving enliven. The aroma of our oneing heightens, illuminating a subtle, holographic heart-awareness of Heart in heart, faintly, barely, almost imperceptibly, until there is only the depthless stillness of heart perception.
- * Your depthless silent ground infuses our whole being and we are one in your still, silent ground of heart loving.
- * Like a fetus in a womb, our hearts hold our communal tear, weeping, weeping, weeping, for all the pain inflicted in our world. As we sink deeper and deeper into this tear, into the divine tear, we sense the wounded heart-body of crucified love, holding all that is vulnerable.
- * Vulnerable, like the weeping mother holding the tortured body of her child, we hold, be-hold and feel the pain, the vulnerability. All those who are vulnerable, afraid, wounded, we enfold in tender love. We enfold our leaders in your wisdom and most kind-hearted love.
- * Tenderly, as we abide in the tear, ripples of love flow boundlessly. Our abiding in the oneing becomes enstatic, intensifying into a still, silent, single pointedness, until the tears become a fountain of love, pouring out compassion, mercy, forgiveness, connectedness. We choose to vulnerably be this compassion, living with passion.
- * Ceaselessly, the Compassionate one showers tender loving by day, so that at night Love's song is with us, our prayer from the Heart of all hearts, We bless the world with compassion. Blessings of love, Kerrie Hide