

Lenten Beholdings with Julian of Norwich

"I am Ground"



- ❖ Julian's beholding is *Ecce Ecce*, beholding the wounded One. We awaken the soft penetrating gaze of the eye of our heart as we enter into the timelessness of beholding, to be-hold our wounded, vulnerable, crucified Beloved. For Julian, our wounded, vulnerable, crucified Beloved is Christ our Mother. We come, as a communion of lovers nakedly, fully and homely, to be with our crucified Mother, to be one in our vulnerability. We hold our hearts open to each other, as Love draws us deeper, into the intimacy and intensity of this paschal loving, in this sacred time of Lent.
- ❖ Visually, we be-hold a bodily sight of the fresh, red blood trickling down this Beloved One's head from under the garland of thorns. In these tears of blood, we see the bleeding of our own wounds, the bleeding of humankind, the bleeding of the biosphere, the bleeding of the geosphere, the bleeding of the atmosphere, the bleeding of the noosphere. Our hearts weep with tears of love, as we are so aware of the heart-ache of our vulnerable world, held here in the body of God.
- ❖ Delicately, attentively, we turn into the flow of the loving of our Beloved, lingering, surrendering, softly remaining and resting our vision in a malleable darkness. Vulnerable, we hold, be-hold and compassionately feel into the pain, the vulnerability.
- ❖ We feel ourselves drawn deeper into the rhythm of a loving noughting and oneing, as we are knit into an interpenetrating indwelling. In this delicate interplay of noughting and oneing, we empty ourselves of all conceptualisations, as we continuously pour out our heart in love.
- ❖ At the same, Julian draws us into beholding spiritually, this vulnerable One's homely loving. She calls us to behold and see that this crucified Beloved is everything that is good and comfortable for us. This wounded Lover is our clothing who for love, wraps us, embraces us, enfolds and beclothes us in a tender love that will never leave us.
- ❖ We feel the intensity of the loving, wrapping, encircling, enfolding, enveloping, swathing, enclosing, beclothing us in tender love. Responsively, we yield still further into the flow of the wrapping, dissolving and becoming more and more oned. The movement of the enfolding becomes delicate, quiet, still, silent. We become beholding and behold from within beholding.
- ❖ In the depthless-ness of our heart, words full of love resound from the silence: "I am ground"ⁱ. I am ground of your being. I am ground of your soul. I am ground of your heart. I am ground of your loving. I am ground of your prayer. "Pray me".
- ❖ Simply, nakedly we pray Christ.

(If we become scattered, we attend to the loving and return to our Beloved's words, "I am ground.")

- ❖ Gratefully, we feel the hope of "all shall be well" as all is held in the tender loving of the vulnerable Christ, deep wisdom of the Trinity, our mother. From our enclosed in Love's oneing we wrap and unfold the world in tender love.

Blessings of Love, Dr Kerrie Hide

ⁱ Imagery is from *A Showing of Love* introductory revelation and the Westminster text.