

Beholding the Icon of Vulnerable Love



...Make your home in me as I make mine in you...

John 15:4

- ❖ The Love that is all loving, the Love that is at home in us, the Love that vulnerably pours out love, the Love that is crucified, gathers us into a communion, inviting us to centre heart to heart, heart in heart.
- ❖ Love is drawing us as a community into the intimacy of eternal Love pouring out love through the crucified Poor One entering into the depths of all suffering and drawing us into the endless oneness of love in resurrection luminosity. Love is taking us deeper into the depths of our heart, into the Beloved who has made a home in us, into the wound of love, into the meek darkness that illumines the One who is Love.
- ❖ We behold – enter into a loving spacious communion, and follow the touchings of divine desire, as they draw us into be-holding; to be and to hold the vulnerable One as Mary held and be-held the crucified body of her son. As we yield into beholding, we sensitize our heart-senses and sense into our communion. We feel the liminality opening into shared being-in-communion, with one another, and with creation. We touch and press into the union with our heart senses. The touch gives way. We yield into the oneness.
- ❖ The senses of the ground of our heart further heighten to delicate subtleties. We hear Love's whisper, as Jesus cries:

“How I long to share this Passover with you.” (Lk 22:15).

The eros of this fervent yearning to share his final meal, his carrying of the cross, his dying, his lying in the emptiness of no-thingness, and his rising into a new, fuller expression of his union with each of us personally, communally and cosmically in resurrection life, places us in the *kenosis* of his love pouring out into where depth itself is undone.

- ❖ We are beholding. We hold every tear, every heart ache, every violent force, every divisive movement, every fear, every terror as Mary holds the dead body of her son. We intuit that longing is beholding. Beholding is longing.

- ❖ We nakedly feel into the flow of love inviting us to behold the wounded One,
drawing us into his bodiliness
into the emptying of all materiality
into nothing
into the apophatic oneing of beholding

images fall away
senses fade
words evaporate
silence
stillness

Be - holding
taken into love beyond being and holding,
into absence
into all that is beyond absence.

- ❖ Yet love continues to press into our union in one another, and the intensity of our mutual indwelling amplifies. Love silently whispers:

“Make your home in me as I make mine in you.”
“Abide in me as I abide in you”.
“I am in you and you are in me and our love cannot be parted.”
Silent words continue to fade
We are lost in our oneing

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- ❖ Love loving beloved – beloved loving lover. Love loving beloved – beloved loving beloved, intensifying our mutual indwelling, drawing us into love’s oneing. All of us are in communion, in the perichoresis of eternal love, in a circling indwelling no mind can follow.

All creation is in the flow of love-loving-beloved – beloved-loving-lover.

Love’s desire is our beholding.

With love, Kerrie Hide