

Folio Thirty-Four

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Exhilarating in the Spirit ¹

*O Selfless Abba-God
Abandoning Your whole Self to Your Beloved !
O Mystery of Bountifulness !
... Ceaselessly ... Limitlessly
Pouring forth Your Life ! Your Love ! Your Being !
... Into our Christ-Being ,
Our Paschal Person.*

*O ! How our spirits
EXHILARATE IN THE SPIRIT,
With Your Praise !
Radiating Your Glory !
Ever-grateful for Your Grace !*

Heal-th and Healing ¹

Abba, in Your loving-kindness,

Bring to full HEAL-TH,

All that is unhealed in us ...

Transforming all hearts involved,

All unhealed memories.

Bring all to wholeness, Abba,

Integrating mind, heart, body and spirit ...

So as to draw the whole person

Together.

Heal, too, all their relationships,

And, through this grace of CO-HEALING,

Draw ALL TOGETHER ...

Within Your Beloved's Heart

– The home of lasting health.

To Nourish Our Deepest Desire ¹

*To nourish always,
Our deepest desire – for God,
We need to stay OPEN
To the promptings of the Spirit
... Constantly moving us, to re-pledge our desire
– Through SILENCE, SOLITUDE OF HEART,
Through humble SERVICE,
And through SURRENDERING OUR SPIRIT, to Divine Desire !*

What God's All Can Be ! ¹

Our Abba-God's promise ... of Himself

ALWAYS begins with an invitation

– To emptiness, to nothingness.

If we don't let go of everything,

We will never know

What God's ALL can be !

We pray for the special grace of adoption –

That the Spirit REPLICATE,

Within us,

How Abba, the Ascended Jesus, and the Paschal Spirit

EACH give ALL

To receive ALL.

Trusts Asks Us ¹

Faith means ...

That when doubt arises, and courage falters

Faith itself

... Quietens the intellect, from 'mind-racing',

... Calms the will, restraining it from unneeded decision-making,

... Refocuses our quest for beauty and harmony, INWARDS,

But, most of all,

Surrenders to the simple rhythm of trust.

This faith, this trust asks us ...

To leave things rest with God,

To let God suggest change,

To let God change hearts.

From Our Lover's Lips, We Know ¹

*Think not, YOU know God :
Truly, only God can know God.
For just as "God first loves us", ²
So God first KNOWS us;
And to be known by the God of All Knowing,
Is to be found in Jesus Ascended,
Knowing Abba, AS the Paschal Son
... For Abba has ears only, for His Beloved's voice !*

*This divine way of knowing
Weds our ascendant humanity
To Heaven's Bridegroom.
Thus, in Christ, we know ...
With a wondrous spousal awareness,
And with a luminous attentiveness,
That blossoms into wedded intimacy !*

*Here, ears are not for knowing :
Rather it is the HEART that knows
... Joyed by the fragrant Breath
Of our Lover's KISS, the Spirit
... The seal of all knowing.*

*To be thus rapt within Love's arms,
To gaze into Love's eyes
–But a Breath away –
Is to surrender one's very being
... To lay bare the inner chamber of one's heart.*

*To ACCEPT Love's gaze
Is to FEEL the universe
And its many God-seeking hearts
Beat AS one's own heart
– All in one Eternal surge of joy !
This is KNOWING God !*

*To accept Love's creative gaze
Is to BE
Christ ... bending to embrace and kiss
Both the leper in oneself,
And the lepers without,
... Who, reaching up,
Are awed to see His eyes
Reflect ANOTHER'S gaze of deepest love :
“He has His Father's eyes !”
... Our leprous throats proclaim !*

*And thus, we come to know our God
When our leprous lips are kissed
... For, it is on the Cross
That heaven and earth
Come to know each other
Within this Kiss.*

1 Poem 665, Annual Retreat, Pennant Hills, June 2005, Day 4.

2 1Jn 4:19 N.R.S.V.

With Deepest Love ¹

Within the heart of God,

The Spirit utters OUR prayer.

Be it but the murmur of our spirit ...

Jesus Ascended gives it voice and feeling

... As our Beloved Brother,

... And Abba cherishes it

... With deepest love.

God's Secret Place ¹

“Pray to your Father who is in that secret place.” ²

*God's secret place, within each, is –
Beyond hands' touch, and eyes' seeing,
Beyond the scope of our imaginings,
Beyond the reach of our consciousness
... A place of intimacy
Where only God and we can enter and dwell,
Where, as sinners, we are bathed in Love's healing presence,
And where, in being drawn to Love's cheek,
Our life is born anew.*

¹ Poem 667, Annual Retreat, Pennant Hills, June 2005, Day 5.

² Mt 6:6.

Towards an Ever-Deeper Dependence ¹

Our growth
Into the ever-expanding freedom
Of being God's CHILD,
Is a growth towards complete trust
– A growth towards an ever-deeper DEPENDENCE
... That is both gifted,
And chosen.

Into the Heart's Night ¹

Coo – oo – oo – ee !!

*Love's call cracked like a whip in the gum-scented air
– Sailing across the rainforest-draped mountain valley,
Below the jutting basalt outcrop, where I stood alone.*

It was deep twilight, and my Love's call

Startled my heart – again !

I spun my head towards the Voice

But couldn't see my Love :

... As had been the case for the three "cooes" before.

In seeking water for the night's camp,

We had parted, on our descent into the valley

– My Love to the right, I to the left.

The Beloved's sure instincts ensured water would be found ...

But MY old impulses caused me to chop and change,

Until, back-tracking to the "outcrop", I was even higher than before !

Coo – oo – oo – ee !!

My Love's fifth call echoed, and re-echoed

–Now out of darkness –

But ... just a touch closer, than before !

Until now, Love's very absence

Has NUMBED my voice, into not replying

– "Love KNOWS where I am !" I thought

... Not realizing that Love longed to hear

My own "cooe",

And then, by re-ponding, call me home – home to a waiting heart.

*But, ROUSED by the evening Breeze,
My heart joined my voice, to call back :
An airy bleat at first ...
Then a louder squawk that faded quickly ;
The, graced, I decided not to shout, but to SING the “cooe” .
A clarion call SOARED, resounding in the night air
Both alerting my Love, and amplifying my sense of loss.*

*Then, out of darkness, came the Voice I knew :
“I am directly below you ...
You could jump, and I could catch you !”²
My heart leapt ! This time with good-humoured excitement –
“Sure ... I’d jump ! But I cannot fly !”
Then came the Love’s reply,
“Come to me, through the darkness ...
I’ll guide you with my Voice.”*

*So, confidently, I set off into the depths,
Towards the creek bed, about ten metres below
... Able to see just a couple of metres ahead.
I moved first to the left, then straight down ;
Then I faltered ...*

*“Co – oo – ee !”
It sounded to the right, through the trees, softly ...
A short echo this time, followed by –
“I’m here. Come to me. About fifteen metres, right.”*

I brushed into a few branches, before the seventh “cooee” sounded

... Really close by, almost spoken

“Come this way ... just seven metres or so.”

I truly FELL into my Beloved’s waiting arms

– Tripping, right at the end, from sheer relief!

“Welcome back! Good on you!

I’ve found water, and a campsite for the night.”

After a few minutes’ excited story-telling,

We set off upstream, over the creek’s edge rocks

... Soon resuming our familiar silence.

It was, again, pitch black under the trees.

Love’s hand took mine ...

Love’s Presence assured mine ...

Love’s heart-song filled mine!

As sightless ... but CERTAIN in faith,

I was led along the forest floor,

Through the darkness ...

Two times we crossed the spring-fed creek,

Once was to drink ...

When ... I saw sparkles of light cascade from Love’s hands,

... Live diamonds in the night!

Then, bending down to scoop a drink

From the still pool,

I saw Love’s face dimly mirrored there

... Until the Breeze rippled it away.

The on again – I knew not where,

Fully trusting Love’s heart-designs ...

Then ... with excitement ... Love whispered, "We're here !"

A cathedral of high branches, dimly sensed,

Overarched a gracious enclosed space.

The forest floor was flat and even

– Our feet, like a blind man's stick,

Feeling its blanket of soft ferns.

We stand there, together

– As it were in the midst of nothingness

... Dark the space

Darker still the trees' embrace.

Love stands silent, quite unseen :

But ... I've faith in Love's nearness.

Then, the night-flower scented Breeze springs up,

Breathing life into my visionless eyes

... Opening them ANEW

To reveal Love's eyes, up close, meeting mine

... Calming eyes

... Peace-filled eyes.

Love DRAWS me close, cheek to cheek

– With each head, upon the other's shoulder laid.

I sense Love's heartbeat

Sounding into mine

... The steady coupled throb

Affirming the oneness of our love :

My heart beats, with the heartbeat

Of my God !

Love lights up my heart !
My, heart bursts with singing
... As a chorus of a thousand thousand hearts
SINGS THROUGH MINE –
“Light ! Light ! O Glorious Light !
Radiating from the heart
Of Love !
Drawing US TOGETHER, in Love !”

1 Poem 669, Annual Retreat, Pennant Hills, June 2005, Day 5.

2 Biographical Note : ‘Love’s words in the poem, light up the memory of one of my earliest images of God – of my own father, in the dream I had, standing outside our home-on-fire, standing unseen below me, and through the smoke calling similar words, up to me. I, as a 3 or 4 year old, was caught on a second floor bedroom landing, blinded by smoke, calling out to my Dad. His words were, “I can see you, even though you can’t see me. I’m here. Jump into the smoke to where my voice is ! I will catch you !” I jumped ... and Dad caught me ! And kept kissing me !’

All from Love ¹

The seed of all human love, often unbeknown to us,

Is Love ;

What attracts us within human love,

Is, ultimately, Love ;

Wounded human love can, ultimately,

Only be healed, by Love.

All human love can only truly grow,

WITHIN Love

... Whether we know it, choose it, or, seemingly, reject it.

And indeed, only either surrender, or death,

Will reveal this Presence of Love

... Either through grace, or glory !

Love's Delight ¹

As the Gift of abiding communion becomes ours ...

We catch more and more glimpses of Love.

More and more, we savour

The fragrance of Love's Presence.

Indeed, we lose OUR SELVES in Love

Such that Love ALONE becomes our compass ...

Our journey, and our destination !

Thus graced,

We sense Love's fond lingering GAZE

– As Love is captivated, in beholding Christ in us.

We cannot but delight in Love's delight !

And, as we are drawn more deeply into Love,

We realize

ALL life's focus, is the Other.

Our deep NEED is to be responsive

To the RHYTHM of Love, in others :

Breathing Love IN ...

Breathing Love OUT ...

In the hope that ALL become ONE, in Love.

Love's Joy ¹

*Love's joy is to play and frolic
In the sun-spangled Waters of Peace
... With those who are, IN Love,
To plunge together to cooler depths
– Lovers wombed together –
And then, to RISE TOGETHER, for a Breath.*

*Love's joy is to lie together
In a tree's filtered light
... As the Sunshine we share,
Dances its pattern of delight
In tune with the carefree Breeze.*

*Love's joy is to twirl and glide
To the sweep and rhythm of a band
With partners dancing 'Lovers' Choice'
–To dance the Dance of Love :
To blend the Music of the Stars
To the Music in our hearts.*

Love's Bounty ¹

DEUT 33 : 13 – 16b (J.B.) –

*“Your land is blessed by Yabweh :
for you, the best of heaven’s dew
and of the deep that lies below,
the best of what the sun may grow
of what springs with every month,
the first fruits of the ancient mountains
the best from the everlasting hills,
the best of the land and all it holds –
the favour of him who dwells in the Bush.”*

ROM 8 : 28 –

*“All things work together unto good,
for those who love God.”*

*Love’s heart pours abundance into our lives :
Wide, deep soils lavished with rain,
Grain crops, sun-ripened heavy on the stem,
Sugar cane, aflame with bloom, plump in the stalk
... We are ever in Love’s sight !*

*Pears and pawpaws, mangoes and mandarins,
Softly dew-kissed at dawn;
Passionfruit and grape, bananas and apricots,
Their sheen aglow at twilight
... Love heaps gifts on gifts !*

*Fat cows with calves, wade in seas of green ;
Deep-pooled rivers ... gleaming arteries ... cross our land ;
Fish teem our lakes and flash alive in streams
... O! Who will restrain Love ?*

*Bumper harvests, barns are full,
Granaries bulge, beehives sing !
Our land is joying – joying in Love
... Joying in Love's overflow !*

*And all our land's abloom – like coloured sunshine :
Swathes of lavender, canola and salvia – rainbow our lives !
Violets, jonquils, and fireweed under-croft the poincianas !
Daisies and dandelions, and passionate paterson's curse
Flood whole valleys and ride their crests !
... Love's eyes are adazzle with colour !*

*Magnolia and tibouchina, cherry and jacaranda BLOOM
– Exploding against the green !
Stands of pine and palm, bloodwood and wattle,
Liquid-amber and eucalypt, cedar and silky oak
Contend, as friends
... Love's excitement overflows !*

*Apple and avocado ... plum and macadamia orchards,
Sunny ranks of pineapples – garment our hillsides ;
Swelling melons, scarlet sprays of strawberries,
Cheeky radishes, swaying corn ... all jostle together
... Love cannot contain itself !*

*Here our children also grow in harmony :
Nursing babies, bell-voiced 'under tens' ...
Voices ringing in the sun, deep voiced youth,
Girls farewelling childhood, blooming in the light
... Love is alive in them !*

*Ours is a land arched by rainbows, capped by thunder-beads,
Caressed by sun-showers, drenched by monsoons ;
A kaleidoscopic landscape, silvered by farm dams and creeks ;
Skies we can drive into : into flotillas of clouds over plainland hills
... Into a maze, a blue myriad of shapes and forms and 'faces'
... Mirroring Love's every feeling !*

*Birds, flecking our skies, and gracing our wetlands,
Chirrup the dawn, filling our rain forests and scrub with song !
Farmland grunting and lowing, bleating and crowing
... All add to Love's chorus
... Love's eager to join this heartsong !*

*Our land is awash with fragrance :
Encompassing jasmines, subtle vanillas, the honeyed scent of wattle,
The tang of gum trees, the spike of citrus, and roses' velvety perfumes.
All lace the air of gardens, bushland and plains
... Love's allure is tangible !*

*One key focus of Love,
Are our country's mountain ranges
... From which all our rivers flow.
A few such ranges, soar,
But most form spines across low landforms.
Yet all draw Love's attentiveness
... With their tree-draped flanks,
And those occasional peaks crowned with CLOUD,
Like that of Horeb
... Mysterious and alluring ...
Invite many picnicking families, tourists and youthful hikers,
Caravanning retirees, motorists keen to explore, and some contemplative wanderers.*

*Often, here in the uplands, like in a scriptural wilderness,
Love opens hearts,
Often around campfires
... Hearts gathered together,
Like moths to a flame.*

*Indeed, Love's like a Flame for all in this land,
Centering hearts,
Wedding us together,
Lighting up our lives,
Gracing us, to trace the face of the Beloved,
In the kindnesses of each face we encounter
—Be it in the supermarket, the sports or concert venue, or at work —
... Touching our lives, with a Homeing Instinct.*

*As Love opens our hearts
And draws us home – to a place of COMMUNING,
We open our homes and our own lives to others
... To share our own Homecoming gifts.
And Love, who is the Giver of such gifts,
Is the ultimate Gift we receive and embrace,
And the ultimate Gift we can give to others
In this Bountiful Land.*

To Treasure What Is Given ¹

*We have already been given
What we MOST yearn for !
Being in Christ, in Abba's arms
... Is there anything MORE
We could desire ?
O! How our awareness deserts us !*

*Being SO blest,
We need the grace, constantly –
To be attentive and aware
Of our giftedness ;
To watch and wait
For its unfolding ;
And, most of all,
To TREASURE
What is given,
And, with thankfulness
Through Eucharist,
Always to be open,
And whole-hearted, in our response !*

A Home for the Heart ¹

Our hearts belong to the One who made them
... Who EVER loves them into being !
We can only be 'at home',
In harmony with our origin, and destiny
... If we surrender to the One
To whom our heart, our spirit, BELONG !
Jesus, Himself, encourages us, always,
"To give to God, what belongs to God" ²
... Our very selves !

Our tragedy is, that we keep
Looking elsewhere
To EXPERIENCE belonging
... Even eager for the distraction !
Out of sync with our own heart's inner compass
... We re-set our hearts
On the lure
Of what instantly satisfies
– On the passing 'sensation of belonging'.
We re-visit this sensual fulfilment, repeatedly,
To generate
A superficial sense of permanence
– A 'pretend' home for our hearts !

O! For the grace of recognizing the treasure

We already possess ...

*“Where your treasure is,
There too, is your heart”.³*

There too, our home !

1 Poem 675, Year 7 of Prayer Ministry, Clayfield Community, Brisbane, July 2005.

(NOTE: Linked to the previous poem, Poem 674.)

2 Mt 22: 21

3 Mt 6: 21

Holiness ¹

*Holiness is not just any expression of goodness ;
Holiness is
The goodness which integrates the lives it illuminates
... Empowering
EACH to wholeness, and the MANY to togetherness.
Such integrative goodness
Has degrees of radiance
... All gifts of God's delight.
Each is a facet of that Goodness,
Which unifies and simplifies all
... "For God alone is holy". ²*

*Indeed, each holy person, each holy group,
Is a realization of a special purpose
Within the heart of Goodness itself,
Who draws ALL into a whole
... Within the one Christ !*

1 Poem 676, year 7 of Prayer Ministry, Clayfield Community, Brisbane, Feast of the Assumption, 2005.

2 Cf. Lk 18:19.

The Heartbeat of God ¹

*Abba's eternal impulse is to commune,
To communicate Himself.
Out of His silence comes whispers
... Whispers of Love
Exciting our spirits !*

*Whispers become murmurs
... Communal, soulful, alluring,
Enticing our spirits to togetherness.*

*As these murmurs swell and fade,
There SOUNDS within Paschal spirits
Something insistent, rhythmic and personal,
The HEARTBEAT OF GOD
... Most assuring, and eternally close !
... Pulsing with life !
... Drawing our human hearts
Into its own rhythm !*

*Wondrously, to beat in unison with THIS Heartbeat,
Is to share God's own identity !*

Before ever the Word
Is GIVEN VOICE in our lives,
Before any words arise,
Christ's Heartbeat is always there –
Anchoring all wisdom,
En-Spiriting our spirits,
Enlivening our universe !

Indeed, Christ's Heartbeat centres
The Presence of the Word,
And, of course, all specific expressions of the Word.
These latter all RESONATE to its rhythm :
Blessed are they who are graced
To sense this Heartbeat of Love
BEFORE Love's words are heard !

Indeed, the Word's central revelation
Is to pulse forth the Heartbeat of God
– To pulse God's love
Into the hearts of all who live
And, in a wondrously graced way, into Paschal hearts
– And then to receive
The love for God
Pulsing from them !

Readied by Mary ¹

With each of our dyings

We are gently led

Into a hope-filled presence ...

Lowered, with Calvary's Jesus,

Into the waiting arms of Mary

– The Loving Mother

Of all who seek Life –

Who, laying us to rest,

READIES us

For Abba's Gift –

The Spirit of the

Beloved

Alive in us

!

As One Heartbeat ¹

Abba

Let ALL hearts change

And come together,

As one Heartbeat,

In Your Beloved ...

One heart, pulsing forth its adoration for You,

As ... in silence ... with-us-in-Him ... we wait

... Attentive to Your Promise

—Your Spirit-Gift of Love !

