

Wednesday, March 24

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"... Moses approached the thick darkness where God was." Exodus 20:21

For the ancient Celts, day began at sunset. In the twilight, in the gloaming, this is between time when dark and light dance together. Darkness is the beginning point. Everything is born out of the darkness.

And our "one wild and precious life" (Mary Oliver), like the treasures we are, is shaped in dark secret places. In the dark, watery womb of our birth mother, like the seed buried in the dark moistness of mother earth, like a pearl of great price created in the darkness of the oyster, mussel, or clam, like the yeast working silently in the dough, like a treasure buried in the darkness of the earth. From our baptismal waters, "buried with Christ in baptism, raised to walk in newness of life."

In these darkest days of a relentless and persistent death dealing contagion, bewildering and terrifying, and so powerful that it has significantly altered our way of life, I am encouraged by Saint John of the Cross and his mentor Teresa of Avila who saw the dark night of the soul as a purification and cleansing time. While fearful, painful and distressing, it is a healing time designed for the recovery of sensitivity and awareness, of profound peace and exquisite joy, and finally an increase of one's love for God, others and all of creation.

What sustains me is trusting that God is in the darkness. And I can let go of my need for certainty and hold on to the humility that helps me to be teachable. I trust that God is in the darkness shaping, molding, and forming, as prelude to a new creation. Sustaining grace has come to me through this prayer of gratitude addressed to the Oneness and the Source. "For the gift of this day, for the gift of my life, for the gifts of this day, with open mind, open heart, open hands to receive with gratitude and to give generously in love and service for the healing of our hurting world."