



Blessed Be

April 2023

Welcome to this edition of Blessed Be. If you have anything you wish to contribute to Blessed Be, or any suggestions you'd like to make, please contact me at helenlmacauley@gmail.com

And so we come to Easter again, that time when life and death are closely intertwined, a time when the resurrection gives us hope for new beginnings. It is no accident that Easter in the Northern hemisphere coincides with Spring.

*Sheila Hawthorn has sent us this piece on hope by **Pope Francis** from [Laudato Si](#):*

Yet all is not lost. Human beings, while capable of the worst, are also capable of rising above themselves, choosing again what is good and making a new start, despite their mental and social conditioning. We are able to take an honest look at ourselves, to acknowledge our deep dissatisfaction and to embark on new paths to authentic freedom. No system can completely suppress our openness to what is good, true and beautiful, or our God-given ability to respond to His grace at work deep in our hearts. (205)

Also from [Laudato Si](#) we have this prayer:

A Christian Prayer in Union with Creation

God of love, show us our place in this world
as channels of your love
for all the creatures of this earth,
for not one of them is forgotten in your sight.
Enlighten those who possess power and money
that they may avoid the sin of indifference,
that they may love the common good,
advance the weak,
and care for this world in which we live.
The poor and the earth are crying out.
O Lord, seize us with your power and light,
help us to protect all life,
to prepare for a better future,
for the coming of your Kingdom
of justice, peace, love and beauty.
Praise be to you!
Amen

The term “Laudato Si” means “praise be to you”, and was used by St Francis of Assisi in his Cantic to the Sun:

Most High, all-powerful, all-good Lord,
All praise is Yours, all glory, all honour and all blessings.
To you alone, Most High, do they belong,
and no mortal lips are worthy to pronounce Your Name.

Praise be to You my Lord with all Your creatures,
especially Sir Brother Sun,
Who is the day through whom You give us light.
And he is beautiful and radiant with great splendour,
Of You Most High, he bears the likeness.

Praise be to You, my Lord, through Sister Moon and the stars,
In the heavens you have made them bright, precious and fair.
Praise be to You, my Lord, through Brothers Wind and Air,
And fair and stormy, all weather's moods,
by which You cherish all that You have made.

Praise be to You my Lord through Sister Water,
So useful, humble, precious and pure.
Praise be to You my Lord through Brother Fire,
through whom You light the night and he is beautiful and playful and robust and strong.
Praise be to You my Lord through our Sister,
Mother Earth, who sustains and governs us,
producing varied fruits with coloured flowers and herbs.

Praise be to You my Lord through those who grant pardon for love of You
and bear sickness and trial.

Blessed are those who endure in peace, By You Most High, they will be crowned.
Praise be to You, my Lord through Sister Death, from whom no-one living can escape.
Woe to those who die in mortal sin! Blessed are they She finds doing Your Will.
No second death can do them harm.

Praise and bless my Lord and give Him thanks,
And serve Him with great humility.

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If there is righteousness in the heart, there will be beauty in the character;  
If there is beauty in the character, there will be harmony in the home;  
If there is harmony in the home, there will be order in the nation;  
If there is order in the nation, there will be peace in the world.

*~Confucius, Chinese philosopher 551 BCE - 479 BCE – thanks to Sheila Hawthorn*

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When I despair, I remember that all through history the way of truth and love have always won.
There have been tyrants and murderers, and for a time they can seem invincible, but in the end,
they always fall. Think of it – always.

~Gandhi

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If we could see the miracle of a single flower clearly our whole life would change ~ *Buddha*

*I have recently been watching **Pilgrimage**, a BBC show of a group of people from different religions following in the footsteps of St Columba 521 CE -597 CE (Colmcille) in Ireland and Scotland. St Columba established monasteries teaching Celtic Christianity first in Ireland, and then travelled to Scotland where he set up a teaching monastery on the island of Iona. From there he travelled extensively through Scotland, converting the Picts. This prayer was featured on the program:*

***Prayer of St Columba***

The child of God can fear no ill  
His chosen, dread no foe.  
We leave our feet with Thee and wait  
Thy bidding when to go.

*Another prayer by St Columba:*

My dearest Lord,  
be thou a bright flame before me,  
a guiding star above me,  
a smooth path beneath me,  
a kindly shepherd behind me,  
today and for evermore.

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*Christians may tend to think of parables as a “Jesus thing” but the truth is that stories have long been a teaching strategy, and many religions use parables to convey deeper truths. Here, thanks to Sheila Hawthorn, we have a Sufi parable called **The Journeying Stream**.*

A stream was working itself well across the country, experiencing little difficulty. It ran around the rocks and through the mountains. Then it arrived at a desert. Just as it had crossed every other barrier, the stream tried to cross this one, but it found that as fast as it ran into the sand, its waters disappeared. And after many attempts it became very discouraged. It appeared there was no way it could continue the journey.

Then a voice came on the wind, “If you stay the way you are you cannot cross the sands, you cannot become more than a quagmire. To go further you will have to lose yourself.”

“But if I lose myself,” the stream cried, “I will never know what I’m supposed to be.”

”O, on the contrary,” said the voice, “If you lose yourself you will become more than you ever dreamed you could be.”

So the stream surrendered to the dying sun. And the clouds into which it was formed were carried by the raging wind for many miles. Once it crossed the desert, the stream poured down from the skies, fresh and clean, and full of the energy that comes from storms.

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Go forward with courage. When you are in doubt, be still, and wait; when doubt no longer exists for you then go forward with courage. So long as mists envelop you, be still; be still until the sunlight pours through and dispels the mists. As it surely will. Then act with courage.

***~Ponca Chief White Eagle***

*One of the things many people struggle with when thinking about God and faith is the concept of suffering. Here we have two pieces discussing the value of pain:*

Your pain is the breaking of the shell that encloses your understanding. Even as the stone of the fruit must break, that its heart may stand in the sun, so must you know pain. And could you keep your heart in wonder at the daily miracles of your life, your pain would not seem less wondrous than your joy; And you would accept the seasons of your heart, even as you have always accepted the seasons that pass over your fields. And you would watch with serenity through the winters of your grief.

*~Muhammad*

"I said: what about my eyes?  
He said: Keep them on the road.

I said: What about my passion?  
He said: Keep it burning.

I said: What about my heart?  
He said: Tell me what you hold inside it?

I said: Pain and sorrow.  
He said: Stay with it. The wound is the place where the Light enters you."~ **Rumi**

*Rumi 1207-1273 was a mystic and a Persian language poet. He was born in present day Tajikistan. He is reputed to have begun the Sufi tradition of dancing. One day in the market place he began to spin and continued until he achieved ecstasy. Here are two more quotes from him:*

~All day I think about it, then at night I say it. Where did I come from, and what am I supposed to be doing? I have no idea. My soul is from elsewhere, I'm sure about that, and I intend to end up there. Who looks out with my eyes? What is the soul? I cannot stop asking. If I could taste one sip of an answer, I could break out of this prison for drunks. I didn't come here of my own accord, and I can't leave that way. Whoever brought me here, will have to take me home.

~There is a candle in your heart, ready to be kindled.  
There is a void in your soul, ready to be filled.  
You feel it, don't you?

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May today there be peace within.
May you trust God that you are exactly where you are meant to be.
May you not forget the infinite possibilities that are born of faith.
May you use those gifts that you have received, and pass on the love that has been given to you.
May you be content knowing you are a child of God.
Let this presence settle into your bones, and allow your soul the freedom to sing, dance,
praise and love.
It is there for each and every one of us.

~Teresa of Avila

