Go to the Limits of Your Longing

God speaks to each of us as God makes us,
Then walks with us silently out of the night.

These are the words we dimly hear:

You, sent out beyond your recall,
Go to the limits of your longing.
Embody me.

Flare up like flame
And make big shadows I can move in.

Let everything happen to you:
beauty and terror.
Just keep going. No feeling is final.
Don’t let yourself lose me.

Nearby is the city they call life.
You will know it by its seriousness.

Give me your hand.

-- Rainer Maria Rilke
from Rilke’s Book of Hours 1, 59  p. 88

For Your Reflection:
Our call as women religious in these times includes working to see the deeper invitation that the pandemic is providing. How might we be conscious of the transformation occurring within ourselves, our communities, the nation, and the global community as we live through this time? Reflecting and perhaps journaling with the following questions and, if possible, engaging in contemplative dialogue on them may be one of the most important contributions we can make as women religious in this challenging time.

News reports these days are filled with images of beauty and terror. What do those images evoke in you? To what might those feelings be inviting you/us?

My deepest longing for the world right now is ...

How might I/we embody God in this challenging time?

Concluding Prayer
Glory to God whose power, working in us, can do infinitely more than we can ask or imagine. Amen.
Ephesians 3:20