

**2016 Assembly of the Leadership Conference of Women Religious
Atlanta, Georgia**

**Leading from the Allure of Holy Mystery:
Contemplation and Transformation**

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I am genuinely grateful, actually joyful, to be part of this event focusing on what is deeply important to me personally, and, I'm sure to all of us: contemplation. I have been invited to put some words around what wants to come to expression about our common experience of moving more deeply into the Divine. I believe that awareness arises among us through both the words spoken and through what is heard. Your hearing is as important as anything I could say, so I invite us all to a multi-layered listening. Hear yourself as you listen to me. Notice what surfaces in you so that you are able to drink from the living waters already poured out in you. Together let us consciously open ourselves to hear what is resonating in the whole. As we begin, I invite you to take a moment to formulate the intention of deep and broad listening and to enter into that disposition.

We are clearly experiencing in this assembly the shift to a more contemplative tone and style. LCWR has designed more communal reflective processes and incorporated more prayerful silence. That shift has been ongoing and gradual. It is less an LCWR initiative, though it certainly is that and I want to gratefully recognize LCWR's leadership. However, more than an initiative it is a response to the movement of Spirit that has been stirring in and among us for some time now, becoming increasingly manifest. Where this contemplative impulse might be leading is less obvious. What will be the long-term effect of reclaiming and deepening the contemplative dimension of religious life, of exploring emerging consciousness? I am reminded of the Sister Formation Movement in the 50's. US women religious could never have anticipated how it positioned us to respond as we did to Vatican II with fresh educational insight and a national network of mutual mentoring and support. I believe that LCWR's contemplative focus is once again positioning us to respond to a future impossible to anticipate. The shift that has taken place in LCWR is not just for this moment, and, of course, not just for ourselves. I believe we are being led in this direction for the sake of the church and the world.

When I began to reflect on today's talk what kept coming to me was the notion of contemplation as the way we become available for the in-breaking of the reign of God. I dismissed it at first because it didn't fit with the title of this presentation I submitted several months ago. Nor did the language of "reign of God" seem appropriate for the consideration of emerging consciousness which I knew would be a focus in this assembly. But the idea of

opening to the reign of God didn't go away, so I listened, and that is what I will consider with you this morning.

I begin by reminding you what you so well know. The reign of God, the reign of Love, is absolutely central to the message of Jesus. He spoke about it with a compelling passion, urging his followers to spend themselves in making it more present and operative. Jesus invited metanoia, in other words a transformation of consciousness, a new order based on justice, mercy, inclusivity and love. It is interesting to note that Jesus only spoke of the reign of God with metaphor, parable, and poetic imagery. Perhaps it was to capture a sense of its mystery, stretching beyond the observable and the logical, to make it clear that God's reign defies literal interpretation. Jesus didn't seem to expect most of his listeners to really get it. "Let those who have ears to hear, hear." The following words from Luke's Gospel, however, describe Jesus' response to those who did understand. "I bless you, Father, Lord of heaven and earth, for hiding these things from the learned and the clever and revealing them to mere children." The Spanish translation of this text prefaces Jesus' words saying; "Jesús, movido por El Espíritu Santo, se estremeció de alegría y dijo..." In other words, Jesus, moved by the Spirit, "trembled with joy" or "was shaken with joy" as he exclaimed... I cannot think of other references in the Gospels to the deep joy of Jesus. It made him really happy to encounter those whose hearts and minds were receptive to the in-breaking of the reign of God. They got it, not because of their learning, intelligence, status or self-importance. On the contrary. It seems, rather, that theirs was a simple receptivity to a gift, a humble openness, a surrender to the immediacy of Jesus' presence and message at that moment.

I believe that contemplation can hollow out the same kind of receptivity in us as well. The spaciousness of deep prayer readies our hearts for the in-breaking of the reign of Love which is, in fact, an evolving consciousness. Let us consider a few of Jesus' metaphors of the reign of God in the hope of gaining insight into how a transformation of consciousness comes to birth.

First of all, Jesus says clearly that the reign of God is within. It is not far from us, already among us. It is written in our hearts. The indwelling presence of the Divine is forever accessible to us. We need only wake up to the mystery of Love always present, always capable of transforming us and our world. It rises up from within as an impulse toward wholeness capable of permeating all of life. We now know that everything has interiority. We are discovering a universe whose implicate order unfolds in creative, evolving patterns toward a fullness revealed as Love. Contemplation is an intentional opening to that Life within our life, that Heart within our heart. To pray in silent attentiveness is to drop a plumb line into the all-nourishing abyss of Holy Mystery. It is to drop within deeply enough to touch the Fertile Emptiness from which all creative movement springs. The Divine movement within aligns us with what is deepest and truest in us. That Love is always present, has always been present, but needs to be liberated in us, consciously embraced, allowed to become all in all. It invites our complete surrender.

As inner realities realign in us, something also shifts in the world around us. There is a way in which Inner and outer dimensions mirror each other. They are not the same, but are fluidly interactive, synchronistic, interdependent, of mutual influence. To say that the reign of God is within does not mean that it is merely private or individual, disembodied, other-worldly or a-historical. It is to suggest that transformation flows from the inner to the outer. Contemplation, then, is truly transformative not only of us but also of the world. The capacity for inclusive love that grows within cannot be contained and compels us toward transformative action in the world. Meister Eckhart talks about the in-breath and the out-breath of contemplation and action. If either is authentic it leads to the other. Both are essential to our life in God. Transformation on any level is contagious, always creating a ripple effect. The reign of God is within, yet continuously unfolding outward.

Jesus used other metaphors. The reign of God is reflected in seeds sown in a field. They grow during the night. Take note here. Seeds sprout in the darkness, without tending, without effort. We don't know how it happens and we can't make it happen. Seeds somehow germinate and bear fruit. So also, the transformation that gestates in inner silence occurs mysteriously, gratuitously, usually imperceptibly. The reign of God, like God's very presence, comes bidden or unbidden. It does not happen without us, but is certainly beyond us. Contemplation is a conscious tuning in to the transformative energy of Love that has been unleashed in us and in the world. Choosing to enter the space of deep silence nourishes an inner receptivity to that energy of Love flowing in and through us. But the in-breaking of God's reign remains always a gift gratuitously given, independent of effort and certainly beyond control. We can only offer ourselves in openness and availability to that Mystery.

The reign of God is like leaven which expands silently and transforms the whole dough into a source of nourishment. Yet leaven had negative associations in the time of Jesus, often as a symbol of corruption. Jesus' deliberate use of that metaphor begs a question. Could it be that the reign of God emerges from surprising and even suspicious places like the maligned leaven? Can the reign of God be ushered in from unexpected or unauthorized sources? Can God's reign of Love emerge even from places of evil, persons of ill repute, from the dirty, the ugly, the violent and the rejected? I think that is what the Gospel image insinuates, a truth applicable at both personal and social levels. The reign of Love may well break into our lives through those very shadow parts of ourselves we'd rather deny, dimensions that tend to show up, however, in the silence. The deep quiet of contemplation can bring us face to face with our own negativity and resistance, which when not rejected, avoided or denied can be privileged places of encounter with the Holy One. It can be transforming to simply be present without judgment to what feels far from anything wholesome or holy. To embrace with acceptance the powerlessness we feel in the face of pain, violence or loss is to meet it with inner hospitality. To take a long, loving look at what really is, as it is, casts light on both internal and external darkness, often dissolving the power it holds over us. And, as Meg Wheatley so insightfully suggests, in this time of upheaval contemplation can at least help us to stay present and to keep our hearts open in the face of what we cannot change.

The reign of God also invites our total response: finding the treasure, selling all, buying the field, as Sandra Schneiders phrased it in her trilogy on religious life. Like a pearl of great price, it requires all that we are and all that we have, urging our total investment. Nothing matters more. "Nothing matters more, nothing matters more" still repeats itself in me like a mantra since I began this reflection. The reign of God lays claim on all that we are. It asks for everything. What enables us, then, to gather up ourselves and our lives and point them faithfully in the direction of a life-long spiritual journey? It is gift, drawing us and unfolding from within. It requires only the intentionality of our allowing and opening. The totality of response to which we are invited springs from the presence of Holy Mystery luring us toward whole-hearted surrender and at the same time slowly carving out the capacity in us that makes possible that surrender into infinite Love.

At some point on a spiritual path we can expect a rather predictable inner process of uncluttering and dismantling. The personal and collective shadow limit our energy for wholehearted loving and beg for healing and transformation. Constance Fitzgerald describes the profound purification that is necessary in these words: "As long as one is preoccupied with filling the great caverns of the mind, heart, memory and imagination with human knowledge, loves, memories and dreams that seem to promise complete satisfaction, or at least more than they can ever deliver, the person is unable to feel or even imagine the vast hollowness one is. Only when one becomes aware of the illusory and limiting character of this fullness... can the depths of hunger and thirst that exist in the human person, the infinite capacity, really be experienced."

This process of purification will find us. We don't have to go looking for it. This hollowing out takes place both in contemplation and through life as it comes to us. Internally, it might take the form of personal loss in times of transition, in the process of aging, or the death of loved ones. Externally, the "selling all" might entail even selling motherhouses, divesting of cherished ministries we can no longer maintain. It is reflected in the collapse Marcia talked about in her presidential address and it is the precursor to genuine hope. The purification is not, however, where we focus our attention. What we focus on grows. We focus instead on the in-breaking of Love, wisdom, compassion, presence, evolving consciousness, on the new that God is bringing about. Purification is to prepare the ground for something more.

Finally, finding the treasure implies searching, that utterly universal human impulse. There is a yearning for God that is hard-wired into us. The stretching toward Love is present in all creation as well, as it groans toward its own fullness in God. Our capacity for the infinite is never satisfied with anything less. There is a God instinct in us that sets us in search of something more, even as it is experienced as a deep emptiness. Our felt experience of the desire for God comes and goes, but the inner movement is continuous. It is grace to know that the great yearning is indeed for God, and that it is sparked in us by the intimate nearness of God always drawing us toward the fullness of Love. Rilke describes it in this poem:

I love you, gentlest of Ways
Who ripened us as we wrestled with you.

You, the great homesickness we could never shake off,
You, the forest that always surrounded us.

You the song we sang in every silence,
You the dark net threading through us,
On the day you made us you created yourself
And we grew sturdy in your sunlight.

Let your hand rest on the rim of Heaven now
And mutely bear the darkness we bring over you.

Similarly, Cynthia Burgeault talks about the desire for God as a homing instinct, an “interior compass whose magnetic north is always fixed on God”. She suggests that the yearning is mutual, God for us and we for God, beckoning us toward ever deeper communion.

This oneness, this in-breaking of the reign of Love is, in fact, the new consciousness coming to birth. What do the metaphors Jesus used reveal to us about that transformation? It is already present within. As we awaken to it there is a transformative movement outwards. It grows mysteriously, gratuitously, expansively, surprisingly, where and how it will. Our deep longing for Love lures us through refining fire into total surrender to Holy Mystery. Nothing matters more.

Nothing I’ve said this morning is new. Religious life has long been rooted in mystical soil. We treasure that legacy. What is new, however, is the moment, and your call to lead at this time in history.

As elected leaders you are invited to be leaven of the reign of God in our congregations, while our congregations are called to be leaven in the church and world. The question is, how do you do that now? At this moment in time fear and hatred wear new faces: a troubling presidential campaign, police and black youth murdered in tandem, environmental degradation, and escalating terrorism. Yet humanity hungers for connectedness. For some time now there has been a surge of interest in spiritual traditions and meditation practices. Pope Francis suddenly emerged, opening again the doors and windows of the church. Discoveries of evolutionary advance and emerging integral consciousness draw us in immensely hopeful directions. This is our moment. The world around us teeters on the edge of both peril and promise. Breakdown and breakthrough tussle with each other. The path forward is hidden in fog. It is your time to lead. To do so you must learn to be led and to listen deeply. Together we will discover

personal and communal processes for deep prayer and dialogue. We will be given what we need to tend the soul of our communities by nurturing contemplative spaciousness.

I will stop here and invite you again to notice what is stirring in you and in the whole in response to what you just heard.

I have been invited to speak to you about my personal experience of contemplation, especially during my time in both congregational and national leadership. It is difficult to articulate, but I will share with you the experiences and learnings I have been able to harvest so far. I hope that you will hear in it some resonance or insight for your own process of leading from a contemplative space.

First, allow me to set the context for my comments with a little of my personal spiritual history. Since an early age I have been aware of a desire for God. It is what I have always seen as the essence of a call to religious life, at least in my case. As with all of us, the yearning for God has prompted a meandering journey through many phases of theology, spirituality, images of God, and modalities of prayer. I flirted at times with contemplative religious life, but following the guidance expressed through doors that either opened or closed, I clearly know my spiritual home to be among the Dubuque Franciscans.

For a long time, especially in my early years in Latin America, a story that captured my felt experience of the God quest was Van Dyke's *The Fourth (other) Magi*. It narrates the experience of a Magi who with great desire set out with the other three but who confronted compelling human need and kept lagging behind as he stopped to respond. He never did get to Bethlehem but finally realized that he had met the Holy One he was seeking all along the way in the vulnerable ones he encountered at every turn.

My particular life journey has placed me before situations of violence and torture, has led me to seek the face of the God of non-violent mercy and love, and to work toward non-violence in myself and in the world around me. I came to articulate the core commitments to which I felt called as prayer, poverty and the struggle for justice. The justice component kept getting redefined to include widening dimensions such as women, the environment, the church, each with fresh theological insights and new windows into the Divine. To help heal the wounds of war I found my way eventually into holistic healing and energy work which led to shifts in thinking, world view, and spirituality.

Always the hunger for God persisted. It led me to time in hermitages and a Dominican ashram, and to commitment to a personal meditation practice. I finally left Latin America to help set up an intentional community focused on contemplative prayer. From there I was elected to congregational leadership and to the LCWR presidency. And here I am with you today.

I've given you a very brief peak into my story. Take a minute now to look around the room. Each person you see could recount, as I just did, a very personal spiritual journey, unique to

her. And yet, I think that we would all feel identified with each one. We share a common heart, a single field of presence, wisdom and love. We are being lured together in the same evolutionary movement toward fullness in God. We are one.

Now, let me be specific about my experience of contemplation in relationship to leadership. It has an “I” dimension and a “we” dimension. At the “I” level, my first learning was about making space and about the spaciousness that contemplation allows. After being elected to congregational leadership I found it a challenge to find a rhythm for prayer. The pace of life suddenly picked up with the demands of the role. I remember feeling like I had stepped onto a treadmill that I wouldn’t be able to get off until the next team was elected. After several months I began to catch my breath and to make more space for silence and prayer. Then I had the immense good fortune of being able to spend one quarter of my leadership time in solitude and prayer. I’m sure that sounds completely impossible to most of you. Our team needed to experiment with some of us doing part time ministry in preparation for a chapter decision to down-size our leadership team. My part-time commitment was to contemplative space. I considered it real ministry, an important contribution to leadership. I saw it as holding sacred space for the congregation. At the very least, it gave testimony to the importance of the contemplative dimension for all of us. I knew that it was an “I” space given to me for the sake of the “we”.

As I opened to the silence I experienced transformation in an almost imperceptible way. I noticed gradual changes in myself, observable mostly with hindsight as I looked back and sensed that something in me was different. I felt myself able to be more present, for instance. I don’t know how externally observable that might have been to anyone else. There was no drama to my contemplative time and I seldom talked about it. It filled a deep hunger in me personally and seemed to enable me to respond to leadership challenges with some depth and creativity. In the silence and solitude something gradually expanded in me. I was aware of a slowly-growing ability to be more compassionate, less reactive and judgmental.

I became more aware of what was rising up in me: insights, subtle awarenesses, scripture, feelings of all kinds, memories, songs whose words seemed to speak to the moment. Sometimes a theme or a phrase would surface, mantra-like, and stay with me over time. During the doctrinal assessment it was “Into your hands I commend my spirit.” Later, as I transitioned out of leadership, it was “I open myself, I offer myself.” Or a particular concern, person or issue haunted me, sometimes calling for a response. I became more aware of synchronicities in my life, and there were many. Gradually I felt a little more anchored, more grounded, aware of an unseen hand holding my kite string. I noticed being able to trust myself a bit more, to trust the presence of God within and what was unfolding from there, to trust the community, processes, outcomes, limited results, limited people, limited resources, my limited self. Then there were times when none of what I have mentioned seemed to endure at all and I could only identify resistance or regression. I discovered that there are seasons of the soul and that transformation

happens unevenly. Sometimes there is an unexpected blossoming, and sometimes transformation seems to recede with loss and upheaval or for no apparent reason at all.

The contemplative spaciousness allowed me, particularly, to be with what was difficult. I began to notice what I was avoiding or what was trying to find its way into my awareness. I did not always find my contemplative space easy, though I imagine that others thought I was kind of on vacation with my regular hermitage times. A lot of self awareness surfaced spontaneously, some of which was affirming, and some of which was unpleasant and challenging. I concluded that going into deeper, longer times of silence can unlock previously inaccessible parts of the subconscious, which can be both a challenge and a priceless opportunity for growth. I could find a million ways to distract myself from it. Resistance regularly accompanied me.

I recognized the value of contemplative space to open me to the presence of pain and impasse, irresolvable issues and personal vulnerabilities, especially when I had no idea of what to do with them. In the spaciousness I was also led to savor experiences, to take them in and not rush past them unnoticed. I allowed myself to be touched by some of the privileged moments that happen to all of us in leadership. I learned with some difficulty to be true to the call to contemplative quiet when it seemed out of sync with the world around me and clashed with others' expectations. Even with the support and encouragement of the rest of my team, it was a discipline to remain committed to carving out the time. I blocked it out on my calendar and tried to give it the same importance as our team meetings, but there were times when I simply avoided it. At other times I eagerly anticipated it and fell into the quiet as into a treasured respite of soul.

I continued to engage in a meditation practice with an activated mantra I have been using for some time. Experientially, meditation simply feels like a daily discipline and a lot of emptiness. I trust that a deep movement of Spirit happens in that, however imperceptible. It is mystery. I sense movement but I don't know what it is or how it is. It requires an act of faith that something that I cannot perceive is actually taking place on some level. I can sometimes tell when I am able to enter more deeply into the quiet. Once in awhile I am able to subtly perceive an expansive Presence and I find the Stillness nourishing and restful in a deep, though subtle way. Usually there isn't much observable experience at all and yet paradoxically the more I meditate the more essential it feels. Maharishi, teacher of transcendental meditation, described meditation as a cloth soaking in the dye of silence and then hung up to dry, fading in the sun of daily activities and concerns. However, there is a cumulative effect. Over time the rich color permeates the cloth and no longer fades. We are slowly permeated by Infinite Love and that color remains.

At the personal level, then, I was given the gift of time and space for contemplation and found it transformative. I knew that it was not for myself alone, like some private spiritual fitness program for personal enlightenment. What emerges in any one of us comes as gift from

beyond, as leaven given to transform the whole, and in fact has the power to do that. Contemplation is leadership, transformational leadership.

At the communal level women religious are being invited to enter the spaciousness of contemplative processes together. The circumstances of our congregational lives have been leading us. Our future is uncertain. We can only create it together and there is urgent need to be able to sense what is emerging in the group. Communal discernment of some kind has always been part of the dynamic of religious life but there is a new urgency now to deepen our capacity to hear and follow the guidance of collective wisdom. The learnings and processes arising from within congregations and through LCWR are both a gift given to us and a call. The future is drawing us beyond the personal toward communal transformation.

In my experience of congregational leadership I found the contemplative dialogue process promoted by LCWR to be critically helpful. As leaders, many of us were looking for a way to create a contemplative space in a whole group. It became clear that once a group grows in its comfort with longer times of silence, the desire to be together in that way also grows. It takes intention and focus to speak together from a deeper source, out of a place of peace, to harvest the wisdom of the whole. We are learning together to create a culture among us of deep listening and dialogue. We are finding ways to enter a contemplative spaciousness as we talk to each other so as to really hear one another and to honor minority viewpoints.

There are leadership challenges here. Congregations are facing critical situations that call for long-range planning for structural, organizational, financial and logistical issues. Our task-oriented culture makes it easier for many people to deal first with the more concrete and tangible realities. It can be harder to focus on creating processes and designs that tend the inner collective life of the congregation, that enable members to speak together from a contemplative depth. It can be challenging to create spaciousness around leadership tasks that involve tension and complex decision making in order to allow deeper access to the wisdom that is needed.

I conclude by sharing a few personal learnings from my leadership experience.

I have learned through both congregational and LCWR leadership that my life is not my own. With the myriad issues that confront congregational leaders, personal agendas are pretty useless and fall away quickly with any real openness on our part. I learned that I have been created for the whole of life and belong to the whole. All the learnings, opportunities, people and experiences that have shaped me were given for a larger purpose. Life then invites me to give myself over to that purpose. I might understand it as vocation, divine providence, flow, grace, personal destiny. I am in a particular situation at a particular time for a reason. You can be sure that I asked myself many times how I ended up in the midst of a doctrinal assessment. I learned to trust that as I respond to what is before me, even when it feels beyond my capacities, I will be given what I need. I experienced that over and over again in both congregational and LCWR leadership. Words came when something important needed to be

spoken. If I just show up willingly with my few loaves and fishes I will experience sufficiency, even abundance. Francis of Assisi named God our sufficiency and the experience a blessing

Two learnings about the value of contemplative spaciousness stand out for me at the level of national leadership. Before LCWR leaders visited CDF and received the mandate we sat together in a circle of silent prayer for an hour. We entered that critical Vatican meeting in a state of deep peace. I was not aware of any fear whatsoever, either in myself or the other LCWR leaders. I have often wondered what our initial response to the mandate might have been if we hadn't come together from that contemplative space.

The other experience of spaciousness was the period of six weeks of public silence following the mandate before the LCWR national board was able to meet and formulate a response. As you well know, something very significant happened during the time of not speaking publicly. Emotions flared and subsided. Other people began to voice their responses publicly in ways we could not, and a groundswell of support galvanized spontaneously. There was room for collective wisdom to surface before LCWR leadership was in a position to articulate a public statement. The prolonged silence was fruitful in ways we could not have imagined and probably will never know. It created a space where something could emerge, and it did. Initially the space was created for us by the circumstances of our structure. It soon became evident that it was a gift and a great learning.

Another learning, on both the personal and communal levels, has to do with the unseen dimension the expansiveness that springs from awareness of the unseen movement of Holy Mystery within and around us. Let me share briefly an insight from my own early faith journey. About three weeks after entering my congregation at age 18 I found myself in a faith crisis that lasted about 3 years. I decided that I couldn't affirm a religious vocation without knowing whether what I had been taught about God was really true. How could I know for sure that God even existed? So I read and analyzed and questioned everything and everybody. You will no doubt hear in this narrative a rather predictable, age-appropriate process of coming to adult faith, appropriating and deepening earlier understandings. However, I had no notion of that at the time and was in anguish. In the third year of my inner turmoil I was walking alone one lovely summer evening down the hill behind our motherhouse and was captivated by the beauty of a starry sky. I mused: "Each star looks like a tiny pinprick of light but it is really a huge mass of fire and churning gas bigger than the earth. I know that's true, but it doesn't appear to be." Hearing myself, I then realized that even what I know to be real is beyond what I can humanly perceive. Everything is more than it appears. In a single moment the faith question was quieted in me and the analysis paralysis ended. I experienced mystery and awe. There was no longer anything to figure out. I was moved to entrust myself to the Benevolent Presence hidden in the darkness beyond what I could perceive or comprehend.

I recall that event with you because it captures a parallel reality in my more recent experience. Over the last several years a similar truth has been reverberating in me. What has deeply

amazed me within the explosion of scientific discoveries about the universe is this: Ninety-five percent of the entire universe is believed to be either dark matter or dark energy. Dark matter pulls the cosmos inward, acting as an unseen mass holding the galaxies together. Dark energy spins the universe outward. The tension between the two movements holds the universe together in a dynamic equilibrium. Yet that ninety-five percent of the universe does not reflect light and is therefore eternally invisible, known only by observable effects. Ninety -five percent of the universe is invisible! I find that astonishing!

What if the same darkness is a reality on other levels, or on every level? Is it a leap of logic to affirm that? Or in a holographic universe can we expect internal and external realities to reflect one another in such a way? If ninety-five percent of what holds the universe together is invisible, so also is the dynamic movement of Spirit carrying us toward an unfolding both real and yet unseen. There is so much more going on within and around us than we will ever be able to perceive. The unseen movement of Love is creatively holding everything together in ways infinitely beyond what we could ask or imagine. We are being drawn and led by the allure of Holy Mystery. Divine Presence is at work in all of the complexities, uncertainties and crises swirling around us in our congregations and our messy world. There is synchronicity, convergence, newness, consciousness woven together in forward movement. We can only catch glimpses of it. Personal and communal contemplative processes can open space in us to flow with what we cannot see, with what is beyond us. Yet the path remains always a walk in the dark. We walk it together, summoning one another to deepening faith in the invisible energy of Love that surrounds and carries us.

Questions----

What did you notice stirring in yourself and in the whole during Pat Farrell's talk?

How are you experiencing resonance and resistance in response?

What do you sense is being called forth from LCWR members in order to guide our congregations into personal and communal contemplative deepening?

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