

The Guest House

This being human is a guest house. Every morning a new arrival. A joy, a depression, a meanness, some momentary awareness comes as an unexpected visitor.

Welcome and entertain them all! Even if they're a crowd of sorrows, who violently sweep your house empty of its furniture, still, treat each guest honorably. He may be clearing you out for some new delight.

The dark thought, the shame, the malice, meet them at the door laughing, and invite them in. Be grateful for whoever comes, because each has been sent as a guide from beyond.

have in mind for you, says the Beloved, plans for your welfare and not your woe, plans to give you a future full of hope. When you call me, when you pray to me, I will listen to you. When you look for me you will find me. Yes, when you seek me with all your heart, you will find me says the Beloved, and I will change your lot. I will gather you together from all the nations and all the places to which you have been scattered and bring you back to the place from which I have exiled you.

or I know well the plans I

-- Jeremiah 29:11-15

-- Rumi

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.

What has been arriving at my/our door these days? To what might their arrival be inviting me/us?

What do I experience as I invite in the new arrivals of these times? What am I learning as I invite them in? What feels important to remember?

"If you lean with all your weight upon Providence, you will find yourself well supported." -- St. Mother Theodore Guerín Offer an expression of gratitude for the ways in which Providence is holding you these days.

