

Christ Plays in Ten Thousand Places: Living the Mystery of the Risen Christ

As kingfishers catch fire, dragonflies draw flame;
As tumbled over rim in roundy wells
Stones ring; like each tucked string tells, each hung bell's
Bow swung finds tongue to fling out broad out its name;
Each mortal thing does one thing and the same;
Deals out that being indoors each one dwells;
Selves—goes itself; myself it speaks and spells,
Crying What I do is me: for that I came.

I say more: the just one justices;
Keeps grace: that keeps all her goings graces;
Acts in God's eye what in God's eye she is—
Christ. For Christ plays in ten thousand places,
Lovely in limbs, and lovely in eyes not his
To the Father through the features of our faces.



Nobody recognizes Jesus immediately. They think he is the gardener, a stranger or a ghost. But when a familiar gesture is there again—breaking bread, inviting the disciples to try for another catch, calling them by name—his friends know he is there with them. The old Jesus is gone. They can no longer be with him as before. The new Jesus, the risen Christ is here, intimately, more intimately present than ever!

—Henri Nouwen

HOMEWORK

1. The Risen Jesus is close and intimate, inseparably dwelling with and in you as your very Center, as your Self. Be in union with that presence.
2. Positively expect the presence of the Risen Christ to manifest itself during each day. Look for it. Pay attention even in darkness. Write, dance, sing or draw your experience.

The Magdalene's Blessing

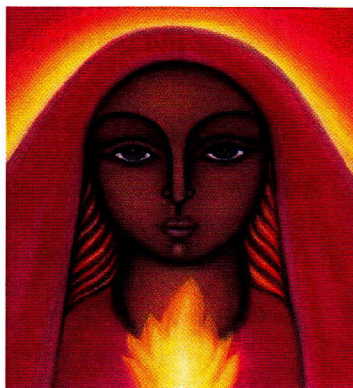
You hardly imagined
standing here,
everything you ever loved
suddenly returned to you,
looking you in the eye
and calling your name.

And now
you do not know
how to abide this ache
in the center
of your chest,
where a door
slams shut
and swings open
at the same time,
turning on the hinge
of your aching
and hopeful heart.

I tell you,
this is not a banishment
from the garden.

This is an invitation,
a choice,
a threshold,
a gate.

This is your life
calling to you
from a place
you could never
have dreamed,
but now that you
have glimpsed its edge,



you cannot imagine
choosing any other way.

So let the tears come
as anointing,
as consecration,
and then
let them go.

Let this blessing
gather itself around you.

Let it give you
what you will need
for this journey.

You will not remember
the words—
they do not matter.

All you need to remember
is how it sounded
when you stood
in the place of death
and heard the living
call your name.

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