

# *Living in Holy Mystery*



## ***Mystery***

Paul Winter, *Missa Gaia*, 1982

It lives in the seed of a tree as it grows.  
You hear it if you listen to the wind as it blows.  
It's there in the river as it flows into the sea.  
It's the sound in the soul of someone becoming free.

And it lives in the laughter of children at play.  
It's in the blazing sun that gives light to the day.  
It moves in the moon, the planets and the stars in the sky.  
It's been the mover of mountains since the beginning of time.

O Mystery, You are alive. I feel you all around.  
You are the fire in my heart; You are the holy sound.  
You are all of life. It is to you that I sing.  
Grant that I may feel you—always, in everything.

And it lives in the waves as they crash upon the beach.  
I have seen it in the gods that we have tried to reach.  
I feel it in the love that I know we need so much  
I know it in your smile, my love, when our hearts do touch.

But when I listen deep inside I feel it best of all.  
Like a moon that's glowing white and I listen to your call.  
And I know you will guide me.  
I feel you like the tide  
Rushing through the ocean of my heart—it's open wide.

We bear a divine seed within us, a seed that wants to thrust through all the encrustations of the ego, to grow and reveal itself. Humans are in a continual process of liberation from the ego. Our feverish search for meaning is simply that mysterious evolutionary power of the Divine.

The more we can open ourselves to our divine core, the better and more quickly we shall solve our social and political problems. The men and women of the future, to paraphrase a line by Karl Rahner, will be mystics or they won't be at all.  
—Willigis Jager, OSB

Not for all of beauty (\_\_\_) will I ever lose myself,  
but for I-don't-know-what which is so gladly found.  
—St John of the Cross

The prayer You require of me must be ultimately just a patient waiting for You, who are ever present in the inmost center of my being until You open the gate for me from within. In this way I shall be able to enter into myself, into the hidden sanctuary of my own being.  
—Karl Rahner, *Encounters with Silence*

The experience of God is not only possible; it is necessary  
if human beings are to arrive at awareness of their own true identity.  
—Raimon Panikkar

### **Practice: The Cloud of Unknowing and the Cloud of Forgetting**

Lift up your heart to God with a gentle stirring of love. Forget what you know ... Forget everything. Forget yourself. When you practice this contemplation, you'll only experience a darkness like a cloud of unknowing.

Make your home in this darkness. It's the closest you can get to God here on this earth by simply waiting in this darkness and in this cloud.