

Dear Sr. Lucy made her return journey to heaven last night, following the one she loved. It's such a mystery this coming and going of life – like angels ascending and descending on a ladder between heaven and earth. It's a ladder we too will have to travel one day – indeed, we're already in the midst of that busy traffic between heaven and earth. Some see it and some don't. Sr. Lucy saw it and so does Nathaniel – or at least its beginnings here on earth. Jesus sees Nathaniel with clear sight and Nathaniel reflects this clear sight back to him – it's the language of love – seeing another as they are, not in a romantic way but complete with all their idiosyncrasies and seeming faults; part of a larger picture, part of that vision where heaven comes down to earth and earth's taken up into heaven; part of the New Jerusalem, heaven on earth, with such as Nathaniel and, hopefully, Sr Lucy, as pillars or foundation stones; part of a living fabric making up a temple fit for God's glory. As so often in the gospels, Nathaniel says more than he knows – we call it inspiration, the flip side of revelation, the Spirit at work, available to all like Nathaniel and Sr. Lucy, willing to spend time under the fig tree studying God's law; that is, how our life is patterned on God's.

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