

Stop the world: I want to get off. Not possible, for each day advances its season. Although this is Groundhog Day – mid-winter : the halfway point between the winter solstice and the spring equinox and we might be tempted to return to bed if we can see our shadow, the earth keeps spinning and tilting towards summer or winter and no amount of sleep on our part will stop it. And Christ enters history to accompany us through this deadly yet life-giving cycle, to be a growing child just like us on the way to death and yet a sign to us, and to Simeon and Anne, and Mary and Joseph, that there is meaning in this cycle. It's not an enlightenment of fact so much as an enlightenment of experience. We feel that there has to be something more to this passage through time. Each day there are events that give us hope as well as despair and, in the realm of the Spirit, we are given the gift of reading the signs of the times, of finding God ever-present in the smallest and, inevitably then, the largest details of our lives. Through prayer and careful attention to our consciences, to the daily passage of the Church's liturgy and to the needs of our neighbours, we develop a purity of heart, a temple worthy of Christ's continued presence and rewarded not by any certainty in the details or the possibility of avoiding decline and death, but by the certainty that we are not alone in this. Christ has gone before us to lighten and 'enlighten' our way, to give us courage to face our shadow and the details of the day.

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