

We are authored by God but we can only know this if we all come to God as an empty page – allowing God’s creativity to get to work so that we become that creative word for others. It’s the same as any of the creative arts, including science, as we heard last week with regard to Edison’s light- bulb moment. It’s a moment not without preparation but somehow we have to step back from it to allow it to happen. Edison took naps, played the pipe-organ in his laboratory and, indeed, couldn’t fit in to the school system as a child because his mind wandered so much. Mozart was not dissimilar: I owe this once again to Iain McGilchrist:

*How do I write, and how do I come to flesh out what are large, general ideas? I really can’t tell you....*

*It’s when I’m feeling right and things are good, perhaps riding in a coach or taking a walk after a good meal, or in the night when I can’t sleep – these are the best times, when thoughts come flowing into my mind, like a stream ....*

(p. 286 *The Matter with Things*)

This might translate in the religious sphere to a moment of trust or relaxation, knowing that God is in charge after all; a moment of letting God have God’s say, getting a word in edgeways when we have finally given up trying to do it for ourselves. This is Isaiah, frustrated and fearful because he feels his own self or sinfulness getting in the way; this is the fishermen in the gospel, taking time out, mending their nets because their own efforts have produced nothing. These moments are unplanned and come to each of us quite differently, as Mozart goes on to say:

*As to how it is that during the process my pieces come to take on a Mozartian form or style, one not like anyone else’s, it’s like asking why my nose is big and curved – it’s Mozartian, and not like other people’s it’s obvious that people who really have something particular about them will be different from each other on the inside as well as on the outside. All I know is that I am not the author of either kind of difference.*

This is Paul, in his own quite distinct style, as puzzled as anyone else as to why he has been chosen or, just as well, why he is just who he is.

*I was as one born when no one expected it.. —*

least of all himself. So do we need to raise or lower our expectations in this respect? Each of us is a ‘word in God’s sentence’ as Dom Gregory once described it. To be ourselves is to speak that word. And to allow others to be themselves, likewise. It’s an art or, just as well, a science.

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