

# TRINITY NEWS

## **Easter IV Contemplation on the Shepherd of Israel and his Mother**

This contemplation uses what is called “active imagination” at a deep spiritual level. In my case it is refined through an intricate rational and biblical screen.

### **Reflection of Jesus about his Mother**

*My first sound: my mother's heart.*

*My first sensation: my own breathing.*

*My first face: my mother's face surrounded by her veil.*

*My first heart-feeling: responding to the love in my mother's smile.*

*My first touch: the soft caress of my mother's hand.*

*My first touch with my own hand: touching the smooth sheen of my mother's robe. I have never forgotten the feel of the cloth in my hands. Later, I would enjoy watching her sewing, and touching the material.*

*My first drink: from the source, warmed in my mother's breast.*

*My first food: soft stuff that slid down my throat.*

*My first fear: my huge father, unsmiling, unblinking, looking at me as if he owned me.*

*My first reflection when I close my eyes and travel back to the place where I came from:*

*I have a sense of well-being; at home within a circle of love created by my mother. I am still scared of my father. Later, when I sat in his lap and looked into his dark eyes enclosed in his massive face, I felt secure. His touch was gentle, but I felt a hidden strength that might crush me. How could such sensitive hands, fingers bony and slender, be so powerful? His speech was deep, and it rang in my ears. My mother's voice was high pitched but sweet, like the songs of the birds moving about outside my vision.*

*Sounds were linked to movement for me from the beginning. I could hear the rattle of the utensils when my mother was cooking, and my father's steps when he came into the*

entrance. When I cried in the night I could hear my mother getting out of bed and the pad of her bare feet stepping out tentative steps on the floor. Something big came into the room sometimes and it seemed to fill the room. I said hello to it in my jumbled sounds of greeting, but it did not answer. I didn't hear the door open when it came or hear it shut when it left. It seemed to bring more light than the oil lamps lit by my mother or the woman who helped her. I could see the light but not the form.

This would continue throughout my childhood. Then, one day an angel took shape in the light. I was stricken, trembling, and the angel, then said to me: "Don't be afraid. I have come to prepare you for a later visit. You must prepare yourself for my next visit. You have been marked out for special attention. The Spirit of God will come to you one night with something to say to you that will change you forever. I am not sure about all of this, because I am a messenger, not the source. I will come again, and then you will know." The light returned to its orange glow, and the figure vanished.

I sat long afterwards, overwhelmed by this encounter with a visitor from heaven. What was I supposed to make of all this? What was my destiny to be? Where would it all end?"

**Bishop Arthur Jones**

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## **THIS WEEK:**

### **May 14, Wednesday.**

- Bible Study, 10:00am
- Bible Study, 7:30pm, Parish Office

### **May 15, Thursday.**

- Midweek Eucharist, 10:00am, Chapel

## **NEXT WEEK'S READINGS:**

Acts 17:1-15; Psalm 66; 1 Peter 2:1-10; John 14:1-14

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