

Know Our Source

by Father Adrian van Kaam

If you would only know
the loving Trinity,
the mystery that makes you be,
you would not feel so low,
so chilled by discontent
on a journey without end.

You would trust the tender hand
reaching in the barren land
of your despondency.

You would marvel at a mystery
enfolding you continuously
as in a golden mist
that softens life around the edges.

Blessed by the bending reed
swept by defeat
yet rising beyond the gale,
enchanted by the tale
of a source divine
that is the holy mine
of poise and harmony.

Tread no longer heedlessly
on the tapestry
of everyday events,
each of them an invitation
to disclose in appreciation
their holy source.

Travel no longer blindly
Like a seagull lost in snow and fog
that drown the song of sea
the clarity of mountain cliffs
veiled far below
its wet and tired wings.

There are no strings
attached to hiding in the cliff
of your divine origination,
so pray with me:
Take away the veil of apathy,
the blanket of despondency.
Surprise me, holy source,
by your light within
that has been dim
for too long a time.

Let me no longer whine,
when I hear your invitation
that soft annunciation
sweet as the cooing of a dove,
a declaration of eternal love.

Whisper to me again
how you formed me in my mother's womb,
fashioned me over generations,
over aeons of unfolding of the earth
until it could bear life
on its flaky crust, the dust
from which you formed our earthly frame
endowing each of us with a name
known to you alone.

Remind me how I dwelt in you,
my source and origin,
a call from all eternity,
an archetype of life to be
unique and irreplaceably
your own.

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