



CHANGE:

...entering the night hours....

Reflections on our struggle and courage to reach to the light of God.

Home?

You know how the lock sticks.

Turn it a bit more.

Got it!

I'm home!

They come in all sizes, shapes, conditions.

Small 3 bedroom with 5 children.

A wandering collection of rooms in Maine.

'This old house needs some work!'

Call it what you will: it is home.

We share our tears, laughter, bread.

We miss it 500 miles away.

Home is where the heart finds rest.

Each house has it's story.

Stories some left untold, to be avoided.

Tales of long nights, dawning with dread.

Heroic homes weathering the years.

Home holds our dreams, hopes, fears.
We know who we are, we think, at home.
We can doubt in its secure embrace.
We know home when we leave.

REFLECTION

You become aware that something needs to be different in yourself, at work, in a relationship... or in some vague sense that something can be better. You begin to be aware that a change needs to occur.

These reflections try to capture the possibility of this new awareness. They seek to encourage facing the unknown as you consider what this difference might become.

“Home?” evokes that step in the experience of change where we are aware from within that what is familiar is not right. This sense carrying you forward to the necessity of leaving what is comforting.

These reflections continue by visiting our insecurities, our fears moving through the night hours to celebrate the dawning of something new.

John 1:9 “The true light giving light to everyman...”

Trinity12

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Lime tree Avenue at Dawn

Clumber Park

Nottinghamshire-UK

Courtesy of knol.google.com

..... into the night hours....

There it sits staring me in the face.

Unblinking, with tortured change,

The clock moves forward a moment.

The long middle hours of the night.

My visitors whisper a cacophony of sound.

Seemingly coherent, they are only making noise.

Crazy making noise which only seems so real.

Dawn, blissful, rational dawn

Is a far journey.

But what are these voices saying?

Real questions seem to be asked,

Haunting questions

Demanding an answer

From my sleep befuddled mind.

I venture an answer

Quickly disproven, reality presses in
Showing how difficult such a possibility can be.

The debate begins lasting till

The dawn.

So then what about this possibility!

Improbable!

I struggle to the surface of the dark

Sea of my dreams, gasping for air.

Why not! Why not?

Why in fact not!

The sea darkens in these middle hours.

I am going down fitfully struggling to

Surface.

Blinking, blinking, slower, slower.

The clock moves backward.

The night gloom deepens around me.

Where is the shore? Where is peace?

Entering these long dark hours,

I climb fearfully into bed.

I lay my head down doubtful

Of the night, the change to come.

My doubts again come true.

One more slow night through the dark waters.

The night hours are to be feared.

The night

There is something scary under my bed.

I trusted them.

How could they be so wrong.

It reached up and my dreams are gone.

So you tell me all is well and all shall be well.

Who are you to know the future, who has not known my past.

Who are you to say it will not occur again?

I said my prayers.

I made my confession to the one who hurt me.

Why was I asked to tell him?

He was the one under my bed.

All is well.

And how can I know this?

Everyone saw them doing this.

How can it be well

With everyone agreeing.

You speak so surely about evil.

There is nothing sure about evil except that it is evil.

Evil destroys good, rips it apart, shreds it.

Evil in the hands of good men, a paradox, a lie!

Allis what?

So now I lay me down to sleep.

I want to leave and be kept no more.

Whom do I trust when evil is in the hands of good people?

My soul?

How more anguished can I be?

Into the night hours dread awaits,

Is there a dawn?

Are good men evil?

If so can evil men be good?

“Who is to say you can be trusted?”

“Who is to say you are not evil?”

I find in the night the dawn comes.

Tonight I have not been touched by evil.

All may be well.

Good men may not be evil.

No paradox, no lie, truth in experience.

Evil retreats before good.

Fairy tales are good for children.

They are good for me.

Why not believe in what is not possible.

Yet I have not been touched again by evil

I wait in dread.

The years pass.

Evil lurks in the dark, but light has come.

Evil and good. Strange.

Evil men, good men: who is to know?

Trust comes in the seeing.

Watching, waiting, can I ever trust?

Trust perhaps today.

Restless in the night hours.

Peace be to you.

And to our absent brothers.

Calm is the night.

All may be well.

We shall see.

The coming dawn

There sits in a place I know,

An emptiness.

I sense it.

I dread it for it craves my attention.

An emptiness I cannot sit with.

I pursue this craving.

I wonder about it, with no good answers,

Answers, longings, obsessions;

It consumes them with no satisfaction.

I plunder my life,

Seeking something in all I consume, possess,

Strangling my life,

Appealing to the eye, the hand,

Empty upon meeting this other friend: my emptiness.

It is a friend. It has

Traveled a long way with me.

I have spoken with it for a long time. I do

Not understand its
Longings, its void:
How can it be a friend?

Friends, I have known in the same way.
In long, meaningful conversations
I have traveled with them through this emptiness.

Friends, like my friend,
my cravings, my emptiness.
I am not known to them, to myself.

I sit with this strange friend.

It pulls me into itself,
Leaving me perplexed.

I am discarded, left
Alone, a friend with
This strange friend.

A friend?

Yes, it pulls me to

Something I can reach.
Something beyond me now,
But within my grasp.
This is its craving, its longing,
It is why it is my friend.
Compelling me to visit with
My emptiness, compelling me
Forward.

It longs for more. It
Draws me to feel there is something else.
I would grasp it if I
Knew how to hold
It. One more night
Alone. One more journey
Into the known, unknown.

A strange friend this awareness
Of my eternity. This expansion

Into more than I have
known. A known, unknown,
This strange friend invites me forward
To an awareness of my unique possibilities.
I embrace this strange friend.
Who shows me more.
Who believes in me.

Dawn

Softly touching my dim awareness,
The gentle light awakens me.
Gray fingers of the middle hours fade.
A new day.

Clarity returns to my dark struggle
In the night hours.
What was I feeling?
Why would those hours be so grim.

The sunlight streams through the curtains.
Rays of hope, touching my heart,
Can I feel the strength of the day.
Possibility begins.

So real the gray images throughout
Those hours.
Pieces of dark scenes collide with

My frail awakening.

What is real?

The night hours grip my morning

Thoughts now.

I feel the fear.

How can it not be real?

Why would I be gripped by such dark images?

The night hours are a journey of doubt.

Dreams bring pieces of our story to us.

Which images we hold,

We hold most deeply those we dread.

Dawn's light invites our story into

Awareness.

Who am I really?

Which story is to be told?

Will I embrace the light or the dark?

Possibility dawns with the morning.

I awake again to my questions.

The emptiness visiting me

In the day stirs during the night hours.

Am I then of the dawn or of the night?

An awakening

Gray fingers are holding me under the
Surface.

I gasp for the air that is
so close,

Dark hands holding me in my fear.

Breaking through the surface,
I awake.

Night thoughts,
Dark, fearsome in their delusion,
They hold me still.

What did they mean?

Were they true?

Do I believe more in my dreams, or in my morning thoughts?

Lingering questions, darksome,
Dreadful if true.

The gray fingers of the night
Hours dim my awareness.
They press upon me: what do they mean?

Have my fears turned to joy?
Who is under my bed?
Whose hands are holding me down?
The downward pull of the night waters is strong.

My strange friend is more perplexing
In the morning.
What possibilities are drawing me.
And what about evil?

Eternity.
The waters are wide between here
And there.
Night thoughts become real if believed.

Who is to be heard?

The night hours with its reality.

The emptiness with its possibilities.

Choice.

I can listen to evil.

I can embrace my emptiness.

I can awake to myself.

Can I find faith to face

Who I want to become.

Gloom, gray foreboding lies

Between the dark and the light.

Familiar are the night hours,

Safe in their familiarity.

Can I venture into the unknown.

Is there faith to reach through the night hours

Into the dawn of awareness.

A new day?

The dawn has passed.

Clarity in the day brings new questions.

Good questions.

But more.

Reflecting after the struggle

To approach these questions,

Hesitation comes.

What could these new questions bring?

Are they the coming of another evening?

The day moves forward

Experiencing this long sought awareness,

Emerging only with new questions.

Hesitations builds. Curiosity pulls me forward.

The paradox of change.

Evening is coming.

The dread too familiar pervades the

Paradox.

Hesitation ,retreat, curiosity:

Still the evening comes.

There is paradox in change.

What I struggle to gain brings clarity.

Clarity shows me more of what I can know.

Again the known in the unknown.

So I approach the night.

Entering again into the familiar dread.

My former passage cluttered and blocked,

A new way must be made to find these answers.

Into the night I must go once more,

Facing new uncertainties, a new darkness.

Will there be a new dawn?

Only in going forward will I know.

Paradox.