

Saturday of the First Week of Advent

And love is the sacred name for loneliness.

PLEASE NOTE:

Tuesday is the Feast of the Immaculate Conception there will be a Mass at 10 AM.

Christian Wiman is a poet and spiritual teacher that I have mentioned many times as I find him and his writing to be very, very healthy and accessible without any of the baggage of the ideologies that have come to charade as Christianity.

He is not generically non-denominational, rather he uses language to probe his own experiences and brings those experiences into conversations with a very humble and quiet sense of mystery that is at the heart of it all, a mystery that I choose to name as Christ but he does not because, I think, he does not have to.

He has suffered from cancer which will ultimately be terminal for many years which requires regular treatments of, I believe, chemotherapy. He is married, has two young daughters, and currently teaches at the Yale School of Divinity.

His most recent collection of poetry is titled, **Survival Is A Sense**, an apt title for a book published in the year 2020.

In his poem, Epilogue, which is the last poem in this book, he has some wonderful insights in addition to the one at the top of this post.

The more I think the more I feel/reality without reverence is not real

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The more I feel the more I think/that God himself has brought me to this brink/wherein to have faith means having less. /And love is the sacred name for loneliness.

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I speak a word I have not spoken/and by that word am broken open, /a cry entirely other entirely mine.

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In league with the stones of the field/I am being healed.

Faith is not in what is known and seen and understood but in what is sensed, hinted at, gossamer, discrete, hesitant, and stammering, not cocksure, uber-confident, smug, certain, blatant, and in your face.

Faith moves mountains, faith does not replace mountains.