

## Weekly Meditation by Rev. Teri Lubbers

### Power to Feel

***Now pray, as I who came back from the same confusion learned to pray. I returned to paint upon the altars those old holy forms, but they shone differently, fierce in their beauty. So now my prayer is this: You, my own deep soul, trust me. I will not betray you. My blood is alive with many voices telling me I am made of longing. What mystery breaks over me now? In its shadow I come into life. For the first time I am alone with you – you, my power to feel. ~ Rilke, “Book of Hours: Love Poems to God”***

Deep soul...longing...feeling...mystery. I have to read Rilke's words over and over to begin to taste the flavor of what he speaks. As if his words lie just beyond my reach, just beyond awareness or cognizance. We hide from ourselves at times. Or we split ourselves up into manageable parts.

I think I have spent a great deal of time living like a double decker bus, where head and heart are these two levels of riding through life, levels that don't always see one another or interact. I imagine the head – seat of thinking and logic and rationality – as the first level, boxed in, a closed space whose environment can be heated or cooled as needed to maintain a narrow comfort zone, with windows that have a limited view of the sky. I imagine the heart – feeling, intuitive, connecting conduit – as the second level, open to the sky and all the elements, whose variability is unpredictable and beyond management. The immensity of life will never fit into the thimble of my rationality. I am one, even though I act like two.

Rilke points to a hidden wholeness within us, a place where we can trust ourselves, where our deepest longings are honored, not held suspect or dismissed out-of-hand. A place where we discover the holy in our midst, beckoning from every corner, a mystery breaking over us and calling us into life. God in us. The power to feel, the power to trust, the power to be.

**Prayer: Holy One, source of my wholeness. Help me trust the whispers of your longing that ripen in me. May I move through this day with the power to feel and see and be open to you in all the ways you show up today. Amen.**