

Friends of Silence

Vol. XXXIII, No. 1

+ + + + +

January, 2020

“Is there enough Silence for the Word to be heard?”

Dear Friends, We stand on a threshold, peering at a new year, “full of things that have never been” (Teilhard de Chardin); an in-between space, suspended between what we think we know and worlds we cannot see, the ringing now before what comes next. We come to thresholds like these hauling courage with trembling hands. Will we step through to peril? to transformation? Sages say both. Yet we are not bereft. We can catch light for the journey, provisions for the road.

Friends, we the “staff” of this precious Letter stand on a threshold of our own. Linda, who has woven the Letter each month and written the exquisite introductions for more than five years, has reached a pause in this aspect of her work. The rest of us (me [Lindsay], Bob, Joy, and Mary Ann) are stepping in, sharing and rotating the crafting of the Letter. You will “hear” a different voice each month, though we return to the deep well of Nan Merrill’s notebooks and vision and her soulful habit of noting the words of wise ones who grace this planet. We are overjoyed that Linda will continue with her beautiful graphic design of the Letter.

We are grateful to you, our faithful readers, for your gracious support. We would be glad, as always, to receive any quotes you may find in your own reading. Let us cross this threshold together.



Resplendent and eternal is Wisdom,
readily perceived by those who listen
in the Silence of the heart.
Wisdom hastens to make Herself known;
She is available to all who love and seek Her,
who awakens Her from within
will not be disappointed;
for Wisdom awaits at the threshold.

~ from *WALKING WITH WISDOM* by Nan Merrill

Inner light is not hidden/
Myriad openings lead to it.
In passing from darkness to light,
One moves freely between eternity
and now.

If this be but true,
I have no fear.
Yet myriad seem the hazards
of the journey.

~Frederick W. Lord

Anyone who has probed the inner life, who has sat in silence long enough to experience the stillness of the mind behind its apparent noise is faced with a mystery. Apart from all the outer attractions of life in the world, there exists at the center of human consciousness something quite satisfying and beautiful in itself, a beauty without features. The mystery is not so much that these two dimensions exist – an outer world and the mystery of the inner world – but that we are suspended between them, as a space in which both worlds meet ... as if the human being is the meeting point, the threshold between two worlds.

~ from *THE KNOWING HEART* by Kabir Helminski

I was beginning to realize that you must come slowly to a place;
wait a little before feverishly resorting to guidebooks...Place has a
mighty tongue of its own.

~ from *ON PILGRIMAGE* by J. Lash

Not knowing when
the Dawn will come,
I open every Door.

~ Emily Dickinson

Whether you know it
or not, you were born
to have a rendezvous
with destiny; your
journey toward it has already begun. But my people make a
distinction between destiny and fate. We don't think we are
born with a "fate" that impels us to act out some script
composed by a higher hand, but rather that each of us has a
destiny, a preexisting pattern, which, in our hearts, we wish
one day to fulfill.

~ from *THE MAGIC CIRCLE* by Katherine Neville

Beginning well or beginning poorly, what is important is
simply to begin... Beginning is difficult, and our
procrastination is a fine ever-present measure of our
reluctance in taking that first close-in, courageous step to
reclaiming our happiness... It is always hard to believe that
the courageous step is so close to us, that it is closer than we
ever could imagine, that in fact,
we already know what it is... ~ from *CONSOLATIONS* by David Whyte



Linda DeGraf © 2019

Now the old has already passed away
But the new is too new to be born today
So I'm throwing out seeds on the winter
snow

As the cold wind begins to blow
Standing here on a new threshold

I can see a warm dim light in the window...

I pass from mystery to mystery, so I won't lie
I don't know what happens when people die
but I hope that I see you...

In the distance I see a glow

There's a light, there's a light, there's light
In the window.

~ from "A Light in the Window" by Carrie Newcomer



Encyclopaedia Britannica

How do we hold both the magnificence and tragedy of the world, as if we
stand at a threshold with Janus, the Roman god of beginnings and endings,
looking in two directions?.....How do we find the way if we can't see around
the bend?...In our time of disturbance and radical change, we are crossing a
threshold, a portal, or an unseen bridge from one world to another. It could be
said that the bridge is either collapsing beneath us, or being made as we walk
together.

~ from *WILD FAITH* by Geneen Marie Haugen
(Garrison Institute blog entry)

Quiet friend who has come so far,
feel how your breathing makes more space around you.
Let this darkness be a bell tower
and you the bell. As you ring,

what batters you becomes your strength.
Move back and forth into the change...

In this uncontainable night,
be the mystery at the crossroads of your senses,
the meaning discovered there.

And if the world has ceased to hear you,
say to the silent Earth: I flow.
To the rushing water, speak: I am.

~ from *SONNETS TO ORPHEUS, Part Two,*
XXIX by Rainer Maria Rilke

If you creep out down to
the river in the light of a
full moon, you'll see her
there, Old Crane Woman.
She'll be standing on one
leg, still as can be, and
you'll know her by her
frayed grey and white dress
and her long, thin arms
with the sharp,
sticking-out elbows. She'll
be staring into the river, for
Old Crane Woman knows
that inspiration comes
always at the side of the
water, there on the edge, in
that troubling threshold
place between one element
and another.

~ from *GREY HERON NIGHTS2*
by Sharon Blackie



getdrawings.com