

Who We Already Are

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ONE OF THE GREAT MYSTERIES OF LIFE is that we often do not know and cannot remember who we already are. So great a shroud has been placed over our intuitive beginnings, that we must struggle to find our way back to our source.

One way to assist in healing the cause of our infirmity is to tell new stories of our beginnings. If anything is needed now, it is an awakening of our inner knowing, and of the inseparability of our lives from the generative womb that animates all of creation from within. Somewhere deep within us lies a distant light, a reflection as old as the universe itself, of our beginnings in the mother womb of spirit—a reality so radiant, original, and eternal that it appears to us as new.

We must know the truth of our beginnings to survive the tender kindness, and passionate benevolence that gives life. We suffer no absence of divinity or revoke of love; this force, this Mystery never withdraws. Our challenge is to acknowledge how much we feel and how much we know of suffering and love. Our only safe harbor is to admit the expanse of passion we have for life, while we cling in desperation—or is it faith?—to our raft of nothingness. If we keep steady, if we take up the courage to advance beyond historic conventions and religious names, we will glide toward the distant shore of an impossible hope.

Excerpt, “My Soul a Feast of Prayers,” Forthcoming, © Beverly Lanzetta 2018



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