

**Message:**

On Monday, my long-time writing group, the Yayas, came to my house and we actually wrote together! I found some prompts in an old notebook from a morning we got together in December of 2009. "Moving in" was a juicy prompt Monday morning, and while I started out simply naming all the many places I'd moved into, and out of, as my stream of consciousness scrawled across the page, eventually I unearthed phrases like: *the way a place can feel like home or like the walls are moving in on me, moving in a new direction, moving in my own direction, guided (I hope!) by Spirit moving in me, moving into new openings, moving into all I'm called to be.*

Then on Monday night, I finally moved myself out the door and into a Nia movement/dance class. And the routine my dear friend Casey chose that night was one she created, "Moving in the Right Direction." At the end of class, she invited us to close our eyes, and with our hands on our hearts, slowly turn in 360\* circle, and simply notice what aspects of our inner or outer expression of our lives are moving in the right direction— or not. As I slowly took my own inventory, these words popped into my head, "Is this the path of love?" from the [The Question](#) by Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer

...Is this the path of love?...  
I notice what the question is not.  
Not, "Is this right?" Not,  
"Is this wrong?" It just longs to know  
how the action of existence  
links us to the path of love.

How is the "action of existence" moving me in Love's direction? How are we moving collectively on the path of love? Where do *you* find inspiration along your path of love?

Charles and John, and courage: My cousins (sons of two of mom's sisters) both in their mid-50's, both are dads. On May 16, Charles donated a life-giving kidney, and John received it. I could talk for hours about how much courage John, his wife and family, showed as John's genetic kidney disease progressed. As John did at home dialysis and waited for a match for a kidney transplant. Waited through the multiple times it seemed

a match was perfect... and then it wasn't. I could talk for hours about this cousin who stepped in like a brother, and offered his kidney. What an example of courage and faith and trust our family has shared in their journey.

I want to point us to that word, *courage*. Its root is the Latin *cor* or old French *coeur*—heart. It's a heart word, a word that invites us to listen to the Infinite Presence in us.

David Whyte writes:

“Courage is a word that tempts us to think outwardly, to run bravely against opposing fire, to do something under besieging circumstances (to offer a kidney!) ...But a look at its linguistic origins is to look in a more interior direction... Courage is the measure of our heartfelt participation with life, with another, with a community, a work; a future. To be courageous is not necessarily to go anywhere or do anything, except to make conscious those things we already feel deeply, and then to live through...to live up to, and into, the necessities of...things we...care deeply about...”

Courage is what love looks like when tested by the simple everyday necessities of being alive....from the inside, it can feel like confusion; only slowly do we learn what we really care about, and allow our outer life to be realigned in that gravitational pull. With maturity, that robust vulnerability comes to feel like the only necessary way forward, the only real invitation, and the surest, safest ground from which to step. On the inside we come to know who and what and how we love and what we can do to deepen that love.”

There is so much in the world today that can make my heart freeze with fear, anger, incredulous disbelief at the weight of violence, cruelty, greed, and injustice. Over and over I must come back to that invitation to feel what I care deeply about; to let my *coeur*, my heart, be broken open and deepen to love; to practice moving in love's direction over and over again as I sit with my questions in prayer, in meditation, in loving action.

Last week's questions that I asked *us (me too!)* to sit with this week:

- “What wants to be born in me, through me, AS me?
- How am I called to be the embodiment of love and compassion?
- What is the chaos of this moment giving birth to, and how am I an embodied part of that birthing?”

Clearly, I have an abundance of questions! All of those other questions I ask myself, and asked you to hold in your heart, ultimately all boil down to asking the same question: *Is THIS the path of Love?* And in all honesty, I don't have one simple answer! For I know I can only answer those questions (*that question!*) for myself, and invite you to answer in your own life— moment by moment, choice by choice.

“Courage is what love looks like when tested by the simple everyday necessities of being alive.” Our heartfelt participation with life opens us to the vulnerability and courage to say, “I long to see more peace in the world, so I will show up as PEACE. I long for deep connection in my life, so I am showing up AS a bridge builder, forming connections. I long for more compassion in the world, so I am showing up AS compassion, AS loving kindness, as Love.”

Led by the voice of the Infinite Presence within, in our own unrepeatable ways we then move collectively in the direction of compassion, connection, peace— of being Love in all of our actions.

May it be so. And so it is. Amen.