

THE GUEST HOUSE

Every human life is a kind of "guest house"and every day new guests "arrive."

The thirteenth century Persian poet known as Rumi, in his poem "The Guest House," sees life as a series of encounters with strangers: joy, anguish, meanness. And we learn from each of our "visitors." The poet urges us to "welcome and entertain them all."

"Even if they are a crowd of sorrows, who violently sweep your house empty of its furniture, still, treat each guest honourably. He may be clearing you out for some new delight."

Be grateful for every visitor to your guest house, Rumi counsels. Turn no one away – welcome "with laughter" whatever joy or sorrow or fear comes to your door and invite them in, advises the poet, "because each has been sent as a guide from beyond."

Jesus has gone to prepare a place for us. But the "place" we have now is our entry way to God's house. The "guests" who come to our "house," as the poet Rumi writes, are encounters with the holy, and our ability to "welcome" them – whether they bring enlightenment or fear, happiness or grief – illuminate the way to our next "house." In taking on the work of compassion and reconciliation that the Risen One entrusts to us, our "guest houses" become part of God's house in our midst; we establish the reign of God in our time as we make our way to the time of God.



his morning I woke up thinking about words, for instance, how words are like the proverbial mustard seeds - some fall on deaf ears and some grow...

At the beginning of 'lockdown' I was touched to receive a note through the door from a stranger offering to get any shopping I might need. People suddenly care about each other. I don't

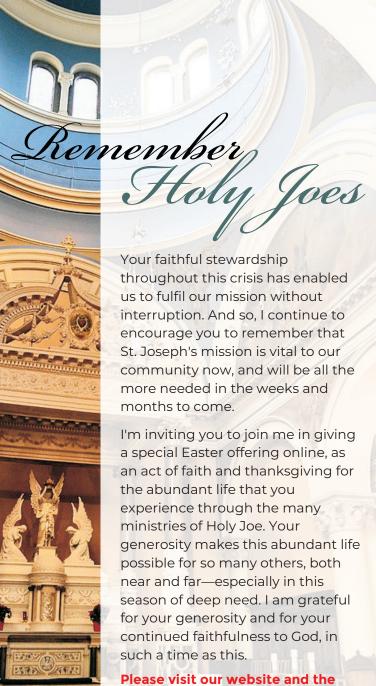
remember communication ever having been so vital on every level. I think one of the things that moved people to support Captain Tom's effort were his modest words, that he hoped to raise £1000 by the time he reached his hundredth birthday, not for himself but for others.

Obviously the corona virus that brought our mortality to the fore has also inspired greater awareness and appreciation for what we have. When I open a window. I can smell the fresh air. Walking in the park, I look around at everything more closely, for instance, at amazing seed pods scattered on the ground under a tree that look like tiny rose-buds, which at first, I thought was ordinary compost. I'm taking longer to notice wild flowers and every day there are more leaves on the trees and more flowers opening up. It has been a pleasure to be able to cross roads easily and in the quietness of the sky, to hear robins and blackbirds sing.

I found some words in an old book by a Sufi writer (Nur Hixon) which touched me; "This Divine Love on earth, which is the perfect knowledge of unity - is primarily an expression of true spiritual joy, arising spontaneously from affirming God with every cell of our body, with every strand of our awareness."



Loving and Gracious God,
Because you care for us,
you invite us to throw all our anxiety onto You.
In this moment, we throw onto you our
anxiety around _____
(in the silence, offer to God whatever is
causing your anxiety)
In our anxiousness, grant us peace.
In our suffering, grant us hope.
In our weakness, grant us strength.
In our arrogance, grant us humility. Amen.



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Cardinal Vincent Nichols on Pentecost https://vimeo.com/421046273





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