

Miriam Greening

Happy are those who listen to wisdom,
and take the path of justice, or sit with the humble;
their delight is in the way of Love illuminated by Love's radiance,
they ponder day and night.

They are like trees planted by streams of water,
which flourish with their fruit in season,
and their leaves remain green.
All that they do, gives life.

Psalm 1:1-3

Miriam's Greening by Karin Donaldson

All things are enclosed within the bubbling source of the living God...."

Hildegard of Bingen, Divine Works, Vision 8.2

- The birds are singing the primordial song of love, so original and free, a melody of Love's eternal song. A song that stills our wandering mind, enchants our senses, softens and creates a rhythm for our breath. Breathing in love — breathing out love.
- We become aware of the outer universe and expand our attention beyond, beyond into the infinite horizons of Spirit presence in creation.
- We draw within, into our inner universe, into the Omega point that centres us and spirals us, into convergence in Love's creative union. Outer universe, inner universe, one verse of Love, singing and drawing us to awaken Love's greening power, *viriditas*, luscious greening Spirit energy.
- Gently, we yield deeper into the ground of silence, into the flourishing abundance of the bubbling source of the living God. We melt into the luminous flow of ever fertile life energy impregnating suffering, knitting and gathering all moments of death, transfiguring despair, dismantling ego. We release still further into the sap pouring through all that is burning-out. We pour out ourselves with her, dissolving into the greening, giving our love, the life that flows from the deepest centre of our soul. Enlivening divine points of illumination infuse Wisdom.
- We sense the luminous green. The touchings of our heart senses, infuse delicate traces of Spirit presence and absence. The absence of Spirit greening haunts and empties, until she is ever more present, permeating, penetrating, with exquisite fresh moist loving. We meet in our oneness in suffering, a world burnt out, a world weeping, a world writhing and struggling, clinging to a past that is in flow. Still, *Viriditas* is unfolding, renewing, renovating, seething with new life.
- We go deeper, point, in point, in point, emerald knowing infusing. Mary womb darkness, conceiving, holding, beholding. Miriam's *fiat*. "O may it be done according to your Word." (Lk 1:38). *O viridissima virga*, O greenest branch, fertile tree of Advent's coming expectancy.
- We are the one womb of creating, one dark waiting with a point of greenness so pure. This point, this verdant centre of centres, gathering all things into itself, into Love. Emerald light illuming.