

A Mid-day Meditation

From

Sue's Perspective

"There are no words..."

Over the course of our lives there have been innumerable situations where we are literally at a loss for words. How many of us have felt that very thing? In times of grief and sorrow, when all you want to do is comfort someone you love, the only response that you can come up with is either trite or inappropriate. You feel helpless. You feel inarticulate. You feel embarrassed. Why are we so afraid to say nothing at all or, perhaps even...

"There are no words..."

Today, as I write this, my son is celebrating his 40th birthday. I remember the day he was born as if it was yesterday. It was a hot, sunny day. I was "over the moon" excited and very nervous at the same time. I also remember that it was extremely hard work for him and for me for him to be born – just as it is for every woman who gives birth and every child who is born. I remember the first time that he looked at me and said, "I love you, Mummy." I remember when he learned how to ride his bicycle. The joy in my life and in my soul as I have watched my son grow into a handsome, loving man with a family of his own knows no bounds. And to think that I have been doubly blessed by watching my daughter grow into a beautiful, loving woman – with all of the ups and downs of life with children, to describe fully how I feel, well...

"There are no words..."

Sometimes, to fully express how we feel about a certain situation is nearly impossible. I recall being asked, as a seminarian, how I felt about almost every aspect of my life. It was difficult to give an answer that didn't raise another question. During my time participating in Clinical Pastoral Education (CPE) this experience was taken to a whole new level. "How do you feel about...?" "Why did you give that answer?" "What in your life makes you respond in that way?" There is a reason for all of these questions – and the reason is to help the seminarians have a better understanding of themselves, as people, which in turn helps them have a better relationship with the people whom they encounter and ultimately with God. However, throughout this entire time, when I was asked to put my relationship with God into words, I paused, attempted feebly to articulate how I perceived my relationship with God, and came up pitifully short. Over the years, I have decided, contrary to what many believe, when I am asked about my relationship with God, if I am stymied, it is perfectly okay to say...

"There are no words..."

Note: When I told my son what phrase had captured my thoughts, he said, "Mum, why don't you write the phrase down and then don't write anything...because there are no words..." We all know me better than that.