

Inspiration: Radiance

Radiance in “Ordinary Time”

The lights and gifts of Christmas and Epiphany linger in our souls. Hymns vibrate with Love, Joy, and Hope for Peace on Earth. But soon “Ordinary Time” will overtake us and we will return to the regular hours, scheduled days, and calendared months of “where we live” in the everyday. Is all the radiance lost? Do the concerns of the “real world” dim the light and overwhelm the song? Howard Thurman, in Mood of Christmas, reminds us to keep our souls open to beauty. Read this slowly, and reread it.

There must be
always
remaining in everyone’s life
some place
for the singing of angels.

Some place for that which in itself is breathlessly beautiful
and by an inherent prerogative throwing all the rest of life
into a new creative relatedness.

Something that gathers up in itself all the freshets of experience from
drab and commonplace areas of living
and glows in one bright light of penetrating beauty and meaning—
then passes.

The commonplace
is shot through
with new glory—
old burdens become lighter, deep and ancient wounds lose
much of their old, old hurting.
A crown is placed over our heads that for the rest of our lives
we are trying to grow tall enough to wear.

If, as Howard Thurman says, there must be—must be—always remaining in our lives—
some place—for the singing of angels, then where is that place in your life’s soul? Where
do you keep alive a place of welcome for the “breathlessly beautiful”? For it will heal our
wounds and transform us in creative newness.

There are things that glow so brightly that our commonplace is shot through with glory.
We know the explosions of radiant splendor--the people, events, places, prayers--
illuminating divinity. A crown is placed over our heads, we humans, that for the rest of
our lives we are trying to grow tall enough to wear. Grow tall, grow tall.