

## Back To Our Home Page

Periodically we feel inner yearning to “*come back*” or to “*stay still*” only deeper. Whatever the metaphor, this nudging feels like a call in the midst of the swirl of life to touch back to that mysterious *something* that rings true to our real self. In computer language, we’ve been out there surfing, our searches and explorations leading us far and wide, sometimes for better sometimes for worse, always moving, with way leading unto way.

“And then comes an inner sense,” an ache of disconnection or a yearning from within. A still small voice says, come back. Attending to this stirring, we know it is time to resist the enticements of the incessant search-engine and click back to our “Home Page.”

Ah.... Something eases in our being. We take a deep satisfying breath of recognition. *This* is who I am. *This* is where I want to sit a while and pray, to nourish my soul-self. This is home.

Gunilla Norris wrote poetically in Inviting Silence:

*Can we recognize that now and then there comes  
an inner sense, a fleeting thought, a little yearning  
To live our lives differently?*

*We don't know what this means or what it requires...  
But the longing continues...*

*Could we sense that this longing is not lack...  
Could we receive it as an invitation instead,  
a calling, a small voice inviting us home,  
back to our truer self?*

My true-self is my source, where my energies and commitments come from. This is the true and honest place I can trust for my passions and decisions, my touch with God and outreach to the world. God keeps inviting us back.

We are invited home as a people as well. As citizens of the United States we have a communal “home,” a deep place within our body politic that expresses our best and true selves. We share the documents of our founding; the vision of our leaders; the people’s stories of diversity, courage and inventiveness--all shaping who we are. In today’s pressures, caught as we are in the insistent drama of Economics and Politics, we tend to mistakenly interpret all the activity as the *meaning* of our communal lives.

Yet “now and then” in our history as a nation, there comes that yearning to re-find our true selves and to touch again our vision for truer union, with liberty and justice for all. This year’s widespread participation in the primaries is an expression of deep longing, the steady voice within us to act on the values of our true selves. The invitation of the Spirit today is to come home. And finding each other, to sit around one big table to work out our agenda for peace, justice, and mercy together.

**Reflection:** *Read Norris’s words as a reflection for your self. Read them again as a prayer for us as a country, that we may respond to the invitation to be our best selves, in these decisive times.*

**BOOKS**  
**Available in the Retreat Center Bookstore**  
**262-639-4100**

**Three books by Oriah** (HarperSanFrancisco). Mother of two grown sons, lives with her husband Jeff several hours north of Toronto in a home surrounded by forest stillness. [www.oriah.org](http://www.oriah.org)

**The Invitation: I Want to Know What You Ache For, 1999**  
**The Dance: Moving to the Deep Rhythms of Your Life, 2001**  
**The Call: Discovering Why You Are Here, 2003**

Each begins with a long poem meditation, and then unfolds the themes in chapters of reflection. Rachel Naomi Remen says the books are “a blessing, a healing, and a reminder to stop living merely in the neighborhood of your self and truly go home at last.” Here are some pieces.

**The Invitation**

*It doesn't interest me what you do for a living.  
I want to know what you ache for, and if you dare  
to dream of meeting your heart's longing.  
It doesn't interest me how old you are. I want to know  
if you will risk looking like a fool for love,  
for your dream, for the adventure of being alive.*

**The Dance**

*Don't tell me how wonderful things will be...someday.  
Show me you can risk being completely at peace,  
truly okay with the way things are right now in this moment,  
and again in the next and the next and the next...*

**The Call**

*I have heard it all my life,  
a voice calling a name I recognized as my own.  
Sometimes it comes as a soft-bellied whisper.  
Sometimes it holds an edge of urgency.  
But always it says: Wake up, my love. You are walking asleep.  
There's no safety in that!*

*Be one word in this great love poem we are writing together.*

Comments from others:

“Her words pierced my shell and pricked at my soul. An invitation to the ultimate dance.”  
--Wayne W. Dyer

“Oriah combines the brave humanity of a poet and lover with a skin-and-bones honesty. You will be nourished by the wisdom she carries.” –Jack Kornfield

