

WHITE INK



As we in Christian Churches journey further into the season of Lent towards the hope that Easter holds, I am mindful of the constant flow of all the seasons as they continually draw or pull us through the passages of time. Are you being pulled or gently drawn? How do you come to this present season after the weary, draining months of these past two years? In this moment, amidst the continuing uncertainty of the Covid virus, disastrous floods and their aftermath, the current situation in the Ukraine and other places where oppressive regimes exert power in an ongoing way over the lives of innocent people, how are you?

I remember many years ago in a group meditation session, where we were invited to read a scripture text slowly, to listen and to take time to contemplate the words written, and then



to gently draw our focus towards the white ink words written in-between the sentences. Then to listen again and to contemplate the deeper, unspoken, hidden words within the text. I have always found this exercise to be a powerful, reflective, imaginative, and creative experience. To hear, feel and sense the whisperings of the 'white ink'.

So, I am left wondering, as we flow into a new month, can we accept the 'white ink' meditation challenge and try to focus more on the unknown and unclear messages which this invisible ink is trying to reveal to us. The process draws us away from the temptation of reading only the 'black ink' words which seem to convey so much darkness, heaviness, and weariness. As we read and listen to daily news reports of our world, maybe we can pause and pay more attention to the invisible cry and deep wisdom whispered in-between the lines of our present reality!

In the in-between spaces I can hear the global cry of humanity for safety, security, kindness, peace. I can sense a drawing of the human heart towards inner growth, wisdom, new insight, awareness and deeper understanding. I can feel a strong pull on us as a human species to evolve, mature and grow towards a new consciousness of our deep, underlying connectedness. I can hear, see, and feel the global cry of all of creation through the silent

white whisperings of its beauty, and also its vulnerable gasping cries for help. This planet which we so cherish for our existence is slowly stirring hearts worldwide towards a mammoth, almost inconceivable CHANGE!

We have all heard, read, seen, and experienced the clear black words that both wise and foolish people have spoken to us. How well have we sat with the white ink, unspoken revelations, **between** the sentences - the invisible words and whisperings of our deeper consciousness that holds so much 'more'. The deeper insights of our varied experiences invite us to see and hear them so as to bring them into our conscious, active lives. We are all called to enter the invisible light which darkness cannot overcome. We are being asked, in all of this to see more clearly, to perceive more deeply so that a new consciousness may continue to arise and evolve.

I find myself searching for the light - the silver lining behind the present shadows of darkness. I sit quietly and struggle to listen to the deeper revelations that this light is trying to reveal to me. I am left pondering questions such as: How am I **really**, in these times? What have I learnt about myself during the present pandemic? How do I hold suffering such as that of the Ukrainian people and the suffering of the larger world? How have I changed, grown and matured within myself? What are the deeper values that I now hold? We are living in a season that calls for inner reflection, healing, and personal growth which, will hopefully lead us towards a more active and compassionate response to suffering so that we become more and more effective conduits of a larger Love.

Our CEN time this month may simply be an invitation to sit with the many inner questions which the white ink of mystery quietly evokes and stirs within us. In the stillness, beyond all the black print, dark facts, figures and events that can consume us, can we let the silent whispers of the light, white ink, rise within our hearts and gently transform us towards a new consciousness?

Then, through this new awareness can we also come to see and know more clearly the white ink within ourselves - in who we are, and who we are becoming? Can we also hold the white ink of our personal experiences with friends, family, communities? And can we hold this 'white ink seeing' as we hear the many stories of goodness personified everywhere, amidst great darkness? The call for us is to let our focus always be drawn towards the 'more', the hidden light of an emerging new consciousness within the whole of life.

I conclude this reflection with the prayerful words of Teilhard de Chardin in his 'Mass on the World'¹. I invite you to read the words written in black ink first and then with me, prayerfully contemplate the whisperings of the white ink that embellishes these words and gives them a new spirit, a new life, and a new heart for our aching world.

Teilhard writes:

**"I call before me the whole vast anonymous army of living humanity;
those who come and those who go;
(Stop! Listen! What do you see, hear?)**



Above all, those who in office, (*field*) laboratory and factory, through their vision of truth or despite their error, truly believe in the progress of earthly reality and who today will take up their impassioned pursuit of the light...

(What whisperings, images of humanity do you hear, see and hold in these words?)

All the things in the world to which this day will bring increase.

All those that will diminish.

All those too that will die.

All of them, I try to gather into my arms, so as to hold them out to you in offering...



(What is the invisible white ink whispering to your heart?)

Receive, O God, this all-embracing host which your whole creation offers you at the dawn of a new day."



(This is my Body this is my Blood... What is the deeper call, insight of these words for you?)

I have grown into the habit of daily contemplating Teilhard's 'Mass of the World'. I find it draws me deeply within myself whilst at the same time beyond myself. I see my utter smallness, like a mere grain of sand, and yet at the same time the greatness and awesomeness of myself as a unique human being! I hear and see daily the black ink words of facts, figures and statistics, and I lament the daily news reports which continue to graphically reveal human suffering and the world's seemingly uncontrollable, blind, and powerless path towards violence and destruction. I hold all this as I reflect on Teilhard's "Mass on the World" and it somehow helps direct the suffering towards a greater end.

As I sit with these images in my quiet space of deep silence - my white ink space of unknowing - I slowly begin to hear whisperings beyond the darkness. I hear whisperings which encourage daring dreams, wild and creative hopes, new insights, courageous risk-taking and inner resilience. I have a belief and a deep sense that a transformation process is happening and evolving in our time, that there is a white light energy force behind, within, and beyond the dark clouds and shadows of our present reality. I hear and see - albeit dimly, a deeper - a greater truth drawing us all through this darkness into 'Wholeness'!

Let us sit in the white ink, Easter space of unknowing...

Let us listen to inner whisperings...

Let us be drawn passionately into an active response to what we hear...

Let us continue to be conduits of Love in our small spheres of influence...

Let us strive to be a presence that the darkness cannot overcome...

for, it is sometimes only through the Darkness of the black written words that the White Ink deeper truth can be illuminated and read!

(Tess Veenker msc – April 2022)

ⁱ Teilhard de Chardin, *Hymn of the Universe*, Collins: London, 1965, p 19