

The Land of Simple Contemplation

Joyce Rupp | Jun. 17, 2010

Companion of my Solitude,
sometimes I think that half of me
is well-lodged in another world.
On rainy days, in times of solitude,
my spirit pulls and tugs,
crying for home in that other space.
All the things here
that give my life rhyme and reason
fade from view.
I am left with the longing
to put down my sword
of busyness
and dwell in the land
of simple contemplation.



Raindrops on the cottage roof,

bird songs in the woods,
the taste of morning air,
the stillness of the forest,
all these draw me beyond
to where the other half dwells.

Companion of my Solitude,

keep encouraging me to take time
for my inward journey.
Help me to be faithful
to this essential element of my life.

?Come to me, you who desire me ?
-- Ecclesiasticus 10:19

Journaling:

What do you appreciate most about solitude?
What do you appreciate least about it?
What is your life like when you do not have any solitude in it?

From *Prayers to Sophia: Deepening Our Relationship with Holy Wisdom* by Joyce Rupp

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