

... Càisg a chum Cairgis ...

(Easter towards Pentecost)

... THE NAME OF THE ROSE ...

The mystery of the outpouring from Good Friday to Pentecost cannot be netted in words.

We are witnessing a Rose called Kairos opening slowly before our eyes...

Even before Easter Tide, and for all of our lives, we have been preparing for the coming of the Rose. We have purified our deepest ground, re-channelling our energy towards our highest aspiration...

... The Rose.

It takes a lot of manure to create a perfect rose!

Good Friday... and the tiny bud has at last been witnessed by some, hidden amongst the thorns.. But too many of us still cannot face to see the thin runnel of red appearing amongst the bare, dead limbs that hang from the supporting frame.

Then... only days later... those who wander early into the garden sense something new... The first hint of a fragrance on the air...

Nobody has ever experienced such a perfume before! But it is still too fine a mist for many... Only the soul-full can discern it

But it *is* happening... The Rose is opening... Slowly, petal by petal... the mystery that is nameless unfolds amongst our soulest senses.

Those who embrace it without hesitation are at once wedded to Its Mystery. They live the union nakedly in their hearts – and it burns there – a rosey flame.

It is a secret wedding. The Soul is the bride. Our tongues can forever only stutter the vows that are celebrated, beyond words, in the inner chamber.

At Beltaine... sometimes a little after Easter... sometimes it takes a longer time... *She* is ready...

The Land Herself, who birthed the Rose from out of Her darkness, keens towards the Flowering of Her child and senses the perfume of Her Lover on His breath. She opens anew toward Her Groom.. Heaven covers Her gently in response..

We, who are espoused to The Unknowable, echo this in our spiritual practice.. The Earthly Mother in us unites with the Heavenly Father in Glory... The Rose opens and opens and opens within the secret folds of our hearts.

Ascension... The unfathomable Mystery expands the womb of our hearts until it hurts. We ache with the simultaneous joy and loss that encompasses this paradoxical Love.

*“To have... but not to hold...”*

Pentecost ... and the Rose throws open its wild red life in a fire of Grace.

... Abandonment ... The Fullness ...

Its perfume drowns us... The earth is abundant to the core... The air forever rich with the essence of the Beloved.



- © 2007 Fionntulach