

## 2021-03-10 ... Midweek Reflection ... Revd Canon Judy Hunt

We have been through a sad time in the last 12 months.

The sadnesses are many and varied ... Each of us will have our own history of how sad events or sad missed events have impacted upon us.

As we move towards a better late spring and summer – and especially as we travel to and through Easter - what will happen to those sadnesses?

- Will they be transformed by God into an appreciation of what we once took for granted?
- Will those sadnesses be transformed by God into an active empathy and solidarity with those who continue to live under restrictions – of whatever kind?
- Or will we give into the temptation to hold onto them ... so that they fill the future with resentments?

Here's a meditation that we can use:

### Free me, Lord, from sadness

*Adapted from Psalms to accompany the Spiritual Exercises  
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Free me, O Lord, from sadness.

It flows from old wounds

and from sudden fresh injuries,

neither fully grieved for what they cost

nor properly embraced for the healing that can be found.

Sadness seeps in with crafty intent

and snuffs out the shimmering delight

of the everyday world.

It lays down

its rigidity and torpor

in the joints of my body.

It perpetrates an unfathomable mood

that marinates bright memories

into indecipherable blankness.

Sadness hides

behind duty done

and the answers that people were expecting.

Sadness cloaks itself with a level headedness  
which has everything sorted.

It bends double with the load

of those who have seen it all and know it all

and no longer expect anything new

worth the bother of celebrating.

When youthful figures pass by  
with their technicolour laughs  
they leave a sediment of nostalgia  
of chances never-taken  
in a life grown weary.

Sadness leaves in the soul  
a residue of colourless existence,  
of the catechism-God  
with questions and answers, and even life-experience  
learnt by rote  
repeated *ad nauseam*.

**Free me from sadness, O Lord of joy!! AMEN!!**

**And a stanza of a poem by Joyce Rupp (Spring Antiphon)**

**O God – be a Spring Rising out of Winter’s Arms**

Come! Come melt what is frozen in us.  
Open the buds of our longing with your gentle breeze.  
Soften the hard earth of our hearts with your rains.  
Breathe warmth upon the cold places in us.  
O Come!

**May the Lord come to each of us in refreshing joyful life. Amen!!**