

# Conversing with the Mystics

*By Kym Dixon*

Mystical awareness invites us to another way, another way of spontaneous seeing, knowing and being in the world. Mystical teachers such as Hildegard and Eckhar whisper to us .... I've been there ahead of you and emerge as guides, in solidarity, in 'the way'.

Of late I have been drawn to the space 'between' the elements whether they be people, creation, art, music or story as the place where the dynamic energy of God is germinating. Alone I hold only seed or water or sun but as we meet we make a garden together.

Here's a playful conversation between Hildegard, Me and Eckhart....

**Hildegard:** The soul is kissed by God in its innermost regions. With interior yearning, grace and blessing are bestowed. It is yearning to take on God's gentle yoke, it is yearning to give one's self to God's way.

**Me:** I'm struck by that word yearning, let me just look it up ... it's to do with intense longing. So there is this connection with longing and receiving, longing and giving, longing and surrendering. I grew up taught to trust instruction not longing, yet all along longing is a faithful teacher and companion in drawing me to the one who has kissed me.

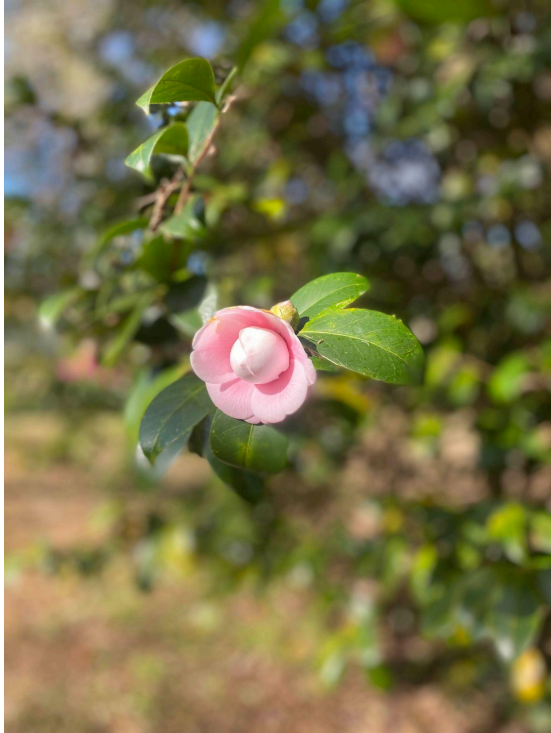
**Eckhart:** We should not content ourselves with a God of thoughts for, when the thoughts come to an end, so too shall God. Rather, we should have a living God who is beyond the thoughts of all people and all creatures. That kind of God will not leave us, unless we ourselves choose to turn away from him

**Me:** It's such a task for me to move beyond the thoughts. For so long, I thought I was my thoughts, a mind on legs, I pride myself on them, I love to think and wonder and offer insight to others. More often now an impression comes into my soul, like for a moment I have dropped into the heart of God and encountered this person or situation with God. I am gifted with an experiential knowing.

**Eckhart:** I never ask God to give himself to me, I beg him to purify, to empty me. If I am empty, God of his very nature is obliged to give himself to me to fill me.

**Me:** So many years so many prayers 'Holy Spirit come', fill us, equip us, empower us, we sang it, declared it, begged for it and it never quite felt right to me. Did we think God was not already here? Did we think that God would only show if we could prove how desperate we were? I find I can no longer pray for God to be God, for things already given unless my words are thank you. I notice now before I am going to be with one of my directed's or supervisee's I pray God let me hold space. Let me be spacious so as to make room for the present reality of you. I'd like to approach my whole life this way.

**Eckart:** This I know... That the only way to live is like a rose, which lives without a why.'



**Me:** To live without a why?

Can I show you a photo?

I took this at my silent retreat a few weeks ago. It caught my eye and I felt God saying that I was like this bud, look at the glory of those outer petals opened right up and the inner petals still tightly closed. Look at this flower leaning and growing into the face of the sun. Looking over at the mature bloom on the neighboring tree and the mature bloom conversing back with her. She isn't worried that she is still partly closed, she isn't thinking about how far she has come or when she will bloom. She is just being, she is in her process of blooming and unconcerned with her progress or what she is becoming. She just is here, existing in all her beauty and delicacy, responsive to the ecosystem in which she is placed and the tending of the gardener. And here you are delighting in her. I felt an invitation to solidarity, which at its heart is perhaps..... union.