

Touching the Face of God

*written at the Lenten Silent Retreat - March 15, 2020
Mount St. Francis Retreat Centre*

Today, I touched the face of God.

As I strolled along the winding, snow-covered pathways,
I glimpsed the twinkle of God's eye
in the reflection off the fields of snow.

I heard God's voice,
In the birdsong that serenaded me
and in the squeak and crunch of ice underneath my feet.

I tasted God,
In the lovingly prepared meal
that I shared in communion with others.

I felt God's touch,
In the reassuring warmth of the sun
upon my upturned face.

I smelled God,
In the freshness of the pine-scented air
I breathed in.

I played with God,
Laughing joyfully as I made a snow angel
in the freshly fallen snow.

I became aware of God's heartbeat,
As I stood quietly listening
to the rhythms of the world around me.

I rejoiced as my soul reunited with creation,
Breaking free from all its earthly bindings
it reached out.....

To touch the face of God.

*- Debra Charnuski
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