



Saturday of the Fifth Week of Easter
The Feast of the Dedication of the Chapel of Our Lady of the Mississippi

3 May 1986

Fr. James Kerndt, OCSO

When the temple bell stops
ringing,
the sound keeps coming
out of the flowers.
Basho

Haiku poetry has been defined as word painting, a moment of emotion that somehow links human nature to all nature. The temple is in silence, silence just as that in which God dwelt from eternity to eternity. Then there comes the sound of the bell. The Word. Light, creation, matter. Man and woman in the image and likeness. The Word keeps coming out of the flowers. "Keep my word and you will be my disciples". "Remain in my love". This is the bond of Spirit, dwelling over, hovering above the formless void, over space which ever gives way to formed matter. All this...in the silence, in the ever-listening in the ever-ready to speak the Word., to give the energy, the light, the transformation, the resurrection life, the new creation. The Spirit in the space, in the silence, in the listening, in the waiting....for someone to be there...and respond.

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The Spirit moves in the silence, in the sacred space, the sacred space of our hearts...And creation is matter taking possession of space. Our call is "keep my Word...remain in my Love." Here are our spirit powers by which we penetrate and take possession of matter to create sacred space, the sacred space of the life of the Living One, the Resurrection Life, the New Creation.

A chapel is a symbol of the sacred space of our hearts. "Don't you realize that you are God's temple and that the Spirit of God is living among you?"

Today we celebrate the dedication of our lovely chapel located in such a lovely environment with the temple bell coming out of the flowers. And so, we rededicate our heart temples to continue to keep the

Word and remain in the Love. This is the worshipper God wants, for God is Spirit and those who worship must worship in spirit.

Thus do we see the light that is the Spirit. We see jewels of our intentions, sparkling with the penetration of our space by the light...the silver and gold of our action, refined and purified by the energy of love. Like incense, matter gives way to space and rises with sweet odor. It is our praise in the presence of the Lord who is spirit...space again taking possession of Matter... Spirit again penetrating, a sacred presence, the glory of the Lord...like the earth this morning when the light energy enters every particle of matter. Sound again becomes a sacred space, emptied...

Silence.

“For those who worship must worship in spirit...”

In the empty church
at nightfall
a lone firefly
in the silence...