

## Grounded 7

Authority arises from intimacy. And intimacy is about spending time with the beloved, lovers lingering together until...

Who knows? How long the lockdown? Next week? Month? When will the roar of 'normal' goad us into frantic action and dull our ardor for Him?

Not inclined to rush these days, I am quieted by Love. Deeper than human need, no doubt provoked by it, my hunger welcomes Jesus. He apprehends the ache and surrounds it. He is my desire, the only One who holds my gaze and eases my grasp on lesser objects.

I've no planes to catch, no early morning deadlines to deplete me before breakfast. I awake in the dark, rested and expectant, ready for Love. I light candles on the family 'altar.' Heavenly bodies beckon to me—Joseph protecting Mary and Son, St. John Paul II praying for all to conceive new life in Jesus, then the Man Himself, His open body (envisioned by both St. Francis and Faustina) releasing yet again that river of Life. Only His climactic gift can cleanse and restore me.

I remain there for a couple hours until sunrise. Sort of lost in Love. I know that no-one loves me like He does but I tend to forfeit that grace by limiting love to a few minutes, often spent in wordy devotions. Done, box checked. Not the way to live in love; any long-married person will tell you that. Why do we treat Jesus worse than a long-suffering spouse?

Will the way change when the walls to the world come down? Hope not. Maybe I will proceed like I am loved, not stumbling over the debris that derides me. Maybe. To be strong is to be lovesick, overcome in the watches of the night.

I close with lyrics of a simple song—'Draw Me Close to You'--one I sing constantly, quietly, to Jesus:

'Draw me close to You, never let me go. I lay it all down again, to hear You say that I'm your friend. You are my desire; no-one else will do. For nothing else could take Your place, to feel the warmth of Your embrace. Help me find a way, lead me back to You.'