



A BODY DELIVERED!

TO WHOM? HOW? WHEN?

First, it is life that unfolds before me and calls me.

"How do I deliver my body to this body of the cenacle? "

THROUGH THE EYES:

Welcoming the gift of sight, the gift of that distant family learning
to look at life, to see it, to recognise it.

Seeing... to know the forest that changes throughout the year,

the fish in the river that show the coming warmth, the way the old neighbour opens her
shutters, the dog that has been kicked, the parents whose silence speaks sometimes of their
tenderness and sometimes of their disagreement, the fruit trees that speak of promise...

Welcoming, accepting and giving thanks for what the cenacle
teaches me to see and allowing myself to be touched deeply.

Without my eyes, I don't think I would hear well. When
reviewing the accompaniments, what I saw of the person often comes before what I heard.

GIVING MY BODY is also choosing to make an important retreat on my relationship with
TIME

"I want and I desire, and it is my thoughtful determination, provided that it is for your greater service and praise, that the use of my time be that which the congregation and others will ask of me".

Many things, and above all people, fascinate me. And in my passion, time passes so quickly... Time spent working to the detriment of prayer, to the point of overwork...

The fraternal community calls for rest, for gratitude: to give thanks again, to consent again, to seek again to order one's life for God.

GIVING MY BODY

RISKING MYSELF IN RELATIONSHIPS because I love people, because our vocation is a vocation of encounter.

'Sharing what we have and who we are' No. 69

"Each one must ensure that others feel accepted and recognised. Genuine mutual affection stimulates our journey towards a deeper love of the Lord and of our brothers and sisters" No. 47

TAKING A RISK IN RELATIONSHIPS ...and how else can we enter into relationships if not through the senses: seeing, listening, engaging our bodies.

But perhaps more than anything else: through the exchange of words... a place of trust, a place of creation, of mutual generation...

"The Word of God is active and effective. We must keep it in the silence of our hearts, meditate on it and surrender ourselves to its action. ..." No. 8

I believe this is also true of the words of my sisters, of the people I meet.

Finding the right words, matured in listening and silence... 'Come, Holy Spirit, penetrate the hearts of your friends, penetrate my heart so that it may be burned with the fire of your love.'

Rejoicing in the joy of others...

Blessing and being blessed : entering into battle when the intention of the heart appears double.

Hurting and being hurt: entering into battle when the heart's intention appears to be twofold.

Agreeing to be there in front of my sisters... every day, with my faults...

And when their gaze and their words express suspicion and doubt about what is being experienced; accepting to go through the desire to no longer risk myself... Suffering from the withdrawal of the other... Believing that You, Jesus, took this upon Yourself to the end. Believing that You nourish me today to reinvent the relationship.

‘The mission of the Cenacle brings us into contact with many people and we often have to share deeply in their experience and their search for God... to be ready to efface ourselves...’
No. 48

To be in friendship... in fraternity...

But to let go, to leave... to let this apostolic activity unfold without me.

This is given to me, it comes like ripe fruit.

RISKING TO LOVE, inventing, making mistakes, starting over... welcoming others who are starting over.....

‘No longer caring for myself except to keep myself always turned towards God...’

Where is the shy young woman I was at 18? Where is the woman that God will continue to shape in the image of the One who loved me and gave himself up for me?

‘Complete your work in me, you who can do infinitely more than I can conceive.’

DELIVER MY BODY TODAY?

An office as my horizon, even if there are trains and planes, reading specialised newspapers, accounts, business discussions, signing documents, administrative procedures.

An office, a place where I am called to live this incorporation, called to be ever more responsible for the life of the congregation from this economic perspective, in my place... happy obedience.

Being impatient to see our community give birth to apostolic proposals for the immense challenges facing our society. Rejoicing in what is beginning to emerge, suffering from my inability to truly invent anything on my own...

Suffering in my body, which stiffens at what I consider to be our difficulty in letting die today what has been the fruit of many years of labour, or even letting live without us what is fruitful, so that we can put our energies into bringing other things to life... Suffering from my slowness, our slowness... that of the Church...

Feeling the muscular tension when I tell myself that we must uphold both respect for people and the decision that is crucial for the dynamism of the body in today's questions.

Everything is mixed up inside me. Everything also pains me... holding together the verbs 'to manage' and 'to bring forth or help bring forth'...

Fighting... not always in the right place, to the point of feeling that my body hurts, that sleep is sometimes slow in coming...

Consenting to the fight, learning from it and hearing it tell me again, 'This fight is not yours, but stay here.' Not fleeing this place; letting Christ clear the way.

Surrender myself: 'no longer seek myself in anything, neither spiritual nor physical... but seek divine pleasure...' in the light or in the night. (But why did we transcribe "temporal" instead of 'physical' as written by Mother Teresa...)

You alone, Christ, surrender your body, your life in me.

SURRENDER TO THE ECONOMAT: Acts 2:42

'They devoted themselves to the apostles' teaching and fellowship, to the breaking of bread and the prayers...' Acts 2:44-45 "All the believers were of one heart and one mind, and they shared everything they had. They sold their possessions and goods and distributed them to all, as any had need."

They committed all their strength, gave themselves entirely to the four dimensions that define the evangelical authenticity of the community: teaching, fellowship, breaking bread (Eucharist), and prayers.

In this context, the term 'communion' can refer to communion of hearts, Eucharistic communion, communion with the apostles, or the sharing of goods. Thus, there can be no true spiritual communion without material communion to give it substance. The same word is used to refer to the material support necessary for the life of the community and to unanimity.

Serving communion: This is the deep motivation I ask for when we talk about this sharing, when we promote it. Sharing is not primarily a matter of wise management, nor even of justice towards the poorest.

It is undoubtedly part of the vow of poverty, but for this first ideal community, it is first and foremost a Eucharistic act that delivers those who commit themselves to this path. An act that, today, delivers us together and to one another.

For the bursar that I am, sitting at my desk or with my ear glued to the telephone waiting for someone to answer, managing the daily sharing within the community and with the most disadvantaged, promoting it: this is entering into this Eucharistic mystery.

Having sisters who are treasurers in the congregation is not primarily or essentially about taking care of the technical aspects of the community's needs and resources; it is about deciding to place this concrete reality of managing goods for the mission of the Corpus-Cenacle within the Eucharistic movement of Christ as a whole.

Surrendering myself, Mother Teresa says, is useful, easy and a source of happiness... Only you, Christ, can accomplish Easter in me... YOUR EASTER.

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