

TRASNA

(A Celtic word meaning Spiritual Crossing Place)

Raphael Considine PVBM

The pilgrims paused on the ancient stones
In the mountain gap.
Behind them stretched the roadway they had
travelled.
Already a far journey...was it a lifetime?
Ahead, mist hid the track.
Unspoken the question hovered:
Why go on? Is life not short enough?
Why seek to pierce its mystery?
Why venture further on strange paths, risking all?
Surely that is a gamble for fools...or lovers.
Why not return quietly by the known road?
Why be a pilgrim still?

A voice they knew called to them, saying:
This is Trasna, the crossing-place.
Choose! Go back if you must,
You will find your way easily by yesterday's road,
You can pitch your tent by yesterday's fires,
There may be life in the embers yet.

If that is not your deep desire,
What am I seeking? What is my quest?
When your star rises deep within,
Trust yourself to its leading.
You will have light for your first steps.
This is Trasna, the crossing-place.
Choose!
This is Trasna, the crossing-place.
Come!



Prayer for Wisdom

That Truth has been inscribed into my heart
And into the heart of every human being.

There to be read and revered

Thanks be to You O God.

That there are ways of seeing,

And sensitives of knowing,

Hidden deep in the palace of the soul

Waiting to be discovered,

Ready to be set free

Thanks be to You.

Open my senses to Wisdom's inner promptings

That I may give voice to what I hear in my soul

And be changed by the healing of the world,

That I may listen for truth in every living soul,

And be changed for the well-being of the world.

John Phillip Newell.