

A Virtual Gallery for 2023
The Anniversary of the birth of St Therese of Lisieux

For the past two years, I have been fortunate enough to become a student on the Spiritual Direction Training Programme (Carmelite Spirituality) run from Boar's Hill. Lacking the God-given conviction that I should, or even could be a Spiritual Director, I listened eagerly to the Holy Spirit in order to learn my response to the spiritual gifts on offer.

His inspiration came simply and happily, I would respond with paintings and poetry, cutting a straight path to the heart of the subject; I would be on a path of simplicity like Therese herself and, for me, all my notes (in picture-form) would bring back the deepest essence of lectures and books.

The idea reminds me of the little old church in the village where I went to school. At a certain point along the outside wall, there was an easily-missed opening like a small, narrow window without glass. If one knelt or bent low, one could squint inside and view, at an angle, the high altar and nothing else. This was the old "leper-squint" where the shunned and infectious once came to be present at Holy Mass. They saw the Consecration from a different angle, but they saw it all the same.

**Oh, the "coincidence" of turning a page and finding the very words
you need :**

"From a different Angle"

by Mehmet Murat Ildan (thank you) !

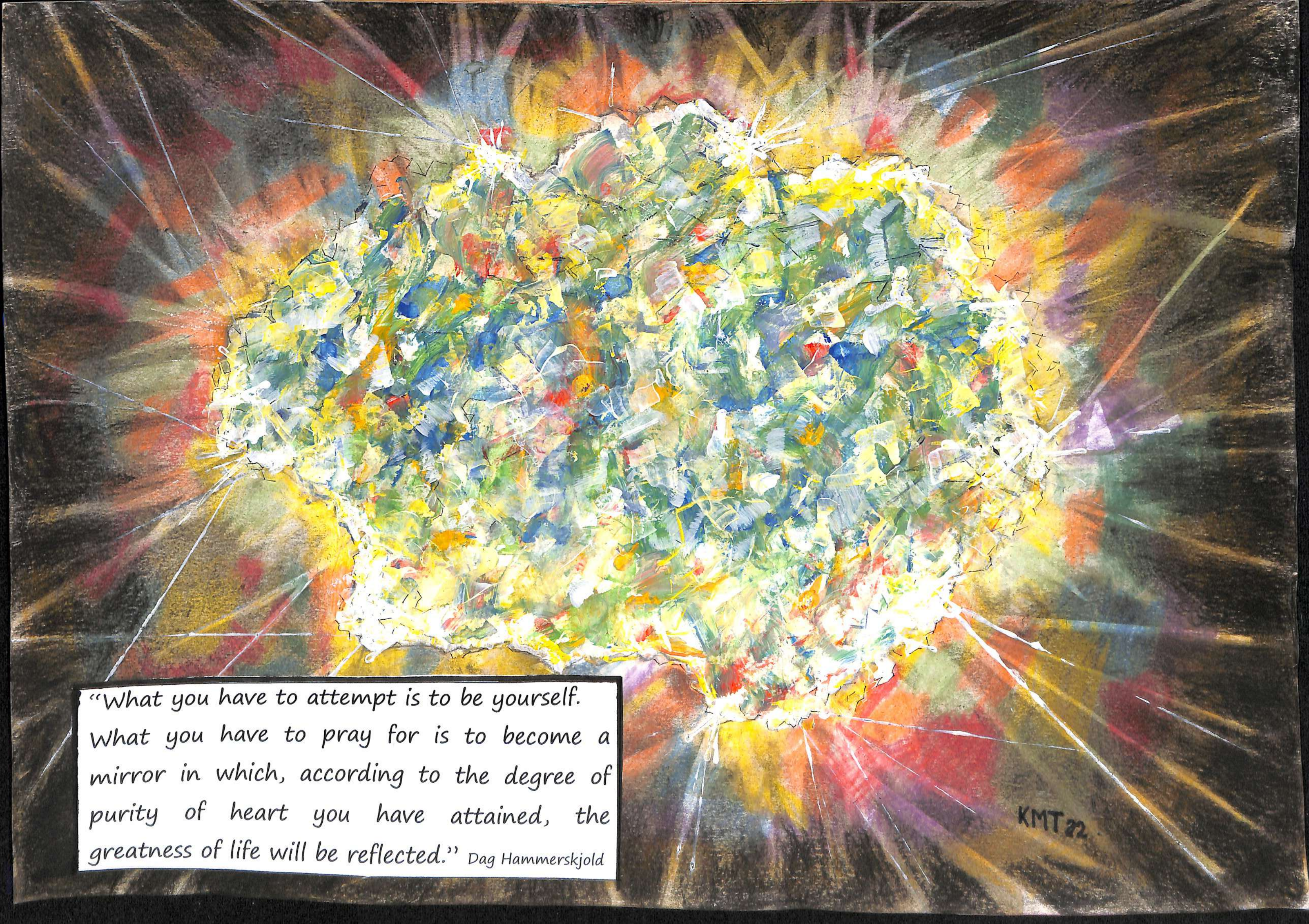
"While you are walking on a street, stop and lie down and look around you.

Make it a habit to see everything from the uncommon corners, because all the unnoticed things will be visible when looking from the ignored angles."

So, the Holy Spirit found for me a title and my collection would be "From a Different Angle". Some work took a long time whilst other pieces were like hurried notes and completed speedily. None are for artistic merit or literary acclaim because that wasn't the point, as a crystal merely reflects the light.

The following paintings and poems are the "uncommon corners" from which God spoke to me during the Course and the "ignored angles" along which I glimpsed the truth with such joy. I share them most humbly and simply in the spirit of St Therese and her "Little Way"

KMT ocds



*“What you have to attempt is to be yourself.
What you have to pray for is to become a
mirror in which, according to the degree of
purity of heart you have attained, the
greatness of life will be reflected.”* Dag Hammarskjöld

KMT 22

“Be Yourself and Be That Very Well”

Francis de Sales

Be Myself ?

Not just a conglomeration of unfathomable puzzles
and jagged-edged personality traits

but

something to reflect my
God and Creator?

Erikc Erikson said,

“Look at the Spirit for this has the capacity
to change personality to move
directly towards God.

The complete man is flesh, soul and body
and soul is midway between flesh and spirit;
when the spirit pours into the soul,
then you have the image of God”

Based on St Paul:

Cor 15:10

By grace from God I am the self I am;
through loving gift of all, my life was turned
as blessings, joys and sorrows , free, He gave
and by accepting each, I heard and learned.

Based onSt Paul

Phil 2 : 3

Be You without ambition or conceit,
be friendly with Humility, be true,
and in that simple, childlike openness,
let all be more significant than you.

KMT

CARMEL



K.M.T. 22

Elijah

.....

Make me resemble you Elijah!
Move me, Elijah , and embolden me.
Move with me, out, in clear transparency,
in truth, in courage, in community.
You know my fears, so call my name
and light, Elijah, every timorous flame,
each flame that's ever even hoped to start
upon the tear-drenched boulder of my altar-heart.

Mary

.....

Sweet Mary, secret Mary, silent Mary,
In sweetness, you carried the Incarnation.
Hold too, sweet Mary, me, in Carmel
where I too will carry Christ as my vocation.
Hold me, sweet Mary, do not let me stray,
Hold me with gentle holding
and make me live your way.
Beat, heart of Christ, alongside mine
and, Father, change me, re-align
my whole life's living, wholly to be Thine.
Spirit, become the Fire of Love in me,
here dwell, dear Trinity for all eternity.
Remember, sweetest Mary, and hear your "Yes-Amen"
and , in me, for me, Mary, say that sweet "Yes " again.

By Kathy Twist



Our Lady in Our Time
Merciful Mother
Provide

K-M-T-22

Pouring Out

.....

Water in giant pots
waited for – who knew what?
Men waited – cynical -
yet with incomprehensible hope.
All she had said,
this quiet and lovely mother,
to whom He listened, was
“Do whatever He tells you”
and then, in a heart-beat,
everything changed -but,
not 'til the pouring out
of trust.

KMT

Carmelites consider the Blessed Virgin Mary to be a perfect model of the interior life of prayer and contemplation to which Carmelites aspire, as well as a model of virtue in the person who was closest in life to Jesus Christ. She is seen as the one who points Christians most surely to Christ.

St Teresa of Avila did not write any treatise on the Virgin Mary nor did she attempt to give a systematic teaching of Marian piety but her admiration for and knowledge on Our Lady is seen in her works where one can find 150 direct references to Mary . Her whole life could be defined as a service to our Lady. She saw Mary as a suffering colaborator with Jesus for the salvation of mankind, as queen assumed into heaven and as spiritual mother of the redeemed.

Teresa wrote “ It was through her (Mary) that the Lord seemd to have been pleased to begin to give me light. “Whenever I commended myself to this sovereign Virgin, I have been conscious of her aid.” Life1:7

My painting depicts Mary as a mother for every age and all time, seeing our fears and needs in the midst of trouble and danger. Always she looks up to Jesus and pleads our cause. We are familiar with what happens next she will smile gently and instruct us,

“Do whatever He tells you”



Come and See

Jn 1 v 39

**“What are you doing today, about four?
Come and join me and have some tea.
I live quite near and I’m most sincere,
I’d love you to visit me.”**

**What a friendly, commonplace invitation,
Informal, but given with grace.
Imagine the tone of a good friend’s voice
And the look on a good friend’s face.**

**You’d smile and say, “Sure. I’d be glad to come.
Where are you living, in town?”
And it’s there you’d stay for the rest of the day,
Long after the sun goes down.**

**It’s a story of Jesus inviting His friends
And it’s told in the Gospel of John.
“What’s it about? Well, why not find out.
Verse thirty-nine, chapter one.**

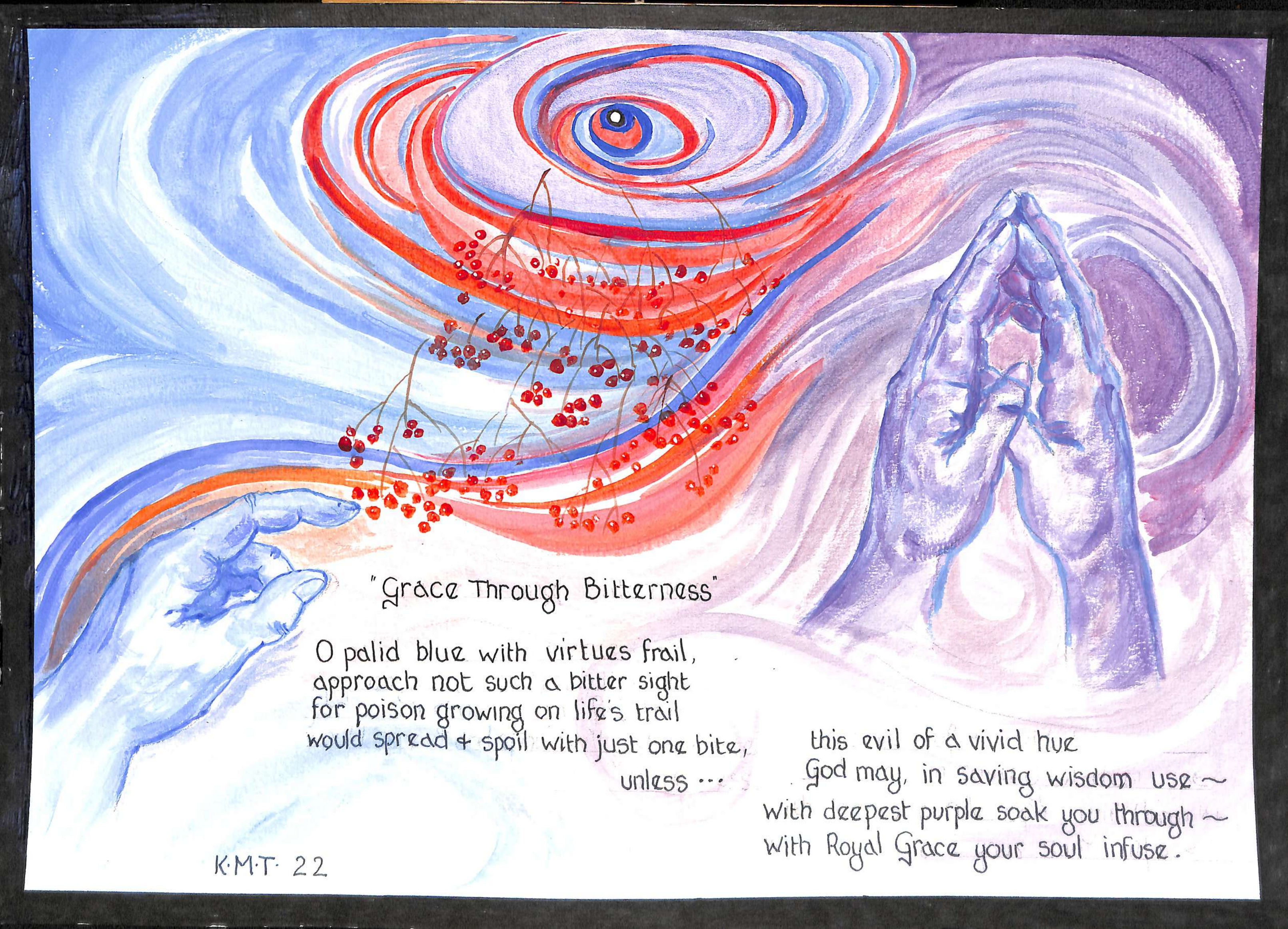
**It’s simple, it’s friendly, it’s open and plain,
They are led by the Lord to His door;
That it happened, is true,
It could happen for you,
Any quiet afternoon, about four.**

Carmelites are invited to be on the alert, constantly, for the approach of God and to watch for the signs of His graciousness in their lives.

Attend to any invitation from God.

Look at Jesus and listen to how He says Your name.

Get rid of resistance



"Grace Through Bitterness"

O palid blue with virtues frail,
approach not such a bitter sight
for poison growing on life's trail
would spread & spoil with just one bite,
unless ...

this evil of a vivid hue
God may, in saving wisdom use ~
with deepest purple soak you through ~
with Royal Grace your soul infuse.

Virtue Through Bitterness.

.....

O pallid blue with virtues frail,
approach not such a bitter sight,
for poison growing on life's trail
would spread and spoil
with just one bite.

UNLESS

This evil of a vivid hue
God may, in saving wisdom use -
with deepest purple soak you through -
with Royal Grace your soul infuse.

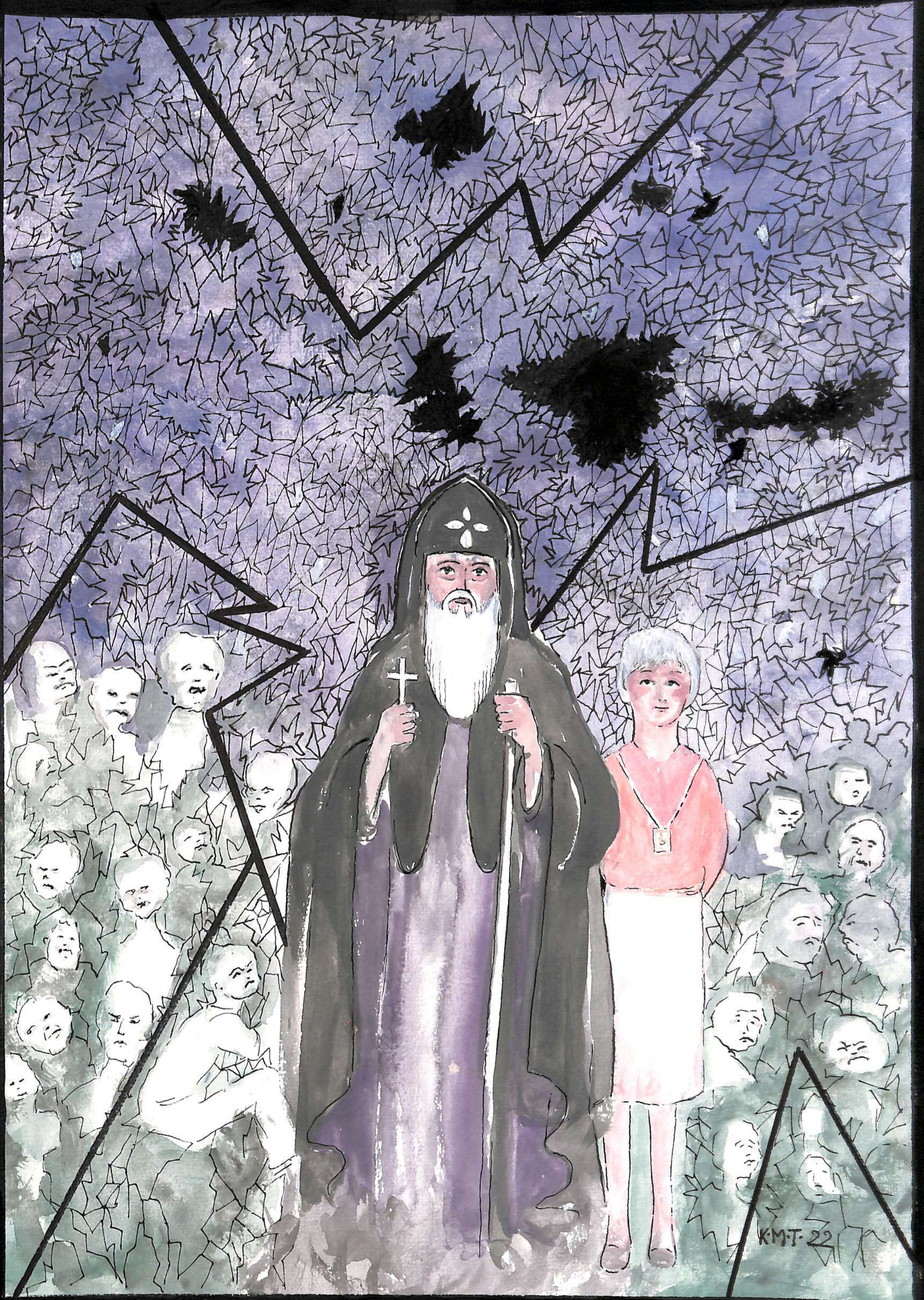
KMT

In my picture, "Virtue through Bitterness", the pale and vulnerable blue paint is potentially ruined by the encroaching red but, by clever usage, the resulting purple can be a pleasing, even more beautiful colour-choice and the spiritual symbolism, explained in the poem, holds a happy truth.

"Asking the Fathers " by Aelred Squire

"Nothing in the world must be an obstacle to spiritual progress under God. Bad things are used by God to increase our virtue. Once this is seen, it gives a sensible background to our patience and continued love.

Do not be afraid of bitterness, trust in god to use it to our benefit and increase in virtue.



K.M.T. 22

The Dream of Marcarius and me

.....

Last night when all the world was still,
I dreamed the strangest dream:
around me, all creation joined
in one, deep, silent theme.
A theme of need and searching,
of fall and failing labour
for not a soul could see or speak,
not one could reach his neighbour.
In all that desolate darkness,
that empty, aching dearth,
no spoken word of solace
upon the soundless earth.

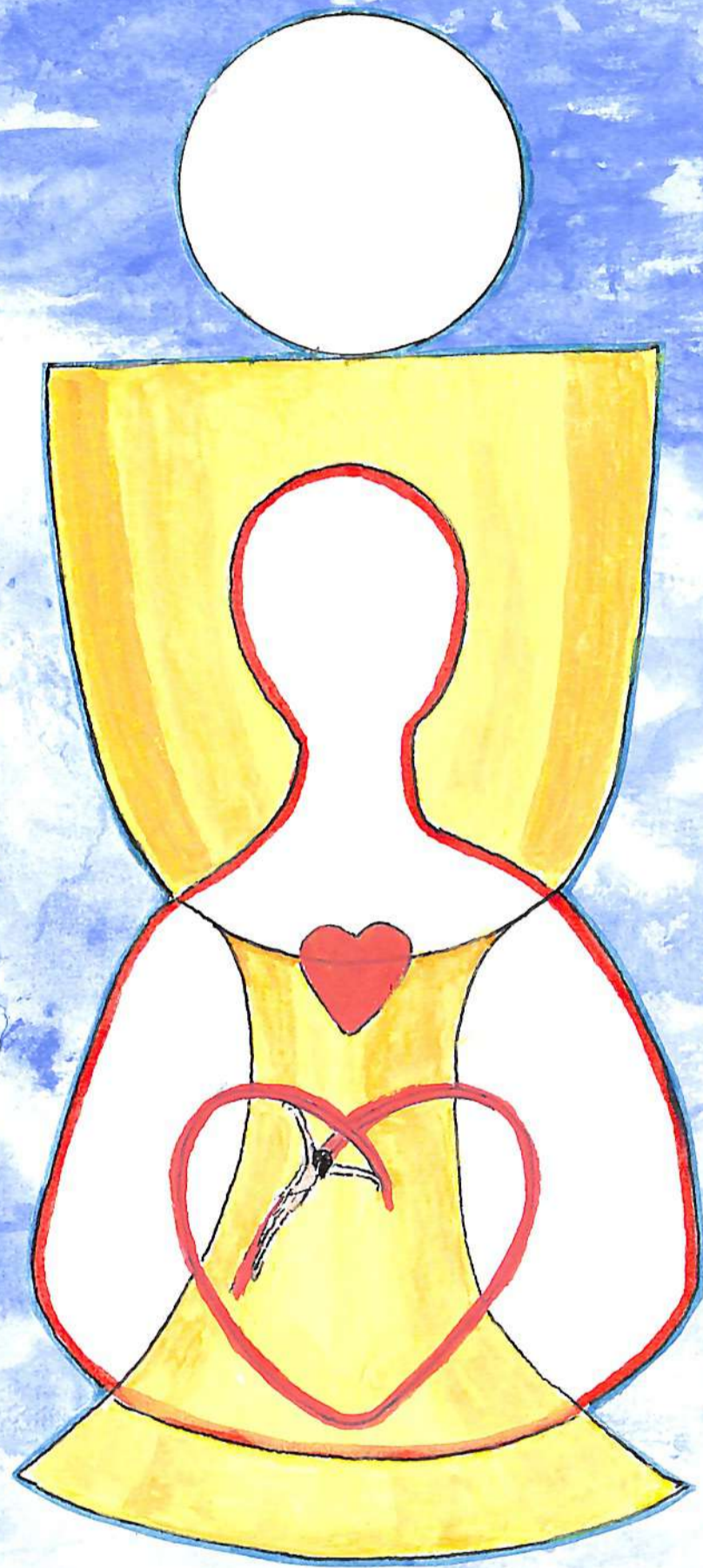
The sonorous voice of God rang out,
He sounded far – yet, near me,
“I need a single volunteer
to help my world to hear me”.
I stood up tall and answered, “Lord
I know what you require.
I'm only a beginner....
but I have read Aelred Squire !
I love the desert Fathers' ways,
their perfect contemplation,
their empty, selfless, silent souls
that sought and taught salvation.”

Then, waiting quietly, timid now,
discerning what to do,
I sensed that I was not alone
for another stood there too.
God looked at us in utter Truth,
He gazed from one to other,
“You'll learn” He gently said to me
“With him, your saintly brother.”

With all the world so sadly blind,
God ordered, “Make them see!”
So, off we went together
Marcarius and me.

KMT

Marcarius, “ You're doing it, keep going because, with effort, your capacity is greater. “



In what way can I be sure Lord, in what way ?

Now, in what way, I ask you, can you NOT be sure
when I am here ~ with you ~ this way ?

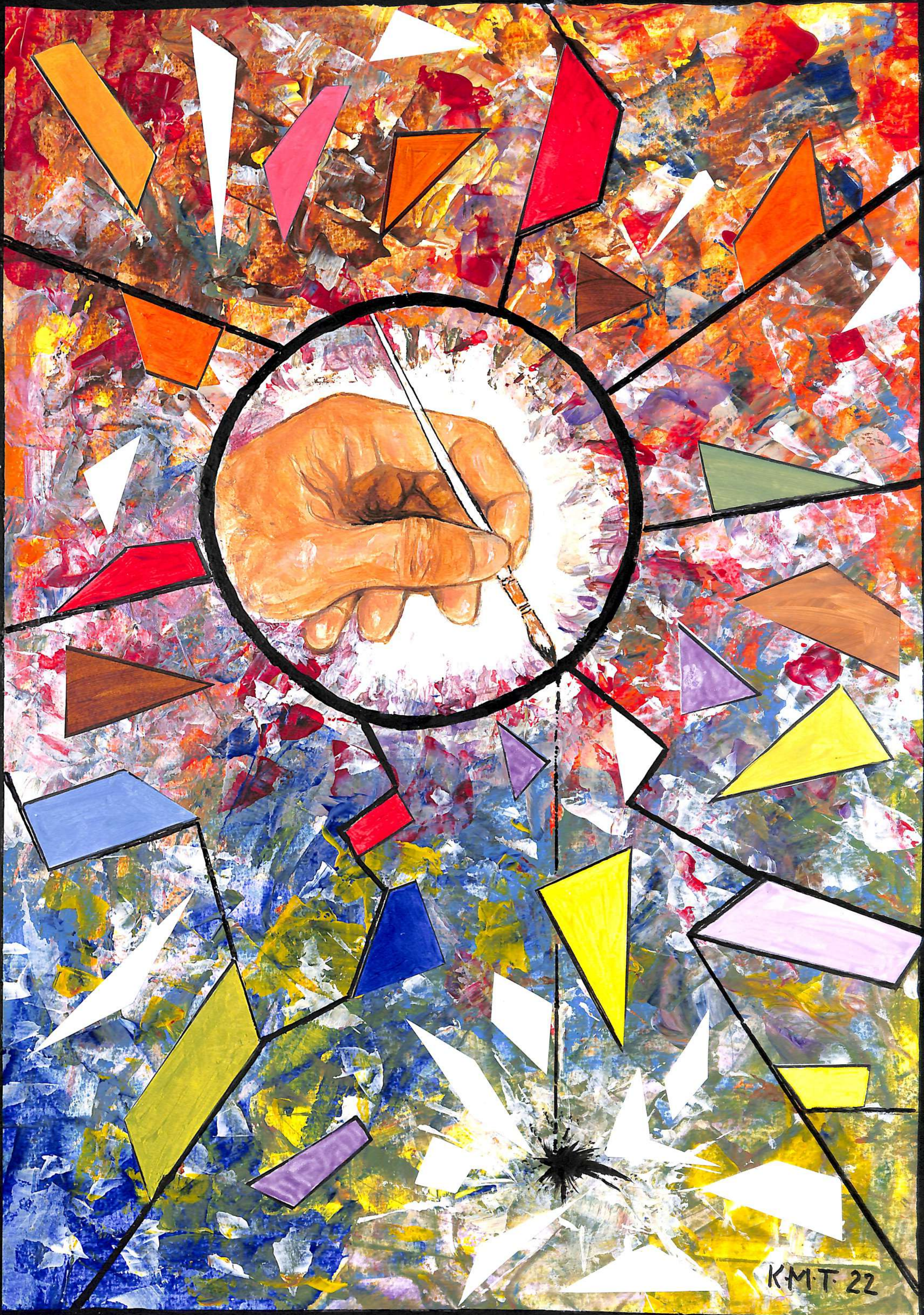
Eucharistic Response

In what way can I be sure
Lord, in what way?
I have no way to judge, to see, evaluate
myself from day to day.
I think I love, I think I trust, I do have faith,
or so I say,
but in what way can I be sure
Lord, in what way?
Dare I begin to trust the way I go,
Lord, on MY way?
Do I KNOW I follow you
and DO you hear me pray?

After the Eucharistic Feast,
oblivious, silent, still,
your voice in heaven, in my heart,
I hear you say,
“ Now, in what way, I ask you,
can you NOT be sure
when I am here
with you
this way”

KMT 22

The more faith darkens and blinds the natural capacities of the human person, the more it enlightens and opens into the inner Trinitarian beauty. We reach God through unknowing, we penetrate into the Divine through pure gift, no human means, no methods, no ideas. Life must pass beyond everything to unknowing. This passing beyond all that is naturally and spiritually intelligible, a person should desire with all his heart. St John of the Cross



K.M.T. 22

Prayer and Growth in Holiness

(Reflection for Learning Journal 2)

Teresa, let me see that warm, prayer-friendship
in colours of deep-cream, burnt umber and a midnight pierced with stars.
You speak of prayer with passion, and such inspired intensity,
throbbing with blood-red sensitivity, must all be form and colour,
a movement of daring density and awesome lustrous truthfulness.
Shades of His vast and loving loveliness
and tones of my own soul's silent gratitude !
He offers me a depth so dark and yet alight with clarity;
I offer Him the colour of empty sky and the wash of fair conformity.
I will be painted into Holiness,
unable to resist the brush of His intention;
He will draw me in His colour
and I will slip like the paler shade into His total brilliance.
I cannot but be holy when the first faint sketch was willed
by the Good Great Artist
and He, in His infinite Wisdom,
let fall a tiny drop
of me
and would not blot me out.

KMT 22

O to see as Thomas saw!



“Whoever is imbued with a lively faith in Christ present in the tabernacle, whoever knows that a friend awaits there always, and with time to listen, this person cannot remain desolate”

Edith Stein

“What consoles me most in this life, is that I see God by Faith.”

Brother Lawrence

A little-known Story of St Thomas

O let me not dwell on your doubting ,
just for a moment ,
let me not ,
No.
let me think of the story that tells us
that you were the one-alone witness
to something amazing
and good.
God in His tenderest loving
took up the body of Mary,
quite uncorrupted ,
into His presence
above.
And You saw.
And you told
but they
.....
doubted.

KMT 22

Listen Regret Admit Need Confess
Move Choose Re-orientate
Go Sell Give Come Reform
Think Thank Receive follow Conform
Transform



May my heart in your heart be,
May your blood wash over me.

Transformation

Transformation leads us to a greater Love
And in a higher Love there is no fear
But God alone must raise us to a nobler Love
Where appetites and passions disappear.

KMT 22

"One single soul raised to the state of transforming union
is more useful to the Church and to the world
than a multitude of others engaged in constant activity."



O Jesus,
may my heart
in your heart
BE

Now and for
eternity.



A Secret Message

For years, my secret message to Jesus has been my drawing of His Heart with the image of His all-giving, all-loving, sacrifice within it and my tiny heart carried beside it. The words of my message are begging Him to let my heart be in His heart for all eternity.

Every time I put on my scapular, and at many other moments of the day, I say those words, Oh Jesus, let my heart in your heart be, now and for eternity. I must have said it a thousand or more times and thought about the reality of what I am asking. There was always an implied longing for an answer, for a confirmation of His granting my request and then one day, I found a poem which shocked and thrilled me.

Putting aside the fact that it is by E E Cummings to the love of his life, the beautiful essence of the deep message passed into my heart and soul as an answer from Jesus. Call it over-active imagination or dangerous delerium, I smile with a secret knowledge of what Jesus sent my way.

!I carry Your Heart With Me”

by E E Cummings

I carry your heart with me, (I carry it in my heart)
I am never without it (anywhere I go, you go, my dear
and whatever is done by only me is your doing, my darling.
I fear no fate (for you are my fate, my sweet)
I want no world (for beautiful you are my world, my true)
and its you are whatever a moon has always meant
and whatever a sun will always sing is you
here is the deepest secret nobody knows
(here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud
and the sky of a sky of a tree called life
which grows higher than soul can hope or mind can hide)
and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart
I carry your heart (I carry it in my heart)

000000000000000000000000000000



St. Teresa of Jesus
the more you travelled
IN to Jesus
the more you travelled
OUT to others

K.M.T. '22

“ Listening to the Lecture”

This stunning, strong, quick-witted captor,
loved and lovely senorita
is young Teresa d'Ahumada
and I am here today to meet her.

Let me hear, react, respond,
no sitting still with dulled composure;
I mean to learn like her, with fervour,
digest each word to final closure.

Teach me teacher, reach my heart-space,
energise my placid calm
with bold transforming, truthful telling,
“illustrated”, charged with charm.

Ageing Madre, modest, milder,
still with spark-eyed smiling mirth;
“Works! Works! Works!” from bi-fold burden,
drawn on by God for heaven, for earth.

Teresa, soldier, saint and scholar,
pray-er, preacher, humblest, best,
remind me when to do my utmost
then trust my Lord to do the rest.

Precious, pure, perfected secret,
practised as a life-long prayer,
the more you travelled in to Jesus,
the more you travelled out to share.



An imaginative exercise: "A day to remember for the Holy Child."
..... By the sea at Haifa, tired and happy.

Humanity of Christ

According to the Rule of St Albert, we Carmelites live in allegiance to Jesus Christ. We realize that Jesus, true God, true man, is the true image of God the Father through the humanity of Jesus. Teresa of Avila realized that the human person was the way which God had chosen to reach out to his people and that nothing truly human was inappropriate to God. She often carried a small statue with her of the infant Jesus and had great devotion to him in this form. She saw him this way and conversed with him more than once.

Indeed, whyever should it not be fitting to contemplate Jesus, incarnate God, from the very beginning of his humanity ? The babe of Bethlehem is a traditional treasure of our minds and hearts so why not the 3 yr-old Jesus or the 9 yr-old Jesus, along with all the human activities that children take part in to grow and mature healthily ? I have dreamed of and imagined Jesus as a 4 yr-old many times and have received blessings and joy from each "encounter."

This picture shows Jesus on the beach at Haifa. (I read that the Holy Family may well have visited there in the best of weather for a happy holiday together) Here is Jesus, very tired after a day by the sea-side under the hot sun. I can imagine Joseph carrying him on his shoulders back to their lodgings and Mary saying , "My, You'll sleep tonight!"

It fills me with a tenderness that cannot be out of place.

Fair boy, I picture you
Son-of-God radiant,
hot-and-tired child
at the end of the day.

KMT



St Therese of the Child Jesus and of the Holy Face ~ of Lisieux

In the

heart

of the Church

I

will be

Love



“ Punish Me With a Kiss ”

As a tiny child so loved and cherished,
 The smiling infant Thérèse knew only bliss;
 If she did wrong through sweet and merry waywardness,
 Kind were the correcting arms and soft the kiss.
 Such was the family love within her home
 That reparation never called for pain,
 A child might fall from grace yet find herself
 Be gathered up and rocked and made to love again.
 Thérèse took all her knowledge of a father's love
 And, as "The Little Flower," she wrote of this
 So we might learn and turn to God our Father
 And say with her "Lord, punish me with a kiss."

St Therese Of Lisieux “The Little Flower”

“ God has the heart of a father and he opposes the proud but gives grace to the humble. As a father, he cannot resist his children's trust; he finds it impossible to hold out against it. Once someone has a father's heart, that father is lost, unable to resist being conquered by the trust of a little child.

If a small child says, “Daddy, I'm not perfect, I do lots of silly things but you know how much I love you, and when I do something silly I shall ask you to punish me with a kiss, how could any father resist ?

These are Therese's own words and this is the heart of her message which is simply that of the Gospel. She invites us to rediscover and put into practice the right attitudes which will enable Grace to reach us. Efforts to change ourselves are bound to fail sometimes; the courage we need is that of persevering in the kind of fruitful dispositions that open us up effectively to God's actions.”

The Way of Truth and Love

A retreat guided by St Therese of Lisieux



St John †

"Whoever does not seek the cross of Christ does not seek the glory of Christ."

St John of the Cross

“Whoever does not seek the
CROSS OF CHRIST
does not seek the
GLORY OF CHRIST”

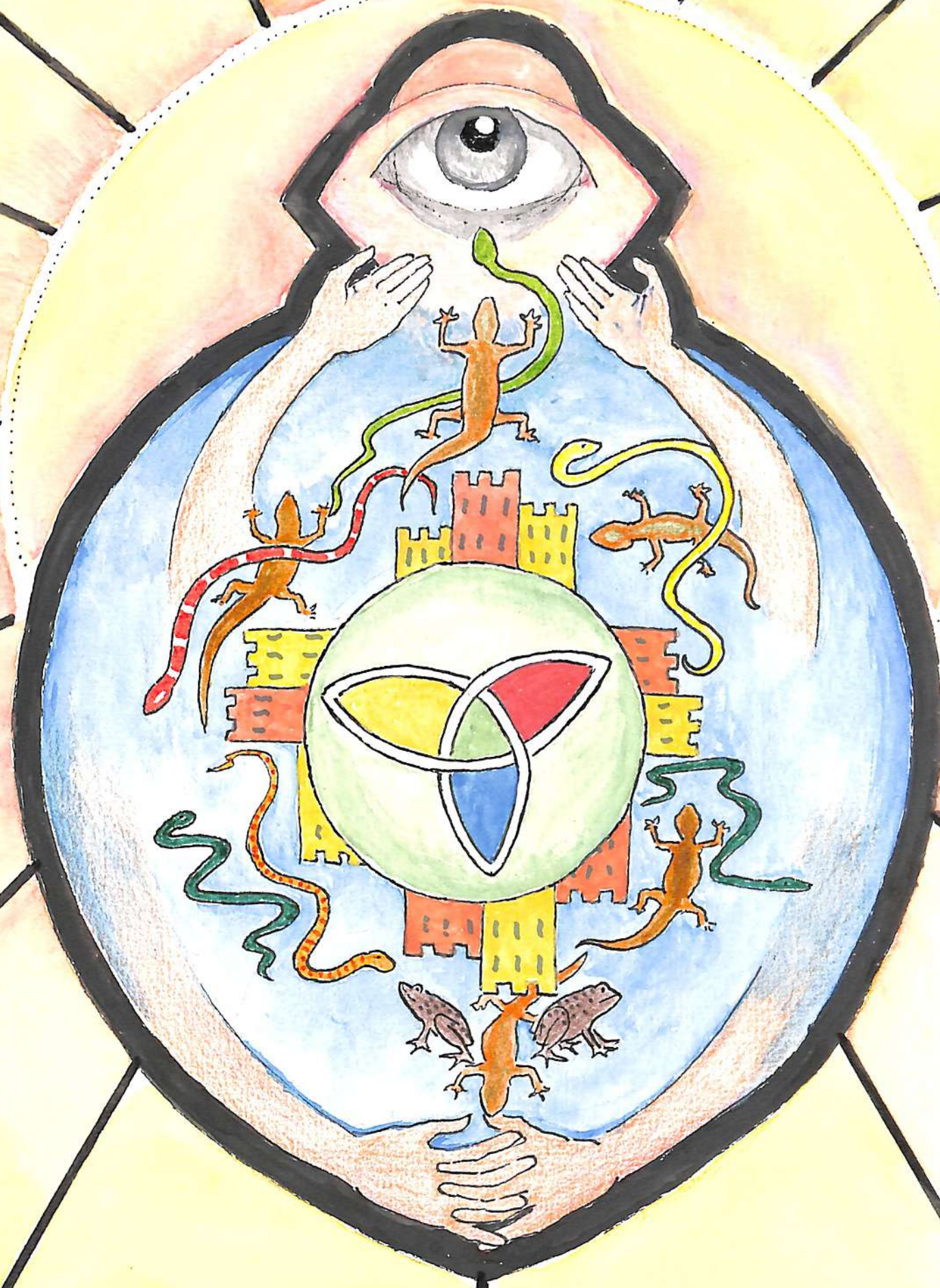


St. Mary
Magdalene
de' Pazzi

KMT 22

My Patron in Carmel,
St Mary Magdalene de Pazzi
(often underestimated)

Regard not always the colours of a looked-on life,
the warm security of welcome reds,
the happy lightness of a candy-pink;
Presume not casually the comfort of a forest-green,
the homely brown, the late-sky-blue
with pretty moon and stars.
Do well to know what lies below
our sister's saintly attitude.
Beneath the smooth serenity
all is not ease and bliss
but darkly difficult
borne only by the light
of Holy colouring.



Ceresa's Vermin

The time you accept all the termites and ticks,
Garantulas, turbits and toads,
The sight of a snake that will keep you awake
And the lizards that lurk on the roads,
When you hold out your hands and acknowledge their due
(They are yours, they are part of your mind)
Look them all in the face, share the saviour's embrace,
Only then can you leave them behind.

Teresa's Vermin

KMT 22

The time you accept all the termites and ticks,
tarantulas, turbits and toads,
the sight of a snake that will keep you awake
and the lizards that lurk on the roads;
when you hold out your hands and acknowledge their due
(they are yours, they are part of your mind)
look them all in the face, share the saviour's embrace,
only then can you leave them behind.

Teresa of Avila advises us to
see the "vermin" in a light
that does not altogether bring
horror and revulsion; be wary, of course,
but know the outcome of the battle against
them: we shall be stronger and more worthy
of transformation. To this end, they have their
place in our advancement towards God



Fix our gaze
We stand



on Christ ...
side by side



for this is the
looking



activity that
at the



unites spiritual
Beloved.



friends.



Spiritual Friendship

Do we treat each other with Christ-like
gentleness and sympathy?

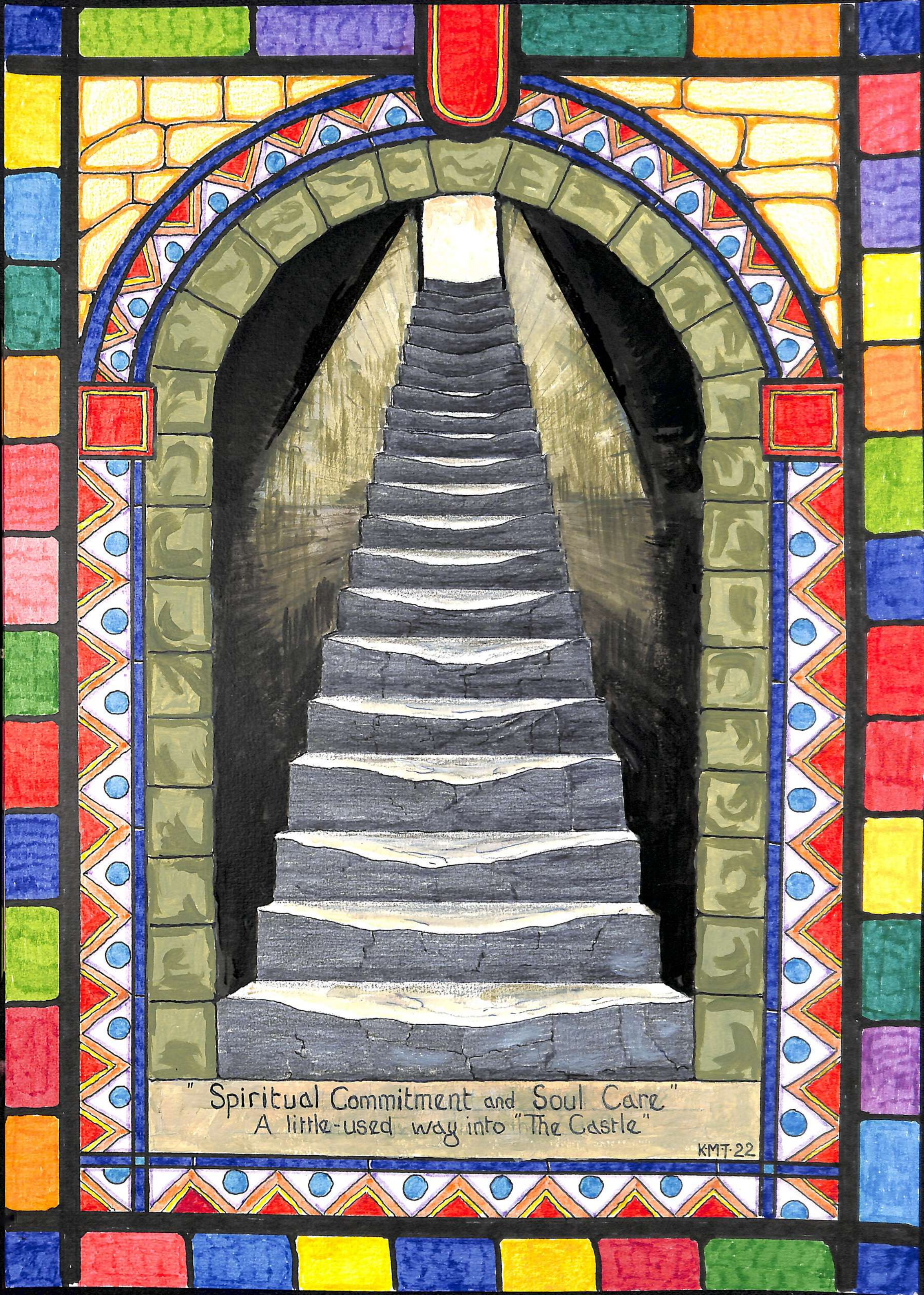
Do we have NO self-interest,
only a desire to encourage and lead each other to God ?

Do we keep our eyes fixed on Almighty God
in the joyful knowledge that
we have friends beside us with similar intentions?

Yes?

THEN WE ARE SPIRITUAL FRIENDS.

PRAISE GOD



"Spiritual Commitment and Soul Care"
A little-used way into "The Castle"

KMT-22

“Soul Care”

The little-used way into the Interior Castle.
This is a narrow, steep, holistic, deliberate, long “YES” to God.

...

Take ROYAL care of little things-
mosaic-piece commandments in their place !
Awaken to each holy page of treasure-trove
and fall in love with ALL that garners GRACE.

Practice ! Train instinctive spot reactions -
lap-up the proffered guidance then OBEY !
Watch-out, without a flickered faint forgetfulness,
to recognize the dark and less-used Way!



K.M.T.22

Midnight

.....

based on
Luk 11:5-8

At midnight when the fond familiar is far or lost in dark,
when all I've known or longed for, valued or remembered
is now outside my hungry emptiness,
sole, cloistered concentration craves three loaves...
the virtues vital to my love for Him.

Give me the loaves good friend
through fearful, echoing darkness in the smallest hours,
for light negates the knowledge of my need,
and need is great.

My feeble faculties must have their food and be perfected.
True Faith, in pitch black nothingness, refines my mind for God
and Hope, within a universe of emptiness,
charges my memory with only Him;
whilst Charity, from total absence, naked of affection,
turns the will to want what my God wants.

Though kept from light without a sure direction,
I travel forward though I linger, still;
My dark discerns a drawing down to depths
without past intellect, memory or free-will.

KMT 22

This poem emphasises how the powers of my soul, memory, understanding and free-will, (reflecting the triune community of Father, Son and Holy Spirit) are transformed into blessed Faith, Hope and Charity (theological virtues) through the conflict and victories of our daily struggle



Just a little story

I spoke to Rosie quite often but she was just an acquaintance whom I knew a little. We first met in the Job-Centre, I think..

She openly admitted to me one day as we waited for our number to be called, that her life seemed to resemble nothing more than a bubble blown about as the wind took it. "It's all so meaningless" she said, flatly, " a spell of happiness here, days of depression there, most of the time I can't work out who I am or what my life is for. I feel as if I've been left out of some big wonderful secret."

I don't remember how she came to speak to a Spiritual Director, (I'm sure she told me) But I know it happened by the remotest chance, (or so it seemed to me,) a long, unlikely story, one in a million maybe. When she told me about it, I noticed how she kept repeating, "He listened, he just listened, the more he listened, the better I could straighten out my thoughts and my words began to make sense , even to me. It was as if my story was caught up by his listening and ever so gently taken somewhere safe." I smiled at her imagination but she went on, "I cried" she admitted, "I suspected he was close to tears as well, it was like both our hearts were weeping".

I know that Rosie saw the Spiritual Director a few times. I don't know how many visits she made but her description of the changes she experienced quite took my breathaway.

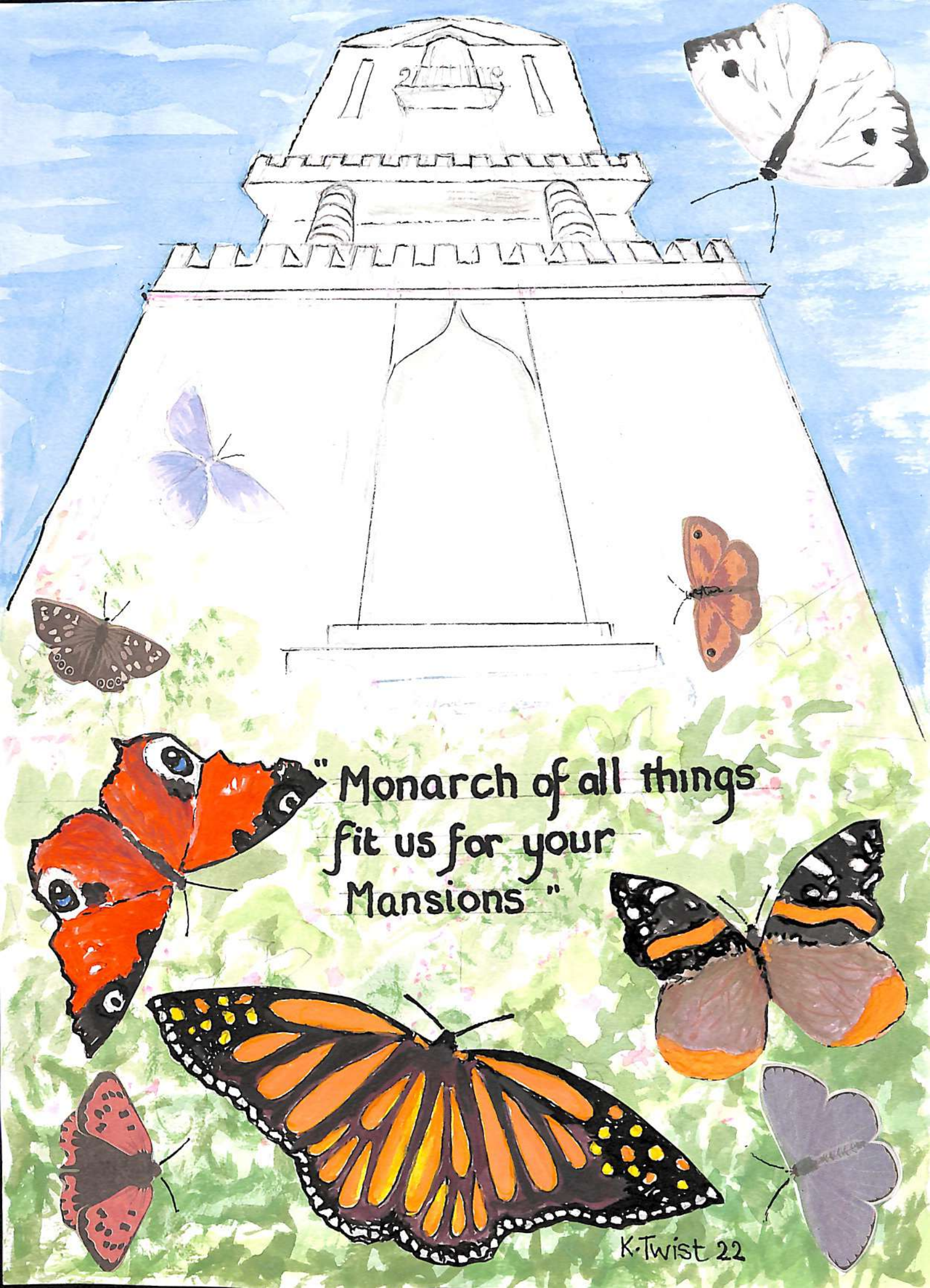
"It was a long journey" she smiled " but I never felt afraid or insecure. I was aware of growing into a new person, like a flower when it is looked after properly, not in a hot-house, just at its own speed. I feel fully myself at last and part of a real world that is not just bigger but completely open and full of love that cant be held in or shut out."

The last I heard of Rosie, she had changed her name back to Rose, the name her grandfather had chosen for her apparently and she's helping inner-city kids with their problems. She has been nominated for the City Bloom award, 2023 (B.L.O.O.M. Best Listener Out Of Millions).

HOLY LISTENING

HOLY LISTENING IS TO "LISTEN" ANOTHER SOUL INTO, OR BACK TO, LIFE, INTO A CONDITION OF DISCLOSURE AND DISCOVERY. IT IS MAYBE THE GREATEST SEVICE THAT ANY HUMAN BEING CAN PERFORM FOR ANOTHER.

Douglas Steer (Quaker writer)



"Monarch of all things
fit us for your
Mansions"

Father, we praise you now the night is over,
active and watchful, standing now before you,
singing, we offer prayer and meditation,
thus, we adore you.

Monarch of all things, fit us for your mansions;
banish our weakness, health and wholeness sending,
bring us to Heaven where your saints, united,
joy without ending.

All holy Father, Son and equal Spirit,
Trinity blessed, send us your salvation,
yours is the glory, gleaming and resounding
through all creation.

attributed to St. Gregory the Great

To the Caterpillar.... I wish you knew

After the end of the egg
and the grief of the grub
you've the problem of purpose for the pupa
in the deep interior darkness.
Then, in such tiny time and fragile space,
unfolds a shock of immense proportions....
the universe opens, blooms and shines
as God draws forth the butterfly
and catches His breath each time,
blinking away a tear.

Elizabeth
of the

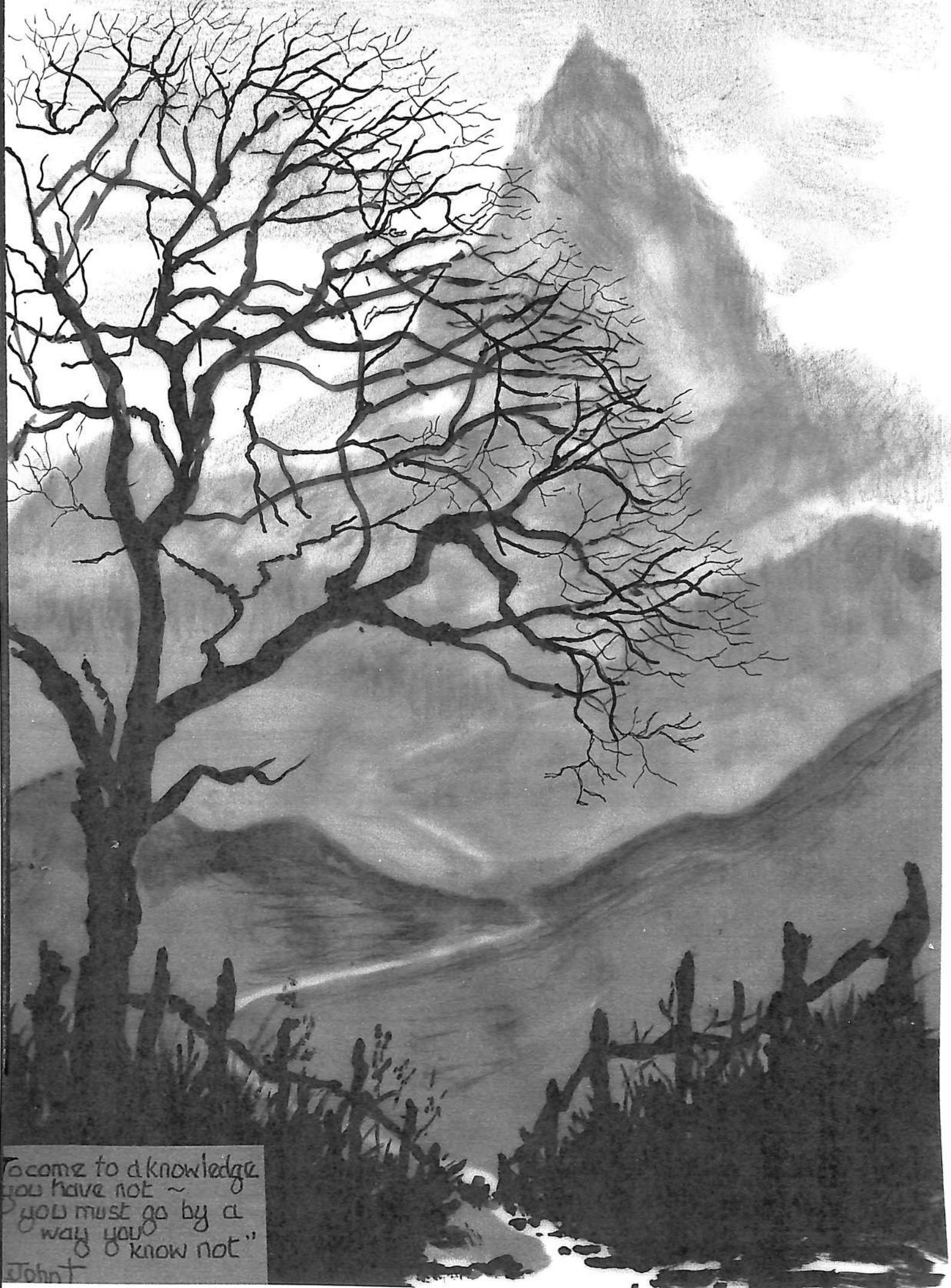
Trinito



LOVE FOR LOVE

ALL ABLAZE AND ARDENT !
UNIQUELY RECIPROCAL TRINITY!
ALL ARE REBOUNDED
LOVE, GIVE, RECEIVE !
EVER WITHOUT END, EQUAL, CREATIVE !
ALL PERFECTLY PURPOSEFUL !
ALL SINGLY PERSONIFIED !
ONE IS ALL UNIFIED !
ALMIGHTY !
MOVING IN MUTUAL MAJESTY !
What unimaginable divine generosity
to give such understanding to a
Carmelite girl
"Elizabeth of the Trinity"

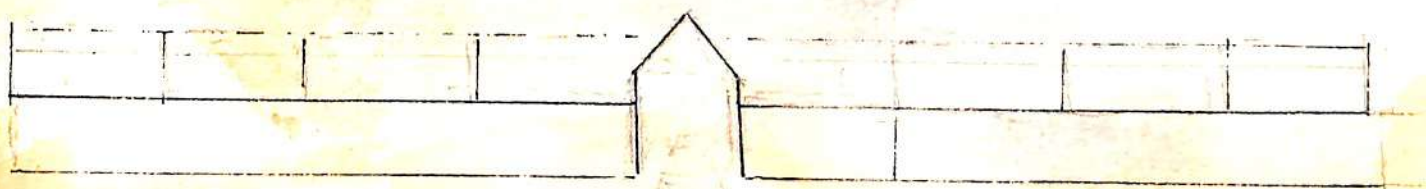
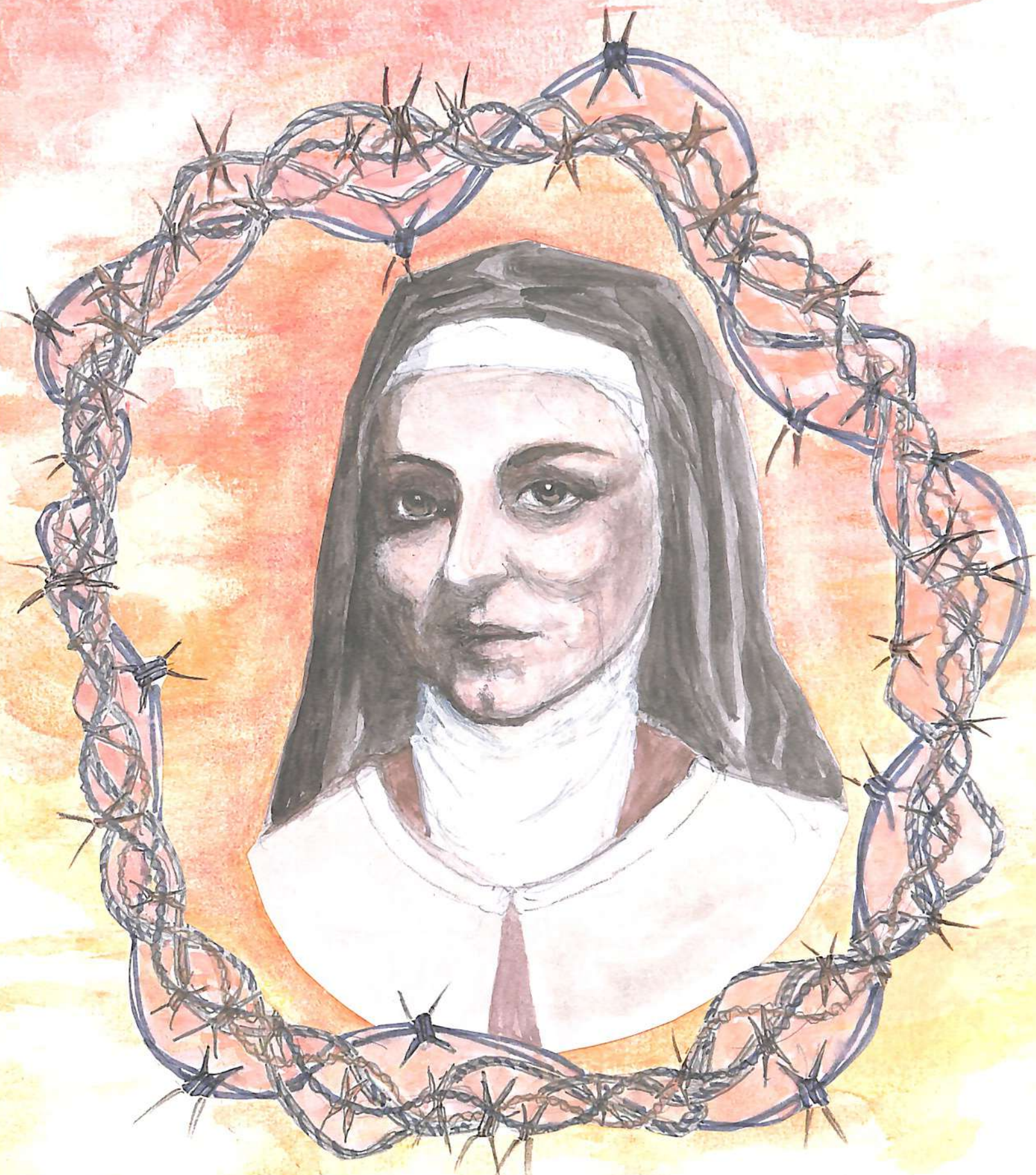
VIEW OF MOUNT CARMEL



To come to a knowledge
you have not ~
you must go by a
way you
know not"
John

Based on St John of the Cross:
“Method to impede Impeding the All”

Live in humble nothingness,
the light of simple knowing.
Let all that is, just be,
be there but not desired.
Only an emptiness of everything
can be the dwelling-place for God
and only the ever-empty
possesses steady-readiness
to know Him.



K.M.T.22

Edith Stein
Teresa Benedicta of the Cross

“To suffer and to be happy, although suffering,
to have one's feet on the earth,
to walk on the dusty and rough paths of this earth,
and yet to be enthroned with Christ at the Father's right hand,
to laugh and cry with the children of this world,
to ceaselessly sing the praises of God
with the choirs of angels,
this is the life of the Christian
until the morning of eternity breaks forth.”

Edith Stein



ST. JOHN *of the* CROSSES

KMT 22

Imagining a deep red rose
named after St John of the Cross.

.....

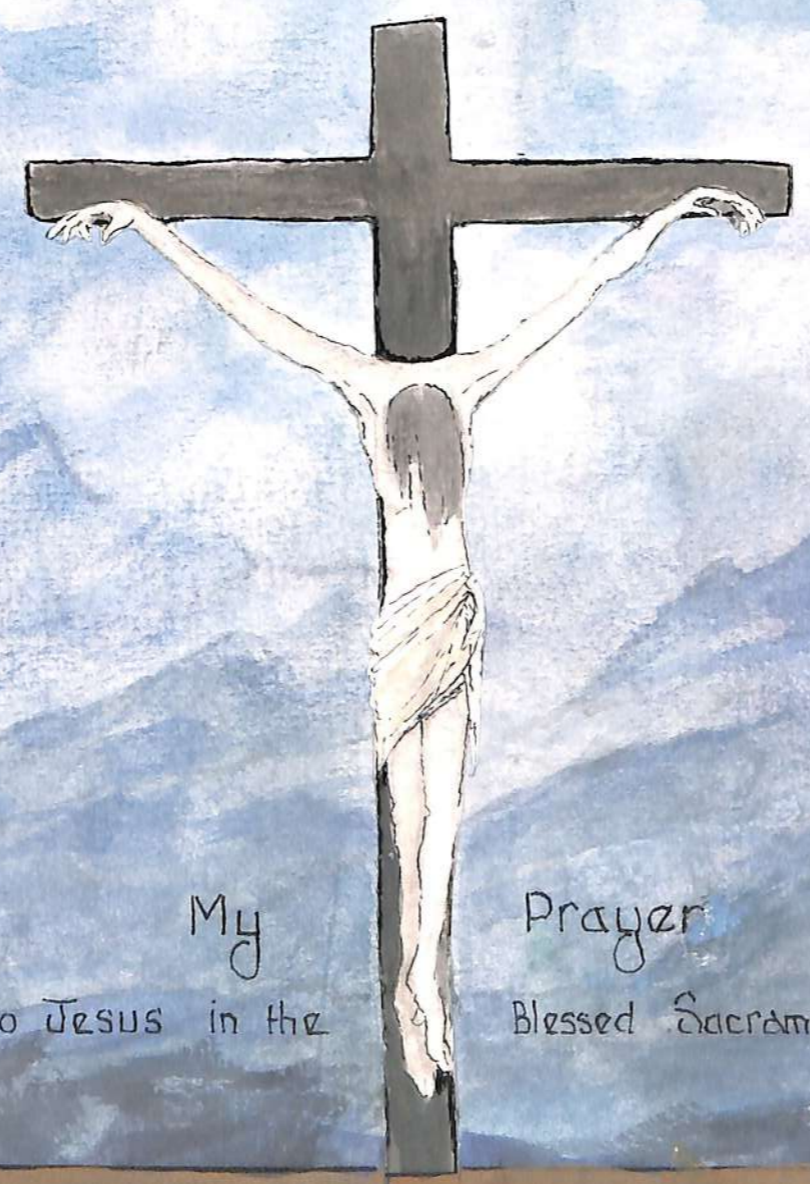
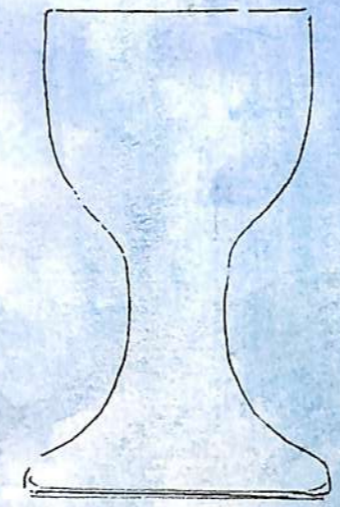
San Juan de la Cruz

"San Juan de la Cruz", what exceptional flowering,
a rose of magnificent blossoming power,
enhanced with a perfume descended from heaven,
it makes for perfection in any rose-bower!
Straight from the grower with high commendations !
Resilient! Fragrant.! Far-spreading and strong !
Grafted to grow many years in your garden
on rootstock the like of which cannot go wrong.

KMT 22

I offer YOU the Love

of all my Carmelite Saints



My
to Jesus in the

Prayer
Blessed Sacrament

KMT:22

Such Ghosts !

Such ghosts!
Such hallowed haunters
of my pilgrimage!
Such glad glimpses
in earthy brown and
cloudy cream,
the smell of incense
and the faintest echo
of Salve Regina!
Such ghosts!
Such lovers!
Followers of Jesus
over the mountainside
of Carmel.

I long to live your loving.
I long to give your love.

So...

Teresa, John, Therese and many more
please let me give as MY gift all YOU bore.

KMT 2022



With Sighs too Deep for Words

Paul Rom 8 : 26

Ten o'clock and still light !
Summer after summer it surprises us;
we wonder at the late sky, blue but dim;
the weary clouds catching the last, low light,
sky-lit, high-lit, pinky-tinged and gold
"The Spirit intercedes for us with sighs too deep for words."

Cows make their way, slow and heavy,
hot from the day
and fall to their knees and down,
ready for the dark that is due,
down beneath the massive mushroom of the lime tree,
their sheltering assurance and their shade.

"The Spirit intercedes for us with sighs too deep for words."

A time for bats and moths;
a low, late, droning beetle skims my ear
and slugs are about their business
by the garden gate.

"We do not know how to pray as we ought."

Suddenly, the night is here.
It seems I missed its late and silent falling
as I listened to the restless sheep,
flock upon flock upon the ringing hills.
The fleeced ewes, lamb-bereft, bewildered,
bleat on in noisy supplication
and neither can I pray.
But summer moves its snail's-pace, petalled way
along another year
and always and forever.....

"The Spirit intercedes for us with sighs too deep for words"

K.M.T



“ Incline my Heart to Your Will, O God !”

**Response from Morning Prayer
early October 2022**

...

Incline and learn
for, as I lean,
so does He draw
and, lovely the light of His allurements.

...

KMT 22



K.M.T. 22

The Language of Carmel.

Follow Christ until I know Him,
know Him with docility,
then mind and heart become that knowing,
the knowing that He lives in me.
Confide in the One who understands,
stand by the One whom I believe,
believe in the knowledge He reveals to me...
pure wordlessness that I perceive.
Silence is the voice we share
to share those things that can't be spoken
for, in it, speaks divine divulgence
... breath is held ... and thoughts unbroken

KMT 22



KMT-22

Revelation on a July Evening

Head-high, hedge-high, heady on meadow-sweet,
headstrong and high-flying, higher and higher,
high beyond hope, beyond dreams,
I live.

Deep-down, low, deep and dark, down
by bent bracken, beetles and brown-smelling-sweet earth,
deep as my free-melting mind,
I love..

And vast, uncontained and unmeasured,
unending, unseen and unheard-of, untouched and unutterable,
this is my soul,
I know.

As I stand on the hill
gold evening heat breathes on my skin,
silently, urgently, softly insistent and
now.....

On this swallow-wing of freedom,
this diving, fearless, weightless, wordless,
flight of my soul alone,
I go.

My spirit knows no bounds, so, gloriously gleeful,
in mute but in marvellous madness, my soul soars:
I live, I love, I know
I go to God.



KMT 22

The painting "Discalced" is inspired by the book entitled "Shoeless" by Donald and Megan Wallenfang. Quote: "The word "barefoot" (discalced) symbolizes a way of life akin to the greatest prophets in human history; these prophets were attuned acutely to their surrounding environment and their role within it, just as naked feet are attuned to the immediate world around them."

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of the one bringing good news, announcing peace and salvation, saying to Zion, your God is King."

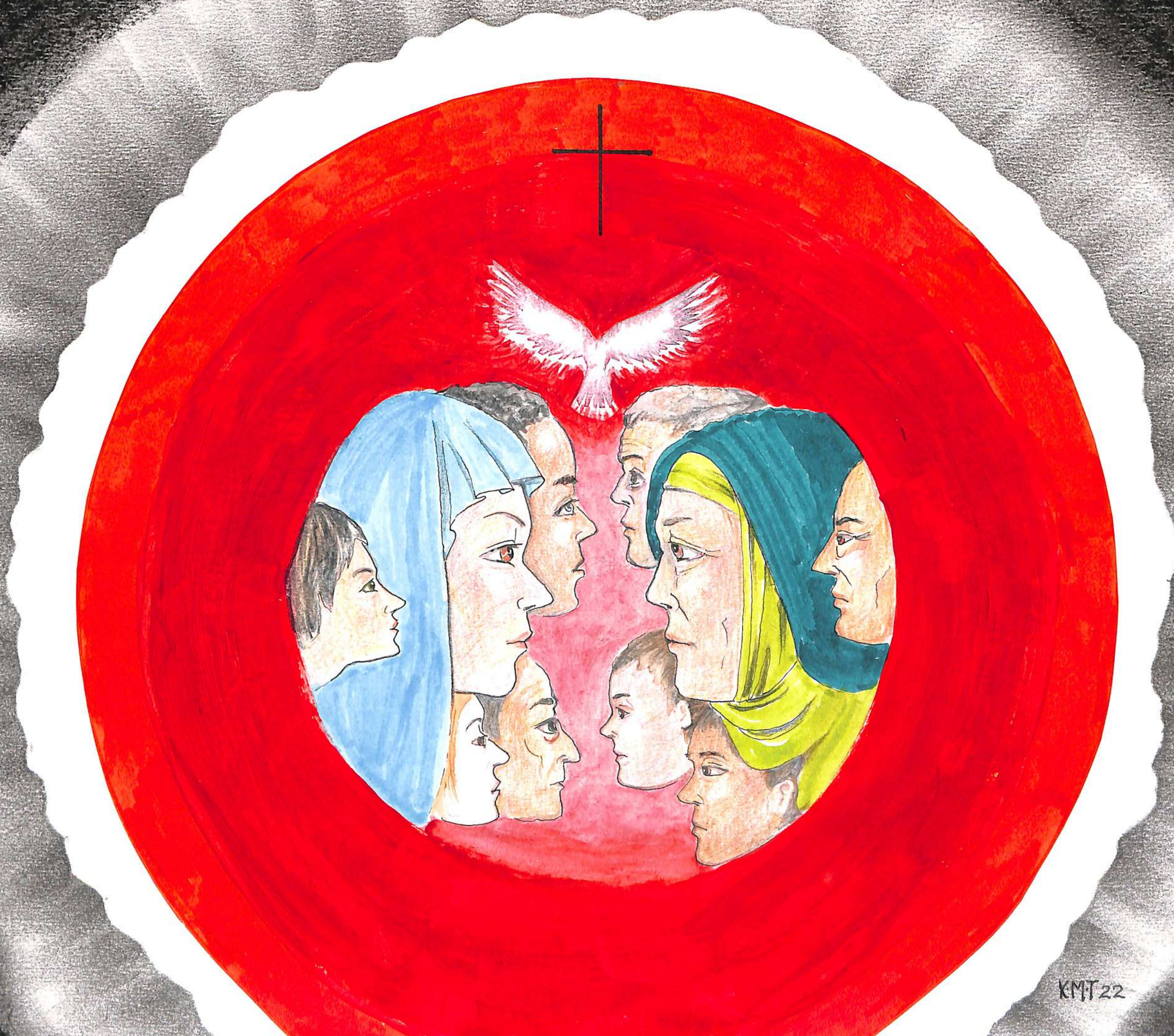
The poem "Deep Frost at Carmel" sits well beside this illustration as, for me, cold and Carmel go well together and I recall St Teresa's words in "Foundations" 14:8 . . .

"In a short time, the reputation the Fathers had was so great that I experienced the deepest consolation when I heard of it. For their preaching, as I say, they journeyed barefoot a league and a half, or two, for at that time they did not yet wear sandals and in much snow and cold."

Deep Frost at Carmel

Deep frost, in full-moon's mystic majesty,
like God's embrace, encircles all.
Neat as nuns' needlework, in web-fine thread,
the simple statues, silvered, stand,
now velvet-vested, lustre-veiled.
In poverty, the winter plants receive their clothing
(guipre and grille – all strangely scintillant)
with chaste humility.
Cambric muslin round the convent trees,
moonlit-stark in starry tracery;
tiffany tunic round the rail, pale and cold
and, down the path, like soft chenille,
is stiched a sparkling carpet.
Come Lord Jesus, human lover seeking warmth,
breathing the icy whiteness of the night;
welcome Lord Jesus, God and man,
to where the frost is lost in love and prayer.
Peep in through twinkling tapestry of chapel window;
be drawn, be warmed within the Royal enclosure
of your own dear Heart.

KMT



KMT 22

Visitational Encounters

Look, listen and feel.

Observe the Visitation.

Compassionate, alert and loving,
aware of the Spirit's hovering.

Our future “visitations” will glow
with their own uniqueness

when, deep from the “womb of the heart”,
comes the kindest compassion.

Acknowledging John of the Cross,
“I have looked at your cross, O Christ
and heard the song of your love” -
henceforth, I can never forget.

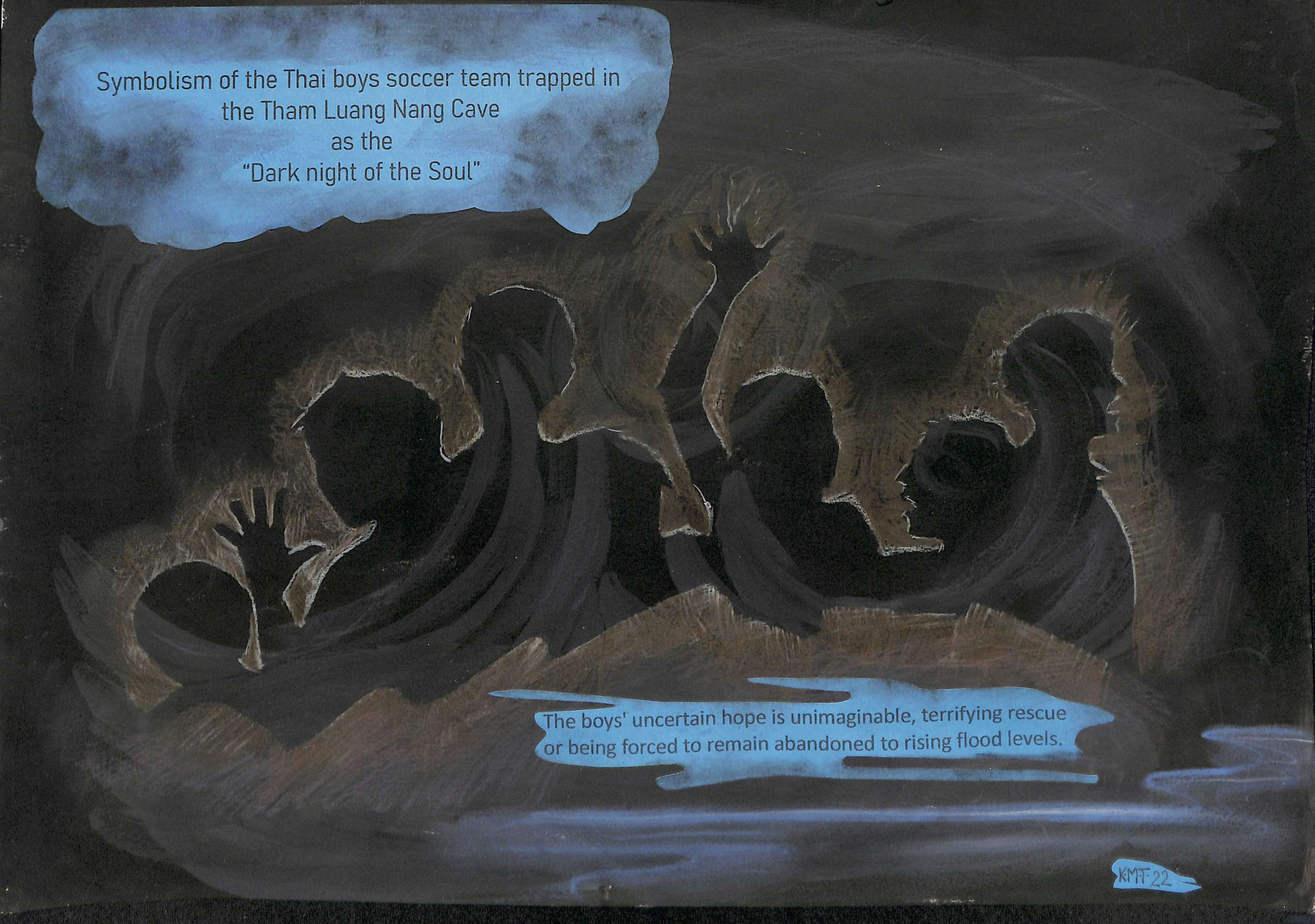
“All true listening ...”

(and, thank you dear John,)

“Is compassionate”

Christ-like
and calm.

KMT



Symbolism of the Thai boys soccer team trapped in
the Tham Luang Nang Cave
as the
“Dark night of the Soul”

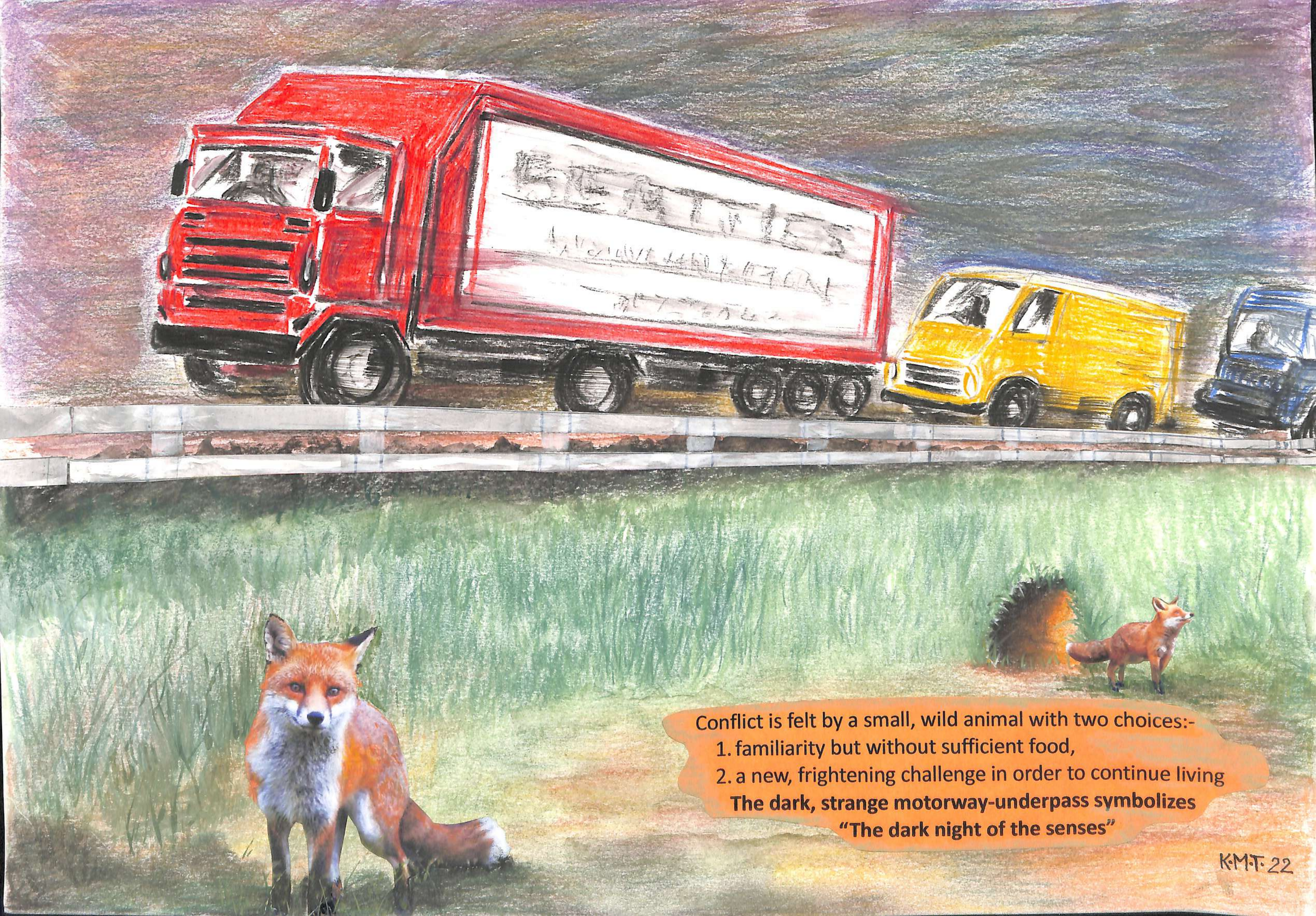
The boys' uncertain hope is unimaginable, terrifying rescue
or being forced to remain abandoned to rising flood levels.

Symbolic interpretation of
"The dark night of the Soul"

Children in darkness, there is but one hope for you,
children in darkness, please trust in this way;
dry tears now, be brave and resist all imaginings
as trusting alone will abolish dismay.

Children in darkness, there is no alternative
so, children in darkness, relinquish your choice
for invisible hope in the darkest of darkness,
surrender your knowledge, surrender your voice.

KMT



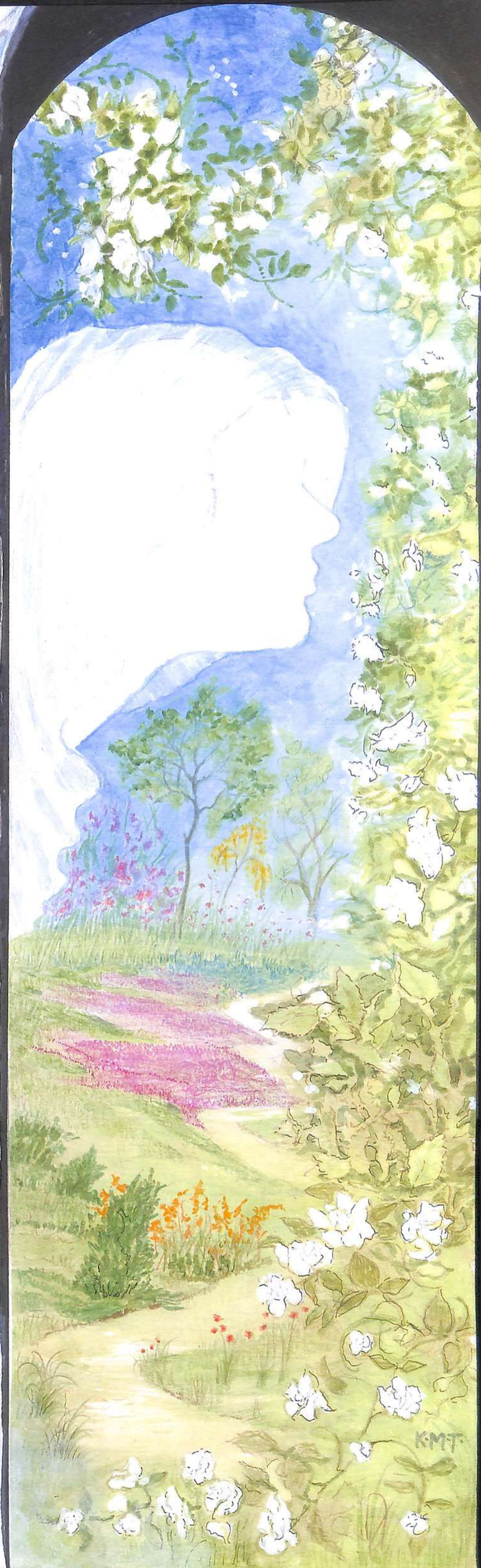
Conflict is felt by a small, wild animal with two choices:-
1. familiarity but without sufficient food,
2. a new, frightening challenge in order to continue living
The dark, strange motorway-underpass symbolizes
"The dark night of the senses"

Symbolic interpretation
“The dark night of the senses”

Sentient beast of lowly, simple needs,
instinct-driven, sniffs the verdant air
and hunts its fill of all best-filling plenty,
consoled and calm as food-for-life is there.

When dearth descends and leaves impoverished pasture,
an empty land with all in disarray,
bewildered beast, reluctant but drawn onwards,
discerns the dark path is the only way.

KMT



Based on John 4 1:13

Your Story

Allow Him to know you, to read you, to hold you,
to open your pages of days;
give Him time to unfold every pain that you hold,
to discover your reasons, your ways.

Show Him the book, even where you wont look,
that chapter where evil was rife,
He will read it beside you and tenderly guide you
to write the last page of your life.

You have walked from a desert and into a garden,
He knew every step that you trod,
He has led you from sadness to heavenly gladness,
He was ever your ghost-writer - God.

KMT

"The Five Glimpses"
as written by
St John
of the
Cross


God shows
silently
giving
teaching
How
with
love



Essence



fullness
life
love
beauty
wisdom



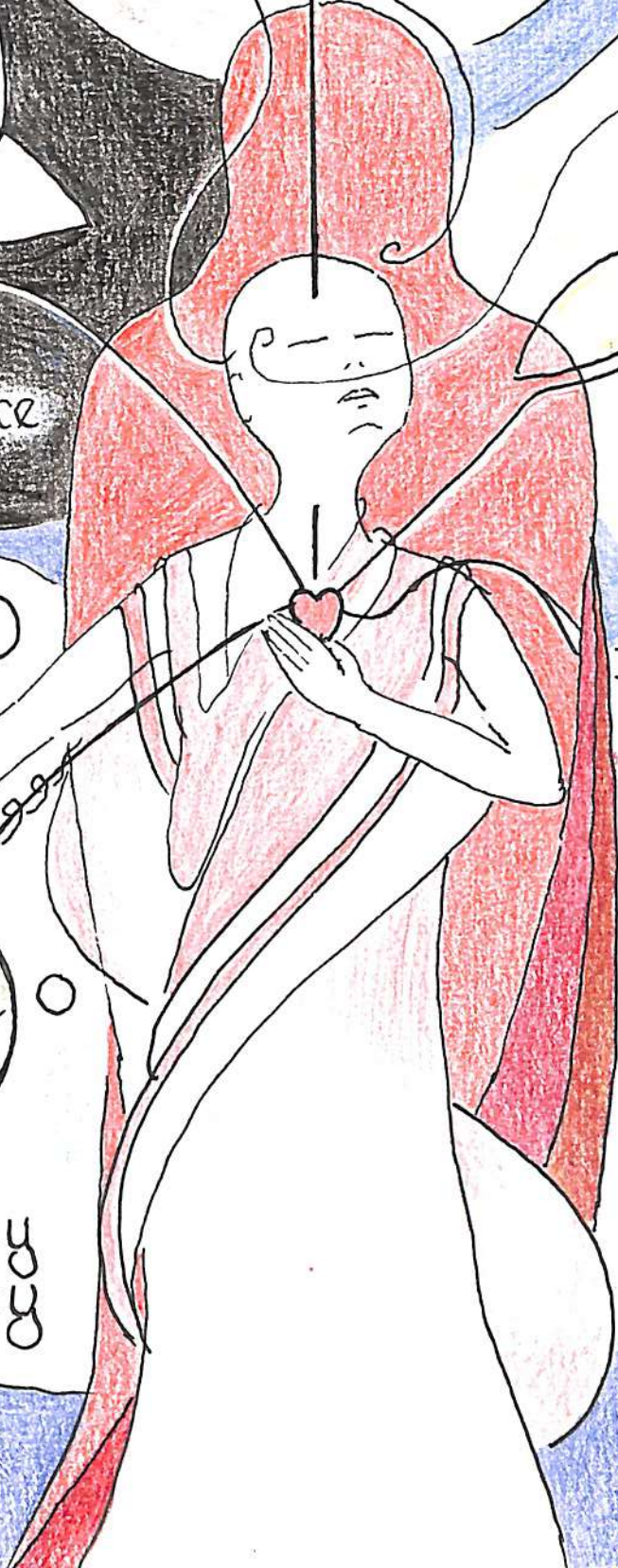
God has
entered
and
given...

Order
Dignity
Beauty



freedom

The Song
of the
Nightingales



“The Song of the Sweet Nightingale”

At such time as we have walked together
far and closely,
united in each other's company,
sure and deeply,
my thoughtful bridegroom gives to me five gifts,
mysteriously.

Five token glimpses, hints of high hereafter,
sacramentally:

One: Perfect perception of life, love and beauty
through breathing the breath of the Trinity,
thankfully;

Two: The sound of the Nightingales, sweet and enlightening,
He and I sharing both voice and sublimity,
jubilantly:

Three: vast views of creation, dependent and orderly,
clothed in God's beauty and full depth of dignity,
respectfully;

Four: a glorious glance through the deepest of darkness,
seeing through Faith the clear essence of God,
adoringly;

Five: The loving look and lesson from the Master,
for only in His language can I learn to love,
Biblically, Deuteronomy 6.

by KMT

Thanks

It has been exciting and revealing to work with
The Holy Spirit.

I am thankful and happy that
He invited me to do so.

I am grateful to all the
Carmelite Friars of Boar's Hill
and the associated lecturers and helpers,
especially my accompanier and friend Candida.

I have been guided and humbled.
My mind has been educated,
my thoughts expanded
and I have grown in love for my
Carmelite vocation.

In the words of Saint Therese of Lisieux:

“To be little is not to believe oneself
capable of anything,
but to recognise that God places treasure
in the hands of His little child
to be used when necessary,
but
it remains always
God's treasure”

Deo Gratias