

"Beyond Worthiness" from *The Light of Evening*.

Sometimes it is hard to believe that we are worthy when we can't contribute as we used to. To open to the truth of our being is to understand that we are God's gifts to God's self. We are not self-made, and we are lovingly invited to participate in whatever ways we still can.

We may wonder, How can I possibly be a gift while needing so much care and not able to contribute to what is needed? It takes the aforementioned humility to set this kind of question aside. Our minds can only ask, me, a gift? We don't know how to believe the truth. We don't know what to do with ourselves. The answer, of course, is nothing. We do not know better than God, and God made us for God's own to be a gift to God's self.

This is good news, immense good news, and a blow to the separate sense of self with all its convictions. We can only patiently and slowly learn to live like the gifts we were given to be. We can look at a plant and notice that it doesn't know how or why. It just opens its leaves or petals to the sun and loses them when it's time to lose them. This is completely natural. Sometimes a plant may be dormant, almost asleep, while gathering nourishment. We have times like that as well. Being gifts, we do not need to quarrel with organic, dormant times during our lives. They are necessary.

To accept being a gift is a quiet, internal process. We need to be gentle with it because we are, in fact, shifting out of self-assessment to humble receptivity, a conscious opening where all we think we know goes out the window in exchange for the light that shines directly on us and in us. This is not something words and statements of faith can help us with. Mostly, gentleness is of help, that softening that allows us just to be in God. The mind can't grasp it. The mind actually refuses to grasp it, for it wants to understand in a way that by its very nature, prevents the ability to have the experience. A plant blooms and dies back, is dormant and blooms again. If we could be this natural, we would experience that virtually everything good and everything difficult is for our benefit. We are so infinitely precious and held in mercy that we can relax even into dying.