

The OSU Meeting April 12, 2022  
Rambling Thoughts of What I Heard

Just the other day  
I walked a mile or you!  
Well really only twenty steps  
and had a thought or two, no less.  
The time is quite unclear you know  
Or is it?

An inability to see the future – that's it,  
Getting under those conflicting emotions and  
wading into a  
Whole sea of unknowns!

But - so what!

We women have listened and  
listened and listened and listened  
for centuries.

Isn't it good now to make up our own minds,  
Use our immeasurable gifts,  
restore our confidence?

Listening to  
each other!

Ahem!

Will I be able to listen our Ursuline Way to get to the unknown  
to living Wholeness.

“Be with me Lord when I am in trouble  
Be with me /us Lord I pray.” (Hymn CBW 357)

And the today: “Hello. hello, hello.” And more  
The whistle of the wind blows right in our own midst.  
Old teachers, cooks, and artists we are.  
Educating for life you live.

As the whistling moves the waters of our minds.

“Let's talk about it,” she said-

The paradox!

But on and on and on

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Little/big health needs  
oversee the talk.  
Preside, regulate, steward...  
What shall it be?  
The train is leaving you know  
Am I on it?  
Oh dear - where to?  
You can't be in two places at once.  
But isn't heaven the destination?  
Hope on.

Why don't you just tell us what is working out there,  
how it will be implemented in us  
and we will agree – well mostly.  
We're old, with crippled body and mind. We're in pain.  
Just tell us what you know will do  
and we'll agree - well mostly.  
Because what else can we do in  
our fragility?  
What new way is replacing our old?  
Can we withstand the tension of  
opposites - the key to entering into paradox  
to become comfortable with that space of  
unknowing, undefined, not clear,  
to and fro?  
What will we encounter in our life of unknowingness of  
up and down, left or right,  
until the truth hits us.  
We wait patiently  
to permanently name  
or define  
our unknown!  
Allowing time where wholeness takes over  
breaks into the  
paradox of truth.

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It will show itself no less  
in leadership, governance, and spirit.

The train is on track.

Who will lead the foray into the future?

Who will oversee?

Tradition proved that

paradox is not the end but

the beginning

the threshold of transformation.

We've been there!

Lean then however briefly

into all things that are true and

stay there.

For to understand paradox we need somehow to

inhale it

despite all the unknowing.

Trust, ah yes,

We can withstand the surf of

ambiguity and confusion.

Isn't that what we have done all our life?

Lord, give us a tide of pure, unnamable, indescribable trust  
as we dive into the majestic swell of unknown.

"Say to Lord, "My refuge and fortress, the

God in whom I trust" (Hymn "Be with Me Lord")

*R.A. Engel*