

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

Just the other day
I walked a mile or two!
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!

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But on and on and on
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

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paradox of truth.

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