

As summer wanes and autumn is beginning to show its colors, I feel the call to beauty. As Gandhi once said, "Real Beauty is my aim." The longer I live, the more I experience the need to experience the call to beauty.

There is so much ugliness in our world. Each day, the newspapers and airways are full of all kinds of deeply disturbing situations. It eats at our hearts and demands our attention. But, I am also realizing that the antidote is to create moments of beauty for myself and others.

Rumi, the Eastern mystic poet, edges us in this direction. What if we invested some time and energy in the beauty we love, personally and collectively?



The first step is awareness. What calls you to beauty? It may be as simple as looking out your window and noticing the colors and aroma of the changing seasons. Taking a long, loving look can actually fill you with peace, a beautiful feeling. Perhaps you could look into the eyes of a person you love, really look. Feel the beauty glowing from them and feeding some hunger in your heart. Or maybe it is spending time with your favorite book or Scripture. Reading it wells up beauty in your soul. Or maybe the beauty you love is the smell of candle wax or incense, calling you to the beauty of your faith and its rituals of love and hope.

Our world is mired in ugliness. We know it in our own country as we are aware of problems at the border or caught in political debate rife with meanness. What if each of us took a moment each day to be aware of beauty and let that awareness feed our hearts and then lived the day in sharing that beauty with others. It seems so simple, yet we are tempted to get sucked into the ugliness and not give ourselves a healthy meal of beauty that will fire us to be shining lights and colorful word of God to all those we meet during the day.

May this autumn find you walking many paths of beauty and absorbing its power to make you a source of transformation to those you meet as you journey our beautiful Mother Earth.

May the God or beauty walk with you and bless your every endeavor. And like the poet, I hope you find one of the thousand ways to kneel and kiss the sacred ground.

Pat Rourke, IHM