

March 22. F. of M. (transcribed)

Continual rain.

Yesterday, the afternoon being partly clear (though I did not expect it to be) heard a nocturnal conference in St. Mary of Carmel. Very pleasant & peaceful. An altogether new atmosphere of light & peace (though there is plenty of both already in the nocturnal). Sense of not being immersed in a fluid medium but out in the air.

+

A form of the Cross said I would have less resentment in me if I were more concentrated on doing whatever it is God wills for me & not considering the defects of an institution.

+

one thing very clear after Mass: the "return to the Father".

The non-utility & insufficiency of all other concerns.

A going clean out of the midst of all that is transitory & inconclusive.

The return to the Father, the Primordial, the Unknown, to Him who loves, to the Silent, to the Holy, to the ~~the~~ Merciful, to Him who is All.

The misdirection, the folly, the inanity of all that seeks anything but this great return, the whole meaning & heart of all existence.

The ~~folly~~ absurdity of movements, of the goals that are not achieved, the purposes that are "roads of the line" & therefore do not even begin.

To return is not to "go back" in time, but a going forward, a going beyond. To retrace one's steps is nothing on top of nothing, vanity of vanities, a renewal of the same absurdity twice over, in reverse.

To go beyond everything & leave everything & pass forward to the End & to the Beginning, to the ever new Beginning that is without End.

To keep Him on the way in order to reach Him in whom I have begun, who is the Way & the End - (the Beginning).

+