



**MERCY
GLOBAL
PRESENCE**

Artistic Response: Presence of/with/to God

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I have used a spiral to represent God in this painting, to echo the spirals used by some of the first peoples of the world - the Maoris, the Indigenous peoples of Australia and some Native American tribes - to represent the Divine in their art. Purple for the Holy Spirit and gold for the Creator, our Father/Mother God are seventh chakra colours which govern the energy of communicating with the Divine and green for Christ, the energy of compassionate love and healing, as well as deep incarnation within creation.

All of creation - contained in the Earth- as well as humanity – represented by the woman – are present to the Trinity. The air and waters of the earth are being cleansed of pollution, which has moved up into the Arctic Circle. This cleansing has been facilitated by Humanity being in lockdown due to the Covid-19 pandemic. The woman is distant/disconnected from the earth, both due to the lockdown and to us not seeing ourselves as part of creation, but rejoicing and giving praise for the cleansing of the earth. She is connected to the Trinity through Christ, the Way back into the cleansed earth.

The spiral purposely does not fit onto the page as God cannot be confined within space.

Questions for reflection.

How can we maintain this impetus of decreased pollution set in motion by our enforced lockdown?

How can we communicate with Creation in a renewed spirit of reverence and interconnectedness and no longer see ourselves as apart from/dominant over Creation?

PRESENT TO GOD

'Present" a finely nuanced word;
as in time, a moment,
a here and now;
pin it down and it's gone,
spiralling into the past;
as in being here, body, bones
and mind in this space;
as in gift and gifting of self
to a process, a cause,
to an Other.

And so how am I present to You,
gift to You?
Am I here and now with You?
Do I come before You?
What is this "Present to God?"

It is listening to Your Spirit
singing within me,
calling me into You,
present in the gentle wind,
in the raging bushfire,
in the joy of new life,
in forest, river, and mountain,
in the fear and anguish
of displacement, of infection,
in the gentle pinks and lilacs
of a dying sunset.

It is allowing the loneliness,
the emptiness, in this time
of lockdown, to carve
the bowl of my being
into a temple of
praise for You.

It is a dancing of the
story of my life,
a weaving of the colours
of my soul into
the heart of this moment.