



Conversion and its thresholds

Thresholds as thin or holy places, as sacred or liminal space, as points of conversion

The Lord will guard your coming and going both now and for ever. *Psalms 121*



Jeff Sheldon & Ravi Piniseti, Unsplash.com



Crossing threshold after threshold.

The soul may be said to cross threshold after threshold, crossing though seasons, each with its own hues, as definitive and regular though more subtle perhaps than the actual weather seasons themselves.

A car crosses through the edge of a dense curtain of rain, a coffin is lowered into the gaping ground, a diver breaks the surface of still water plunging into its cool depth. Precipices, rims, lips, dawn, inception, onset, beginnings, endings, verge and edge. All words with the simplicity and depth to infer change and movement, and invoke a bubbling pot of emotions.

I wonder if we cross thresholds all the time, in our body, our emotions, our thoughts. Maybe they cross at different times and at different rates. Maybe parts of us are frequently in and out of sync with each other, reaching towards and shirking away.

There are very definite and conscious thresholds too. Jesus becomes a baby, Jesus is baptized, Jesus on the cross, Jesus in the tomb. Entering parenthood, nursing someone on the point of death, starting school, the first day in a new job. Thresholds promise new life yet can also be daunting, tempting, a step towards the unknown. Thresholds represent the call and challenge of transformation.

We flinch and we embrace, we hold and we let go.

Questions for reflection:

Jesus says we need to be born again (and again, so the tense suggests). He is simply stating a necessity perhaps, saying it as it is. If we wish to live freely and expansively we must it seems learn to die or diminish, take some risks. The Welsh theatre director and priest James Roose-Evans writes that we die not once, but countless times - as we experience the death of a love, a relationship or an ambition - so, equally, are we reborn countless times. In David Whyte's poem *Sometimes* questions and requests are his thresholds, "frightening requests, conceived out of nowhere but...beginning to lead everywhere". What are the questions and requests that might make or unmake your life?

On the day you cease to change
You cease to live.
Antony de Mello

Reading material:

Sometimes. In David Whyte's Everything is waiting for you.
Tilicho Lake. In David Whyte's Where many rivers meet
<http://www.davidwhyte.com/#poetry>

You come alive each time
you dare to die - let go, move
on, bid things goodbye.
Antony de Mello

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