

I may have told part of this story before, and I know I've told a few people here at Saint Luke's, so forgive me if I'm repeating myself.

There are spaces, places, and times that seem to grab you as being holy: a holy space, a holy place, and a holy time. I've come across several of those in my life: a sitting rock overlooking the lake at the summer camp of my youth; the cathedral where I was ordained to the diaconate; the way the sun shone through the stained glass windows at Saint John's at certain times of the year; and there are others, but you get the idea. I'm sure you can think of your own places.

One particular time for me was during the COVID shutdown. On Sundays we had five people in the building: the organist, the lector, the livestream tech, the deacon, and myself. It didn't take much wine in the chalice to handle Communion. One Sunday, as we were reciting the Lord's Prayer, I looked into the almost-empty chalice and there, reflected on the inside of the cup, was the wrought iron rood screen and cross behind me. As time went on, that was a holy vision I looked forward to seeing every Sunday. It eventually went away when the people returned and more wine was poured into the chalice.

Fast forward to now. We don't have a rood screen, nor do we have a nearly-empty chalice at Communion. As we were reciting the Lord's Prayer a few weeks ago, however, I noticed that the way the light hits the chalice causes a double ring reflection to appear on the corporal. This ring of light encircles the paten and chalice. It's a holy vision of light encircling the consecrated elements of the Body and Blood of Christ.

This is one reason why I don't rush through the service, taking time for silence, moving slowly and deliberately through the liturgy – because if we rushed through the service, we might miss those holy visions.

What spaces, places, and times are holy to you? Where have you seen holy visions of God?

You might see more if you take the time to slow down and look.

Blessings,

Todd+