

# The Pleroma Of Christ

[wccm.org/weekly-readings/the-pleroma-of-chris](http://wccm.org/weekly-readings/the-pleroma-of-chris)

1 April 2021



**An excerpt from John Main OSB “Fullness of Being” in *The Hunger for Depth and Meaning* (Singapore: Medio Media, 2007), p. 28.**

## THE *PLEROMA* OF CHRIST

An excerpt from John Main OSB, “The Present Christ” (April 1981) in *MONASTERY WITHOUT WALLS: The Spiritual Letters of John Main* (Norwich: Canterbury, 2006), p. 170.

The power of the Resurrection of Jesus collects all time and space into a single, universal focus. Within the microcosm of the human heart the cosmos is radically transformed by this power condensed into the single point of pure and limitless love. We are freed from the illusion that we are outside creation or outside God. Through the power that dwells in the open space in the center of our being, we pass beyond ourselves into divine fullness of being, into the *pleroma* of Christ.

After meditation: “WHITE OWL FLIES INTO AND OUT OF THE FIELD” by Mary Oliver in *DEVOTIONS* (New York: Penguin, 2020) Kindle edition, pp. 323-24.

## WHITE OWL FLIES INTO AND OUT OF THE FIELD

Coming down  
out of the freezing sky  
with its depths of light,  
like an angel,  
or a buddha with wings,  
it was beautiful  
and accurate,  
striking the snow and whatever was there  
with a force that left the imprint  
of the tips of its wings—  
five feet apart—and the grabbing  
thrust of its feet,  
and the indentation of what had been running  
through the white valleys  
of the snow—  
and then it rose, gracefully,  
and flew back to the frozen marshes,  
to lurk there,  
like a little lighthouse,  
in the blue shadows—  
so I thought:  
maybe death  
isn't darkness, after all,  
but so much light  
wrapping itself around us—  
as soft as feathers—  
that we are instantly weary

of looking, and shut our eyes,  
not without amazement,  
and let ourselves be carried,  
as through the translucence of mica,  
to the river  
that is without the least dapple or shadow—  
that is nothing but light—scalding, aortal light—  
in which we are washed and washed  
out of our bones.

[Download Printable version](#)

*Image by Thomas B, from Pixabay*