

Santa Maria delle Rose - Assisi
THE FACE OF JESUS
12 am - 12 August 2015

My hands upon His head a sob rises from my heart. Tears flow down my cheeks.
I let go of something locked within, it comes into present moment.
I want to give something to him. His voice within me says,
"You are not for giving...I am Forgiving."
"Forgive me Lord, forgive me" I reply. Tears continue to fall.
My hands again start to explore His form, an honour, a joy, a connection so real,
to hold His head, to stroke His eyes.
Jesus softly calls me, "I am your path now."
It seems too big, too different. I feel the longing to follow, yet I am holding back...
Austerity, suffering images, ceremonial display of gold and fine cloth.
Bishop and Pope, grandeur - to me uncomfortable, cold and unapproachable, too
much...
"Lord Jesus, my heart can not reach you through this!"
His soft voice, "your own way, follow Me in your own way."
My heart lifts, my life has changed, a new path is open.
New Love.

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