

Miracles

by [Johanna Caton, OSB](#) in the [October 10, 2021](#) issue

Most of them are un-showy now. And: they are holy slowly.
Long haul miracles, call them, because the cure is in the daily:
pale and small: salt's in the domestic and non-mystic dust:
waking up, prosaic toast, mosaics of laundry, school lunch,
bunches of pansies; the healing's in the long fingers of Mondays
that wrap round each week and pick up the pallet, walk; azaleas
are burning bushes, are *Talitha cum*; the open window's breeze
is a come follow me moment, the job—even the terrible one is
a seed, parable, harvest. The damp, tarnished Today awaits
the sower, fallow ground receives: things that feel like nothing,
and some like disaster, like quandaries; the mud paste of the plain
opens the eyes, no fancies—the word comes in tiny: crumb
for bird-food, drip after rain, the mist—all slow, slower.

Then, heart's hollow place: enough comes on slow to pool
in its circle: space enough to start a miracle.