

I slept, but my heart was awake. Listen! my beloved is knocking.
'Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my perfect one; for my head is wet with dew, my locks with the drops of the night.' ...

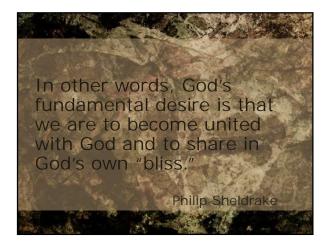
I opened to my beloved, but my beloved had turned and was gone.

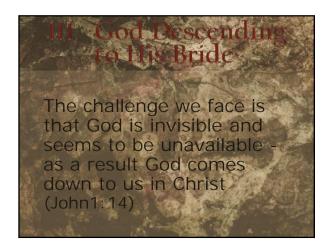
My soul failed me when he spoke. I sought him, but did not find him; I called him, but he gave no answer.

Song of Songs 5:2-6

For the fourteenth-century English woman mystic, Julian of Norwich, her favoured word for our desires and God's is "longing."

'For as truly as there is in God a quality of pity and compassion, so truly is there in God a quality of thirst and longing: and the power of this longing in Christ enables us to respond to his longing, and without this no soul comes to heaven. And this quality of longing and thirst comes from God's everlasting goodness.'





And I saw the holy city, the new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a loud voice from the throne saying, 'See, the home of God is among mortals. He will dwell with them; they will be his peoples, and God himself will be with them; Revelation 21:2-3



