THE SERVANT

Translation by Greta Bianchi / Gordon Leonard Symons

To serve, to render a service. To act not for oneself, but for others – or for the Other.
People serve because of resignation, perhaps fear, or duty; they might do it to hide themselves, to sacrifice their own desire. Or perhaps, there is a small seed that has always nestled in the depths of their hearts, that slowly puts down roots, and it sprouts in a desire for meaning, for peace and purity.
And the eyes are opened, and you see – for a second, perhaps a moment– the piles of years spent profusely searching for something – what? - something for you, that makes you bigger, stronger, whole. And you see – for a second, perhaps a moment – that you are already whole, and shining, if with purity you let go of the senseless pain of wanting more, always more.
We turn our eyes around and everywhere we recognize each other: sisters, brothers.
And we see vibrating the sacred space that allows eyes to meet, hands to touch, innocent.

I, finite infinite, make myself servant of the unlimited of the Sacred.

By the clear lake nestled
in the lap of a valley
That a great mountain
dominates generously, it is revealed to me
between the suffocating grass and the big nets
of forgotten spiders, the ruins
of a place that was sacred to other lives
and blessed. And it hurts my heart
to find it so lonely and derelict
and I take it with my hands and with patience
to bring it back naked and pure, shadowy,
and of fresh waters and generous herbs,
and red apples. One by one
wayfarers come to me, to rest
from the sun and the stars, or to call back
in the great trembling silence the secret voice, wonder,
bright passage to other worlds.
Then there is no one who remains; one by one
I leave them awake and ready to continue
endless paths; and I find myself
joyful of listening, of light
that filters and bursts and sings and dazzles and fades,
and plucks a feather like a whirlwind:

separateness.

Is this maybe
for a life, too meager
Of a miracle?

EXPERIENCE

Going through meadows and woods on a beautiful summer day, we discover an ancient, precious, yet abandoned temple: grass and branches on the roof, door and windows disconnected, dust and cobwebs everywhere... We advance cautiously inside, and there, in the semi-darkness, we are amazed by a fresh and vital tremor, an aura of sacredness and purity.
The desire to take care of this precious space arises in us, to get it back to life - for us and for everyone.
And to dedicate it to what is supremely sacred to us: to which god or divinity, to whom or what will it be dedicated? Do we want to build a small altar in his honor?

Now, with patience and love, we repair what is broken or ruined, we remove what is superfluous, clean and polish everything until it shines; outside, we build a canopy of fronds to give shelter, we install a fountain of clear water, we prepare fresh and delicate food... and we gladly wait.
Here the pilgrims come to the temple, and they stop, and find peace; we silently provide everything that can help their rest, so that they can resume their journey once refreshed.
Somebody thanks us, somebody doesn't even notice us: who cares? We keep our service in our heart, joyful and fulfilled.

And when the evening falls and the last pilgrim has taken the road again, we enter the temple, and we stand right in the center, listening; we feel that God descends and stands next to us, the quality to which our service is dedicated; and infuses us, fills us up.
Peace, harmony, silence embrace us and satiate us completely.

Laura Rodighiero