**The Womb of God—A Reflection**

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**February 12, 2016**

This morning, I was reading Psalm 88.  It ends with "my one companion is darkness."  I stayed with that as, even though that is not my experience now, I certainly could identify with it.  It brought me back to October 2008 when I was at my lowest, after Greg's death.  Then, I experienced God as being absent and I felt that I was in a long, deep, dark tunnel.  I knew that there was light at the end but it seemed very, very far away.  I felt alone and that God was silent and absent.  I didn't like the image but it reflected where I was at that time.  
  
Some period of time later, I was sitting outside on our deck and a more positive image came to me.  It was the image of a cocoon which, from the outside can seem ugly and like nothing is going on, while there is transformation going on inside.  I loved that image for many reasons.  I could identify with feeling like I was in a cocoon … and knowing what happens with a cocoon gave me hope.  It led me to reflect on Greg being buried in the ground as him being in a cocoon, and the resurrection he would experience.  He also loved caterpillars and I had fond memories of him taking his shirt off and having gypsy moth caterpillars crawling all over his torso and arms.  A big yuck to me but he loved it!  He and I had also put caterpillars in a container, one turned into a cocoon, and when the moth came out, we let it out.  It just seemed like the perfect image and it gave me solace.  The theme of metamorphosis so connected with the Paschal Mystery, the core of our faith.  
  
Today, as I remembered my experience of darkness in that tunnel, what came to me was that, what I then experienced as a tunnel surrounding me, was really the womb of God.  At the time, I didn't realize it but God, as Mother, was holding me in Her womb.  I was being held by Her, within Her very being.  That light at the end of the tunnel was the birth canal through which God would birth me to new life.  (I'm sure, for the child, being born must be scary).   *In what I perceived as God's very absence, God could not have been more present to me.*