

Tourist or Pilgrim

by Macrina Wiederkehr

I stand at the edge of myself and wonder
Where is home? Oh! Where is the place? Where beauty will last?
When will I be safe? And where?

My tourist heart is wearing me out. I am so tired of seeking for treasures that tarnish.
How much longer, Lord?
Oh! Which is the way home?
My luggage is heavy. It is weighing me down.
I am hungry for the holy ground of home.

Then suddenly, overpowering me with the truth,
A voice within me gently says:

There is a power in you, a truth in you
That has not yet been tapped.
You are blinded with a blindness that is deep.
For you have not loved the pilgrim in you yet.

There is a road that runs straight through your heart.
Walk on it.

To be a pilgrim means to be on the move, slowly,
To notice your luggage becoming lighter,
To seek for treasures that do not rust
To be comfortable with your heart's questions,
To be moving toward the holy ground of home
With empty hands and bare feet.

And yet, you cannot reach that home
Until you have loved the pilgrim in you.
One must be comfortable as a pilgrim
Before one's feet can touch the homeland.

Do you want to go home?
There's a road that runs straight through your heart.
Walk on it.

Question: Tourist or Pilgrim ... where am I?