

Christ in the Wilderness Home of My Soul

Christ in the Wilderness is the home of my soul. I came for my first hermitage experience 10 years ago as the fulfillment of a long standing dream of being able to be totally alone with God. I was not disappointed. I do not believe that the path of spiritual growth that I have traveled while being at Christ in the Wilderness could have happened anywhere else. Before my first experience here, I had made many other retreats, but there always seemed to be something lacking, an indefinable quality that left me always feeling as if I had been led to the water but some barrier prevented me from being able to drink. I know now that the barrier was lack of solitude. In solitude I am able to hear God speaking most clearly. I hear God in the wind moving through the trees and the breeze playing with the grasses in the Upper Meadow. God's voice sings in a mighty chorus of birdsong and in the clear melody of the creek. I experience God's passionate love in the stormy evenings, the starlit nights, the artistry of dawn and sunset, and most strongly in the inner solitude of my heart and spirit which is the gift of this holy ground. It has been at Christ in the Wilderness that I have discovered so much about who I am before God, my areas of brokenness, and my areas of giftedness. Solitude with God enables me to face my inner truth and grow in ways I never would have been able to without the solitude that I experience at Christ in the Wilderness. Whenever I come here I am reminded of the parable of the sower, and the different kinds of ground the seed is scattered upon. For me, Christ in the Wilderness my fertile ground, where God's seed is planted in my soul, takes root, and flourishes.

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