

**Tuesday, March 16, 2021**

**John 4: 23 – 24 (New International Version)**

Yet a time is coming and has now come when the true worshipers will worship the Father in the Spirit and in truth, for they are the kind of worshipers the Father seeks. God is spirit, and his worshipers must worship in the Spirit and in truth.”

Theophane the Monk, *Tales of a Magic Monastery*

**The Crystal Globe**

I told the guestmaster I'd like to become a monk.

“What kind of monk?” he asked. “A real monk?”

“Yes,” I said.

He poured me a cup of wine. “Here, take this.” No sooner had I drunk it than I became aware of a crystal globe forming around me. It began to expand until finally it surrounded him too. This monk, who a minute before had seemed so commonplace, now took on an astonishing beauty. I was struck dumb. After a bit the thought came to me, “Maybe I should tell him how beautiful he is – perhaps he doesn't even know.” But I really *was* dumb – that wine had burned out my tongue! But so great was my happiness at the sight of such beauty that I thought it was well worth the price of my tongue. When he made me a sign to leave, I turned away, confident that the memory of that beauty would be a joy forever.

But what was my surprise when I found that with each person I met it was the same - as soon as he would pass unwittingly into my crystal globe, I could see his beauty too. And I knew it was real.

Is this what it means to be a REAL monk – to see the beauty in others and to be silent?