

Human beings are makers of images – because images carry meaning and meaning is essential to human life. The only kind of suffering that we find unbearable is suffering that seems to have no meaning; Viktor Frankl, in his book *Man's Search for Meaning*, said that the few people who managed to survive the horrors of Auschwitz were those who managed to find some kind of meaning – even in that hell. Holding images in our heart – as Mary did – releases their meaning.

The gospels, above all, help us to create images that bring meaning. Every account of Jesus teaching or healing or casting out unclean spirits or just being with his disciples, makes an image in our hearts. We are image-makers because we need meaning. This includes the Transfiguration, which is today's gospel reading. We will all have a different image of it – but this doesn't matter, because it will be *ours*, no one else's, and it will work for us. There is only one Jesus Christ, but there are millions of personal, individual images of him in millions of individual persons. This isn't important – in fact, it's necessary.

The images, the pictures we make within us, become windows that open onto the divine Presence in every aspect of our lives. Thinking about them in our hearts makes us aware of this Presence. It's like a photograph: if we sit long enough looking at a photo of someone we love or care for, we can almost feel them with us.

Thinking about the Transfiguration in this way can transfigure us. It can transfigure our love for another person into an awareness that it's actually God that we love in that person. It can transfigure our giving into a realisation that it is we who should be grateful to the one in need, for giving us the opportunity to love God in them. It can transfigure our prayer, so that all our distractions, our wandering thoughts, our forgetfulness and reluctance can be taken up by God and shaped into something beautiful.