

Lost a camera, lads? Do let us know!



THE search is on for the Irish owner of a camera after it was lost at one of the world's largest music festivals. Belgian man Kenny Caekebeke found the

camera at Tomorrowland, an electronic music festival in Belgium last weekend. The camera revealed pictures of a man wearing a jersey sponsored

by the Irish Daily Mail at the gig, which attracts thousands every year and is popular with Irish people. The camera's owner can contact news@dailymail.ie

Dr Mark Dooley



MORAL MATTERS

Only in silence can we locate our true selves

WHY are we so afraid of the silence? Why do we fear being alone and why do we dread the sound of our own stillness? Is it that we live in a culture that cannot abide peace, or is it that the demands of silence are simply too hard to handle?

I have always been drawn to silence, drawn to that place where noise cannot intrude. Even as a child, I intuitively felt that only in that peace is it possible to experience the height of our humanity.

Somehow, I knew that only where there is silence – true silence – can you touch the spirit.

Today, we are out of touch with the spirit. We blast away the sounds of silence with chatter, music and endless entertainment. Where once there was stillness, now there is an addiction to sound and stimulation.

We cannot be alone. We are not comfortable with ourselves because we have lost the capacity for contemplation. The word 'contemplation' means to be in your 'inner temple' and at peace.

In contemplation we do not seek to do anything. You enter your inner temple simply to be still. No words, no thoughts, no distractions – just the sound of silence that sinks into your soul.

In the temple, you listen to silence and what you hear is not nothing. It is a whisper that invites you to let go – to surrender the worries, the cares, the torments and the trials. It is the voice of creation, a voice that is at the centre of every heart.

We begin in silence and we end in silence. The infant howls in distress, but when it is comforted there is only pure peace. When journey's end approaches, and the light beckons us towards the threshold, suffering gives way to a sublime silence.

Silence is the voice of the cosmos, the voice of one crying in the wilderness: 'Come to me all you who labour and I shall give you rest.'

Silence is the voice of love that requires no words to express its poetry of the heart. It is the breath of life.

That is why, without silence, we cannot be healed. To be fully integrated as human beings, we cannot live with ceaseless noise or perpetual prattle. To understand who we are, we must depart the temple of sound for the inner temple.

Think of the sea whose surface is ever turbulent. Deep below, however, is a place of utter stillness. It does not matter what is happening above, for down below everything is tranquil and at peace.

And in that peace there is no tension, distress or disease. There is only calm and quiet, both of which dissolve all inner disturbance.

In that space, beyond the babble and commotion of a world hooked on

distraction, we dwell as we were meant to.

A distracted mind is one that has lost its equilibrium and poise.

It is a mind that cannot rest because it is forever skating on the surface. And when the mind cannot rest, the body soon becomes exhausted and worn out.

Our world is worn out and desperate for some peace. Our children are over-stimulated to the point where they are out of touch with their senses. Without the capacity to descend into the silent depths, they are tossed to and fro by relentless waves of noise.

Without silence, we will never be at peace. Without peace, we can never experience the wholeness that awaits us deep down. Without wholeness, we are vulnerable to agony and anguish.

We turn off the tablet and enter the temple. It costs nothing but time, but what price can you put on healing? We disconnect from the virtual world of noise and mayhem and return to the centre. Out of silence you came into the world, and only by returning to it will you discover who you truly are. In the silence there are no mirrors, no make-up, no masks. It is only you as you are and have always been. It is you as you were in the moment of your first breath and as you shall be when you draw your last.

This is a person most of us never meet because our world is in flight from reality. Rather than face our true selves, we manufacture our identities and concoct our personalities. We do everything to avoid looking at ourselves as we genuinely are.

There is no running from yourself in the silence. To go beyond the surface is to see the real 'you' whose 'still small voice' can only be heard in the absence of sound. There is nothing to hear except the sweet harmony of your own soul.

AND yet, uncomfortable as it may be for many, it is so beautiful to meet your real self. Beyond all the masks, there is a being that is at peace because that person can be found only in the silence. In losing our surface selves, we find our true selves.

That is what it means to be healed, to be integrated as a full human being. It means venturing into the temple of your heart, into that place from which all love and life flows.

And then, as you abide there in stillness, you begin to hear and see as if for the first time.

You have reached your source, the fount from which you were sprung. You hear nothing but silence, and yet it sounds like a hymn from on high. You see nothing but darkness, and yet nothing has ever appeared more luminous.

You were lost but now you have been found. You were dead but now you are fully alive.

You are home because, finally, you have discovered where the heart is.

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