

The Julian Lecture 2022

Julian of Norwich and Ecological Consciousness



Dr Claire Foster-Gilbert

[1] **Julian of Norwich and Ecological Consciousness**

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I fell in love with Julian when I was an undergraduate, reading theology at Oxford, the driest, most uninspiring course imaginable, except for the one term I spent studying the medieval mystics and above all Julian's revelations.

After years of a career circling around ethics: medical ethics, environmental ethics, ethics in public life and service, I returned to Julian to write my doctoral thesis on porosity and ecological consciousness, which is what this lecture is about. But the ideas expressed in the thesis and offered here have been deepened immensely by what happened subsequently, which is that I was diagnosed with blood cancer, and spent two and a half years having demanding treatment. Julian stopped being the subject of my academic study and became my companion. I wrote about her in a completely different way in letters to friends during my treatment, about her and about everything I was going through which, Julian-like, included a great deal of joy as well as pain. That writing was published as *Miles to go before I sleep*. And as I emerged from my treatment, transformed in so many ways by it, I conceived a desire, or rather heard a call, to write Julian's story in the first person. Audacious. But it was written, very quickly, the words just poured out of me, and *I, Julian* will be published in due course. So given just how much Julian has come to mean to me, to be here with you today giving the prestigious Annual Friends of Julian lecture is the greatest privilege and delight. Thank you for asking me.

[2] What a mess we have made of our fragile, exquisite planet! What are we going to do about it? How do we know whether what we are

doing now to try and solve the problem will only cause more problems in the future? In this lecture I want to suggest that our way of perceiving is what caused - and still causes - harm and so, if we want to restore our planet, we have first of all to be open to having that perception transformed. We are slaves to a way of seeing the world that puts it out there, as an object to be controlled, and us as separated individuals trying to do the controlling, and that is why the damage is being done.

Our ecological consciousness needs to change.

Julian of Norwich was (probably) a 14th century woman who experienced a series of powerful revelations, about which she wrote with equal power. Her writings inspire people across the world. I want to suggest that her spirituality can help transform our ecological consciousness today, can help free our enslaved perceptions, our separated selves.

The reason I think Julian can help us is that her own subjectivity, her own self, was transformed by her revelations, not least because she was open to being transformed before they began. And the text she produced, because of its nature, can act on us like her revelations acted on her. Her text can in turn transform our subjectivity, if we are open to it. She does it by waking us up into an active, performative response. She does not mount a theological argument with which we can agree or disagree. She offers a *poetic* text, as philosopher-theologian Paul Ricoeur would put it, a text that awakens and transforms by the poetic power of its language.

[3] But the challenge is that in order to let it do so, we have to come to her text as disciples, not as critics. We come to her text to learn, as

supplicants who know our need. In so doing, like Julian we have already opened ourselves to the possibility of transformation.

Coming to a text, coming to anything, for that matter - as a disciple does not conform with the subjectivity we have inherited. Let me say a bit more about this. We are children of the Industrial Revolution, of the Enlightenment, of settled, arable communities who learned how to adapt the environment to our needs, rather than adapt our needs to the environment. We are used to thinking of our environment as something outside of us, to be arranged to our liking so as to produce what we need and want, when we want it. We are used to being in charge, not disciples.

The mindset that underlies this attitude towards the environment can be characterised as 'buffered', to introduce an adjective suggested by historian Charles Taylor, and *Gestell*, to introduce a concept suggested by philosopher Martin Heidegger. Taylor argues that the buffered self-emerged in the West over the five centuries 1500-2000, the period that includes the Reformation, the Enlightenment, and the Industrial Revolution. The buffered self sees herself as hermetically sealed off from others, needing to create relationship as one plus one plus one, rather than a porous self who is inherently in relationship, who knows 'I am because you are'. *Gestell* is a mindset which puts nature into what Heidegger calls "standing reserve", there waiting to be used, with no inherent value, only that which humans confer upon it. The harm done by the buffered, *Gestell* mindset might have been limited when there weren't so many of us, and we had not much technological power. Now we are vast in number, all^[4] looking to the environment to give us what we want, when we want it. And our technological power gives us the impression that we can make that happen. As the environmental historian J. McNeil has described so vividly and comprehensively: humanity has succeeded

in affecting and changing every sphere of the planet: the atmosphere with greenhouse gases; the hydrosphere with dams and pollution; the lithosphere with mining; the pedosphere with farming; and the biosphere with our rogue species status such that other species only survive if they can adapt to the human presence (for example rats and viruses), or if we have need of them (for example cattle and wheat).

But our apparent lordship of creation is an illusion. Heidegger argues that technology, far from serving humanity's needs, is now the dominant force, determining our futures. Technology is lord of creation. *Gestell* is what he calls a technological mindset, meaning the mind and heart are dictated to by technology.

I am suggesting, then, that these forces of relentless control and technological manipulation are why our planet is now betraying its fragility and roaring in pain. It is the buffered, *Gestell* mindset that has brought this tragedy about. And as with all tragedies, it is the character of the protagonist that determines the outcome of the story. Our *Gestell* characters will not, of themselves, change anything. Only if we transform is there any hope of the story changing. But we are enslaved, says Heidegger, buffered, says Taylor, deluded rogue lords of the universe, says McNeil.

So my entreaty to come to Julian as disciples, not masters, of her text, and learn from her, is no minor request. I am asking us to be open to ^[5]new way of being and seeing that might, just might, provide an escape route from slavery to *Gestell*. Julian's way of seeing her visions is not buffered, not *Gestell*, but porous, responsive, interactive, above all open to her vision's transformative power. And she writes of her experience in such a way that even today, hundreds of years later, her words offer the same direct, face to face encounter

with her visions that can transform us. It's what theologian Oliver Davies has called 'intimate communication'.

Do we acknowledge our need for help in facing the ecological crisis? Then let us come as disciples of the text, knowing we need to learn, with open hearts ready to participate in transformative encounter. The text can then work on us as Julian's revelations worked on her. It will be the *start* of a journey, as Julian recognised, when at the end of her long account of the marvels of her revelations, when her many words had finally run out and she had no more to say, she writes that her book 'is nott yett performyd', and hands over to us, her readers: '[God] will haue it knowyn more than it is', she writes (*Long Text* chapter 86).

Focus on the text itself

A note about method before we start to look at some text. We know that an anchoress called Julian of Norwich existed in the 14th and early 15th centuries from external evidence, including bequests that were left to her, and a contemporary account of a meeting with her by Margery Kempe. However, the *Short* and *Long Texts*, as they are known, in which the revelations are described so magnificently, are not capable of being attributed, for certain, to this historical Julian. The extant manuscripts are all dated long after the historical Julian died. We think Julian wrote them ^[6]because in the text itself she recounts that her revelations took place in May 1373. Other textual clues, together with circumstantial evidence, mean that most of us believe, even if we can't prove, that the historical Julian is indeed the author of the *Long* and *Short Text*. The best guesses put together this story: Julian was a householder in the 14th century who lost her

family to the plague. She herself fell ill when she was 30 years old, in 1373, and at the height of her fever, when she was very close to death, she experienced 16 revelations. She recovered, and then entered her anchorhold at the church of St Julian, where we are today. Here she stayed for the rest of her long life, living as an anchorite, contemplating her revelations and writing an account of them. But we cannot be completely certain about this.

I want to make a virtue of these problems of provenance. The uncertainty gives us permission to dispense with imagining ourselves as a 14th century audience, trying to interpret Julian through 15th-century ears and minds. We can come to her text as ourselves. We are 21st century human beings feeling increasingly lost and hopeless about the world we have inherited, and we have deep questions to ask. This is a great text, of lasting power, capable of being asked deep questions. So let's ask them.

You may, however, like to have a picture of Julian in your mind. You can think of her like this, which is how she describes herself in the text: sitting up in bed in her sickroom, in the early hours of a May morning, very close to death, at the crisis of her fever, but with her eyes fastened on a crucifix which her curate, standing at the foot of her bed, is holding before her. The crucifix is the external location of her revelations.

[7] And you can also picture her over many years reliving her visions, re-inspecting them with detailed, ever deepening care, as if they were a sacred text and she were undertaking a *lectio divina* (divine reading and contemplation) upon them. You can picture her forming a written text out of that contemplation. She writes of this in her text too. Is she sitting solitary in the anchorhold here? She does not say, but I can see her.

Wound

So - to the text. I am seeking to demonstrate how Julian enacts porous encounter with her revelations which in turn engender porosity of self, and offers us the same opportunity. She wrote a lot of words so I have selected a guiding theme: woundedness. The wounded self is by definition split open, unprotected, unbuffered, so it's a good place to start for our purposes. And the word 'wound' is etymologically close to 'wonder', as Mary-Jane Rubinstein has shown. Julian both asked to be wounded and maintains constant open wonderment at her revelations and in her writing about them.

Julian writes that when she was very young:

*I harde a man telle of halye kyrke of the stoyre of saynte Cecylle, in the whilke schewyngge I vndyrstode that sche hadde thre **wonndys** (my emphasis here and in the quotations hereafter) with a swerde in the nekke, with the whilke sche pynede to the dede. By the styrryngge of this I conseyvede a myghty desyre, prayande oure lorde god that he ^[8]wolde grawnte me thre **wonndys** in my lyfe tyme, that es to saye the **wonnde** of contricyoun, the **wonnde** of compassyoun and the **wonnde** of wylfulle langgyngge to god (Short Text, chapter 1).*

Julian's 'mighty desire' was answered: she writes that she received the wounds and that they 'dwellid contynually' with her (*Long Text*, chapter 2). From her early years, Julian wishes to remain constantly and consistently porous to God, and this is the attitude she holds

when her revelations begin. For the sake of time, I will focus on the first two of these three wounds: contrition and compassion.

Julian's wound of contrition or 'Reverent Dread'

One exquisite name Julian gives her wounded wonderment, perhaps especially associated with her first wound of contrition, is 'reverent dread'. The concept or, better, attitude, runs like a golden thread throughout her text. In Julian's careful definition of the phrase, it evokes an attitude of attentive, open, humble asymmetry of relationship with God, which in turn leads to an active, participative response to the revelations. The revelations are so important and so holy that our watching must be for the slightest move, our listening for the subtlest sound.

Reverent dread is at the performative heart of Julian's response right from the first vision:

And alle thys our lorde shewde in the furst syght, and gave me space and tyme to behold it. And the bodely syght styntyde, and the goostely sygte dweileth in my vnderstondyng. And I aboode with reuerent dreed, ioyeng in that I saw, and ^[9]desyeryng as I durst to see more, if it were hys wylle, or lengar tyme the same syght (Long Text, chapter 8).

Reverent dread is part of Julian's subjectivity, readily available and active in her, making her porous to the revelations and willing to see more or to look for longer at what she is shown, as God wills.

She knows how it is evoked:

For of alle thyng the beholdyng and the lorryng of the maker

makyth the soule to seme iest in his awne syght, and most fyllyth hit with reuerent drede (Long Text, chapter 6).

Steadily beholding and loving God, Julian's established habit, evokes reverent dread in the realisation of the 'littleness' of the soul - the opposite of the buffered, *Gestell*, rogue lord of the universe soul.

Although reverent dread reveals asymmetry and evokes a response, it does not do so by being fearful. It is associated for Julian with enjoyment and sweetness, such as when with 'speciall grace' God 'shewyth hym selfe to our soule' (*Long Text*, chapter 43). As our sight is 'onyd' with God, so then are we 'mervelously enjoyeng with reuerente drede and so grett swettnesse and delyght in hym' (*Long Text*, chapter 43). Reverent dread is thus a form of deep and joyful contemplation¹ whose asymmetrical humility energises the interactive encounter. It is inseparable from love. Love and reverent dread are, says Julian, 'bredryn and they are rotyd in vs by the goodnesse of oure maker' (*Long Text*, chapter 74). Love and reverent dread are interactive performers in the heart of our subjectivity and at the heart of Julian's niche of revelation, giving birth to more of themselves: the more we see God, the ^[10]more we love, the more reverent dread. The more it is practiced, the more it is understood, the softer it becomes, the more our subjectivity is transformed into or by it so that we no longer feel it as a separate entity to be employed but *who we are*: 'there is no drede that fully plesyth god in vs but reverent drede, and that is safte, fbr the more it is had, the less it is felte, for swetnesse of loue' (*Long Text*, chapter 74). Reverent dread is thus awoken not felt; is natural. Charles Taylor would say that it is a restoration of the porosity that is there already in our subjectivity, behind the buffered self.

Julian's wound of compassion: she is her even-Christians; she is everyman

Another way we might understand Julian's woundedness, especially perhaps her wound of compassion, is in her recurring insistence that she is identified with her 'evyn cristen'. She is not a special individual teacher of mystical truth but engaged in a 'joint project' with her readers. The revelations she experiences, the energy and passion of that encounter, are for all. We see together with her' Her method is to make herself invisible, in so doing enabling the creative encounter that she has experienced to be experienced directly, in turn, by her 'evyn cristen' that are her readers. This has consequences for Julian's own subjectivity, for that of her reader, and for the 'evyn cristen' themselves, as these are revealed to be everyman.

Julian's subjectivity is interwoven w'ith her reader who is her 'evyn cristen'. She insists that all that happens to her, all that she sees, is for her 'evyn cristen'. Thus, in the text, 'I' means 'evyn cristen'. Julian's subjectivity is already interactive, already in porous relationship:

^[11]*Alle that I say of mel mene in person of alle my evyn christen. (Long Text, chapter 8)*

If she looks just at herself she is nothing; she is one with her 'evyn cristen':

For yf I looke syngulery to my selfe I am ryght nought; but in generall I am, I hope, in onehede of cheryte with alle my evyn cristen (Long Text, chapter 9).

But in order for her 'evyn cristen' to receive as Julian has received, she must become almost invisible among us. Julian's self'-negation

makes her everyman, her soft porosity has her among us, an 'evyn cristen' herself, allowing others - us - to participate directly in porous encounter. She is softly present in her text, making possible the transformed subjectivity of her reader as she points to what we should look at, directly, ourselves, and as she shows in herself the attitude we should bring to our looking.

For us, the readers, the effect of Julian's identity with us is to engender participative response. We do not sit back and admire Julian as she and only she receives her 'marvellous' (*Long Text*, chapter 18, p. 296) revelations. We too receive them, by our performative, 'marvelling' porous participation. Julian scholar Nicholas Watson writes: 'For the slow, deliberative and prayerful reader, the written *Revelation of Love* must be, or be meant to become, the showing' (Watson 1992 p 96;). Julian's revelations are for all:

for alle this syght was shewde tn generale (Long Text, chapter 8).

Oliver Davies observes: 'the transformation which began as an interior movement in the soul of the mystic is itself incarnated in literary form and becomes communicable to those of us who come after'.

[¹²] Julian's intention is that the reverent dread she brings to her showings should be the same as that which her 'evyn cristen' will bring:

In alle this I was much steryde in cheryte to myne evyn christen, that they myght alle see and know the same

that I sawe (Long Text, chapter 8).

The meaning of the revelations will remain hidden if this participation is not entered into by the reader. Julian sees inwardly, 'by goostely syght', that which she cannot show as openly as she wishes, but the reader will see for herself better than Julian can describe, because her encounter will be direct:

but I trust in our lord god that he shall of his godnes and for iour loue make you) to take it more ghostely and more sweetly then I can or may tell it (Long Text, chapter 9).

The Julian of the text wishes us not to look at her but directly at what the revelations reveal: 'leue the beholding of a wrech that it rvas schewde to, and myghtely, wisely and mekely behold in god' (*Long Text*, chapter 8). Of course we, her readers, do look at Julian, because we learn from the way she encounters her revelations how we in turn should encounter them in their literary form in the text. Julian through her text demands the same porous, performative, interactive subjectivity of us as the revelations have done of her. Meaning, for us, then emerges in the performative encounter. It is our own contemplative, humble reverent dread -- not Julian's, even though we learn from her - that will activate the porous encounter between us and God in the revelations, to transform our subjectivity and consequently our way of seeing the world.

[13]The niche of participative encounter into which Julian draws us is for all:

evry man, aftyr the grace that god gevyth hym in vnderstandyng and lovyng, receyve them in our lordes

menyng. (*Long Text*, chapter 26).

So the 'evyn cristen' do not need to be thought of as fourteenth century people with fourteenth century ears, utterly different from our own, because the Julian of the text is addressing all 'evyn cristen', whoever and whenever we are: even when Julian is done, the book itself is 'noff yett performyd' (*Long Text*, chapter 86). The performative encounter *continues in her readers*, whoever and whenever we are. This means the category of 'evyn cristen' is at the very least porous to all, and quite possibly, in the end, inclusive of all. Reading Julian today places me, the reader of the text, among the 'evyn cristen', because the text is addressing me, whoever I am (I could be anyone, not necessarily a Christian). The invitation to performative porous interaction is, through Julian's identification as everyman, to all.

Some text to wound us by love

To show you what I mean in practice, I want to share just four passages from Julian which I hope we can receive in this porous, performative way, noticing how in each of them. Julian is not just sitting back and watching, she moves into the scene and participates as an essential actor, bringing it to life in her and in us if we, too, can imaginatively join her in the scene and let it work on us.

^[14] *In this he shewed a littil thing, the quantitye of an hesil nutt in the palme af my hand; and it was as round as a balle. I lokid thereupon with eye of my understondyng and thowte: 'What may this be?' And it was generally answered thus: 'It is all that is made.' I mervellid how it might lesten [ast], fbr rnehowte it*

might suddenly have fallen to nornte for littil. And I was answered in my understandyng: 'It leseth and ever shall, for God loveth it; and so allthing hath the[ir] being be the love of God' (Long Text, chapter 5).

So we can hold out our hand and look into our palm and see with our ghostly eyes this tender little thing and feel the love by which it is held by God.

Than with a glad chere our lord loked into his syde and beheld, enioyand; and with his swete lokyng he led forth the undersondyng of his creture be the same wound into his syde withinne. And than he shewid a faire delectabil place, and large enow for al mankynd that shal be save to resten in pece and in love... And with this our gode lord seyde ful blisfully,, 'Lo how that I lovid the', as if he had seid: 'My derling, behold and se they lord, thy God, that is thy maker and thyn endles ioy... This shewid our gode lord for to make us glad and mery (Long Text, chapter 24)

Again, let's participate in the vision; let's walk into Jesus' side through the wound made by a lance at his crucifixion, and find ourselves in the fair delectable place, and hear ourselves called 'darling' and feel ourselves loved in this peaceful, restful place from which none is excluded. We are ^[15]intimately participating in the visceral, material body of Christ; we are no more separate from our environment than he is.

The moder may geven hir child soken [of] her mylke, but our pretious moder lesus, he may fedyn us with himself; and doith full curtesly and full tenderly with the blissid sacrament that is pretious fode of very lif-.. .. The moder may leyn the child

tenderly to her brest, but our tender moder Iesus, he may homley leden us into his blissid brest be his swete open syde.. . gevyng the same vnderstondyng in this swete word wher he seith 'Lo, how I love the' (*Long Text*, chapter 60).

Lovely controversial mother Jesus! (More controversial today than in Julian's day, according to medieval scholar Santha Bhattacharji.) We reach his breast and feed from it through his wounded side; our food is eucharistic; bread and wine which earth has given and human hands have made; this is our environment and our treatment of it should be sacramental, not controlling.

*And fro that time that it [the revelations] was shewid I desired oftentimes to witten what was our lords mening. And xv yer after and more I was answerid in gostiy vnderstonding, seyand thus: 'Woldst thou wetten thi lords mening in this thing? Wete it wele: love was his meuing. Who shewid it the? Love' What shewid he the? Love. Wherfore shewid it he? For love . Hold the therin ancl thou shalt witten and knotten more in the same; but thou shalt never knowen ne witten therein other thing without end' (*Long Text*, chapter 86).*

[16] **Relating Julian's Wounds to the Twenty-First Century Ecological Challenge**

I have suggested that the cause of the ecological crisis facing the twenty first century is the enslavement to *Gestell* that has bound us into making nature an object, seeking to control it, and doing so much harm. We are buffered selves and we must restore our porosity to the world around us: this is the primary ecological challenge.

Technological solutions arising from the belief that we can control nature will only cause more unintended harm. Restoring our porosity gives us the chance to learn from nature; learn and respond, not dominate and control.

Julian's embodiment and enactment of woundedness offer an example of porosity and they also invite her readers, through the intimate power of her language, to be summoned and transformed into wounded porosity ourselves. The move is a theological one but not in the sense that Julian has constructed theological arguments by which we may or may not be persuaded. Julian's writing manifests truth through its poetry: it does not demonstrate it through argument. Just as she allows her revelations to summon and change herself whom her asked-for wounds have already made porous, so her readers are invited to be summoned by her text, allowing it to change us. Our willingness to be summoned is our awakening to porosity, the first stirrings of the slave who seeks to escape captivity from a Gestell subjectivity. Our allowing ourselves to be changed means we are on the road to recovery.

[17] Julian teaches us that porosity is the state in which transformation of heart and behaviour becomes possible. The technological self is able to be transformed if it is open and receptive. The implication from Julian, however, is that porosity has to be asked for and received as a gift; that is to say, it requires recognition of a giver. In Julian's case this is God. For a deep ecologist it might be nature itself. It is an openness to a greater other at which we can wonder. Wound and wonder are very close; our wonderment evokes our woundedness. 20th century mystic Evelyn Underhill teaches a practical contemplation in which we open ourselves to simply seeing any aspect of creation, anything 'from Alp to insect'. Simply and openly receive whatever is before you, and 'old boundaries will

vanish' she says, and you will learn that Saint Francis was 'accurate as well as charming' when he wrote of Brother Wind and Sister Water. We receive our wounded porosity as a gift.

Julian also indicates that our woundedness has to be sustained. Our porous subjectivity is not an initial impulse into enquiry that then leaves us, but a way of being in and with the world. We have to wonder at the Earth and *stay* wondering. Theologian Philip Sheldrake points out that the resurrected Christ remains wounded: wounds are an 'icon of the risen life'. Our attempts to cease the harm we do and to restore the health of the Earth spring from a sustained openness to its need, like Simone Weil's description of prayer, which is simply to say to our neighbour: 'what are you going through?'

If we, Julian's readers, are part of everyman, our personal responsibility is universalised. My actions have their on-going effect like ripples which, once created, never cease. Harmful actions are in no one's ^[18]interests, including my own. I am drawn in as everyman to Julian's 'unperformyd' unfinished work; open to the hitherto unimagined possibilities of how we might live with the Earth without harming it. We have not seen that way, yet. We must believe we can.

The ecological consciousness that emerges from a porosity learned from Julian's wounds can be summarised as one which empties itself of its own concerns and priorities, simply contemplating the Earth, allowing boundaries to dissolve, allowing the underlying interdependence and relationality to be seen and acknowledged. Then and only then can we even begin to imagine, design, invest in ways of living with the Earth without harming it, because only then will our responses be in tune with the Earth's needs. And any other way to respond becomes unthinkable - just as slavery is unthinkable to our 21st century selves, when once it seemed indispensable to the

economy. Out of our steady, contemplative, prayerful looking emerges wonder at what is; thankfulness for it as gift; recognition that every part of it is loved by God; humility in the face of the beauty and wisdom it manifests; and sense of responsibility towards it and each other, experienced as service, not control. 'Wit it well,' Julian is shown and shows us: 'Love was his meaning.'

Coda

I mentioned that after I had defended my doctoral thesis, on which this lecture draws, I was diagnosed with cancer: myeloma, an incurable cancer of the blood. Julian ceased to be the subject of my academic enquiry and became my companion. She taught me to walk towards the pain, to be porous to it, and stay porous to it over two and a half gruelling years of ^[19]treatment. This may sound strange but I became a servant of the cancer. It's not a bad thought, it's a true thought. You get cancer, you have to address it: everything else steps back so its needs can be served. In preparation for the chemotherapy sessions and the stem cell transplant, I exercised, preparing like an astronaut so my body would be better able to receive the assault of the necessary, healing poison. I dressed carefully, respectfully, and well, in lovely strong colours, chestnut, mustard yellow, rich red, forest green, I put on makeup and pearls and walked with my head held high to the Cancer Centre for the tunnel of hard things that was the chemotherapy and its horrible aftermath, week after week after week. I walked towards the pain. And in so doing the bitterness of the cancer dissolved and was replaced by... joy. Joy. That's amazing, isn't it? For cancer to be a source of joy? Julian showed me how to do that. To be porous to the pain.

And as with that very particular, personal example, so with the horrifying global challenges of our day. We walk towards them, tell the truth of them, refuse to be deflected by blame and hatred and anger. Cultivate fearlessness in the face of truth. I do not know how, dear friends, but I do believe, that in so doing we will find how to serve our world and each other, and we will find joy. Herewith, says God to Julian, herewith is the fiend overcome.

Thank you.

Claire Foster-Gilbert



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1. Colledge and Walsh characterise Julian's *reuerente drede* as 'contemplation' (Colledge and Walsh, 1978 p. 582.35 fn).