

# Folio Nineteen

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## Jesus, Our Prayer <sup>1</sup>

*Jesus is OUR PRAYER:*

*Abba communing with us,*

*We communing with Abba.*

*To pray is to identify with Jesus*

*...Through the gift of His grace...*

*And thus, COMMUNE –*

*Trustingly.....from the heart, in deep dependence,*

*Humbly.....from “one’s inner room, in secret”, <sup>2</sup>*

*Confidently.....knowing, like Jesus, we are profoundly loved,*

*Faithfully.....certain, that Abba-Yahweh is surpassingly faithful,*

*Longingly.....reflecting our dignity as pilgrim sons and daughters,*

*Lovingly.....tenderly, affectionately with Abba whom we love,*

*Eucharistically.....in union with others, as Christ’s Body, in his Passover.*

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Year 3 Prayer Ministry.

1 Poem 360 Taringa Community Brisbane, June 2001.

2 cf Mt 6:6

## As Our Brother God ! <sup>1</sup>

*“And the Father’s Dream-for-Us was given flesh,  
And pitched His tent among ours ;  
And we sensed His profound dignity,  
The dignity that is His  
As the Father’s Beloved ...  
Nearest to Abba’s heart.” <sup>2</sup>*

*Abba, we affectionately ask You,*

*To pour forth Your HESED*

*... Your Covenanted LOVING KINDNESS –*

*Into our expectant hearts.*

*Thus graced, we ...for whom Your Beloved’s ENFLESHING*

*Enables us to identify with Your Covenant’s unfolding ...*

*Are, by Jesus’ sacrifice of His life,*

*Taken up into His Transformative Humanity !*

*Here, en-Spirited, we are drawn into Your Glory,*

*. As our BROTHER-GOD ...*

*Into Your kinship of love !*

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Year 3 Prayer Ministry.

1 Poem 361 Taringa Community Brisbane, July 2001.

2 Cf Jn 1:14, 18 freely translated.

## A Heart's Breath Away <sup>1</sup>

*Encompassed by Mystery,  
By Mystery seduced ...  
Mystery centres all our loving :  
The true home of all our dreams.*

*Mystery readies the heart to choose Itself ...  
In Mystery, our spirits rest, content ...  
Spirits, members of each other,  
At home in Mystery's depths.*

*For each, Mystery is a heart's breath away ...  
Calling from our emotions' deep source.  
Within Mystery, thus, are our spirits homed ...  
There, anger's anxious fears rest ...stilled.*

*Our hearts' comfort: within Mystery, embraced ...  
The sea of our longing wells within,  
Its shoreline found, by journeys into trust ;  
Surrender found, as Mystery draws forth our hearts.*

*Love incandesces within this sea of Mystery ...  
Filling those, empty of self, with luminous self-giving ...  
Truly at home, in the heart of others' spirits ...  
Becoming peace to a world, weary of mistrust.*

*Thus, all need to be servants of their dream,  
Because their dreams are lodged in Mystery :  
By becoming servants, in a Mystery-seeking quest,  
They're freed to become Love's own guest.*

## A Retreatant's Heart <sup>1</sup>

*A RETREATANT'S HEART is a special GIFT*

*Abba loves to treasure*

*... Just as He does, the heart of His Beloved.*

*– Because a retreat is, fundamentally,*

*Something God does*

*For us, In us, and With us.*

*Our heart's grace is singular*

*–To wait,*

*Empty and hopeful ... like the farmer for spring rains,*

*To wait for Abba's loving initiative*

*... All through the retreat.*

*A retreatant's heart needs to be,*

*A sensitive, discerning one.*

*Symbols*

*... Arising out of our dreams, or from nature enfolding us,*

*Or from experiencing Scripture and Eucharist ...*

*Are the gateways and portals that our hearts need*

*For our inner journeyings*

*... Into truer experiences of Love*

*... Into surrendering to Mystery.*

*To enhance this process, to deepen it,*

*We need to ALLOW the heightening of our outer senses*

*– A frequent retreat grace –*

*To make our inner – “heart's” – senses responsive and intuitive.*

*The heart of the retreatant needs to be particularly RECEPTIVE,*

*Rather than questing, and being proactive.*

*An open, sensitive heart delights Abba*

*In His yearning to commune with us.*

*Indeed, openness to His Spirit's PROMPTINGS*

*Needs to be our heart's*

*New 'normal'*

*– Its mainstream, ever-sensitive state of readiness.*

*Such a perceptive, prayerful heart*

*'Returns' to these Spirit-moments,*

*In the graced unfolding of the retreat*

*... Be they understated, or dramatic,*

*... Be they, consoling, affirming, or even revealing our resistance.*

*'Returning' thus, with a listening heart,*

*Deeply respects the Spirit's eagerness to communicate,*

*And honours the Spirit's chameleon methods!*

*Indeed, it allows us to discover, repeatedly,*

*That it is the Spirit, NOT US,*

*Who both expands our vision and dreams,*

*And removes barriers to our COMMUNING :*

*"The Lord will do the fighting for you :*

*You have only to keep STILL." <sup>2</sup>*

*More trustingly,*

*'Returning' allows God's Mystery*

*To touch ours, at ever deeper levels,*

*– Ultimately transforming, Christianising, our 'core' emotions.*

*... So more and more we see, hear, and perceive,*

*As Jesus does.*

*Moreover, a retreatant's heart is a thankful one :*

*A sensitive, open, prayerful heart*

*Is, instinctively, a EUCHARISTIC one,*

*Allowing –*

*The flow of awe, the surging of passions,*

*The intimacies of communing,*

*To settle into the rhythm*

*... Of Jesus' own CENTERING*

*Paschal Mystery !*

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1 Poem 363 Douglas Park 30 Day Retreat Sydney, Aug 4<sup>th</sup> – Sep 5<sup>th</sup> 2001.

Author's spiritual director was SR. YVONNE PARKER S.G.S. It was lightly based on the Ignation model. A group of 9. No common input.

2 Ex 14:14



## Homecoming Banquet <sup>1</sup>

*Every Eucharist is a homecoming banquet.*

*Abba, call me home to You, daily*

*... As You did to Jesus, personally, in His life*

*... And as You do to US-IN-JESUS, through the Grace of Adoption,*

*Within His Ascended Person.*

*Seal my spirit, with Your Homecoming SEAL*

*– The Spirit of Homecoming*

*... Whose scriptural symbol is the homeing pigeon.*

## In Your Arms <sup>1</sup>

*I feel really at home  
In Your arms, Abba  
– Truly, as close as Your Eucharistic Son  
... So close, I can sense  
The beating of Your heart  
... Constant, comforting,  
... Encompassing,  
... Fatherly.*

## A Family Resemblance to Jesus <sup>1</sup>

*Abba, as Scripture lovingly teaches,  
You are deeply attracted to me  
And to each of us,  
And want to unite Yourself to each personally.  
Is it because I have that family resemblance to Jesus ?  
If so, I'm so honoured to be one with Your Beloved Son,  
And glorify You, when people compliment me  
For being just a little like Jesus, my brother –  
The very one who introduced me to Your Family !  
Also, like Jesus, I love Loyce <sup>2</sup>  
– For constantly putting me in touch with everyone,  
And with Your creation.*

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1 Poem 366 Day 1, Douglas Park, 30 day Retreat, Sydney, Aug 5<sup>th</sup> 2001.

2 My familiar name for the Spirit—from LOVE JOY AND PEACE--- (Loycee)

## A Brother's Face <sup>1</sup>

*Of the earth, am I,  
An earthen being, am I  
Yet...only a heartbeat away  
From Mystery!*

*I, in time, attract Mystery's eye ...  
A gaze brimming with affection.  
Yes! Mystery smiles a smile for me,  
Lavishing love, ever so gently on me.  
And ... as I am DRAWN within,  
Mystery lights up my waking spirit, alive with Life  
– Cascading gifts of intimacy, caresses of delight upon me,  
Wholly ... ENVELOPING me, in love!*

*And Mystery unveils a face, a face of pure EQUALITY,  
A face like mine, a brother's face!  
... I fall in love with Him ...  
He surprises me – covenanting His love for me, through self-sacrifice  
... Sealed in His own, human-red blood!  
His profound compassion FILLS my ever-distracted spirit  
... Wedding my heart to His!*

*My Brother draws me ever-deeper into Mystery itself*

*And so, en-Spirited with His LIKENESS,*

*I truly feel FATHERED by Mystery :*

*Feeling familied, feeling at home,*

*Feeling re-born, feeling LIKE A SON*

*– Mystery's son, like Mystery's very own Son, Jesus.*

*Amazingly, Jesus wants to live His very own life, in me !*

*And gifts me, with His own New Life, to be lived in Him !*

*Such indescribable INTIMACY !*

*Such depthless EMPATHY !*

*Such heart-bursting JOY !*

*Such pure PEACE !*

*... Mystery's Love shared ...*

## Close To Your Heart <sup>1</sup>

*Thanks Abba, for letting me stay*

*... So tranquilly and contentedly ...*

*Close to Your heart*

*– There, to share in Your deep love for Jesus,*

*And in His outpouring of love for You ...*

## Re-Arranging My Whole World <sup>1</sup>

*Loyce, thank You for shadowing me <sup>2</sup>*

*All day long*

*... Seemingly re-arranging my whole world,*

*Re-setting my chemistry, even my personal exchanges,*

*Re-scheduling sunshine and skyscape*

*– Making it easier for me,*

*To be receptive, to surrender to Abba ...*

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1 Poem 369 Day 2, Douglas Park, 30day Retreat, Sydney, Aug 6<sup>th</sup> 2001: Feast of The Transfiguration.

2 My familiar name for the Spirit—from LOVE, JOY AND PEACE... (Loycee)

## A Table of Plenty <sup>1</sup>

*Abba, I really long  
For a deeper, vaster, measureless  
Emptiness of spirit  
– And, a deeply relaxed body,  
To reflect and express this.*

*Abba, make Yourself at home in my heart  
– With Your whole family as well  
– With ALL Your friends, most welcome here.*

*Abba, I'd love You to gift me  
With true smallness of self  
– So there cannot be any space, or time,  
For my old self  
To intrude its pride and envy, its anger and lust.*

*My deep desire, Abba,  
Is for You to grace me with peace  
... At Your Table of Plenty ...  
Resting in simplicity, in deepest trust ...  
In heartbeat closeness to Your Eternity.*



## The Spirit's Chameleon Presence <sup>1</sup>

*The Spirit is truly a chameleon spirit*

*Revealing a rainbow Presence ...*

*In the twists of the wind, in the silence of stillness,*

*In earth-quaking upheavals, in the humming crescendos of cicadas*

*... In the near infinite forms of nature's variations*

*... Through night and day, and every seasonal change*

*... Across every micro and macro world*

*– SIMULTANEOUSLY revealing a Presence of endless variety !*

*Yet, all this is simply within the physical creation !*

*What of the Spirit's wondrously layered personal Presence*

*Within our own spirits, minds, emotions, and imagery ?*

*The Spirit, as a friend, is wondrously subtle and suggestive*

*– Effortlessly achieving a myriad of spiritual effects,*

*– Within an incalculable number of human minds :*

*... Seeding our CONSCIOUSNESS with graced thoughts,*

*... Moving our SUB-CONSCIOUS to prompt our spirits,*

*Thus, the Spirit's Presence emerges*

*In that emotionally energized interplay of body and spirit*

*... So suitable for the Spirit's under-stated "quickenings" and enlivening.*

*Yet, it is within the sanctuary of each one's personal UNCONSCIOUS*

*... The Spirit's specially chosen dwelling place ...*

*That deep personal intimacy with the Divine Spirit can be experienced,*

*Yet, this is a sanctuary mysteriously where willing spirits unite*

*Without any evidentiary knowledge of their UNION !*

*Thus, the capacity for union with the Divine Spirit*

*WITHIN HUMANITY ITSELF*

*Far surpasses physical nature's capacity*

*To in-spire us to openness to such union,*

*Be that*

*... Those shifting traceries of shadows on lawns under sunlit trees,*

*... That scintilla of sparkles and spangles atop a million dancing wavelets*

*On a stretch of sun kissed seawater,*

*... And those countless micro-explosions, of raindrops on puddled soil,*

*Under assault from an afternoon tropical thunderstorm !*

*Still, the SPIRITUAL dimension of humanity surpasses all of these !*

*And WITHIN humankind – between US,*

*The Spirit's Presence is more intense ...*

*The more PERSONAL our graced relationship is with the Spirit.*

*The Spirit's Presence is, truly, a Mystery !*

## A Single Cell – The Seed of Glory <sup>1</sup>

*Abba, You are ETERNALLY creative in our lives  
Loving to create  
Life-filled relationships of TRUST:  
You do this, most importantly, for each person, within,  
So we can trust our own mysterious inner-self,  
— Within every friendship, or relationship of ours, based on trust,  
... To allow all these to be anchored in the bedrock of Mystery.  
... O Sustain us Loving Abba,  
As we linger, hesitantly, on the threshold of instinctive trust !*

*For ALL these relationships we thank You, Abba*

*— The Mystery*

*Cradling all possibilities of trust  
In welcoming, loving and knowing hands.*

*O Creator Lover,  
You love all that You have made ...  
Eternally loving goodness INTO us all ...  
Nurturing growth and trust wherever it appears !*

*Thus Abba, You are so unbelievably worthy of our thanks:*

*Ours is the PRIVILEGE among all creatures*

*— Together with the angelic choirs —*

*To HONOUR Your Creative Love*

*With KNOWING hearts*

*And SINGING spirits !*

*For us, not to love Creation*  
— *And surpassingly, each person in the Risen Jesus the New Creation —*  
*Is to deny the Mystery of Christ's own Personhood*  
*That forever transcends the universe for which He is —*  
*The fountain and the goal, the Alpha and the Omega !*  
*All Glory to You, O Abba, in Christ Jesus !*

*The Inner-Glory, for You, Abba,*  
*Is that Incandescent Love*  
*Between Yourself and Your Son*  
— *The very PERSON*  
*Of the Spirit of Creativity !*

*The Outer Glory, for You, Abba,*  
*Is creation, luminously renewed IN Jesus,*  
*Ascending to Your Fatherly Embrace.*  
*Truly, Your Ascended Son*  
*Is the most worthy voice of all creation*  
*To SING Your Glory !*

*Even in His human origins*  
*In that single cell*  
— *That drew earth to Heaven*  
*And gifted Heaven to earth —*  
*There was the seed of Imperishable Glory*  
*... That Divine Paschal seeding of humanity, IN Christ*  
*Destined to be “the praise of Your Glory” !* <sup>2</sup>

*Abba,*  
*While billions of suns, in billions of galaxies,*  
*Blanch and fade in Your Incomparable Brilliance,*  
*The true wonder of creation*  
*Is that we, sinning human beings all,*  
*Can behold*  
*The incandescent splendour of Your Creative Love*  
*Aglow in the compassion in the eyes of Jesus !*

*It is only THROUGH Jesus' eyes of love and longing,*  
*When You raise Jesus, already in His Risen Beauty,*  
*To Your lips and to Your heart,*  
*That we can feast, with His gaze,*  
*On Your unfathomable goodness ...*  
*And would die, from excess of love,*  
*Were it not for Jesus' own Eternal Life*  
*Pulsing in our hearts ...*

*We would, were it not for Jesus, our brother in Glory*  
*— Be crushed, in utter ecstasy, by Your Beauty, Abba !*  
*— Be overwhelmed, by Your Wondrous Creativity !*  
*— Be blinded, by the awesome brilliance of Your Truth !*  
*... All that remains, for us,*  
*Is to adore You, Abba,*  
*With that awe-struck heart of Jesus*  
*Who simply ADORES You, Eternally ...*  
*In the Spirit of Wonder !*

Special Note 1. Author: “During the writing of this poem, I received the grace of Abba’s Wedding Invitation. I accepted. I was given the time and place—at tomorrow’s 5pm Eucharist.”

Special Note 2. Author: “The evening, Aug 6<sup>th</sup>, the text for Abba’s Wedding Vow was given to me, straight from Scripture—I did not search for it: it was given to me—in a ‘blind’ opening of the Bible.” (Below)  
ABBA’S WEDDING VOW [Ezek 16:8, 14b] N.R.S.V.  
“I passed by you again  
And looked on you—  
You were at the age of love:  
I spread my cloak over you  
And covered your nakedness.  
I pledged myself to you  
And entered into a covenant with you,  
Says the Lord...  
And you became mine...  
Your beauty was perfect,  
Because of my splendour  
That I had bestowed on you,  
Says the Lord God.”

Special Note 3 “My Own WEDDING VOW, used the next day...at the Wedding within the 5 pm Eucharist, was informal and unscripted. However, I gave it permanent form, the following day, Day 4 Aug 8, as in Poem 375.”

Special Note 4. “The next morning, that is, the morning of the Wedding Day, Day 3 Aug 7<sup>th</sup>. I wrote two poems, Poem 373 and Poem 374 as a Wedding preparation.”

## Sharing in Abba's Glory <sup>1</sup>

*O Spirit of the New Covenant of Love,* <sup>2</sup>

*I ask for the grace*

*Of a really deep — ETERNAL — sense*

*Of sharing in Abba's Glory — The Paschal Love of His Beloved !*

*I ask, also, for the grace*

*Of 'OPEN HANDS' to life :*

*... Open to RECEIVE, to being gifted,*

*... Open to GIVE, to surrendering all,*

*... Open to Abba's love FLOWING FREELY*

*— Streaming, cascading, flooding my spirit,*

*As it flows on to others,*

*To further spread His Kingdom of Love.*

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<sup>1</sup> Poem 373 Day 3, Douglas Park, 30 day Retreat, Sydney, Aug 7<sup>th</sup> 2001.

OUR WEDDING DAY!

## El Shaddai <sup>1</sup>

*On this, Your Holy Mountain, El Shaddai ... <sup>2</sup>*  
*Moses is the human heart of Covenant FAITH,*  
*Elijah, the human heart of zealous HOPE,*  
*And Jesus, the human heart of compassionate LOVE*  
*— With His heart so eager, so bursting with love,*  
*It encompasses the infinite goodness*  
*Which You, Abba, had fathered in Him*  
*... From His conception, in that single cell, <sup>3</sup>*  
*That so WEDDED Your Dream to ours*  
*... And now, weds Your Person to mine !*

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1 Poem 374 Day 3, Douglas Park, 30 day Retreat, Sydney, Aug 7<sup>th</sup> 2001.

### OUR WEDDING DAY!

- 2 A direct reference to the Gospel of the previous day to the Mount of the Transfiguration...and to Abba's Wedding Invitation to me, then.  
3 See Poem 372.

### Special Note 1.

Author: "This is my original entry into my earlier poetry book, for the Wedding".

### WEDDING DAY

CEREMONY: 5pm MASS, DAY 3, AUG7th, 2001.  
WITNESSES: MARY OF CARMEL; LOYCE, THE ETERNAL.  
In Christ Jesus, I was wed to Abba.  
...A post-Transfiguration grace  
...Truly my life's TURNING POINT!  
...A CLEAR SHIFT IN MY IDENTITY!

### Special Note 2.

The liturgy for the Wedding was for Tuesday in the 18<sup>th</sup> week of the Year. Later, in 2004, using all three readings (and poems and hymns etc.), I re-constructed the whole Wedding, quite faithfully, and inserted it into my then new DAILY PRAYER BOOK—for use as weekly prayer, and for anniversaries. Found in week 1, pp25-32 of the book.



## You Caressed My Feet <sup>1</sup>

*My Wedding Vow* <sup>2</sup>

*Young was I*

*When You proposed ...*

*Time hurried by ...*

*So long betrothed.*

*Your Promise, SURE :*

*You walked with me*

*Through seasons poor ...*

*Wavering, my heart*

*Naked my shame :*

*Softly, softly*

*You caressed my feet ...* <sup>3</sup>

*Then took my hand,*

*Renewed Your Pledge,*

*Surrender came ...*

*Like the dawn !*

*Days of sunshine ...*

*Nights of love!*

*Ravish my heart !*

*Invade my home !*

*Trail Your Perfume*

*Through golden days ...*

*I rest content*

*With Your intent.*

*Make me Your own :*

*Shape my heart*

*For Your repose,*

*Let my life*

*Entwine in Yours ...*

*I'll promise You —*

*'Your servant BE' !*

*Our lamp of love —*

*Enhance its glow ...*

*On through death*

*Let our love flow ...*

*To blossom*

*In Eternity.*

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1 Poem 375 Day 4, Douglas Park, 30 day Retreat, Sydney, Aug 8<sup>th</sup> 2001.

2 See Special Note 3. In Poem 372.

3 See text of Special Note 2. In Poem 372.

Also scripturally, in the Old Testament, a sign of wedding intent—in effect the proposal—was for the husband-to-be to cover the bare feet, “your nakedness,” of the reclining bride-to-be, with his own cloak or garment.

Special Note:

An important scripture was given to me, AS A NEWLY WED, for REFLECTION:

“Let the same mind be in you,  
Which was in Jesus, the Messiah,  
Who, though He was in the form of God,  
Did not regard equality-with-God  
As something to be exploited  
--But emptied Himself,  
Taking the form of a slave,  
Being born in human likeness.  
And being found in human form,  
He humbled Himself  
And became obedient to the point of death,  
Even death on a cross.” Phil 2: 5-8 (N.R.S.V.)

At the same time, I was given this hymn, AS A NEWLY WED, for REFLECTION

1 “I fall on my knees to You, Father of Jesus,  
Our Lord who has shown us, the Glory of God!”

REFRAIN:

May Christ find a dwelling place, of faith in our hearts;  
May our lives be rooted in love, rooted in love.

2 May You in Your love, give us strength for our living,  
The strength of Your Spirit: the Glory of God!”

## The Cedar Planted in Our Soul <sup>1</sup>

*God's First Born Son*  
*Set aside heaven's garment,*  
*... Divinity ...*  
*Adorned with its unique colouration*  
*... Eternity ...*  
*And was planted in the earth, with us.*

*Here, He blossomed, and grew into a Cedar ...*  
*But, again, surrendered His inheritance...*

*Being cut down*  
*In the beauty of His humanity*  
*... As earth's beloved ...*  
*— Cut down to, fulfil a new contract:*  
*To be milled, shaped, and polished,*  
*And built into the Temple of the Lord!*

*He marvelled at His fate:*  
*Life had turned full circle*  
*— From being Son of Eternity,*  
*... Emptying Himself ... <sup>2</sup>*  
*To now becoming Abba's Temple!*  
*As such, His very humanity, His UPLIFTED body-spirit,*  
*Became the cherished dwelling place*  
*Of Heaven's Beloved*  
*... The MEETING PLACE of His people ...*  
*— Wedding earth to Heaven!*

*But we? What of us, His earth-brothers and sisters?*

*For those who stayed “closest to His heart”,<sup>3</sup>*

*He re-claimed His Eternal Inheritance*

*... Divine Kinship ...*

*To share with us!*

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1 Poem 376 Day 4, Douglas Park, 30 day Retreat, Sydney, Aug 8<sup>th</sup> 2001.

2 Phil 2:7

3 cf. Jn 1:18

## River Moss <sup>1</sup>

*Abba, I'm Your river moss – <sup>2</sup>*

*Your dew pearls glisten*

*On my green,*

*Spangling in Your Sun.*

*Let Your love flow out of me*

*Streaming, cascading with life,*

*Flooding my spirit,*

*Flowing into others' spirits*

*... Enlivening theirs,*

*Receiving life and love from theirs –*

*To join their own streams*

*As ONE – one sacrifice of praise !*

*Enraptured in love !*

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1 Poem 377 Day 4, Douglas Park, 30 day Retreat, Sydney, Aug 8<sup>th</sup> 2001.

2 A shallow, sunlit section of the upper Nerang River, which circumscribed the Douglas Park Retreat Centre, provided the stimulus for this poem.

Author's comment: "This poem is an image of wedded joy; also an image of a missionary marriage, focussed on others—brothers and sisters of Jesus--- Abba's beloved children."

## Our Intimate Journey <sup>1</sup>

*Abba, I ask of You*  
*The companionship of the Spirit,*  
*To ENABLE, and to VIVIFY, our wedded love,*  
*And always to call to my mind – my healing journey,*  
*Our intimate journey together.*

*I ask for the gift of Jesus' wounds*  
*Before I die*  
*–As a seal to our wedding*  
*'So that I will not pass into glory, more intact than Jesus' <sup>2</sup>*  
*... Your Beloved.*

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<sup>1</sup> Poem 378 Day 5, Douglas Park, 30 day Retreat, Sydney, Aug 9<sup>th</sup> 2001.

<sup>2</sup> Unsure of the author.

## My Bones Danced Again <sup>1</sup>

*I was a dead man, Lord Jesus,  
My heart calloused by sin :  
My guilt, pushed secretly aside  
Into the dark recesses of my heart ...  
Clogging the arteries of Your Life within me.  
I coughed up blood, Your blood,  
    'Til long past noon ...  
And, drained of Your Life  
– With its pulsating love –  
    I died.*

*Gluttons did their squabbling work,  
Leaving me ... a skeletal figure,  
Skewed on the very crossroads of life !*

*As Your sun's rays re-lit my lamp of life,  
That rattle of bones ... twitched !  
    Sinews grew anew ...  
Tissue flushed, fresh and pink,  
Flesh pulsed with blood again.  
Tenderness, a long lost sense,  
Warmed my heart ... out to my finger-tips  
Then – luminous within, as the day's dawning without –  
    Light shone from WITHIN my heart,  
And, what had first been lost, now was first restored :  
My SPIRIT flamed again, with THE DELIGHTS OF LOVE !*

*Like birds at dawn, my voice caught song !*  
*Once again my bones flexed, into the rhythms of old :*  
*My bones –they danced again !*  
*My bones danced Your Easter dawn-light in ...*  
*Amid a cheering throng !*  
*My bones danced again, danced to the rhythm*  
*Of Your soaring Song !*  
*Your Song of Life ! Your Spirit-Song ! Your Song Divine !*

*Then came the NEWS !*  
*– A universe of suns reared back in awe –*  
*That ‘throng’, were THE NEW CHILDREN of a Loving God*  
*Of a God estranged to me ...our Abba God,*  
*Whose call to Love of Life, to Liberty,*  
*To a New Humanity*  
*Was now, ENFLESHED, and radiant with GLORY ...*  
*In the One who gathers all to Himself, as FAMILY*  
*– You, my Lord Jesus !*  
*Who now has spun ahead ...*  
*To lead us all in the Dance of Joy !*

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1 Poem 379 Day 5 Douglas Park, 30 day Retreat, Sydney, Aug 9<sup>th</sup> 2001.

Special Note:-

See special booklet, containing the drama I wrote that, quite differently echoes this poem—“THE WOING OF SUSAN.”



