

**Folio Twenty**

# Folio Twenty

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*\*written to be sung*

## He Pitched His Tent among Us <sup>1</sup>

*The Tent of Meeting was a wilderness tent*

*... ‘The Servant’s Sojourn’ ;*

*A cloud, suffused with light, enfolded it in mystery.*

*This Mystery Cloud seduced me –*

*I tentatively approached*

*... Superficially disengaged, but deeply attracted.*

*An altar stood before the Tent.*

*Inscribed on it, were the words –*

*“To enter requires*

*The blood of one without blemish*

*–That of a totally selfless one –*

*To be poured out*

*Upon*

*This Altar of Sacrifice*

*... This Altar of Dreams.”*

*I went to go forward, but could not !*

*Nor back!*

*... Years passed ...*

*Seemingly, the passing seasons’ sun and moon*

*Danced duets to the pattern of my pain ...*

*Still ... my heart opened, little by little*

*– Opened to forgiveness*

*For my past attitude,*

*At once, both presumptuous and uncommitted.*

Then,  
There stepped from the Tent, HIS Tent,  
A man ... with a strangely familiar face,  
A face scarred, with healed lesions.  
He led me ... with a once-pierced left hand,  
Almost to the Altar of Sacrifice and Dreams.  
Here, he lifted me in arms, also scarred,  
And carried me beyond ...  
Through the Cloud,  
Into HIS Tent.

There to my delight and surprise,  
He invited me to recline together,  
And, face to face, to share in a glorious banquet  
... With many others like myself  
– Crushed spirits, RENEWED !

All were gathered in, by this WOUNDED ONE

Our servant-leader

Who, uplifting each, had carried us, one by one,  
Past the Altar's threshold.

In hushed tones, the others murmured

“He's journeyed to the Altar

– Of His Sacrifice, and of our Dreams –

Many times before.”

His only words to me

... “Make this your home: it will fulfil all your dreams” ...

Struck me to the heart!

As I looked to him,

His welcoming eyes were those of a brother I had never known

– Surpassingly heartening, and intimate.

*I sensed another Presence there,  
But saw no one  
... Yet felt a wondrous fatherly regard  
In all my newly revealed brother did and said.*

*And yet, another Presence still ;  
It had as many facets as the enfolding Mystery itself  
... The incensed air, the Altars fire, the encompassing company,  
As well as our servant-leader's words of blessing  
Over the bread we ate, and the wine we drank ;  
But most of all THIS Presence  
Radiated from The Cloud  
... Which it luminously lit WITHIN !*

## Our Light of Love <sup>1</sup>

*The Oneing Presence in our lives  
The Spirit who is breath for us,  
The Spirit who is flame for us,  
– The Spirit who is song for us,  
The Spirit who is light for us –  
This Spirit is One IN US !*

*The world's Light and we are One,  
Wed together in this Spirit-Breath  
– Two flames of love, two breaths,  
Become One.*

*Each of us is, as a candle, lit by the Lights of Love.  
These flames of light ... touched by the Spirit-Breath  
Flicker and play a pattern of delight  
In others' lives.  
Yet, these same candle-flames of love  
Can ignite a furnace blast of passion:  
A sacrifice of one's LIFE to love !  
Yet this can become all-consuming,  
– If not done in the One Light ... in Christ.*

*Still, as stronger blows the Spirit-Wind ...*  
*Our lights are subsumed into the One Light*  
*... With complete receptivity in both*  
*– Light, not radiating out,*  
*But being received, WITHIN*  
*... Rendering our spirits LUMINOUS !*

*As Light embraces our lights,*  
*As Christ's heart embraces ours,*  
*Our mutual breathing stills.*  
*And the Spirit's silence*  
*Envelops all open hearts :*

*O Banquet of delight !*  
*O exquisite Communion !*  
*O Changeless Love suffusing all !*  
*Truly,*  
*The Spirit's Work is done !*

**Now** <sup>1</sup>

*Gaze into the web of time for Love,*

*Look, between its strands :*

*All one sees is NOW.*

NOW

*... Not "then" or "will be" ...*

*Is the TIME for Love,*

*— Just NOW !*

*Love only knows Love*

NOW;

*Love only LOVES*

NOW:

*Love ONLY senses, NOW ... IN Christ*

*ONLY feels, NOW ... IN Christ*

*ONLY thinks, NOW*

*ONLY chooses, NOW*

*ONLY acts, NOW*

*ONLY rests, NOW*

*ONLY is, NOW !*



*If this is not so...Love would be no more...just “was”,*

*Because,*

*ETERNITY only touches TIME*

*NOW.*

*Eternity is lost to you “then”, or “in the future”,*

*God is lost to you “then”, or “in the future”,*

*Yourself is lost to you “then”, or “in the future”*

*... ALL lost,*

*“Because you did not RECOGNIZE*

*The opportunity,*

*When God*

*Offered*

*It ” <sup>2</sup>*

*— NOW!*

*Opportunity ONLY EVER occurs NOW.*

*God is only PRESENT, NOW :*

*Be with God NOW,*

*Because God*

*Is*

*NOW.*

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1 Poem 382 Day 6, Douglas Park, 30 day Retreat, Sydney, Aug 10<sup>th</sup> 2001

2 Lk 19:44

## One Is Always Loving Him <sup>1</sup>

*Within my spirit,  
Jesus' Spirit is my enlightenment ;  
In the Spirit, Christ's Light is mine ...  
There's not two lights  
But One ...*

*The Spirit enlightens all :  
When I know, spiritually, it's His knowing ... and Christ's !  
When I love, truly it's His loving ... and Christ's!  
Such effortless loving !  
Such fearless loving !  
Such care free loving !  
Such confident loving !  
Such spontaneous loving !  
Such joyous loving !  
Such peaceful loving !  
Such faithful loving !*

*When I choose, spiritually,  
I choose WITHIN the Spirit's choosing ... and Christ's !  
But, more than that,  
To love someone, in the Spirit, is to love Christ !  
Yes! One is always loving Him !*

## The Chaos of Sin <sup>1</sup> \*

*I ask of You Abba,  
The wisdom of Spirit,  
And the softness of heart,  
To sense the chaos of sin :*

*To recoil from all sin,  
To join Jesus on the Cross,  
To sorrow for mine ...  
And for the world's offences.*

*To proclaim this in my person  
– As a sign to all others  
... To thank and praise Your Glory,  
Through Jesus, our Kin ...*

*He being the only one worthy –  
To die for us sinners,  
And to be fully ALIVE  
... To You, and You ALONE, Abba.*

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1 Poem 384 Day 6, Douglas Park, 30 day Retreat, Sydney, Aug 10<sup>th</sup> 2001.

\*Written to be sung. Tune: my own plainchant.

## I Ask for a Day <sup>1</sup>

*Jesus,*  
*I ask for a day*  
*– The FIRST of all other days –*  
*Of Divine wholeness,*  
*Of human completeness,*  
*Of gifted Love,*  
*O love returned,*  
*Of becoming ... HUMANLY YOU !*

*Abba,*  
*Let Your Love fall where it may*  
*... Where Loves loves to alight*  
*... Your Light, in us,*  
*Begetting a tracery of thanks*  
*– The most gracious of Your gifts.*

*Spirit of Abba,*  
*In Jesus, You drew 'time' forth, from Eternity*  
*– To 'en-space' a PERSON <sup>2</sup>*  
*Who reveals humanly*  
*That to love, is to be truly WHOLE,*  
*And who reveals, divinely,*  
*That to be human, is to truly love ... LIKE GOD !*

*We thank You, O Spirit,*

*For giving us JESUS*

*... As this PERSON,*

*Who, as God,*

*LOVES TO BE HUMAN*

*– Precisely, NOW!*

*In THIS PLACE!*

*And in THIS SITUATION!*

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1 Poem 385 Day 7, Douglas Park, 30 day Retreat, Sydney, Aug 11<sup>th</sup> 2001.

2 A reference to time and space, being a continuum or scientifically, 'space-time'.

## Springing Forth from the Earth <sup>1</sup>

*Springtime's leopard trees,  
Bursting into leaf—  
First out of the wood  
To sing the Glory  
Of God's NEW LIFE,  
Springing forth  
From the earth  
In eagerness !*

## A Gum Leaf <sup>1</sup>

*A gum leaf* <sup>2</sup>

*Shaped like a flaming sword :*

*O Scimitar of green,*

*Cut the strands*

*Of my “ shoulds ” and “ have tos ”!*

*Free me ...*

*To GATHER the light, like you,*

*For the Tree of Life*

*– Converting the one*

*To the other ...*

*Dangling free*

*– In Life’s Breeze –*

*That others also live !*

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1 Poem 378 Day 7, Douglas Park, 30 day Retreat, Sydney, Aug 11<sup>th</sup> 2001.

2 A leaf from a paper-bark gum.

## Humanity's Beloved : Heaven's Beloved <sup>1</sup>

*Abba*

*All Your fatherly qualities*

*Come alive in us*

*– In Christ !*

*Your goodness, Your freedom, Your creativity,*

*Become ours to share*

*– So as to praise the Glory of Your Wondrous Grace ! <sup>2</sup>*

*We long to become ever more like Your beloved*

*– The Free One,*

*Freeing us to love :*

*... To give ourselves in love freely,*

*And freeing us of sin*

*... Of lust-eyed sin,*

*With its jewelled web*

*... Enticing, ensnaring*

*All who touch*

*Its gaudy filaments.*

*O Free, Beloved One –*

*Shower, cascade, deluge our hearts with love !*

*Draw us into Love's Wondrous Mystery !*

*... Into the Divine Certainty of Mystery*

*... Love's Eternal Guarantee !*



*Love's Mystery*  
*Begins with You, Jesus –*  
*Claiming us, as Your own,*  
*Bringing us together in You, humanity's Beloved,*  
*Familing us, to be*  
*... Your brothers and sisters in Glory !*

*We surrender, IN You, to Abba*  
*In You, Humanity's Beloved,*  
*And – SEALED as such*  
*By the Spirit of the Promise – <sup>3</sup>*  
*We truly become*  
*Heaven's Beloved*  
*– The focus of Love's Mystery !*

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1 Poem 388 Day 7, Douglas Park, 30 day Retreat, Sydney, Aug 11<sup>th</sup> 2001.

2 Cf Eph 1: 14

3 Acts 2:33

## Abba, You Know Us <sup>1</sup>

*Abba, You know us from afar,  
You know us from WITHIN : <sup>2</sup>  
My BEFORE and AFTER –  
You know them both as one ;  
My HERE and THERE –  
For You, but one focus of love ;  
My HIGHS and LOWS –  
You weave them into Your Spirit-Song !*

*O Abba!  
You are truly the God of Intimacy,  
Caressing me with Your Gaze  
Eternally  
... Why me?  
I don't know why,  
But I bless You, Abba,  
For Your LOVE ITSELF, will reveal why !*

*You are EVER-PRESENT to me –  
In my 'days', You're brightly there,  
In my 'nights', more brightly still  
– For faith, called forth to witness, says it's so :  
There in the gloom of Your Womb ... deep nurtured;  
There, in the shadow of Your outstretched hand ... sheltered.  
No surprise ... ultimately,  
That this lustrous BLACKNESS, sparkles with Your gifts of grace!*

*When love blooms so deep,  
Sin looms so strong :  
Seductive, complex, full of subterfuges  
... Enticing us to betray Your great Love!  
O Abba, deliver us  
– Hearts reborn  
In the WOMB that bore Your Beloved –  
Into a Father's, and a Mother's care.  
Settle Your Spirit of Serenity within our spirit's depths,  
Constantly re-forming us in the image  
Of Jesus Ascended ... at peace, in Abba's Embrace.*

*Such blessed children we,  
To have Three Wondrous Lovers thus  
... Sharing Their Eternity !  
... Their One enveloping Love !*

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1 Poem 389 Day 7, Douglas Park, 30 day Retreat, Sydney, 2001.

2 Inspired by Ps. 139.

## “Life’s Good – I’m on a Roll !” <sup>1</sup>

– *Arising from Rom 7:13-25* –

*Yesterday, I gambled through to dawn ;*

*Sin used ‘quick returns’ to have me stay*

*– Evil, disguising its hand as good !*

*Then, Sin, the dealer of the cards*

*Dealt me a whole suit of useless hands*

*Devoid of gain ... each more full of promise than the last*

*– ‘Just one more hand will see me through !’*

*But ... too little, too late ... “There’s no escape !”*

*“I’m on a losing streak to hell ... ” I moaned,*

*Fixated by images ... that dance to allure, to seduce,*

*Enslaved to a dealer, wily and mean,*

*Presenting himself, as jocular and clean !*

*I kid myself, “I’m out of here”,*

*But, snared by music, women, and beer,*

*I kid myself it’s THEM I need ...*

*And linger longer, ‘til I’m truly trapped !*

*Yet adrenaline fires me to gamble still again :*

*“I’ll win the big one – that’s the end !”*

*But ... lots of gambling sessions, on and on ...*

*... Adrenalized month after month ...*

*I get used to ... losing, and losing yet again !*

*My self-worth drops –  
It SEEPS through all I am.  
Risks, low self-esteem and losing now come hand in hand.  
“Self-worth can’t keep you going,  
But adrenaline bloody can !”*

*This self-deception burrows deep,  
Finds a den, and “it’s there for keeps !”  
It stains my character and all I am:  
All my relationships, my home-life too.  
Work goes by the board ...  
Friends burn out, and stay away.  
This paralysis of self-cheating  
Has gripped me in its paw,  
And won’t release me,  
‘Til ... I’m finally shown the door !*

*Even now, in such desperate straits,  
I kid myself  
“It’s great out here on the streets ... I’m my own boss, at last !”  
You guessed it ... I mistake this for freedom  
– “It’s a prisoner’s reprieve – like parole!” I bleat.  
I boast of all I won “last year”  
... Losses “taken on the chin !”  
But, fail to see, the pathetic figure I’ve become  
– Lying to myself ... time and time, and time again ...*

*Ultimately ... my body breaks down, and stutters to a halt*

*– Well before the yarns I spin.*

*I feel broken and forsaken ...*

*“What a hopeless state I’m in ! My life’s worth nothing.”*

*A new Sister, turns up in the ward :*

*She takes me “as I am.”*

*It humbles me : I cherish her*

*... “Can life ... begin again ?”*

*One day as she is changing drips*

*I look at her hands and see ...*

*Wounds in both, that once knew pain,*

*Have opened up again ...*

*She takes my hand, in hers.*

## Stations of the Cross <sup>1</sup>

1

– JESUS IS CONDEMNED –

*Condemned to death? We are too !*

*O God! It's really You ...*

*Who's walked before us FOR OUR GAIN ...*

*Down this self-same way of pain.*

2

– THE CROSS –

*The Cross is a crossroads*

*Where love and evil collide.*

*We pray You, brother Jesus,*

*Stay always by our side ...*

3

– FIRST FALL –

*As we so easily fall,*

*– Fall into the grip of sin,*

*We hear Your call*

*“I'm HERE. Right NOW. Again !”*

4

– MOTHER AND SON –

*You were there at the start,*

*And there at the end :*

*Mother of FAITH,*

*You're here again !*

5

– SIMON HELPS –

*Body of Christ, YOU helped that day*  
*... Helped Jesus on His tortuous way ...*  
*Simon, help us NOW – as you helped then :*  
*The Body of Christ has fallen again.*

6

– VERONICA –

*Now, we see Your Face*  
*... As through a veil :*  
*THEN, we'll see It true !*  
*– Its Glory, Hail !*

7

– SECOND FALL –

*Our habits of sin*  
*Form a global skein :*  
*Brushed aside*  
*When You RISE again !*

8

– THE WOMEN WEEPING –

*Jesus,*  
*As for You, so for us :*  
*Good women tend to our pain.*  
*Grant us, the grace to be like them ...*  
*When, broken, You lie in the streets again.*

9

– THIRD FALL –

*Addiction keeps us ... pinned down hard,*  
*Casts our self-worth in the mud,*  
*We long for You to be with us HERE*  
*– Your love, poured forth, as in a flood.*



10

– THE STRIPPING –

*Strip us of greed and pride and lust.  
Be gentle, Jesus, with our wounds  
For, dressed up in Your cast-off rags,  
As kin of God, our worth will bloom*

11

– THE NAILING –

*Mary, hold me as my hands recoil,  
From pain ... all sin's accompanying fee ;  
Rivet in my heart, like nails,  
The love Your Son poured out for me !*

12

– JESUS DIES –

*Arms uplifted, out of love,  
World uplifted, to bloom again !  
Humanity uplifted, worth untold,  
Son uplifted, in Abba's arms !*

13

– THE DESCENT –

*Mother Mary,  
Down from our Crosses, we descend,  
They're cast aside, as we sin again.  
So when courage fails us ... MOTHER us then  
– As you did Jesus, as HE DIED, TO SIN !*

*Jesus,*  
*Entombed with Thee,*  
*We'd rather be,*  
*... For from earth's womb,*  
*We'll RISE with Thee !*

## Ears Open : Hearts Open <sup>1</sup>

*Jesus, within You, we LISTEN :*

*Ears open to Abba's outpourings of Love for You*  
*Ears open to Your outpourings of Love for Abba*  
*Ears open to Your Good News, for humankind*  
*Ears open to Your heart's wisdom, mirroring Abba's*  
*Ears open to the challenges You offer us, Your kin*

- Open to the voice of the voiceless,*
- Open to soft-voiced hearts,*
- Open to the cry of the poor,*
- Open to the sinner's plea,*
- Open to the outsider's tale,*

*Hearts open to the call of the times,*  
*Hearts open to the song of the earth,*  
*Hearts open to all communing hearts,*  
*Hearts open to the Mystery ...of WHOM You are the Revelation !*

## A Cone of Life <sup>1</sup>

*In my noontide saunter through the sunlight,  
Across lawns, hazy with heat waves,  
A swarm of insects coils above my head  
... A cone of LIFE  
Crowning my "Oh! So little life!"  
– Funnelling HEAVEN to EARTH  
... Like Your Shekinah,  
O Spirit of Mystery,  
... Your GLORY CLOUD OF LIFE.  
O Wondrous God!*

## Why Be Anxious ? <sup>1</sup>

*Our weaknesses : Your compassion*

*Our fears : Your faith in Abba*

*Our hurts : Your comforting humanity*

*Our sins : Your self-sacrificing love*

*Our trust : Your brothering us*

*Our life in You : Your Glory !*

**You : Me <sup>1</sup>**

*Your plan : my path <sup>2</sup>*

*Your home : my goal*

*Your light : my guide*

*Your hand : my shield*

*Your breath : my life*

*Your face : my gaze*

*Your gaze : my worth*

*Your voice : my joy*

*Your touch : my health*

*Your birth : my hope*

*Your cross : my way*

*Your life : my faith*

*Your word : my light*

*Your way : my trust*

*Your Son : my kin*

*Your praise : my song*

*Your heart : my home*

*Your peace : my rest*

*Your love : my ALL !*

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1 Poem 395 Day 8, Douglas Park, 30 day Retreat, Sydney, Aug 12<sup>th</sup> 2001.

2 "Your" refers mostly to Jesus; a few times to Abba.

## Pentecost Disciples <sup>1</sup>

*Holy! Holy! Holy!*  
*O Goodness Eternal ...*  
*O Glory Cloud of Love ...*  
*Light within Light ...*  
*Beauteous Mystery ...*  
*You're most warmly invited*  
*To the home of our hearts.*  
*Create Your own welcome :*  
*Humbling our spirits ...*  
*Renewing our hearts !*

*You are food for our table,*  
*You are light for our home*  
*... Comfort midst life's troubles,*  
*... Deep source of our joy !*

*But stop! Jesus, please stop*  
*Your humble washing of our feet ...*  
*Please ... give US the basin instead ...*  
*Thank You, Jesus.*  
*These feet ... have walked*  
*Down many a rough pathway –*  
*To hearts, full of hurt and gloom,*

*To homes, divided and torn.  
But Lord, these wounds, here –  
Are so open, tender and red  
... Let me rub some soothing ointment on them,  
... Let me lovingly kiss them into health.*

*Jesus, please stay with us ... comfort our family :*

*Take us, 'children' all –  
Into the embrace of Your arms,  
Into the embrace of Your heart.  
As we rest upon Your breast  
At peace ... in Your rhythmic breathing.  
Our hearts cry out  
"O Lord, let us see Your face !" <sup>2</sup>*

*But all too soon, sleep envelops us all ...  
And as the hours slip by,  
We dream Your Dream, together –  
Until Your Daystar appears in the dawn sky.*

*But, Lord, as we awake – You're vanished !  
..... Face, unseen, but not unsensed ...  
Leaving – in Your 'ABSENCE' –  
Hearts brimming with longing !  
As the days roll by, we hope You'll return ;  
And though the days roll into years ...  
Still, we sing Your Love, together ...  
In good times and in tears.*



*Our songs sing of Your Wondrous Goodness,  
Of Your deep humanity, and kindness  
... For You've drawn us together,  
Into a Family of Faith.  
Our hearts still fill with yearning,  
Yet paradoxically, Your Presence fills our days ...  
Occasionally, though fear shrinks our spirits, and blurs our vision  
... Still, we stay faithful to Your Way.*

*So, our sense of KINSHIP with You deepens  
As, WITH You, we face our fears, TOGETHER,  
And, little by little, learn to enjoy  
Washing each other's feet ...*

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1 Poem 396 Day 8, Douglas Park, 30 day Retreat, Sydney, Aug 12<sup>th</sup> 2001.

2 Ps 27:8 (Grail).

## Seven Names, Seven Blessings <sup>1</sup>

(ABBA :)

Tom,

*This is my 'Song of Love',*

*My 'Ode of Joy' to you.*

*You're such a tender loving son,*

*I smile at your great 'love of fun'*

*... And keep on loving you.*

*You're playful as a child, near Me*

*– Artless, simple, and direct, all three,*

*But best of all, you love – excitedly !*

*I named you, first, a HIDDEN NAME*

*– For “struggling-with-Your- God” : <sup>2</sup>*

*You became “Jacob” ... from within the womb.*

*“Ron” was the precious NAME*

*...For your BIRTH as MY OWN SON,*

*And of your family's choice for you.*

*I spoon fed you as a child, with all my love*

*... While dancing you upon my knee :*

*It was all a sunlit dance of joy !*

*When you were 12, I gifted you with WISDOM*

*As a special MINISTRY GIFT to you ...*

*Blossoming, then, in your spring time years.*

*Also at 12, “Joseph” was the NAME of ‘Strengthening’  
– The Sacrament I bestowed on you, preparing you for your teens :  
To be open, courageous and reliable, like Nazareth’s Joseph.*

*“Tom” was your BETROTHAL NAME :  
The Paschal Thomas recognized his GOD, in man,  
And Jesus, as his kin  
– So do the same, O ‘twin’ !*

*At 21, you vowed your love to Me :  
I betrothed you as my own –  
Gifts of love, deep sown.*

*Almost too late, you came to know,  
O Didymus, the ‘twin’,  
That Jesus, your brother, was also your ‘OTHER’,  
And that He and you BOTH, would always be ONE !*

*You too would “go with Him” to your Calvary,  
And “die with Him”,<sup>3</sup>  
Amidst your way of fun ...*

*Then years of sin, years of life,  
Years of growth, years of strife  
– Years lost to the FULLNESS of my Love ...*

*But comes the dawning, comes the sun,  
Comes RE-BIRTH of my chosen one  
– Free, open-hearted, loving easily.*

Thus, "Francis" was the NAME that chose you  
– So the humility and simplicity of Assisi  
Would find a new home in you !

There are two NAMES to come –  
One for our wedding ...  
The other, is your Glory Crown ...

"Isaac" is the SPOUSAL NAME I chose for you...  
I smile, with pride, for us: so KNOW –  
A smiling God begets a smiling son <sup>4</sup>  
... Entrusted, WEDDED, to Love.

'You're My delight, Isaac,  
So open, so empty –  
... And still more to be emptied ...  
For the ocean of my Love !'

Here, are seven blessings for you, son of Love,  
Blessings, whereby, I'll wed your heart to Mine,  
Blessings to gift others with, continually : --

Happy your feet,  
For they will DANCE –  
When washed by the Risen King !

Happy the healing  
You will bring –  
Flowing from a wounded heart ...

*Happy the gently throb of pain, for you ...*

*In hands belonging to My Son :*

*In hands holed, just as His.*

*Happy your love of words,*

*To spread compassion to the grim ...*

*Depressed by the stranglehold of sin.*

*Happy is your face, when old,*

*To reflect the transformative goodness*

*O My Beloved's Paschal Mystery within your soul.*

*Happy you, an emissary always,*

*Of Loyce's fiery love*

*... Companioning other spirits.*

*Happy ! Blest ! Glorious too !*

*When, last, you have your, HOME in view,*

*When Jesus dances right on in,*

*To the Banquet of His kin !*

*To call you by name*

*— Your, SEVENTH, your ETERNAL NAME !*

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1 Poem 397 Day 8, Douglas Park, 30 day Retreat, Sydney, Aug 12<sup>th</sup> 2001.

2 An explanation of Jacob's other name, Isra-el; See Gen 32:23-32 and notes (d) and (f), (J.B.)

3 Jn 11:16

4 A reference to Isaac's NAME---"God smiles (on Abraham)". See J.B. ---Gen 17:17, and footnote (g).

## Dapple Us <sup>1</sup>

*“Glory be to God for dappled things.”*

G.M. HOPKINS

*Dapple us, Abba*

*With sunlight and shadow*

*– BOTH fruits of love –*

*With community solace and solitude of soul*

*... Dappling our spirits both with*

*Love revealed and Love concealed.*

*Thus, Light’s communing gives way to mute, lustrous blackness*

*... Wherein ...*

*The seed of Your Love’s new vision for us is enwombed*

*– For a necessary time*

*Of watching and waiting, of silence and stillness –*

*Until ...*

*A new experience of BEING LOVED*

*– Being LED by Love’s Spirit –*

*Rises in our hearts*

*... Your Love’s light spangling our spirits !*

## Gandhi <sup>1</sup>

*Mahatma Gandhi's song of inspiration  
Was an epic call – to EQUALITY  
He carried his wounds from his adopted South Africa,  
Back to Mother India – to the whiplashes of inequality.  
There he galvanized Indian hearts  
With his call, for independence ...  
Preaching moderate means ... to empower the majority.  
He was shunned, back balled, imprisoned  
By the authority of might ... and disdain.  
Persisting, he used three means to challenge  
This vast imperial, imperious, sway :  
Piety, simplicity, and the 'salt of equality.'*

*Through the crucible of a world at war,  
And hampered by Jinnah's loud, dissenting voice,  
... His vision prevailed.*

*Having his cause advanced, by a viceroy of grace and duplicity,  
... His vision gained flesh and bone, and began to breathe.*

*However his DEATH became a searing symbol  
Of India's struggle for liberty,  
And of humanity's for equality,  
But also, tragically of a fractured fraternity.  
Gandhi's vision of a sub-continental fellowship was brutally scarred  
By the long, festering wound of inter-religious strife.*

*Blurred though it was, the vision remains ...  
But, even more significantly,  
The MEANS by which it was achieved :  
Mahatma Gandhi's decisive gift to all humanity  
— 'PEACEFUL NON-COOPERATION.'  
His gift became humanity's template for contended futures ...  
When oppression is dug in deep, its power entrenched,  
This instrument of the PEACEFUL OF HEART  
Serves, surpassingly well, the cause of EQUALITY.*