

Folio Twenty-Two

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A Renewing Healing Energy ¹

*If we surrender to Jesus,
Our vengeful feelings
– Usually pain mixed with anger –
Our Divine brother draws them into His wounds
– As mostly wasteful energy –
Transforming them
... Releasing, within all involved,
A renewing healing stream of energy
– As love –
Bringing to life
Between us,
– A new trust
As joy !*

The Symphony ¹

*Jesus, Your continuing call to be Beloved Son
Is the template for our own call :
Forever en-personed in You..
Both absorb all other calls.
These other graced calls
Are swept together
Into a symphony
Of the living Song
... Of Your Son's love
For Abba
– The One Relationship
That ENABLES all others !*

The Beauty and the Gift ¹

Trees, buffeted by the winds ...

In the storming

... Are a mirror of our lives ...

Because, accompanying these travails,

Is the understated, near-hidden REVELATION

Of Your Divine beauty and gift, Abba.

Whatever dislocation, whatever pain-impacts, there be, in our lives,

There's beauty in Your power displayed,

A power beyond our reach

– The reassuring power ... issuing from Mystery.

In the tumult, and roaring of life's winds,

There's the gift

Of Your Eternal invitation –

To rest in awe,

And to abide in Your Love

... That is far more encompassing,

And ever more empowering,

Than the wonders of nature

On display !

The Call of the Trees ¹

O BUNYA TREE

God, Most High,

O Elohim !

O CEDAR TREE

God, Most Strong,

O El Shaddai !

O MANGO TREE

You're luscious fruit, for us

O Emmanuel !

O RED RIVER GUM

By sweet waters you grow,

O Spirit Stream !

O MORETON BAY FIG

Your shade is best,

O Spirit Shadow !

O LEOPARD TREE

You're many faces, in a breeze,

O Spirit Wind !

O Tree of Life ... Our Family's Story

In Paradise, aflame with Glory !

O Spirit Fire !

¹ Poem 423 Day 13 Douglas Park, 30 Day Retreat, Sydney, Aug 17th 2001.

NOTE: These were six different varieties of giant trees in the grounds of Douglas Park Retreat Centre.

Our Brother's Sacrifice ¹

Forgiving Father, O Tender One,

Eternal praise, boundless thanks

Be Yours

From

Your very own Beloved, our dearest brother

– Our sacrifice, most worthy –

Who died for love of us,

Atoned for us,

And is

OUR COMMUNION

In Your Love,

O Blessed Father.

Soothing Caresses ¹

(ABBA TO US :)

*When you, my child,
Are fearful or in stress,
My arms around you,
I'll ... press.*

*When you are angry,
Or comfort seek
... My soothing caresses
For your cheeks.*

Face, Gaze, and Heart ¹

Crucified Jesus,

Draw me close :

Your Face, my focus,

Your gaze ... my conversion,

Your heart ... my home.

“Disguised Oft” ¹

*To all I meet –
Ears be open,
Eyes be soft
... 'Cause, Christ's quiet-spoken,
And disguised oft.*

“My New Born’s ... Found!” ¹

The new born’s bleat drew the Shepherd close

He joyfully lifts her around his neck ...

Quieting her racing heart and breath.

He calls his friends together :

‘Let’s celebrate this new-found

Lamb of mine !’

She know my voice

Feels very safe with me ...

I’ll hold her ... still, ‘til sleep descends ;

Tomorrow, I’ll give her to the ewe :

With mum’s warm milk ... soft grass,

Cool sweet water from my spring

– I’ll keep an eye, ‘til she weans ;

Guide her, ‘til she’s strong :

She’ll follow where I lead.

Deeds, Quiet Done ¹

*Half-dead I was !
Left behind
By so-called 'mates' !
Then came another heavy blow :
Some whom I trusted,
Leaders I followed ...
'Didn't want to know'
And left me struggling alone !*

*But then, this guy came by ...
A fast-driving exec',
Screeched to a halt,
And, with kindness ...
Lifted me up,
Sped me off to Casualty
... Promising to return.*

*He paid my bills ...
'I'm good for more!'
And off into the sun he sped.
Naturally I was stunned
... So I prayed –
"Lord, let me do the same,
And be slow to judge
By outward show,
But ... by the heart,
And deeds, quiet done."*

Seven Perspectives of a Prayerful Heart ¹

In the hearts' journey to a most welcoming Abba,

BE DRAWN by His Spirit : LOVE TO BE LED by His Beloved Son

– Dying to our own choices and priorities, on His Way.

Seek not to calculate the costs of the heart's journey in prayer,

For journey and goal are one ; Jesus, the way ... to the Father's heart,

Is the Divine Destiny that is priceless ... beyond all calculation.

To focus and transform the SELF'S wayward energies in prayer,

Welcome the Cross of waiting upon the Spirit's timing for inner growth

... Always following, where the Self-less One leads.

Seek always to pray IN COMMUNION WITH other disciples,

For, to be in CHRIST ... open to Abba in prayer,

Is to be "us", not "I" ... to be, SPIRITUALLY, in touch with all others.

After the gift of deep consolation in prayer, focus faithfully

On how Jesus' OFFERING OF HIMSELF on the Cross, transforms us –

Wherein, all we receive, IN HIM, is to become GIFT FOR OTHERS !

Treasure the Spirit's revelations, of a life in love with CHRIST

– Of gifts, GIVEN-IN-TRUST, to responsive stewards

... Of GIFTS-IN-TRANSIT, for others.

Seek not to gauge the depth of intimacy in prayer

But, with a simple heart, accept that God loves on God's terms

... That God's way is loving, eternally TRANSCENDS OURS !

The Lord is Our Inheritance ¹

'Give all you have, to God' :

ALL we need to possess, is a waiting heart

– For "The Lord is our inheritance" ; ²

So all we ask today ...

Is this continuing gift, of A HEART THAT WAITS

– Waits, in the Lord Jesus,

To give Himself to God !

¹ Poem 431 Day 15, Douglas Park, 30 Day Retreat, Sydney, Aug 19th 2001.

² DT 10:9

Our Centering Spirit ¹

*The more we TRANSCEND the self,
The more we experience our TRUE identity.
For us, to live fully in this truth ...
Our self-transcendence needs to be total.*

*This must, of necessity,
Happen from the inside out :
Only the Spirit who is God
Can ensure total transcendence...*

*For, our own spirit's self EX-PERIENCE, is only gained
From other realities AROUND it ... through its senses.
It does not know itself, IN ITSELF ;
This, only God does.*

*Because this Spirit of God, can know our spirit IN ITSELF
In so doing, it CENTRES our spirit
– As OUR CENTERING SPIRIT.*

*Only in this Spirit is full self-transcendence realizable.
This Centering Spirit can thus EMPTY us of self.
Such a 'divine emptying' can ONLY OCCUR within God ...
From whom our being came.*

*Moreover, only God – Father, Son and Spirit – can fill this emptiness :
And only, WITH Their Presence.*

*Only thus – with the Centering Spirit invited to ENABLE this,
Can our spirit truly know itself,
That is, establish its foundational identity ...
An identity that comes, directly from God.*

*In the continuing moment of God's Centering us,
Our spirit –
Utters "Abba!" to God the Father
... As to our origin, that is, as to Whose we are ;
Utters "brother" to God-in-Jesus
... As to whom we identify with – that is, as to Who we are ;
Utters "Glory !" IN God the Spirit
... To CELEBRATE Whose and Who we are !
Thus is our identity complete – in that Spirit,
Who – for Abba, OUR Father, and for Jesus, OUR Brother –
Constitutes both Their very Surrender to each other,
And Their wondrous Giftedness to each other !*

*Because our spirit's foundational identity
Is wholly a gift of the Spirit
– Who is Giftedness itself –
Our spirit naturally desires to give itself
To other human spirits,
And to share the whole experience
Of glorifying the Father, and Son IN the Spirit
... In Their most gracious gift of EUCHARIST.*

“O Lazarus !” ¹

(Jesus, on “the other side of the Jordan” :)

*Dead?
The one I love, dead? O Lazarus !
How your goodness shone !
O Abba! How You love him.
... Still, Your voice speaks of peace,
And for You ... everything is possible !
His presence was like a fragrance to me.
Indeed, their home was full of scent,
Especially that scent which dear Mary released
When, with tears and ointment
She caressed my feet.*

*Now, dear Lazarus too, has had HIS anointing.
But, Abba, I feel Your love, Your Glory,
Will banish his condition,
And enliven him ... to praise Your love again.*

*Abba, Your Glory of old, was mostly unseen,
Its sheer Mystery, inspiring awe ...
In me, Your most lowly servant,
It reveals itself, visible to the eye
... Sensed most deeply by those with faith.
Once of old, Your sacred word thundered :
Now, in me, it murmurs comfort and intimacy.
Once, to Moses, Your Glory was revealed
As a shining Cloud or a flaming Tower of Fire :
Now, to Lazarus – as My hand’s warm touch.*

*O El Shaddai! Father of Light !
Eternal Presence in my heart ...
It’s YOUR LOVE I feel for Lazarus !
O! To be with Mary and Martha in their grief !
O Abba, what You DO
Is what You ARE :
Your absence, even, reveals Your Glory !
For them, it will call forth deep faith ...
So I, too, am glad I was not there,
So that Your Glory will become
Faith’s beacon, through the death of my friend.*

(Jesus, on His arrival at the house at Bethany :)

O! Here Martha comes,
Even 'busy', in her grief—
O Martha, Martha ... come close ;
Dear Lazarus will never die
'Cause he's ALIVE in Abba's Love.
Do you believe it to be so?
Have courage, now, dear sister,
And call our Mary here ...
Aah! Here comes loving Mary,
Awash in grief ...
Yet with a heart, open in prayer
To You, Abba, home of her hopes !
O Mary, Mary, Mary ...
Oh! How you miss him!
At the sight of your tears
My own tears —
My very heart, joins Yours.
O Mary ... Yes, Yes, I'll come and see ...
Your brother's goodness has claimed us all !

(Jesus outside the tomb:)

O Lazarus, O Lazarus,
Dear brother to us all ...
Even, through stone,
I sense Your claim on us :
Your claim to live again!
Swelling hope brims in my eyes.
O! This smell of death
Aches my heart :
O ! To see you face again !
Enough !
Abba ! Pour, pour, pour ...
Your compassionate Love
Upon his corpse.
Awaken it to life !

*Lazarus! Come forth !
Come! Come, my friend ...
Everyone! Everyone! Raise the sky with joy !
Let the Spirit of my Father,
Who raised our friend, be praised!
O Spirit of Yabweh, be praised!
Let Your shouts
Bounce from the clouds above!
Love has RESURRECTED Lazarus,
And love has SET HIM FREE !
As it is with You, O Loving Abba ...
I pray that my words, too, release life and liberation !*

One Bud Waits ¹

*On the pre-dawn deny stems,
Six flowers already bloom ...
One bud waits...unopened.
Only the dawning sun
Will call its glory forth.*

*Come forth
O crimson Rose of Sharon
– Lebanon's Paschal symbol of joy
To greet Your Lord !
Come bright reminders
Of the blood of our God,
Scattered over this springtime landscape !
Open Your scented inner beauty
To delight
The Father of all life !*

As Swallows Circle ¹

As swallows flit, circle, swerve

Bank, glide, swoop ...

And ride the wind

Lovingly ...

So Jesus, let me move

With the swirl,

Sweep, and swell

Of Your desires for us !

As every open space

Is opportunity for swallows,

Circling time after time,

Around its CENTRE ...

So Jesus, with You,

May we focus

On Abba, OUR CENTRE

In Eternal silent affection,

Ever desirous, for Him,

To hold us, WITHIN ...

His loving gaze !

New-Born ¹

Jesus, the new-born :

New born to sunshine,

New born to sound,

New born to smell, to taste,

New born to love's touch,

New born to movement ...

To a universe of movement,

To a world of life,

But, best of all ...

New born to US –

– YOUR BROTHERS !

– YOUR SISTERS !

Feet Washers, All ¹

(Jesus, at the Last Supper, to His disciples :)

*I've waited, waited for this moment,
I've love you, loved you to the end,
Eager to share, more fully, my love of Abba
– To bathe you in His love ...
Yet to leave you IN this world,
But NOT, in this world's care !*

*As servant of Abba's love, I take this towel,
And like a servant, put my tunic aside.
I hope you'll understand
What I am to do for you :
I have come from God
To wash feet ...
And am returning to God.
Abba has entrusted EVERYTHING
Into my hands,
And now, with them,
I choose to wash your feet.*

*Nat's first: in you there is no guile
– No hesitation to receive the GOOD NEWS,
And to pass it on, unchanged.*

Now to James, my 'brother' in blood :

*This water is thicker than blood,
And, with it, you'll wash the feet of GOD's kin !*

*To Jude, fond cousin of my youth :
LOVE to serve the Family of the Lord
– What touches you, yourself, attend to last.*

*To Phil, who longs to see my Father's Face :
It is Abba who, with MY hands,
Now washes your feet.*

*And Judas, whose exacting care saves us from waste :
Waste not this chance to reclaim my love !
Dear Judas, return to your first love.*

*And Tom, so lovingly I wash your feet :
Channel your love for God, for me
To Abba's poor – His special ones.
Be you too – their way, their truth, their life.*

*To Andy, whose feet are those of a fisherman :
Fish for hearts, dried out by sin ;
Bathe them in God's love.*

*Matt, with your tax-collecting skills,
Sup with sinners again ...
To offer them – love's dividends !
To Big Jim, so prone to power's lure,
May this water both soften
And transfigure your big heart
... To embrace a thousand more.*

To you John, closest to my Father's heart –

*Nurture the Church of God ;
Reveal Abba's love for all.*

*To you Peter, hesitating yet again ...
These feet once walked upon the stormy waters,
Then sank, as did your heart ;
Humble now that heart :
Extend your feet, now, to your Master's care
Then do the same, to all –
The lowest servant's call!*

(Jesus, to all :)

*Washing feet is what we all need to do,
Washing feet proclaims the Good News –
Humbly winning hearts for the Kingdom.
I have just cleansed you, with water :
My Father soon will purify you,
And renew you, with my blood.
With it, you too, will wash sin's stain
From the hearts of YOUR disciples !*

*Copy what I do :
I am your Adonai –
As is 'I AM'
Who, in His Love,
Gives all to me.
So too – as servants to each other –
Pour out your love, like this water, for ALL.
Humble service for the lowly and the poor
Bears fruit in communion
Which is the Spirit's gift alone :*

*As I was chosen to wash men's feet,
So love to wash feet with me –
This is communion.*

*Be welcomed into people's homes and hearts,
As feet-washers ;
If unwelcomed, shake the dust from YOUR feet
And leave them, whatever their number,
To their own choices and priorities ...
Indeed, one of you will show his heels to me, ²
Preferring the company of darkness.*

*Feet-washing readies us for Table :
Our Passover Thanksgiving
To the Father
... Drawing us, sons and daughters,
From being sinners
– Obeisant to Satan, lord of death –
To become servants,
Glorying in the One Who Lives.*

*So now, I your servant, ask you :
Please take this broken Bread of Mine
– This broken Body of sin –
And take it into your own broken lives,
Into the world's brokenness,
And be certain –
Life WILL RISE
In you!*

*Please, take this Wine of Mine
As Blood, poured out in love, for you –*

Abba's Covenant of Love

... An Open Promise

To renew.

This Cup of Love!

This Bread of Joy!

Come all – as KIN,

Come share with me,

Our Abba's Feast!

1 Poem 437 Day 19, Douglas Park, 30 Day Retreat, Sydney, Aug 23rd 2001.

2 'To show one's heels, in Aramaic is 'to betray'.

Discernment ¹

Discernment
Is a gleam of hope
Within the womb
Of Abba's Desire
... For me, for us.

This glimmer DIVINE
Is of the Glory Cloud within.

Our heart's ear
Wakens to its call –
– The Word of God
Alive in us!

Faith opens our spirit
To respond :
God's Breath of Love
Ignites the heart's embers
To flame anew ...
To light the way
For the body's mind
... And the mind's hand ...
To outwardly respond.

*Moved by the Spirit, we now discern
With hearts that KNOW ...
With eyes that, ever delight in,
The many faces of the Wounded One
... Whose feet we wash, yet again.*

*There, we rest, so still ...
Within
The Father's will ;
There we grow as Child
Within Abba's Embrace
... Animated by His Spirit Dream.
This is discernment.*

“Your Will be Done” ¹

(Jesus in Gethsemane :)

*My heart's in turmoil as I walk this path,
My co-servants in my wake,
Their hearts murmuring fear...
Faith leaching away.
The Kingdom's Feast of Love is near complete,
Our New Covenant's signed IN WORDS
... Signed, but far from sealed
– For it's to be sealed in sacrificial blood !
 O heart, tremulous with fear,
 O Abba, Abba !
 Plumb the depths of my fear,
 And strengthen my resolve ...*

*As we pass from moonlight into the pale shadow
Cast by the Temple's Pinnacle above,
I call Your words to heart, my Abba –
Of “THOSE who live in darkness,
And in the shadow of death”... ²
And feel, tonight, it's Your own beloved!
O Abba, comfort all those who will live, thus,
And comfort now, Your own trembling son ...*

Ab, there's the Gethsemane oil-press :
At this moment I feel as crushed as those olives,
Giving up their oil, drop by drop
To nurture lives, to renew, and to beautify,
And to act as salve, for wounds and pains.
I fear that humanity's enemies now, and always,
Will demand the last drops from me.
Yet Abba, whatever the future, it's You I trust
... I take refuge in Your love.

Here we are, within the eerie olive grove :
These trees are like men, grown old in sin
– Hardened, twisted, misshapen and inflexible.
So my faithful followers, pray now with me ;
Pray that your hearts, not yield ...
That your resolve's not whisked away with this wind.
Take up the sword – of prayerful courage –
To counter all your fears!
Grieve not for me ... but for your true destiny.
Yet, I do need YOUR strength
... To help me through this night,
And, as I go aside to pray,
Keep awake the eyes of your intent,
Lest fear be given legs and flee!

O Abba, loving Parent, always HERE,

Stay close to my heart this night.

Companion all my hopes – and fears !

Those rapturous calls for Your Kingdom's birth

– Amidst waving palm fronds – are stifled now

... Stillborn, it seems, floundering in fickleness and fears.

Yet ... its birth NEEDS to come, but as all births do

– Through labour's stress and pain !

I'm sure Your prophets' words, are meant FOR ME

– That "pierced" and "bruised" I'll be ... ³

That I'll become "a thing despised", "disfigured" and "forsaken" !

So Abba, Abba ... please LIGHTEN the burden

That Your love-for-humanity places on me...

Still – NOT my will : let Yours be done !

Yes...a "sapling", "lamb" and "servant" I'll be, yes, ALL !

But please, please Father of all tenderness,

Lessen love's load for me ...

Still – not my will: let Yours be done !

Already, I bear humanity's "stripes" ...

Feeling, very much, like OUR PEOPLE'S sacrificial "lamb".

In this agony of prayer ...

I am distressed, to the very point of death :

Heart pounding, sweating BLOOD

– Love's crimson tears –

Filling up the cup of suffering, FOR THEM ...

Still – NOT my will : let Yours be done !

Oh! I fall on my face, yet reverence Your adorable WILL :

Let me avoid a little of sin's final fruits ...

*Knowing everything is possible with You ;
Still – only as You would have it.
Yet, let it not be a death, GRUDGINGLY OFFERED,
But the fragrance of a son's love-filled sacrifice
For the most loving of all Fathers –
The Father of my own precious sisters and brothers !*

*Still, Still, my spirit is downcast,
By the vast depths of sin's EVIL ... unredressed !
It lashes and lacerates my heart
... Still willing, but drained,
... Emptied by compassion, for my kin.
And now – bruised by stark disappointment too :
Peter James and John ... you've left me stranded – fighting fear ALONE !
Your starting strength of purpose ... ebbing away in sleep.
Your once OPEN spirits, now seriously weakened by flesh !
Please continue ... I beg you ... to watch WITH me.*

*Abba, Abba ... Blessed, faithful Father,
There's no one fully at my side, but You.
Please let the fury, the viciousness, of sin's hidden intent,
Not come true for me –
The murder of Your Beloved!
Is there not some OTHER way ?
STILL ... STILL ... STILL ... I place my will,
Within Your love, within Your will!*

(Returning to the Apostles :)

*O Again! Weak-hearted friends ...
Now fully asleep – the sleep of DISREGARD :
I'm so sorry : your test has come – and gone !
You've missed your chance –
To strengthen, and to prove, your resolve.
My fate is now in murderers' hands ;
Your OWN, on a chosen, ambivalent path.*

*Here comes sad Judas too! Like a homing pigeon ...
Returning to the garden of fellowship he knew.
His 'new' group is really, quite menacing –
Well armed, by jealous priests' intent.
Why? Why? Judas, Why the kiss? Why, "Rabbi" ?
"Rabbi" is a front for your deceit ;
O did not teach you thus ... only you yourself :
To be so two-faced in your love ...
Is so unworthy of your true self, Judas.
Your kiss, tragically, is a KISS OF DEATH
... Both for you, and for me.*

*O! How lowly is your valuing of love :
The Son of Man – for the PRICE of a poor slave
Friendship traded – for a handful of coin
Fellowship with God – for a passing pittance
And Paradise – for the hollowness of greed !*

*As for you, brigands ... WHOM do you seek?
When you demand 'Jesus of Nazareth' ...*

I reply "I AM, He"! ⁴

Ponder, ponder this answer, O Israelites, within your hearts ...

And take stock, just WHOSE you are !

Sadly ... you seem ...

Unwilling to seek CHANGE.

You foxes, why do HIDE black purpose ?

Why collude behind my back?

Why set out to capture me ...

Not in the sunshine of my Temple days,

But in the night of the heart's deceit ?

(Turning now to Peter :)

Peter, sheathe your sword! Sheathe that Peter-of-old.

All who seek to solve crises, with force,

Will be forced to die to what they've LOST

– Freedom's birth ...from gentleness –

And lose ALL, of what they've 'gained' !

My Father's way is NOT 'having the numbers',

But seeking the heart's life-source ...

And loving life into one's 'enemies'

(Jesus to all about, as He heals Malchus :)

Abba's love heals your ear ...

But are there no ears

To hear His song of love,

The song of the Kingdom.

(Jesus to his captors :)

*I cannot, and would not,
Trade my disciples' lives for mine ;
So I ask you, to let them go ...
And spare me a minute ... to share my heart with them.*

(Jesus to His Disciples :)

*“Let not your hearts be troubled.
Trust in God still, and trust in me ...
I'm going now to prepare a place for you”⁵
– A home in the heart of my Father.
Follow me NOW, and you'll find –
Your way home :
To the source of life, the source of love!*

*Here, the Father waits for you
As sons of His Love,
– To leave behind the land of sin
For His Land of Promise ;
– There to meet Him, face to face ...
Never again to disown your heritage
... The Spirit of Family ;
– Always to be at home in the heart
Of His Love ...
Anchored in trust, alive in love !
Now, friends, make your choice :
– Walk this Way with me now ... together
Or walk away, alone.*

(Jesus much later, in His prison cell :)

*O Abba! Abba! All have fled Your love
In abandoning me ...
Except faith-filled John, and fearful Peter.
I am forgotten
... "As good as dead, IN THEIR HEARTS,
Something DISCARDED." ⁶
Each has sought the night of his intent :
By denying the call WITHIN,
He'll come to experience his sin's demands,
And timidity's deadly price.*

*O Abba, O Abba, tender comforter,
Put new heart and a new spirit
Within them.
Let them experience, WHOSE they are !
Be with me,
As I continue on Your Way
Of sacrificial love –
Your will be done ...*

1 Poem 439 Day 20 Douglas Park, 30 Day Retreat, Sydney, Aug 24th 2001.

2 Lk 1:79

3 All quotes in this and the next stanza are from the Suffering Servants passages, in ISAIAH.

4 Jn 18:5

5 Jn 14:1,2

6 Ps 31:12 (J.B.)

