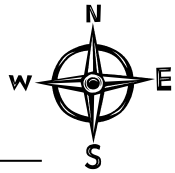


Prayer Points



SPRING: a time of promise, lighter nights, green leaves, fresh blossom, warmth in the sun's rays... Our steps are lighter; we're looking forward. But there are still *those* days – those days of petty frustrations and niggling doubts. Lost spectacles, minor aches and pains, roadworks, being kept on hold, self-checkout tills...

We understand that the world is neither binary nor perfect, but this is Spring: the world is alive! You are alive!

So drop your shoulders and put down your worries, and consider how lucky you are.

*What wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head:
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hand themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass.*

(from The Garden by Andrew Marvell)

Or consider the love of God – described as 'unutterable and perfect' in this section of *The Divine Comedy* by Dante:

*The love of God, unutterable and perfect,
flows into a pure soul the way that light
rushes into a transparent object.
The more love that it finds, the more it gives
itself; so that, as we grow clear and open,
the more complete the joy of loving is.
And the more souls who resonate together,
the greater the intensity of their love,
for, mirror-like, each soul reflects the others.*

With thanks to Susan Druett for this month's Prayer Points