

In the name of the Father

And of the Son

And of the Holy Spirit

The hand reaches to the forehead

As the player enters the pitch

You stand before the grave

Forced by shock or circumstance

Into prayer

The physical movements

Directing the mind

The actions bring into focus

Spiritual realities

And needs.

When we divide our feelings and actions

for convenience

Then we often damage the truth.

In the name of the Father

And of the Son

And of the Holy Spirit

Our family came from the Northern Ireland of the 40s and 50s

That harsh place did not have much time for affection

So once we had moved beyond the nursery

Physical expressions of love were neglected

Brought up in Lancashire

Were we were told not to be so soft

Then a younger teenage brother insisted on kissing my mother

In the name of the Father

And of the Son

And of the Holy Spirit

The physical movements

Directing the mind

The actions bring into focus

Spiritual realities

And needs.

I have watched hungry children eating

I have witnessed the bereaved touching

the still warm bodies of their loss

I have walked through the storm

And listened to the leaves dancing with the wind

The voice of God

The physical movements

Directing the mind

The actions bring into focus

Spiritual realities

And needs.

In the name of the Father

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And of the Holy Spirit

Sometimes the mundane realities of existence

Disguise the truth

However in truth

Every single movement, action, felt experience

Is a part of the prayer of life

The sacred and the commonplace

Are one

In the name of the Father

And of the Son

And of the Holy Spirit