

Home Retreat; Saturday 18 February 2023

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On Saturday 8 October 2022 I shared with you as a Part 1. the first half of the poem “the Half Crown” by Michael McLaverty..reading it in slow time, slow spirituality.. On Saturday 17 December 2022 we opened it as a Part .2. together, intending to finish it there & then..

however, the more I looked prayed & pondered over Part 1, the more I realised it & me, & hopefully you, needed more slow time to “mine” it..to allow the lectio divina in it to gradually emerge & become flesh for us the week before Christmas in the last few days of Advent..

so instead we looked again at Part 1 of story & I shared with you my own lectio musings which emerged day before [16 Dec 2022 ]..fresh & with scope to do more..& encouraged you to do likewise..”in slow time” & be surprised at who & what emerges under the loving influence of the Holy Spirit..we provide the womb space & God provides the seed of the Spirit..

so today, having left Part 2 of the story with you, “to place it next to your manger in a week’s time” & to revisit [ now ] to see who & what emerges after the experience of lectio in Part 1..

on line on you will have found, firstly the full story itself, then my potential musings [ underlined ] for Part 2 awaiting my lectio I shared with you on 17 Dec 2022..& last Friday, without reference to the musings of 17 Dec 2022, I looked at it again, two months later..notice the similarities & differences in the underlinings which emerged over those 9 weeks..

lectio divine alive well & always reforming..pre Christmas 2022 to post Turkey/Syria earthquake February 2023..

& my lectio on Fridays underlinings, some of which I will share with you now..

..the rest you can read up on, ponder & add to them your own musings & reflections.. your own lectio divina..

a poem came to mind which resonates with the family struggles in “the Half Crown”

[ the brown button; Gill McEvoy ]

I burnt your coat in November,  
Bonfire Night, when else?  
God knows, that coat was you ;  
stubborn in the way it wouldn't burn,  
awkward in the way it slumped on top of the pile,  
out of shape with everything,  
the world, itself.

That coat was every morning  
when I couldn't start the day on time ;  
you to wash & dress, kids to get to school,

& you, soiled again ; three more lines  
of washing, sheets, pyjamas, towels  
to hang outside.

That coat was each Day Centre afternoon  
when you refused to get in the car & I,  
with murder in my heart..shopping to fetch,  
washing to bring in before the rain,  
dinner burning slowly on the stove..  
would force you in, all sixteen stone,  
then feel the scald of tears.

It played a last trick when it burned ;  
a button loosed by flame fell from the fire,  
rolled to rest at my right foot. It lay there  
like a small dog begging amnesty..  
next morning when I raked the ashes flat  
I picked it up. Now it goes  
everywhere with me.

..a brown button & a half crown..a poem & a story familiar to each of us from our life  
in family & in community..

• Lectio on Part 2 of our story

• ..our 15yrs of hope & expectancy like Rev Julie Nicholson;  
loss of Jenny 7July bombings BBC dvd & book “a Song for Jenny”  
“I can’t forgive Saddiq..for the time being” a journey towards forgiveness  
2007 – 2023 & beyond..

..key phrase in Part 2 “I believe him”  
belief..from stumbling beginnings..Guinness advert “believe”

..Fort Augustus rock face “Christ is alive”  
as we prepare to begin our Journey through Lent towards empty tomb  
this coming Wednesday..Ash Wednesday