

Dear God,

I don't know where to start. As summer keeps rolling in the days get sunnier and yet I find myself searching for your light. Your light which is love. Which is compassion. Which is patience.

How many times do we have to forget and be reminded of what your grace truly is before it sinks in? How many times must our shells harden, before we are softened again with your love?

How many times does the tide of capitalist hyper productive culture sweep us out, so we battle and swim against the tide, feeling like we're drowning, so that any of the other billions of swimmers who dare cloth onto our foot, or ask if they can hang onto our body or climb onto our life raft, make us feel threatened?

Forgive us for the times we feel so overwhelmed and rushed that we trick ourselves into believing that to empathise will cost us something.

When we are frustrated, dismiss the beggar with a curt "No, sorry."

When we snap – at our colleagues, at strangers, at the people we love.

Dear God.

Remind us that we have nothing to fear. That if we let the tide take us you will carry us to another to the shore. That the journey is so much more enjoyable if we just lie back and float.

Sharing First Lesson, a poem by Philip Booth:

Lie back daughter, let your head
be tipped back in the cup of my hand.
Gently, and I will hold you. Spread
your arms wide, lie out on the stream
and look high at the gulls. A dead-
man's float is face down. You will dive
and swim soon enough where this tidewater
ebbs to the sea. Daughter, believe
me, when you tire on the long thrash
to your island, lie up, and survive.

As you float now, where I held you
and let go, remember when fear
cramps your heart what I told you:
lie gently and wide to the light-year
stars, lie back, and the sea will hold you.

