

Poetry Page

An occasional opportunity for you to see in print your own work, or a favourite poem. The first is an interesting contribution from Gwen Jones, which she tells me she wrote some years ago. It really made me think. These both have a religious connotation, but both speak of the importance of caring – Gwen writing about understanding the needs of others and Coleridge writing about valuing even the smallest parts of creation.

Whose seat is it?

*I went to church on Sunday, God's word I wished to hear.
I didn't know it at the time but I soon would tremble with fear.
"You're sitting in my seat" she said, "I always sit in there,
There's lots of other seats around, you're being so unfair".
Well, can you imagine how I felt as I looked into her face?
So I meekly let her have her seat and found another place.*

*Now I always understood that God's house is free to all,
No seat belongs to anyone as far as I recall.
But we, as human beings, a routine like to keep,
At home, at work, or at church, we need to have "our" seat.
It gives to us security, a place to call our own,
Somewhere where we can feel at ease, it helps us feel "at home".
So when we go to church and find someone sitting "there",
Just ask the Lord to bless them,
And sit somewhere else for prayer.*

~

The second is a favourite of from my childhood. I first discovered it in a little book that I bought at a jumble sale when I was about 10, which gave me many hours of pleasure. I "found" it again last week, on the memorial to Memory, a little terrier who died in 1873, three months after his master.

He Prayeth Well

*He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.*

Samuel Taylor Coleridge