



Dear Friends,

I am on leave from tomorrow till next Tuesday for a family celebration of Zach's 21st birthday (his actual birthday is in December, but he will have returned to Japan by then) so I am writing a little note now and then heading off on leave!

It seems appropriate, however, after Sunday's sermon on little things – little things that grow to be bountifully hospitable – to just write a little note and to leave you with a new poem that I discovered last week!

I wanted to include it somehow in last Sunday's service, but I couldn't work out where it would fit – and poetry needs time, as I've mentioned before, quiet time, for reading and reflecting and for our understanding to grow – just like seeds in the soil!

Here it is – *may my heart always be open to little* by e.e. cummings (1864-1962), American poet, playwright, and essayist known for his innovative and idiosyncratic approach to modern free-verse.

*may my heart always be open to little
birds who are the secrets of living
whatever they sing is better than to know
and if men should not hear them men are old*

*may my mind stroll about hungry
and fearless and thirsty and supple
and even if it's sunday may i be wrong
for whenever men are right they are not young*

*and may myself do nothing usefully
and love yourself so more than truly
there's never been quite such a fool who could fail
pulling all the sky over him with one smile*

May we be part of the greatness of God's kingdom with our small acts of kindness and joy – like pulling all the sky over ourselves (and others) with one smile!

Grace and peace,

Belinda

