



# Holy Week 2020

## Praying with poetry

### Disclosure

Prayer is like watching for the Kingfisher. All you can do is Be where he is likely to appear, and Wait. Often, nothing much happens; There is space, silence and Expectancy. No visible sign, only the Knowledge that he's been there And may come again. Seeing or not seeing cease to matter, You have been prepared. But when you've almost stopped Expecting it, a flash of brightness Gives encouragement.



by Ann Lewin

### Reflections on the poem 'Disclosure'

Prayer is a mystery, we don't know how it works, but we know that it matters.

It matters to God:

We read these words in Jeremiah 29: 13 "You will seek me and you will find me when you seek me with your whole heart."

It matters to us:

The psalmist wrote (Ps 34:8) "O taste and see that the Lord is good."

Many of us may well be experiencing more space, silence and stillness at the moment. We can learn to love the opportunities that this brings.

1. You may wish to re-read the poem 'Disclosure'. You may even wish to commit it to memory.
2. Try to recall any moments when you have experienced a 'flash of brightness' in your relationship with God. How has that felt?
3. You may find it helpful to revisit some of these moments and some of the feelings you had in those moments of insight. (Recalling an event or feeling allows our brain to experience again the pleasure or enjoyment we initially felt).
4. You could journal your 'flash of brightness' in writing, drawing or painting.

## Nail

Nail  
Cool, steel, nail,  
Hands  
Soft, warm hands,  
Nail  
Cool, steel, nail,  
Feet  
Soft, warm feet  
On the wooden cross,  
His body pinned.  
Drugged wine offered,  
Refused.  
Darkness,  
Silence,  
Noon to three.  
No natural darkness  
No normal eclipse.  
'My God, my God, why has thou forsaken me?'  
The wooden cross pieces silhouetted,  
Against the dark sky.  
Pain and agony,  
Inflicted by nails.  
'Let us see if Elijah will save him now,'  
The scorning watchers shout.  
'Father forgive them, they know not what they do.'



He bowed his head  
Hair damp with sweat,  
And died.  
Nails,  
Cool, steel nails,  
Limbs  
Cold, hard limbs.

by John L Truelove, aged 16

### Reflections on the poem 'Nail'

1. Take time to re-read the poem 'Nail'. What feelings does it evoke in you?
2. What new insights does the poem offer to you?
3. You may like to imagine that Jesus is sitting by your side now. Having read these words what would you like to say to Him?
4. How might He respond?