

Between Two Worlds

I had been away,
I wanted to see Him.
I looked up the hill and ran.
Three steps to the top,
a glance at Chapel Hill,
I'm back, I said.

Now six months later,
A lot has happened.

From the shore,
a line of long thin poles.
Trudging on the wet sand,
thick and black sludge
sucking at worn out feet.

Streaks of green seaweed
a bony carcass
little pairs of shells, like delicate wings, in varying shades of pink and orange

Holy Island
Balancing on a rock
on a pebbly shore.
Between two worlds.
water lapping softly
Cuddie's ducks
gentle mist
quiet stillness

Sharing a hotel room
A red and white theme
Gideon's bible
God's response to Job
Psalms
Asleep.

a bright sunny morning
on soft green grass
gazing over water.
a fishing boat unloading its haul.

a line of light green
a line of light blue
on the horizon

turn an inch to the left
royal blue water
reflecting a clear blue sky
marvellous colours in His painting

A rocky spot on another shore
scratching amongst tiny shells
looking for St Cuthbert's beads

Angel of the North
splendid curves
wings outstretched
and an open heart

Durham Cathedral
All together now.
turn left and walk through the cloisters, the double glass doors, turn right.
led down the far aisle, silently with purpose
feeling wobbly

St Cuthbert's tomb
Standing at Your feet
in the second row
tears flow freely,
silently and briefly
relief
We've arrived.
What to say?
A few words of prayer
Just stand here.
Because You are here for me
and I am here for You

Loud voices
another group arriving
not wanting to leave

Mary and her son carved of wood
standing quietly, a backward glance, still drawn to You

The Nine Altars for Your pilgrims
the stained glass window of many colours
An artist's paintings
All of no interest

Turning to leave
Pausing and waiting
A glance to the left
We can go now
because I only came for You

It used to be I thought this, I thought that,
I want this, I want that.
So much time spent walking here and there
exhausting
I was fixed in my thinking.

A wet, windy day after a scowly night
Rain drops drip, drains run
Wet, mauve, rust, brown leaves. All in balance.
It's beautiful, I'm thankful.
Two little toadstools
sitting on tufts of moss
on sparse branches. Fairy toadstools.
A joy to see. Just keep looking and keep breathing.

All that's out there is in here.
all the colours and changing sounds.
All that's out there is inside.
Soft green moss, quiet little stones.

When I walk quietly
I take a different path
from the one I had already decided,
and when I listen
I step here
then I step there
it all looks different
and I'm reminded this is how my life could be

So don't rush, listen
That's the point
That's the whole point of my being here

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