

The Sharing

We told our stories – that’s all.
We sat and listened to each other
and heard the journeys of each soul.
We sat in silence
entering each one’s pain and
sharing each one’s joy.
We heard love’s longing
and the lonely reachings-out
for love and affirmation.
We heard of dreams
shattered
and visions fled.
Of hopes and laughter
turned stale and dark.
We felt the pain of isolation
and the bitterness of death.

But in each brave and lonely story
God’s gentle life broke through
and we heard music in the darkness
and smelt flowers in the void.

We felt the budding of creation
in the searching of each soul
and discerned the beauty
of God’s hand
in each muddy, twisted path.

And God’s voice sang in each story.
God’s life sprang from each death.
Our sharing became one story
of a simple lonely search
for life and hope and oneness
in a world which sobs for love.
And we knew that in our sharing
God’s voice with mighty breath
was saying love each other
and take each other’s hand.

For you are one though many
and in each of you I live.
So listen to my story
and share my pain and death.
Oh, listen to my story
and rise and live with me.

Edwina Gateley

