

Reflection from Fr. Colm on the Saturday of the 6th week of
Eastertide

Audio posted to the Parish Website on Saturday 23rd May 2020

Good morning. Windy, windy, windy. I think my family of finches who are nesting under the window ledge are in the safest place today. Many of those nests in the surrounding trees I'm sure will be stretched to their capacity to survive in this type of stormy weather. Significant perhaps in the times we're living in of uncertainty, uncertainty in relation to travel, uncertainty in relation to rules, regulations etc in the future and that's a sign of our times at this moment.

Yesterday I participate in the St Leonard's school leavers service, it was a religious, beautifully done service we could only do it via TEAMS and it was lovely hearing the voices. Okay in an anonymity in many ways but I certainly knew the voices. It was lovely to hear them. They carried more I suppose presence because of that it was as if they were compensating for the absence of the visual.

I'm reminded of just a brief documentary I came in on last night on Stevie Wonder, one of the giants of popular music and one very astute critic observed with regard to Stevie Wonder's music, Stevie Wonder by the way, those of you who don't know, was African American, blind from birth, and an extraordinary creator and incredible human being in so many ways in his outreach particularly to those who are marginalised in society, less of that now of course, but just to say that the astute observation made was that Stevie compensated for his lack of vision by an extraordinary rhythm in his music.

And perhaps that's what life is, it's about compensating isn't it and trying to be more grateful and appreciative. I received a lovely poem yesterday from a parishioner, Joe thank you very much for it which I'm going to read. It's by Derek Mahon and it's called "*Everything is going to be alright.*"

*"How should I not be glad to contemplate the clouds clearing beyond the dormer window
and the high tide reflected on the ceiling? There will be dying, there will be dying, but there is no need to go into that. The poems flow from the hand unbidden and the hidden source is the watchful heart. The sun rises in spite of everything and the far cities are beautiful and bright. I*

*lie here in a riot of sunlight watching the daybreak and the clouds flying.
Everything is going to be all right."*

Good morning everybody.