

The Place that Calls

I am the holy place.

I am the place where calloused feet crack and backs ache.

I am the treacherous place that taunts you and rings with laughter.

And I am the place that calls you back....

I am the scree that unsettles your foothold

And I am the place where plans are hatched

Ideas are matched

And dreams despatched

I am the place and I call you back....

I am the place where you will challenge yourself
and be challenged by others

I am the place to meet new sisters and brothers

I am the throne of petitions and laughter

Of thanksgiving and disaster

I am the house of prayer

I am the horizon

Never seen in towns

I am the end where sky is found

I am the edge-land

That cannot be owned

I am the headwall and the spur

That deride you as you ascend and then

I am the place where god is present

I am the heaven where god is treasured and unfiltered

And unrelenting

And I am the place that calls you back....

I am the cathedral where hope meets doubt where the sky is reached and earth is found

I am the mountain

And I am your home

Together we are the pilgrims

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