Edwina Gateley: *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.