

Jacqueline Perry



Jacqueline Perry writes ‘Due to dyslexia and as part of my fatigue with ME, I have mistakes – spelling, punctuation – which are part of my disability and therefore part of my prose/poetry. I hope this is ok, as I feel it will encourage others with disabilities to write’.

THINK OF LIVING

Dedicated to Charles William Stubbs Bishop of Truro Cathedral 1912

The light upon the window stained
The shadow casts its colour
Darkened only by the joy in contrast

The Light of thinking of Living

Bended are the hosts of prayers
Bended are the peoples prayers
The Light of thinking of Living

Purple Arch

The First is draped
The Lamb of God
Draped, raped by man.

In thought he taught: thinking of living

4 arched purple murals
4 arched stones of death
Four beams of sunlight

Morning Day Eve and Night

Light of my Lord of All I Hear
I see the poet kneeling
Leaves are imprinted in her soles

The four legged creature looks on

The Living are Leaving
The Dead are Remembered
The Soles are Re-kindled

Now he has left us in thought, in all he taught

Light of Truro Cathedral
Let's now think of Living
Living with God.

Part 2

One young boy
Green is his jacket
Beige are his trousers

Eyes brown, round wonderment
Enhances him
He runs softly, black daps
Dapple

He looks he reads, he ponders on the
Wonders of this great cathedral
Children are learning, seeing and thinking

Abandonment of normality
Lost
As the Greatness of high ceilings
Call

Running in the cathedral
Running children
They stop and read

'Think of living'
'Think of living?'

Their eyes are taken to
A purple hill, tiered in emerald
Lines
Brown is the cross

White are the arms dangling
The sun moves
Over the moon

An animal looks on
Forlorn
Why have *you* forsaken
Me?

Blue is the colour
Splashed slashed redeemed

White is his Holiness

Left behind as the
Moon
Too appears as
White

No man no dog
Know what?

All that is left

Is one white branch
Standing for the Bishops
To come

The visitors
Gaze
The Hoover
Cleans

The scaffolding folds away
Soft footsteps, soft light
Is shining

Through the coloured
Lives
Of the sacred glass
Apostles

Teaching us their ways
The Word of God
As I think of living

Living in prose.

Jacqueline Perry

JUST AN EMPTY THOUGHT

I begin to see the negative spaces ; the precious air between the birds and their squeaking. The space where sound travels. I can hear the car engines starting up as the Cathedral car park becomes a negative space of motor pollution, unseen but they're attacking your tonsils and nerve endings. 'Clunk clunk clunk' the automated key does its evening ritual of opening the car door having waited patiently all day in your handbag. I watch the four o'clock shadow pass heaven as I delve into the dusk sky. I'm peering at this amazing creation through exciting negative spaces the gaps between the hollowed turrets high in the sky. They become the sand-grey coloured spaces of my mind. The puffed up clouds waltz together as the slimy sky moves west invigorating the drowsy Cathedral with silver and mauve threads of lightning. Whilst the vanilla tones of sherbet-lemon dust are gliding next to *'forget-me not'* hints of blue. I was looking for the negative space, but *missed* it this time as I found myself too intoxicated by the wonders of my Lords' own painting- *almost a Turner Sky, I thought --almost*

At last, I come across those negative spaces I'm searching for their moving fast behind the empty pinnacles. I would normally colour these gaps in black charcoal allowing those omnipotent Gothic features to stand out knowing it's here the *great spirits* of protection hide and ominously try and catch our breath; the empty space between *life and death*

I'm brought back to the here and now of Truro by a tempting, vinegary, salty ,hot, fried ,fishy smell that lingers in the air, it's warm and almost cosy: funny the *'fish' is still feeding the hungry* 'in their thousands each day, whilst the candles next door still light-up the hopes and prayers of the visitors.

Pondering on the good works of *our Lord Jesus Christ* I strain my eyes a little closer towards the buttresses and all the small crevices of this grand Cathedral -Truro Cathedral.- I see *no negative spaces* the perspective I now perceive is just a *moving holy frieze* an apparition of my vision of God a pure wonderment of life itself; all full of colour excitement and the kindest of joy.

Just an empty thought- *I wonder if Jesus would have ordered chips instead of bread today with his fish to feed the hungry. As I said- Just an Empty Thought, to fill the negative spaces of the paper.*

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LENT PRAYER

Ah, I ask myself?

Should I give up the pancake shrove;

No.

Should I give up the relentless prayer

Of Why, who, where

Do I care

Yes

I

care,

I care to see the bicycles,

Their wheels in motion

I care to hear the thudding of a car

Filled with music, full blast

I care to see a child's eyes, nose, smiles

And sheer wonderment at baking chocolate cookies

For Mothers Day, or Easter Sunday

Yes I care.

I watch their patience, feel the tactile process of their newfound cooking skills *Re-*LENTlessly, chopping chocolate squares, and sifting air into pure white flour dust Butter is added, so is the sweetness, mixed and folded by 10 gentle little fingers; next their skillful hands mould small circles' whilst burning hot ovens await their prey.

Then to my surprise as steaming hot freshly baked cookies are ready to munch. Not a mummer not a cry, as all are denied a taste.

Why? I wonder delving in

Then to my surprise, I'm told, 'One child has vowed to give up chocolate for Lent.'

Too late for me I must re-Lent

I ate the forbidden chip choc cookie: freshly baked by God's precious gift to us, our children.

All I could sense now were the patter of small footsteps, as feet had joined in the Lent Denial of chip choc cookies.

All but one

I was of course

ReLENTless in my excuses whilst hungry eyes looked on

Amen.

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AS GENTLE FOOTSTEPS PAUSE

As gentle footsteps pause
Children speak to god

Do you know what they asks for
Your safety and your happiness and your wealth and health.

And do you know they pray with the openness of a child
Whereby the heart and head and sensibility rule only.

Our future is; our children's ways
I only hope we bring to them; fulfillment, truth and freedom of speech. Thus
encouraging their own personalities to shine.

And I hope and pray we listen to their voice

They may-
just be asking a prayer
You haven't *gotten round to praying*

like

'Thankyou God for all you have given me today.
And look after all in need; and show me the way.
And godbless all: godbless and keep all safe and loved today.
Especially the lonely, hungry unhappy and poor
amen ...

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REFLECTION

My little poem came about as I thought of the week I had had with God at my side. I know he had decided to follow me home this week from Truro Cathedral as it was my turn to write and share my prose and poetry next meeting in the crypt. So later that week as I was listening and singing along to my Welsh friend Aled Jones.at full tempo the words to the song seemed very relevant as I pondered on what to write. "Do You see what I see"

My thoughts dived and delved, as Lent was foremost in my thoughts. What I had given up was privy to me and God only: not at all prosaic. Whereas my Thursday afternoon meeting with the children, named footsteps, had caught my senses. Here a team of ladies try to create a Christian environment with activities such as painting; puppet making, poetry, singing, bible readings and this week included Easter biscuit baking, encouraged by Ubby who brought in all the ingredients including a very large food mixer. She really is an angel of the children.

So my pancake week had been and gone and now I had to write my prose . I think perhaps what I as an adult have enjoyed most about this exercise/homework is the

revelating lesson - *what children have to offer that adults take for granted - Faith hope and charity.*

The joy of children, their new beginnings of creativity are a source of true wonderment, how sad our mothers have to work and miss the ever-changing growth of their siblings having nurtured them in the womb for the most precious nine months of their lives.

Let us at least find time to pray and listen to their prayers at night and share their childhood dreams, fears, needs before we kiss them goodnight,

A prayer for Lent - Let no child be sent out into the wilderness, at age for any reason.
Amen

Jacqueline Perry