

## My Life

Cast it off and do without the burden.  
Put it in the car and throw it in a hedge.  
But then – who am I? Here is my physical body,  
But where is the inner spiritual me?  
Go look for it – can't find the important me.  
Has someone stolen it? Is this one mine?  
Do I recognise it, bare, wet and lifeless?  
How I need it! Find it, bring it home  
And warm it; poke through it and enjoy;  
Squirm, laugh, cry, but know it to be mine,  
The unique spirit within.  
Yes, I do need it, to tell me what to do,  
How to cope to be content, above all –  
To BE  
To be ME  
That is my life.

**Elizabeth Harbottle**

*My faith it is an oaken staff,  
The traveller's well-loved aid;  
My faith it is a weapon stout,  
The soldier's trusty blade.  
I'll travel on and still be stirred  
By silent thought or social word,  
By all my perils undeterred,  
A pilgrim unafraid  
Thomas T Lynch (1818-1871)*

*Lord,  
Please help us all to find our faith as a 'well-loved aid' as we travel through our  
lives coping with our likes and dislikes, triumphs and tribulations, successes and  
failures; in fact, all the normal everyday happenings that surround us whoever and  
wherever we may be. May we be 'pilgrims unafraid' as we strive to reflect your  
image to all who know us so that they too may be able to share in our faith.*

*Amen*

**Sue Kennedy**