

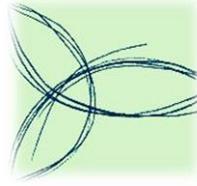
# Small Pilgrim Places Network

## *Spirituality Inspiration:*

Traditionally a spiritual person has been thought of as someone who attends a church, chapel, synagogue, mosque or temple or who adheres to a particular set of religious beliefs. Today this is not necessarily the case. Many people who would not describe themselves as “religious” seek to develop their spiritual life through private prayer, yoga, meditation, quiet reflection, long walks or visiting places where they feel a connexion with a sense of calm and inner peace. Small Pilgrim Places offer a prayerful presence to support that inner journey.

We can be inspired by many things. By music, by art, by nature, by the written word, by another person, by prayer. We can be inspired to do better, try harder, to accept, to seek our own true self, to be grateful.

This section of the Newsletter, following the tradition of medieval Books of Hours, suggests some words and images throughout the day which may help you with inspiration on your journeying to our Small Pilgrim Places....



## **Morning**



The night is over, and dawn is near  
... *Paul's letter to the Romans*



meditation, or any solitary practice (a walk before dawn, a poem every morning, sitting at sunset) gives depth and expands the soul's action.  
*Rumi*



It may be the light, or birds singing, the sound of traffic or the striking of a clock, but the realization dawns that a new day is at hand—a day in which to be made glad, to live effectively. What will this day hold? Many of its demands are well known, many of its events have long been scheduled. There will be beauty and joy, there could be pain and sorrow. To be ready is to be acceptant; and to be truly acceptant is to handle creatively whatever may appear.

*Elizabeth Yates*



True quiet means keeping still when the time has come to keep still and going forward when the time has come to go forward. In this way rest and movement are in agreement with the demands of time, and there is light in life. *The I Ching*



If we had never before looked upon the earth but suddenly came to it as man or woman grown, set down in the midst of a summer meadow, would it not seem to us a radiant vision? The colours, the shapes, the song and life of birds, above all the light, the breath of heaven, resting on it; the mind would be filled with its glory...

*Richard Jefferies*



It was the custom of voyagers, those hardy men who in the 17<sup>th</sup> century paddled through the Canadian wilderness, to pray at the beginning of each journey, at its safe conclusion and on the journey itself. Each one prayed but it was never for himself. It

was for the man who sat beside him in the canoe, or behind him or before him. Free to devote himself to others, the voyager knew that there would always be someone who would be praying for him. *Elizabeth Yates*



## Mid-day



Sun's gold on old stones, lichen is lovely, grey- green, violet, gold

Clouds drift, grey, grey blue and white, they pass on southward on the wind

Over the high place, the rock walls, the grave, the shallow well.

*Ursula Le Guin*



If you have a religious faith, then pray or meditate according to your religion. Common sense shows that human life is short-lived and that it is best to make of our brief sojourn on this earth something that is useful to oneself and to others. *Dalai Lama*



May We have the courage to take  
the step  
Into the unknown that beckons us;  
Trust that a richer life awaits us  
there... *John O'Donohoe*



The same wind that uproots trees  
Makes the grass shine. *Rumi*



Do as little children, who with one  
hand held fast by their father, and  
with the other gather berries along  
the hedges; so, you, gathering and  
managing the affairs of your world  
with one hand, with the other hold  
fast the hands of your Heavenly  
Father turning yourself towards him  
from time to time to see if your  
employments please him. *St Francis  
de Sales*



In walking as a pilgrim, you find  
these moments of pure pleasure  
around encounters. The scent of  
blackberries or myrtle, the gentle  
warmth of an early summer sun, the  
freshness of a stream. Something  
never known before. In this way

walking permits, in bright burst, that  
clearance of a path to feeling, in  
discreetly quantities; a handful of  
encounters along the way.  
*Frederic Gros*



Over the field,  
Two bluebirds pause  
On shivering wings.  
They could as well have been less  
glorious  
Colour and the flowers too.  
Why were we given this unearthly  
radiance, this blueness?  
If not to seek it out, to love it with all  
our hearts? *Louise Erdrich*



God, who does not dwell on high  
In the wide, unwinking sky  
And whose quiet counsels start  
Simply from the human heart  
Teach strong and teach us true  
What to say and what to do,  
That we love as best we can  
All thy creatures. Even man.  
*Charles Causley*



الخلايق ن فوس ب عدد الله إلى طرق

Which may be translated as

'The ways to God are as infinite as  
the number of creatures'.

*Attributed to Najmuddin Kubra*

## Evening



Just as the even bell rung we set out  
To wander fields and the meadows  
about,  
And the first thing we marked that  
was lovely to view  
Was the sun hung on nothing and  
bidding adieu?  
He seemed like a golden ball in the  
west  
In a cloud like a mountain blue  
dropping to rest *John Clare*



Looking along the roadway we have  
travelled, we see the landmarks,  
great and small, which have  
determined the direction of our feet.  
Do I travel alone or am I one of a  
great company, swift yet unhurried in  
their passage?  
*Michael Fairless*



Sometimes, while wandering,  
When I cannot find which road  
Leads back the way I came,  
The road goes anywhere  
And anywhere at all is home  
*Imagawa Ryoshun*



Bless O God the thing on which mine  
eye doth rest  
Bless O God the thing on which my  
hope doth rest  
Bless O God my reason and my  
purpose  
Bless O God Thou them, God of life.  
Bless to me, O God, the moon that is  
above me  
Bless to me O God, the earth that is  
beneath me...

*Carmina Gadelica*



Seek him who made the Pleiades  
and Orion, and turns deep darkness  
into the morning, and darkens the  
day into night; who calls for the  
waters of the sea and pours them out  
upon the surface of the earth: The  
Lord is his name. *Amos 5:8*

