

SESSION

10

Reviewing the Journey

SESSION 10: REVIEWING THE JOURNEY

At the End of the Year in Benedictus by John O'Donoghue

*The particular mind of the ocean
Filling the coastline's longing
With such brief harvest
Of elegant, vanishing waves
Is like the mind of time
Opening the shapes of days.*

*As this year draws to its end,
We give thanks for the gifts it brought
And how they became inlaid within
Where neither time nor tide can touch them.*

*The days when the veil lifted
And the soul could see delight;
When a quiver caressed the heart
In the sheer exuberance of being here.*

*Surprises that came awake
In forgotten corners of old fields
Where expectation seemed to have quenched.*

*The slow, brooding times
When all was awkward
And the wave in the mind
Pierced every sore with salt.*

*The darkened days that stopped
The confidence of the dawn.*

*Days when beloved faces shone brighter
With light from beyond themselves;
And from the granite of some secret sorrow
A stream of buried tears loosened.*

*We bless this year for all we learned,
For all we loved and lost
And for the quiet way it brought us
Nearer to our invisible destination.*