

The Five-Part Prayer

By Margaret Slavin Dymont

I Confession

I confess an old library in Nova Scotia
security monitor at my left shoulder
at my right the Letters of Queen Victoria and
the Works of Abraham Lincoln
In the high rafters white fans turn,
national banners sway
structure and context for passions for peace,
for greenness and perhaps for
Queen Victoria's heart but not her power.
The Quakers meet in the library of Kings-
Edgehill, Windsor, little town that
claims a pond it says began the game of
hockey.

II Thankfulness

I'm grateful for the beauty of these human souls,
bodies and beards and spectacles and
T-shirts carrying messages.
Thank you for the clear speaking of Sue Hill's voice,
the comforting murmur of Gordon McClure,
ironic and passionate sound of Carl Stieren, calling
us to common sense. What I mean is
we are manifest this moment in plaid and silk and
fabric sandals, called to
this library, these green hills.
And I don't know who or what I thank for all of this
but thanks.

III Praise (Meditation)

Thrum of fans miasma of sweating bodies, molecules
moving through and around us, glimpse we creation
carrying on, charisma, coughing, a Friend we love
sound asleep, chin on her chest, God breathes, moves,
sustains we say, unconscious dream and waking vision-

ing. Sleep-deprived from hard beds, wet tents, stimula-
tion of each other's minds and hearts and fears and joy.
O my friend, my heart nestles somehow next to yours,
forever and its day — and then we go away, learning
a bit that there is no away, and never ever has been,
world without end.

IV Intercession

I am asking for intervention, by you know who
(I don't.) Intercession. Love ignites the molecules
the singularities, makes the world go round.
I am asking for wholeness for communities I love,
for my children (name them) my
brothers and sisters, their wives, husbands, lovers,
children, and the children of our children
In love I hold my families, relatives by
blood and by adoption, extended family
of friends and Friends.
And all. All living breathing beings
breathing in and out this evening in August,
2001, in Windsor, in Nova Scotia, in the library.
In the Light.

V Petition

My lower back hurts; I've sat my bum on this
seat too long. I admire Sarah's blue dress and flashing
eyes. I strive to stay awake and get the gist of what
Sarah has to say. She sounds like a multitude but
"we are only four people." Exponential growth at the
grassroots level is possible, says Sarah, if I start to do
what must be done and develop social capital. Dear
Jesus, sit I here amid your social capital. Forgive me
my trespasses. Hold me in your Light. Not my work
but thine be done. The sweet water of your presence
sustain me as I go on. □

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