

A Final Word

The Poetry
of
Flora Litt-Irwin



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ISBN 978-0-9699033-3-8

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Flora's poetry...

Flora's life was filled with diverse interests, desires, and ministries. She was so remarkably gifted in all that she did. I know that many of us knew of, and worked with, Flora in prayer ministries, companioning, and other spiritual practices. However, little did we know of her passion for writing poetry – remarkable poetry – that could capture the very essence of the place, situation, or feeling that she had experienced. For Flora, writing poetry was one way of journaling, of putting into words her reflections on her life journey.

It was not until her husband, Wayne, started sorting through her papers, books and boxes that he discovered this most remarkable treasure trove of gems. And what a find it is!

Wayne decided that Flora's poetry should be published, not only as a testament to her life and great talent as a poet, but also as a gift to her friends, colleagues, and any others who will find inspiration in what she wrote.

The poems in this book are not Flora's total output; some were held back because they were too personal in nature. This collection is a true insight into the spiritual life of a remarkable person who came to know herself and the true essence of life, and was able to put into crafted words a remarkable description of what she witnessed and experienced.

The poems are placed in alphabetical order, with the exception of "A Final Word Comes Up", which Wayne believes is the piece that best captures Flora's understanding of this life journey, that should both give this collection its title, and be the culminating poem. To try to organize Flora's poetry into themes would be to diminish the joy you will feel as you experience each gem on its own.

One brief bit of trivia – the font used for the poetry texts is called "ITC Flora."

*We give thanks to our loving Creator
for allowing us to share Flora's remarkable life.*

The photography...

Flora's poetry is quite able to stand alone, without any other assistance. However, as this project blossomed, it became apparent that she had always worked so well in partnership with her husband Wayne Irwin. Wayne, while a fine preacher and worship leader, is also a remarkable photographer. He sees through the camera lens what Flora saw and put into words.

Therefore it was decided that Wayne should search out photography that will hopefully complement what Flora has written. Each photograph is Wayne's idea of what visually will support his wife's work. Some of the photos are directly related to the idea or location (photos taken by Wayne when they were on vacation or pilgrimage together), while others are photos that catch a glimpse of what is being said, without actually being closely related.

Wayne used many of his own photographs, but also others which he sourced, particularly those of Bev Williams, a personal friend of both Flora and Wayne.

Please note that all photographs used are covered by copyright and therefore may not be used without permission. Website contacts for the artists is given below, along with page numbers of the photos for easy informational access.

Wayne Irwin (wayneirwinphotography.com)

Pages – 8, 12, 20, 22, 26, 40, 48, 52, 56, 58, 60, 62, 66, 68, 70, 74, 76, 78, 86, 90, 94, 98, 100, 104, 106, 108, 116, 118, 130, 134, bio page, back page

Bev Williams (bevwilliamsreflections.ca)

Pages – 36, 38, 50, 54, 80, 92, 102, 112, 114, 122, 140

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Flora Litt-Irwin was born on July 18, 1929 in the farm home of her Sherwin parents in West Flamborough Township, near Hamilton, Ontario. She attended a one room public school, Waterdown High School, and earned a Bachelor of Arts degree from Victoria College in the University of Toronto, majoring in Philosophy.

In 1949, she graduated from the Toronto Normal School, married Edwin Litt, raised three children, and engaged in a career of teaching for many years in the Toronto and Burlington area, retiring in 1991.

Deeply involved in The United Church of Canada from childhood, Flora felt called by God not only to continue growing spiritually, but to become equipped to support others on their spiritual journey. She completed a Diploma in Spiritual Studies from Regis College, Toronto, went on to graduate from the Toronto-Shalom Program in Spiritual Direction, and practiced her ministry of prayer workshop leadership and spiritual companionship into her 91st year. Continuing her writing, even in her last days, Flora died on March 29, 2020.

Flora was a skilled wordsmith, crafting lyrical poetry as she reflected on and journalled her daily life. Together with her second husband, Wayne, she gifted the church with countless hymn, prayer and response texts for use in worship. Some of their worship resource materials can be accessed online at www.floraandwayne.com.



A Brighter Way

Lent/Easter 2017

A reflection when vision and breathing
were beginning to degrade



A Brighter Way

In the darkness
of restless longing,
fears of the unknown
threaten;
doubts of the mind roam free.

Until
as quiet stillness
settles a troubled heart,
light glimmerings
appear
on soul's horizon.

Inner Light
illuminates
a brighter Way,
transforming heaviness
into hope.

With Light flooding
soul's tomb,
fear rolled away,
shining angelic Presence
reveals the Truth
of Resurrection Life.





A Place for You and Me

June 2017

As an element of Flora's life-review
approaching her last days



A Place for You and Me

*W*e each one have a mission,
and special gifts to share,
a place to fill, a work to do
with humans everywhere.

This planet as we know it now
may not always remain
in nature's unfolding universe
with planets yet to name!

Still in this present time and space
we live, and hear the calling
to listen and to play our part
in a future now unfolding.

This is the time for each of us
to vision, dream, and dare
with energy of mind and heart
a new world to create.

I cannot fill another's place;
no other can fill mine,
for there's a purpose right for each
within Creator's plan.

And too, however humble
one's place may seem to be,
we cannot know from where we look
the total plan to see!

With confidence and gratitude
we trust we will be guided
to find and to fulfil our role
in the perfect place provided.





Baby Dear!

December 1994

On the birth of Flora's first grandchild

Baby Dear!

A mother's grateful heart now lifts
in praise to God above
for this, a precious, perfect gift,
created by God's love.

Baby Dear!

To touch the tiny hands and feet,
to kiss the warm, sweet brow
and know that heav'n with earth did meet;
a divine spark, in body now!

Baby Dear!

To guide the growth of body and mind,
how great a mother's role;
but more than this, and greater still,
the care of a little soul.

Baby Dear!





British Pub

July 1981

In Cambridge, U.K.,
after "lifting a glass" with friends



British Pub

British Pub
a meeting place
of high and low
from here and there
for this and that
where
grub is cheaper
wine is sweeter
ale is smoother
friendship truer,
a noble institution
good for the constitution
and weariness ablution!
A toast then,
"to the Pub"!



By the Creator's Hand

September 1999

A reflection on Psalm 139:1–18,
one month after her marriage to Wayne



By the Creator's Hand

By the Creator's hand was I formed,
tenderly shaped,
known and loved,
a spirit incarnate
in emerging miniature body.

By the Creator's hand was I birthed,
gifted with breath,
laid in human arms
to experience earth-life
and numbered days fulfil.

By the Creator's hand was I freed,
angel-guarded,
watched over and guided
to purpose unfolding
in earthly tasks and trials.

By the Creator's hand was I held,
cherished and corrected,
blessed and companioned
by constant presence
and the Creator's image-making.

Canada's Eastern Island

Canada's Eastern Island,
home of Confederation,
still struggling
for unity and harmony
amid diversity:
Acadian and Aboriginal,
Scottish and Irish . . .
cultures and religions,
genders and life-styles,
intermingling,
pastoral/maritime interdependency,
altering,
urban developments,
hotels and shops,
art centres and museums,
fast foods and tourists,
changing the scene.

Still,
gently rolling hills,
steeped churches and white houses
(not shingled but vinyl-sided)
in villages with General Stores,
patiently endure
along winding roads and rivers
where patchwork fields
(long woodland cleared)
for golden grains, tasseled corn
and white-blossomed potatoes
stand row on row on row
(rooted and nourished by rich red soil,
rains and ocean mists)
awaiting the times of harvest
to help feed the world's hunger,
and this economy.



Still,
haunting sounds
of bagpipe and drum
fiddle and Celtic song
stir memories of tears
and dancing feet.

Still,
quiet places
by meandering stream or reedy marsh,
wood lot or light-house shore
rest my soul.

And here I would return
to heal and fill my heart
in natural Beauty,
reflection of the Creator,
and ponder
with wonder and gratitude
the softening light and settling stillness
of evening
and the last holy note of bird-song.

And here I too would rise
to offer praise
as the sun lifts the shade
on dark river waters
awakening insects, birds and bees
to sing a morning Psalm,
and butterflies to wing their way
among dew-laden grasses
and up-turned faces
of the 'flowers of the field',
as a new day begins
for them,
and in me.

I thought I had come to the ocean,
but God sent me to the field.





Canada's Eastern Island

Mid-summer 2014

After enjoying the province,
venturing out each day
from a B&B near Cornwall

Come, Lord Jesus, Come

December 1999

A reflection on Advent, in preparation
for a Christmas together with Wayne



Come, Lord Jesus, Come

Come, Lord Jesus, come;
come again to be born
in the stable of this world,
awakening with your human cry
the buried, dormant love
of the One who made us,
whose Life is stored within us.

Wake up the world to hear
your labouring cry echoing
through every rock and branch,
every star, and every soul.

Wake us up and bring us
through birthing pain
to the bringing forth
of your Life on earth,
the fulfillment of your implanting.

And let it begin with me.



Cotswold Country

July 1981

Reflecting on the pastoral life
of her forebears



Cotswold Country

*A*n English gentleman of sober mien,
his wool-wealth grazes rolling hills,
his cattle feed in fertile fields,
his family kneels in abbeys,
solid and serene,
and lives among near neighbours –
within a walled estate
or clustered village thatch,
creamy yellow and black-timbered.
His is the good life,
less at the mercy of stack or mill,
of tourist or mine –
than most,
less marred by ravages of war –
than many,
his merchant trade and crafter arts
less touched by time –
than some.
And he, a well-seasoned –
“lord of the wolds he surveys”
strides across his lands
with dog at heel,
through cedar and beech,
aspens and oak,
beside a boxwood hedge,
stirring up as he goes,
the goldfinch and yellow-hammer,
giving but a passing glance
to his hedgerow queen,
the rose,
with elderberry for her lacy shawl,
and poppy jewels trimming for her gown.
To you, sire, a salute!
to you and all you represent
of our own pastoral heritage.





Courage

Monday, January 14, 1985
Reflecting on the last visit
with a dying family member



Courage

Courage,
I saw You in her feeble frame
and shaky limbs
willed to move but slow in response,
uncertain of the measure
of their strength;
I saw You in her deep-set smile
that curled up furrows on her face,
and in her too-cool hand
that grasped my own
with spidery fingers
of tissue-thin skin;
I saw You in her weary eyes
so patient and so wise
awaiting the appointed time
to wait no more;
I saw You, Courage,
and bowed my heart
in silent tribute.



Fill My Mind, Lord

Saturday, May 15, 1982

Turning to the Source of her strength
for ministry



Fill My Mind, Lord

Fill my mind, Lord,
with your thoughts;
fill my heart, Lord,
with your care;
let my every deed confess
the devotion I profess,
for with you, O Christ,
none other can compare.

Fill my mouth, Lord,
with your words;
fill my hands
with gentleness;
help me be obedient
to your will and way;
use me as your channel, Lord,
let me serve you evermore,
and rejoice in you
with gladness all my days.

Flora's Evening at Rice Lake

*F*rom cottage porch,
I am drawn to a bench on the dock,
summoned by the golden ball of sun
descending in the western sky
like a big Christmas orange
falling in slow motion.

Alone, I sit in silence,
awed by the shimmering sun-path
crossing quiet waters toward me,
setting my face aglow
while silhouetting the tree-lined edge
of lake's distant shore.

Apart from gentle-lapping wavelets,
there is no stir or sound
until, with a leap and splash
a fish breaks lake's surface,
leaving only ever-widening circles
upon the darkening waters.

Then, on the soft evening air
nature's vesper song wafts to my ear:
a single muted note from a far-away duck,
while one nearby sits in stillness,
before dipping a sieved bill
for a tasty late-night snack!



*A lone gull cruises slowly by on silvery wings,
heading shoreward for a time of rest;
and the narrowing light-path dims,
leaving only the sun's afterglow
on coloured cloud and water
to light my path from dock to cottage door.*

*Rising, I listen in utter stillness
to the harmonious hum of earth and lake and sky,
and with deep wonder and gratitude
I offer my heart-song of thanks
to the Creator of such beauty and peace,
and pray to hold this sacred moment close, always.*



Flora's Evening at Rice Lake

Late August 2016

On the lake in Ontario overlooked by
the former farm homes of Flora's
mother and father





Full Moon

July 2009

On a flight from Fairbanks, Alaska,
north to the village of Beaver, on the
Yukon River above the Arctic Circle



Full Moon

*F*ullness delayed
Until
Love's awakening
Lights long waiting.

Mystical womb
Of eternal receptivity
Open and exposed
Now vulnerable.





Gifts

Autumn 1998

Reflecting on engagement
to be married

Gifts

I cannot speak the words
my heart would say
to thank you for your gifts –
the gift of trust,
freeing us for meeting,
deep with deep,
no level unexplored, unknown;
the gift of love,
gathering and shaping
the lostness of me
into meaning, completed;
the gift of time,
making time to be together
doing whatever we must or may,
quality time, compressed time,
moments in time, always in time,
lest time between us be too long to bear;
the gift of hope,
brightening tomorrow in the knowing
you will be there, somewhere, some way.
Such precious gifts
honoured, treasured and believed,
yet do I doubt myself as worthy
to receive,
even as I know a gift is not a gift
unless received;
and so,
the gift that helps me most,
that shows me how,
is your receiving, too;
thank you, beloved.



Greenland

Greenland, earth's largest island,
austere mountain mass of ice and snow
in the North Atlantic,
standing stark-naked in granite greyness,
fringed with glacier-carved channels
and fjords,
and sparsely inhabited,
from 4000 years ago until today,
by dauntless Inuit people,
living in remote villages
on the southern coastline,
and by heavy-furred polar bears,
hungry ocean-edge roamers
and iceberg riders.

Greenlanders,
resourceful hunters and fishers
from long ago,
still braving nature's challenges,
and trusting the provisions of land and sea,
though differently acquired today!

Greenland, a nation 'on the brink'
as communication towers rise skyward
and technology arrives
in schools, stores, post office,
and tourist gift shops,
as geologists probe the depths
'From Greenland's Icy Mountains'
and iceberg-laden seas,
their riches to reveal.

And I am wondering –
will old stories still be told,
old songs sung,
and primal rhythms danced?
will rocky paths on village shore



still lead to a little white church
whose steeple lifts hearts heavenward?
and will beautiful, smiling children
still wave hello?

I am wondering –
as mineral wealth long hidden
and other of Creator's gifts to humankind
are uncovered,
will these be received with gratitude
and developed for the common good?
or exploited for profit and power?
and in the words of a song from years past
"When will we ever learn,
when will we ever learn?"

Today, as I ponder Greenland's –
air,
pure as God's Breath,
fog,
penetrating as God's Presence,
mountains,
strong as God's Grace,
mosses and tiny flowers,
enduring as God's Promises,
snow and icebergs,
white as God's Light,
sea,
deep as God's Love,
seals,
playful as God's Joy,
and sea birds,
free as God's imagining,
I pray we will learn –
learn to be truly Creator's care-takers
of this planet home.





Greenland

Summer 2013

After visiting Nanortalik on the Southwest coast. Nanortalik means "place of the polar bears."

Homing

July 1981

A reflection on concluding Flora's first journey to the U.K., the land of her forebears.



Homing

Homing is leaving
moving away
drawn toward
pulled from beyond the mind
toward a space
perhaps a place
but a relating
a re-entering
into the once familiar
and loved
causing lostness to fade
alienation to lighten
in communing
inter-connecting
soul harmonizing;
homing is coming
close and closer
to heart wholeness.



How I Delight in You, Beloved

August 1999

Immediately following Flora's
marriage to Wayne



How I Delight in You, Beloved

How I delight in you, Beloved,
delight in loving you,
delight in the privilege
of closeness,
of fullness,
of completeness;
completeness of which I always dreamed
and knew created reality.

And now no words suffice
to convey my joy in being found,
found at last,
I who was so long lost,
so lonely for you alone.

What joy supreme
to taste the sweet nectar of your moistness,
to smell the fragrance of your essence,
to hear the richness of your voice,
to see the sunlight of your smile
and feel my very flesh rise up to meet you.

I fall into your soul's embrace,
content,
touched where we began
so long ago as one.

Come, my eternal love,
and let my heart be a valley to hold you,
my arms be as hills to enfold you,
my flesh a meadow of peace where
you may rest,
my love,
refreshment drawn from
the sacred well of God's own heart.

Come and drink with me, Beloved,
from this our common cup.





I Came Looking

Summer 2007

During a pilgrimage to the U.K.
following the story of forebears



I Came Looking

I came looking
for something,
I thought I knew
for what.
I did not find
what I sought
but found instead
something different,
worse, discovered
at first
better, released
at last,
“hallelujah”

Thank you for your spirit's vigil
beside me.

Thank you for coming close enough
to touch my suffering,
to enter into it with me
and staying
until the darkness passed.

Thank you for knowing and
confirming “it is finished.”



I Cannot See Beyond
Summer 2012
Aboard ship travelling
from ancient Carthage to Rome

I Cannot See Beyond

I cannot see beyond
the blue horizon,
that seeming line
'twixt sea and sky
engaging my attention
from ship's deck.

Here, afloat
upon deep waters
I find no certainty
by human sense alone
of more beyond
life's earthy edge.

And yet, by faith
I know there is
beyond my present seeing
the shore-line of another land,
a land more beauty-full
than my imagining,
which one day
my wondering spirit-eyes
shall clearly see.

Still, until that moment
of seeing beyond,
I rest secure,
afloat upon the sea
of God's upholding Love.





I Don't Need Another's Words

December 1999

As a gift to Wayne on their first
Christmas together



I Don't Need Another's Words

I don't need another's words
to speak my love;
I can recount the truth
my own heart knows.
For truly I love you
as a flower the sun;
you open me, calling forth my fullness;
you warm me,
you dance with me in the breeze;
my colour reflects the spectrum of you
as your light plays upon me.
I love you with the wide-openness
of my being
in days of summer sweet.
And when fall comes and petals fall
into earth, having spent their time,
I go remembering fulfillment
and lie within the shelter of the earth
waiting
to be called again by your warmth.
The cycle of life and love remains
a mystery,
a truth,
my truth, my love – you.



I Have Loved Thee Much

August 2019

While sailing from Lisbon, Portugal,
to the Azores



I Have Loved Thee Much

I have loved thee much, my love,
recognized with earthly eyes
not long this round,
but briefly glimpsed,
sufficient still to understand
the union of my spirit selves
from halves of thine and mine,
to whole once more,
not here a possibility;
but in the freedom
of beyond the now
will I wait in love
with love
for you.



I Wait upon You, O God

Thursday, May 13, 1982

Engaged in her discernment of the
way forward with her lay ministry



I Wait upon You, O God

I wait upon you, O God,
in the silence of the night hours,
listening and silently loving,
waiting expectantly
for the touch of your Spirit's breath
upon my face,
for the stirring of your word of light
within my mind,
for the soundless music of your song
within my ears;
and the flooding warmth of love
within my heart;
waiting patiently,
trusting you are here,
and yet in greater measure
you will come.





Iceland Awakening

August 2013

Reflecting on the rugged landscape
around Reykjavik, Iceland



Iceland Awakening

*H*ow presumptuous we humans,
how deluded our minds
in thinking we are in control on this earth!
Volcanoes spewing fire,
earthquakes shaking foundations,
lava and glaciers carving mountain-sides,
tectonic plates inching apart earth's crust,
winds and waves
of unimagined velocity and height –
all continuing the re-shaping of land and sea
and of our ego-ventured pride.
A humbling reminder it is
of our smallness, and our dependence
on Creator's care, in the midst.
Still, the Omnipresent One
risks trusting us
to creatively and responsibly participate
in the ongoing evolution of earth
set in motion at the cosmic beginning,
and loved eternally.



In the beginning

January 2015

While visiting Martinique,
in the West Indies



In the Beginning

In the beginning
the Light of Love created,
by divine design
every thing,
every evolving creature,
and every human
– a unique Light-being.

Unaware
in the beginning
of divine intent,
my soul searched without
for truth hidden within my spirit,
of who I am,
and whose,
and why.

Until –
longing in love,
loss and learning,
in earthly experience
awakened openness
to the Light of Love.

Lord, here and now,
as in the beginning,
may I be a-Light for You.
Amen.



In the Caribbean

January 2015

Enroute from the West Indies
to the Caribbean



In the Caribbean

*H*ere,
in the Caribbean,
I visit an island chain
of pushed up peaks
from ocean depths,
and many thousands of people
with a story as old as the islands,
a story of long struggling
for freedom and opportunity.

Singing soul-songs of remembering,
and dancing to the rhythm of drums
beating out the primal heart-beat
of life yesterday and today,
and with hopes for tomorrow,
they smile.

Caribbean people,
God's own inter-mingling
of race and religion,
culture and colour,
from deepest black
and shades of brown
to palest white
from off-shore investors or visitors.

And I, white-faced tourist,
heard here words I know,
words I too have sung:
"Over my head, I hear music in the air...
there must be a God somewhere."

Yes, colours of faces, flowers, and rainbows,
all of God's creating,
and so beautiful.

Thank you, God.





Just a Simple Little Love-song

July 1999

In celebration of Flora's marriage
to Wayne



Just a Simple Little Love-song

*L*onely wandering spirits in the moonlight,
wistful searching faces in the crowd,
was there not someone, somewhere,
who would be the words
to the song of life for each to sing aloud.

*Just a simple little love-song
flows from a heart that's full and free;
just a simple little love-song
born the day that you found me.*

*Sweet as clover in the summer sunshine,
open like a daisy and as bright;
gentle as a dewdrop in the morning,
constant as a day that follows night.*

*Just a simple little love-song
flows from a heart that's full and free;
just a simple little love-song
born the day that you found me.*

*Now two spirits dance beneath the moonlight,
hearts hold hands and bodies sway in time
to the rhythm of creation, for eternity;
from new wholeness, there's this song that's yours and mine.*

*Just a simple little love-song
flows from a heart that's full and free;
just a simple little love-song.
Yours is the song... and me.*





Lake District
Summer 1981
On a visit to Kendal in the U.K.
Lake District



Lake District

*T*hen perhaps, my spirit-self
was new and good,
thoughtful and gentle,
of easy laughter,
hands and heart unsoiled.
What misadventure came
to interrupt young love's intent,
and bring to one who waited
incredible sadness?
Lingering still
through the memory's lives,
lingering even now
in passing by
the known fields of greens,
stone fences,
and daisy-dotted farms.
Strange, yet familiar sadness,
strange, yet familiar longing.



Loch Lomond

Summer 2007

During a pilgrimage to Scotland,
searching out the villages, homes,
churches, and graves of forebears



Loch Lomond

Beside the mountain loch
my heart stands still,
time-suspended in the misty glen;
mirrored on the waters
I can see another face beside my own,
dearer than my own, more fair;
I see you smile and feel you near,
feel your tender touch upon my hand
and hair;
the thrill remains.
Hearing you speak my name
I recall your gentle ways
born of real strength,
and know the peace
that comes from spirit-close.
Do centuries of lives not serve
but to refine all that has been,
to clear out tangled underbrush
and heal the wounds of the years?
In the stillness, my heart remembers
what mists the memory
and eludes the mind;
I do know all is well,
has been, and will be so.



Lord, Your Love Flows over Me

July 1988

Penned as a gift for Flora's dear friend,
Heather, while sitting on her cottage beach
on Lake Huron



Lord, Your Love Flows over Me

*L*ord, your love flows over me,
like the waves upon the sea,
and within your arms I rest,
held secure upon your breast;
though rough storms my life assail,
they will not o'er me prevail,
for I float upon the ocean of your love.

In the song you sing to me,
there is peace and harmony;
I am one with life divine,
endless waters, endless time;
I am fed by your resource,
strength sufficient for my course,
for I float upon the ocean of your love.

Like the mist upon my face
is the myst'ry of your grace;
as your gentle Spirit falls
I reach up in ans'ring call;
Lord, you cool my hidden depths,
by your breath I am refresh'd,
for I float upon the ocean of your love.

Let my face reflect your light,
sparkle with your sunshine bright;
let me sing your song of love
to the earth and sky above;
let the music fill the air,
tell the wonder of your care
as we float upon the ocean of your love.



Love Bears

June 9, 1989

Reflecting on a profound relationship
with a loving friend



Love Bears

*L*ove bears, but is not burdened,
hopes, but is not presuming,
endures, but is not complaining,
forgives, but is not condescending;
Love waits, but is not impatient,
longs, but is not listless,
listens, but is not judging,
frees, but is not self-pitying;
Love never fails...
love may wait long,
longing in the waiting,
sure only of the necessity,
the undeniability of love
which knows no ending
and no beginning.



Moon-Path on Dimpl'd Deep

August 1994

Late in the evening while visiting a
cottage on Belwood Lake in Ontario



Moon-Path on Dimpl'd Deep

Moon-path on dimpl'd deep,
your mystery lures brave hearts
to probe and know your source –
of being.

In white and silver light
you reign o'er sleeping earth;
and by your shadows, count
our days.

And I, born in July,
am called for you – “moon-child.”
My spirit waxes full – or wanes –
with yours.

The longings of my heart,
by shimmering ribbon drawn
to the Creator – in whom we
are one!



Morning at Sea

August 2013

Sailing in the Atlantic between
Amsterdam and Stavanger, Norway



Morning at Sea

*A*s earth turns a morning face
toward the sun,
first beams of light
awaken sky and sea.

Clouds linger above,
back-lighted and defined
in white singularity,
while waves dance
in glistening delight,
and bird-wings
flash in flight –
all for the pure joy
of a new day.

My face also turns eastward
to gratefully receive,
and reflect
Creator's Light,
in this holy moment
of Life on earth.



Morning Praise at Oban

June 28, 1981

Sailing to Mull enroute to Iona



Morning Praise at Oban

My heart arises to praise you, Lord,
my soul awakes to give you thanks,
how grand and gracious you are, O God,
how wondrous are your ways!
Your love spreads o'er me
like the mist of morning over the waters.
I am covered for my sin;
through the storms you have held me up
guiding me with unseen hand,
bringing me safely to harbour
and securing me in the night.
Praise to you, O God,
praise for your abiding grace;
when I hunger and cry out
like the restless gull at water's edge
you do not leave me
as a scavenger upon the shore,
but give me manna from above
to feed my soul;
feed me now, O Lord,
I trust in you;
feed me
fill me
and let me fly,
that I may better give you praise;
glory be to you, O God!





Mother Dear

1960

Written to her mother, Ezma (Mrs. Sherwin, as she was known) upon the safe arrival of Flora's first child



Mother Dear

*L*ooked the cards all over
But couldn't seem to find
A single one to say in words
The things I have in mind.

For now that I'm a mother too
Much better do I see
What a job it must have been
To raise the likes of me!

I'm told I had a healthy cry
For hours slept not a wink
I would not eat my vegetables
Enough milk would not drink!

Ailments – you had lots to nurse –
Whooping cough and mumps
Chicken pox and measles thrice
Along with cuts and bumps.

The pile of clothes to iron and sew
That one girl can provide
Was only equaled by the line
Of purses 'n shoes side by side.

But you had time for other things
Mud pies, doll clothes, wee lunches
Bedtime stories, memory work
May flowers by the bunches.

“Thanks” is a very little word
For the many things you've done.
Of all the mothers in the world
There's not a better one.

You are so patient, sweet and dear
That I'll try in all I do
As a mother – just to be
Even half as fine as you.





Mysterious Ones

Saturday, January 12, 1985

Reflecting on the mystery
of a friend's personhood



Mysterious Ones

I cannot know where you begin;
in the deepest recesses of your being
you are mystery;
Oh yes, I know about you,
the far-off look when music lifts you
far beyond,
the sound of your voice,
the touch of your hand,
the turn of your head when you listen;
I know about the things you say and do,
and some of what you think,
and much of what you feel,
yet, you are mystery,
even as I am mystery,
and God is mystery.
Spirit-created ones are we,
each part of the "I am-ness"
of our God;
we remain
united
in mystery –
and need know no more;
it is enough.





North Wales

July 1, 2007

During a pilgrimage to Wales,
searching sites related to
Wayne's forebears



North Wales

Trrregular scape of land
larded over by castles,
undermined by quarries,
traversed by rail and road,
where mountains are compressed
into the arms of clouds,
deep fissures rent uneven slopes,
and confetti rocks tumble down,
to rest in endless man-made lines;
where streams wend and wind
turret to toe
splashing down rapids and falls
to be confined at last
within a fold
of mossy stone and grass,
“a camping ground”
for cattle and for sheep –
droplets against the verdant green,
like the sugar-cube shepherd’s house.
Such beauty in the pass and vale,
such history in castle town,
and nestled village street,
where Welsh folk come
when day is done
to hear a tale,
to talk and sing,
to lift a glass to the night,
their tongues a musical delight,
their pride, and life-sustaining laughter
lending courage
in changing days and ways.

We too, on this our Canada Day,
share with them
a loyal patriotism,
each to our own.





Norwegian Morning Reflection

August 2013

Sailing in the north Atlantic between
Stavanger and Bergen, Norway



Norwegian Morning Reflection

Dark clouds sit atop
green rolling mountains,
and hover over brick-red roofs
of white structures
dotting lower hillsides
and Atlantic shore.
Their many-windowed faces,
silent and still,
wait to welcome the elusive sun
hiding behind
the heavy curtain above.

Suddenly,
its dark shroud withdrawn,
the light breaks through
in glorious splendour;
earth, sea and sky
mirror the wonder,
of the luminous beauty
all around.

Would that I would learn to wait
with open face
and patient trust
in God's revealing Presence.





Norwegian Rockface

August 2013

While touring Lysefjord, Norway

Norwegian Rockface

A visual story
of God-speaking:
vibration
seemingly solid,
minerals combining
in black and white
mottled granite,
greened with foliage
and streaked
with slim-fingered stream.
A story.
still being spoken.



Not for Naught

July 18, 2019

Celebrating her 90th birthday,
during her last sailing westward
across the Atlantic



Not for Naught

Not for naught
the struggle
to endure

but for firing
and for tempering steel

bent
but not broken

weary but not wasted.



O God, How Much Is Enough?

Friday, May 21, 1982

Pondering the spiritual development
ministry beginning in Lowville, Ontario



O God, How Much Is Enough?

O God, how much is enough?
how much is all that living requires?
I do desire to give as Love gives,
but though your Spirit enables loving –
I could not otherwise give –
I am but a weak daughter, Lord,
and I am tired,
and I need loving too.
How much is enough, Lord?
“All you have, and are, my child.
Nothing less is enough.”



O God, I Feel Like a Yo-Yo!

Friday, May 21, 1981

Struggling with the push and pull
in life in the early days of her
prayer ministry



O God, I Feel Like a Yo-Yo!

O God, I feel like a yo-yo!
tossed up and down,
up
and
down.
Being in relationship
makes me so vulnerable
to the up
and
down.
Moving with another's
need or satisfaction,
sadness or delight,
triumph or rejection,
carries me
up
and
down.
Living with empathy,
with involvement,
risking feeling as the other feels,
is to suffer as he suffers
or rejoice as she rejoices.
Lord Jesus, all this you did
in so much greater measure.
But how? How did you love so much?
Did you ever feel like a yo-yo too?



Old Abbey

June 26, 1981

Upon visiting Dryburgh Abbey in Scotland, and dedicated to group member Mercer Irwin (Wayne's father) who sang "Trees" for the assembled group



Old Abbey

Tn days long spent
cloaked figures
moved among these stones
with purposeful activity,
the daily round
an act of prayer and praise,
devotion of the heart and soul,
expressed in charity and chant,
lives offered up to God.
But now, no sound,
save the praise of birds
and sigh of wind,
and only broken walls remain,
ancient, silhouetted fragments
against the sky,
symbols
of the cloistered common life.
Foreign footsteps wander wonderingly,
echoing through deserted hall and arch,
while sentinel trees whisper prayers
and spread protective arms
'round weather-worn mounds.
My pilgrim soul is stilled
and called to prayer;
I join with those whose earthly life
once centred here,
and find the spirit's centre
beyond time and place
within the very heart of God.



Old Cathedrals and New

June 25, 1982

A reflection on visits to Lincoln, York, Durham, and Coventry cathedrals in the U.K.



Old Cathedrals and New

Raise up an altar to the Lord,
offer thanksgiving to the Eternal God;
raise up stone upon stone
and pillar upon pillar;
spread arches and cloistered columns,
keep faithful watch from a tower,
and stretch the spirit to the heavens
with a spire;
speak the Word of the Lord
in carving of wood
and prised glass,
in moulded metals
and embroidered cloth;
for God inspires ascriptions of praise;
the Spirit draws forth creativity
from the people, age after age;
generation after generation
give honour and glory to the Lord.



Old House

1972

Reflection – after her mother's death –
on the sale of the farmhouse
in which Flora was born



Old House

Old house,
familiar yet so strange,
for over half my years
you've tried to shelter me,
to touch me inside
and to give
what I've longed to find.

I know you no longer as a prison,
stern and cold and judging,
confining,
holding,
moulding me
to something I am not.

Your rooms have grown dear,
your rattling windows
music in my ears,
flashing shadows on the walls,
your cool gay neon lights.

Painful memories of a lonely child
fade to distant wistfulness;
once I could have run from you,
now I leave with sadness;
for you became a home
when at last
within,
your love came to me.



On the Wings of the Morning

July 1989

Reflection during a retreat
in Muskoka, Ontario



On the Wings of the Morning

On the wings of the morning you come,
riding on the clouds.
With fingers of sunlight
you brush away the morning mist
over the lake,
laying bare the upturned face
which reflects your smile,
as wavelets clap delighted hands.
Walking from crest to crest,
you come to find me,
waiting there upon the shore,
lonely for you.
Together we walk along,
the sand cool beneath our feet,
sharing all that is,
and visions that might be.
Now listening,
now speaking,
now silent and still,
your breath caressing my cheek
and hair,
your whispered words of love
an ostinato for the chorus of the waves
whose rhythm beats
as one with my own heart.
I turn to see your footprints in the sand,
but yours are gone – washed away.
And only mine remain.



Over the Atlantic

June 23, 1981

Reflection during Flora's first flight
overnight from Toronto, Ontario, to
London, U.K.



Over the Atlantic

O Lord, your Sovereign Spirit
soars across the spaces of the skies,
you stir the clouds with your breath,
lift the sun with your hand,
and fan up the foam of the waters;
how great you are, O Lord,
how greatly to be praised.

You bring dawn to the people of the earth
raising us out of darkness
out of earth-boundedness
into the freedom of your Light;
your glory shines like a silver shroud
over your creation,
you protect all you have made,
praise to you, O God,
praise to you forever.

Pilgrimage to Iona

*A*cross the Firth of Lorne
where fishing boats slip in and out
bearing their treasure of salmon and trout
the ferry wakes its way
toward the Isle of Mull,
and beyond
where ancient Iona keeps sacred vigil
on lonely, rugged shore.
A single track threads through
the pushed up hills,
home of red deer and sheep,
while overhead
the golden eagle nests in lofty crag,
the reigning island monarch.
The coverlet of shaded green
beside the loch
is carpet for the shepherd's dwelling-house
stacked stone on stone,
layer on layer
even as the hills themselves,
and in the cold, clear waters,
blue and green,
fish gleam, cormorants dive,
and the great heron stands
on single stilt.
There, stretched like a bridal ribbon,
Iona's sands of white
trim the virgin Isle,
in startling contrast to the granite-red
of famed repute
which holds the Abbey's walls secure
age after age.
The Abbey, an effigy of the devoted life,



Columba's then,
a traveller's now,
who kneels within this hallowed place
to pray for healing
of body, spirit and the mind,
to claim by faith a blessing,
and touched,
to go out,
having knelt
on holy ground
to serve in daily ways
the Holy Lord.

A temporary exile from my home,
I find a universal *déjà vu*
of heaven's glory land,
at Iona.



Pilgrimage to Iona

June 28, 1981

After traversing the Isle of Mull and
visiting the Abbey on Iona





Prayer for a Night Blessing

Wednesday, May 12, 1982

Representing an example
of the lyrical style of Flora's
extemporaneous prayers



Prayer for a Night Blessing

Come, O Lord, into my heart
and breathe a benediction;
I offer up this day to you,
its grief and jubilation,
its failure and its victory,
complacency and striving;
O Christ, redeem what I have lost
or wasted, in my living;
transform what I have set amiss,
into a new creation,
lest I have pained or bruised a soul
regardless of intention;
forgive me Lord, for this day's sin,
and make me clean anew;
that I may enter coming dawn
in peace and joy,
with you.



Reflection on the Southern Sea

2011

Reflection while crossing the Drake Passage from the Falkland Islands south to Elephant Island, Antarctica



Reflection on the Southern Sea

"There are three things which are wonderful for me...
the way of the eagle in the sky,
the way of the serpentine rock,
the way of a ship in the middle of the sea..."

from Proverbs 30:18–19, New American Standard Bible

*A*s the sea-bird soars
on ever-moving currents of air,
or sails upon the currents of the sea,
so the ship makes her way,
rising and dipping
at the bidding of the restless winds
and waves,
and I, within, am held afloat
by nature's laws and human skills.

Yet, wonderful indeed
the flash of feathered wings
across the blue expanse of sky,
wonderful indeed sea-creatures
upon the rugged shores,
instinctively content to live,
their way,
this day;

and I too choose to be content,
depending on the same Creator
for life this day,
as a wave within the sea,
swelling and rolling,
crested and falling,
only to rise again another day,
re-shaped,
re-formed
by currents of other winds and waves
within the great Water of one Life,
for this is the Way and Wisdom of the Sea.





Rice Lake Duck

Summer 2015

While cottaging on Rice Lake,
near Harwood, Ontario



Rice Lake Duck

*F*eathered friend at home here in the lake,
you teach me of wisdom and delight,
by silently floating along in the current
or paddling at top speed, just for fun,
then by seeming intent, you stop to rest.
For tasty bits beneath the lake's surface,
your long neck stretches
and your wide bill dips
to search and find and feed, until
with shake of head and feathery flutter
you take to flight in sheer delight!
Would that I could be that free!
Would that I would be that wise!
Yet I have come away on retreat
for solitary float and feed,
to look and see, listen and hear,
take flight of fancy, read and write,
and rested, re-enter communal life.
God, you have made me to be free,
and I pray, with duck-rhythm, to be wise.



Scotland Again!

Summer 2007

During a pilgrimage to Scotland,
searching out the villages, homes,
churches, and graves of forebears



Scotland Again!

*F*antasy? Perhaps,
or did we wander over moor
and glen
one far-off day?
and did our voices blend
with the crying wind,
calling out in laughter or lament?
and did our hearts beat to a pipe,
or maybe to each other's?

We ken not, kennot know;
yet I kennot deny I love thee,
and matters not from whence 'tis come;
or through what long ages has been tried;
I know 'tis true;
and truer day by day.

But fret not, for today, not yesteryear
commands our way,
and destiny lies not within our hands
but with the Lord.

I cumber thee not with my love,
nor do withdraw
from whatever time may bring –
for "I truly love thee, lad."

Scottish Highlands

High land of wild beauty,
a panorama, peaked and hilled
with knuckles and wrinkles
of variegated green,
bare-stone scratched and scraped;
a tartan-face
of road and fence
and winding stream –
reaching through dark dots
of spruce and pine
into patched arms
of bracken and heather
where true-footed sheep
and deer dare cling.
In wooded places of the glen's heart
furred and feathered creatures
find a refuge
near the glist'ning loch –
cupped like a liquid-silver pool
within the palm,
where trout can flash and play,
while here and there
a weary castle still looks down
upon a pastoral scene
of black and white-faced sheep,
without a shepherd
but quiet and content
beside a spreading river
where graze the long-horned
shaggy cattle beasts.



*Colour surprises brighten
the grassy bed,
with fox-glove and buttercup,
daisy, dog-rose, and iris,
a feast for the eyes and heart,
no longer confined,
but roaming wild and free
in the high land.*



Scottish Highlands

July 1981

Flora's verbal landscape on first
viewing the Highlands of Scotland





Ship's Wake

2011

Reflection on sailing in the Humboldt
Current, northward, off the coast of
Chile, South America



Ship's Wake

*T*he ship's wake
stretches wide and frothy-edged,
its imprint upon the sea,
a watery ribbon trail
tracing the proud ship's passage
to destined ports.

Narrowing in the distance,
the churned up path makes its way
toward the horizon.

Like a thought or word or act
upon the cosmic waves,
never to be recalled,
only surrendered
and forgiven
in returning to the whole.



Snowfall

January 10, 1985

During a winter Thursday
in Flora's home in Burlington, Ontario



Snowfall

*W*ith silent release
snow mantles and enfolds
the naked, waiting earth
that reaches up her arms,
gently touching
flake upon flake,
caress upon caress,
kissing her wrinkled face
with tenderness,
covering her exposure
with fleshed whiteness,
spreading, softening her contours
that respond in welcome
to longing,
the past blanketed
in forgetfulness,
as fresh with newness
earth rests, embraced,
a dazzling reflection
of love's renewal.

Summer Song

Beads of dew baptize the earth
and mists shroud field and lake,
a gentle covering of promise,
a stirring of the dawn.
A day begun,
a day for living, longing, loving,
working, waiting, weeping,
a day for dying at sunset hour.
Rich and mellow the fruit of summer
fleshly and full-bodied lushness,
intoxicating nectar,
bitter-sweet.
Autumn in summer's maturity inherent;
joy in summer's storm a rainbow smile,
blending sunshine's laughter with rain-tears,
tears that fall like streaking leaflets
of silvered willow
from the laden sky-face
and from mine.
Mine, the full fruit of summer,
mine the sorrow and the joy,
and I a mirror of the light and shadow
a playground for sunbeams,
a dance floor for moonbeams
impressing upon my soul,
yet like the monarch of butterflies,
a flight path to draw me on,
and I would learn
spiritual harmony and balance
from natural things;



*from the morning,
hope and joyful rising,
from the grass,
a springing up when trodden down,
from the gull,
an entrusting to the waters,
from the sky,
a letting go dark clouds,
from the sand,
a remembering that I am dust,
inspired dust,
and from the sound of silence
that I am a song being sung,
a love-song of God,
for you.*



Summer Song

1994

3 weeks after her son Bryan's death, during the 35th General Council of The United Church of Canada, in Fergus, Ontario, where she managed the prayer tents





Sunset – Sunrise

September 2013

Sailing from Greenland to St. John's,
Newfoundland, on her North Sea
voyage



Sunset – Sunrise

*H*ow was it that the sun
fell from the sky
to set upon the earth's edge,
then disappear in darkness?
Where did it go, and why?
I wondered as a child.

But now, in older years,
the secret is revealed:
the God-sun never changes
or fails to shine.

'Tis me, self-willed earthling
who chooses my own way,
and falls into darkness.

Yet, drawn by the Lover of my soul,
I turn again toward the Light
which alone overcomes –
and it is Sunrise.



Sweet Gentle Darkness

July 14, 1974

Between 1:00 and 2:00 a.m. in her
home in Burlington, Ontario



Sweet Gentle Darkness

Sweet gentle darkness,
alive with tender purpose,
your vibrant secrets
stir restlessness within my heart.

I hear your whisperings
as breezes run slim fingers
thru' my hair
and pat the wetness of my cheek.

Softly you sing in leaves caressed,
then, sighing,
die to momentary stillness –
only to rest again
in wavelets' muted laughter.

I feel your poignant power,
letting go the hurried heat of day –
feet quietly pass on cool moist grass,
voices, subdued,
mingle with your murmurings.

Beneath your magic spell
of silver moon-glow,
two shadows, woven into one,
know separateness no more.

Darkness of deep summer's night,
made for lovers,
gather me into your arms
that I may rest from longing
for him who is not here.





The Baltic

August 2016

Sailing through the 30,000 islands,
skerries and rocks of the Stockholm
Archipelago



The Baltic

Northern Seascape,
an expanse of beauty and business;
ferries and commuter boats,
cargo ships and tankers,
tall ships and sailboats,
cruise ships and pleasure craft,
ice-breakers and naval vessels
all at sea by human's direction,
while other creatures share clean air,
sparkling water and rich land
by flight or float, fin or feet:
sea birds and wood fowl,
ducks, geese, and herons,
white swans and sea gulls,
pickerel, salmon and herring,
animals of forest or of field,
all a-move by Nature's intention.

Northern Seascape,
of turbulent waves or quiet waters
of sea or lake, river or stream
all rimmed by rugged, rocky shores
and dense, silent woodlands
long home to hardy humans
carving out life and identity,
nation with nation,
through decades of struggle,
now history.

Yet still minds and hands create,
and hearts hold hope
for a future of lasting peace.

May it be so, Creator God of all!
Amen!





The Day Is Born

Summer 2000

Early in the morning while camping
on Lake Huron, north of Goderich,
Ontario



The Day Is Born



With soft whisperings in treetops
the day is born.

Gentle lappings on the shore
speak of inner stirrings –
and cool my toes.

Mist stretches languid arms;
her night of waiting done.
Gathering her silken negligee,
she quietly slips away,
answering the sun's call.

Birds dart from sheltered nooks;
ruffled throats out-pouring –
songs of joy to the dawn.
But the practical swooping gull
searches for breakfast!

He speaks, the little one circled –
in my arm.

"I hear the water – the whistling wind –
a crow – a motor,
and I hear 'silence'."

And as wind blows my hair,
waves splash my legs,
bright rays dazzle my eyes
and warm my skin –
I know Nature – alive and active!

We are of Nature – you and I,
each a unity in Creation.
In our depths we know love
and the pulse of creativity.
Such is the promise of each new day!





The Days Slip Away

November 2019

Reflection on the journey of life
on this plane of existence



The Days Slip Away

The days slip away
like wispy mist before the sun,
the heart-beats ticking off
like clock-work
wound for three score years and ten;
and of these days
a moment hangs suspended,
timeless moment now and then
within time,
the rest marching along
keeping time
left right left right;
a heart-beat missed,
a tick not tocked,
for you are near
and inside time;
love is bound by time
no longer.



The Earth Sings Your Glory

Summer 2000

While camping in Point Farms
Provincial Park, overlooking Lake
Huron, north of Goderich, Ontario



The Earth Sings Your Glory

The earth sings your glory, O God,
the rocks hum,
the trees lift their arms in praise and prayer
waving hosannas,
pointing the soul heavenward;
what strength is yours, mighty God,
what power, and presence
in all that you have made;
creation moves beneath your hand;
by your breath the sands shift,
and clouds disperse;
at your call the creatures gather
to drink and be fed,
to give birth and to die;
who am I to stand among
as one of yours
not greater, yet so named...
and supremely loved...
the first in all creation,
in spirit, not in form;
how weak and helpless am I
before the mighty strength
of your wind and waves,
before the sin of my vagrant heart;
in mercy save me yet again, O God;
to the knowledge of your care,
O Lord, restore,
that I may clap my hands with the trees,
and sing with the birds
who never doubt,
but rest secure.



The Sea
March 2012
Sailing the Mediterranean Sea



The Sea

The sea
rising and waving
in sun-kissed blueness,
it rearing and roaring
in froth-topped greyness...
then falling
into depths of silence
only to rise again
changed
yet changeless
mystery.
I am of the Sea,
a droplet
visible,
audible
for a moment
in time
yet timeless
in depths of silence
to rise again.
I am the Sea.



Time Rushes By

July 2009

Reflection on Flora's 80th birthday
celebrated in Rocanville,
Saskatchewan



Time Rushes By

*T*ake my moments and my days,
let them flow in ceaseless praise."
For me, time is flying fast.
You, Lord, give time
and take it away.
You are beyond time,
yet in time;
timely,
and timeless.
Eternal mystery.
I ask for time to give to you.
I ask you to give time to me.
Illusion? Perhaps –
for what we give to you
is timeless,
and what you give to us
is timeless,
and what we truly give to each other
is timeless.
Eternal value;
Everlasting love...
Help me live in time
for what is timeless.



To Be Touched by an Angel

July 2000

On the first anniversary of Flora's
marriage to Wayne



To Be Touched by an Angel

*T*o be touched by an angel
is to feel upon the soul
the lightness of a feather,
the gentleness of a dove,
the softness of a blossom,
and the tenderness of love.

To see a heav'nly angel
is to wondrously behold
most delicate of china,
and the beauty of a rose,
the sparkle of a bright star,
and the hues of a rainbow.

To hear an angel singing
and to hear an angel speak,
is tinkling of fine crystal,
and the murm'ring of the trees,
a waterfall of laughter,
and the whisper of a breeze.

To be loved by an angel
and to know an angel's care
is the purest kind of love,
and a love that's surely rare,
a priceless heav'nly mercy,
and a gift beyond compare.

For what you give me, dear one,
I say thank you from my heart,
my very 'special angel'
I have loved you from our start.
May God bless you forever
and your faithfulness reward.





To Love and Live

Summer 1981

After creating her poems on her tour
of the U.K.



To Love and Live

To love and live
within the Spirit-nature of God
is to share
in the creative impulse
of the universe.
Thank you, Lord,
for the flow of life through me,
warming my body,
filling my heart and mind,
sealing my soul
with your stamp of love –
and pushing my pen!



Today Was a Soft Day

September 19, 1990

As an "Ode to Autumn" in thanksgiving
for her favourite season of the year



Today Was a Soft Day

*T*oday was a soft day,
a day of sombre sky
and gentle rain,
a day of wetted weed-flowers
washed clean.

Today was a soft day,
a day of remembering
and summer's farewell;
a day of colour-tipped trees
changing clothes.

Today was a soft day,
a day of quietness,
and fruitfulness,
a day of spring's promise
fulfilled by love.



Transformed

1990

While on retreat at Five Oaks Centre,
near Paris, Ontario



Transformed

Such a warm and sheltered place,
my cocoon,
dark, yes, but quiet and still,
resting, waiting,
waiting for what?
to struggle again?
I want no more.
I would remain,
but can I?

Stirrings within,
shakings from slumber,
a new desire for light, for freedom!

Break out of my refuge?
courage enough?
leave my shelter from the world?

The door must be burst open,
a trumpet call resounds,
“Lazarus, come forth,
leave off your grave clothes,
it’s resurrection day!”

Love dries my wings,
strengthens them for flight,
from worm to butterfly,
old life to new,
transformed,
free to live, to fly, to die,
to be reborn again
no longer I, but Christ
who lives in me.





True Identity

January 2015

While sailing among the islands
of the West Indies



True Identity

I am
not a fingerprint
or a DNA reading,
not a number on a plastic card,
or a password on a computer,
not a name on a certificate,
letters on an education degree
or office door,
not a face on a passport
or a bar code on a cruise ship!

Neither am I
only a body in growth or decline,
and a soul in joy, travail or transition
by mind, will or emotion moved.

True identity
is spirit essence alone,
offspring of God's own Being,
beneath
beyond
before all other naming.

To be eternally known
by the Creator of Life,
known and named
as the beloved,
is an amazing grace!



A Final Word Comes Up

Autumn 1981

After her summer U.K. tour,
as a testimonial to Flora's
understanding of "What Is"



A Final Word Comes Up

A final word comes up
through rubble remains
and scattered broken fragments
of former lives and times
from the Self not here,
not tied nor bound to earth
by longing and by need,
but older than all time,
and younger than all graves,
wherein my rotting bodies lain
have dwindled dust to dust;
and from the heaven scene
leans out a hand
replete with knowing,
complete with love
to lift my spirit home
at last
beyond the tides of ebb and flow
into lasting peace
beyond the teasing, testing temporal
into eternal tenderness,
and tarrying no more
in valleys of temptation
and of tears and pain,
my spirit flies,
the homing instinct
finally fulfilled,
for One who set me free
knows
when
enough is too much
to bear
and does not break the silver cord
but leads my spirit onward
to the source
from which it came.



More from Flora...

“I have come to realize that my overall mission is to continue growing in relationship with God such that I am a small, but nonetheless significant, aflame vehicle of the revealing of the Love-consciousness (God-consciousness) already here, but still dimly recognized among humankind. I am to witness to the grace-filled message of God’s unconditional love and to Jesus’ living presence among us as the way to the life on this earth that God intends.

This is the mission and purpose to which I am called to commit, and to fulfill by the power of the Spirit working through me in this brief human life. Each of us has the opportunity to discover and say ‘yes’ to who we really are, ‘yes’ to giving and receiving love, and ‘yes’ to offering our particular gifts to life here in service to God.”

Spirits Alive: Souls on the Journey
(pp. 41–42) © Flora Litt-Irwin, 2012

“Mind your head”



- humour to the end

