

Dear Friends,

I have included a poem that was written by John O'Donohue; who struggled with PTSD. The poem was given to me by Christina McCormack. Christina feels that the poem was written for these times. She has shared the poem with others and it has brought them comfort.

Jon

Benedictus

This is a time to be slow,  
Lie low to the wall  
Until the bitter weather passes.  
Try, as best you can,  
Not to let the wire brush of doubt  
Scrape from your heart  
All sense of yourself  
And your hesitant light.

If you remain generous,  
Time will come good,  
And you will find your feet again  
On fresh pastures of promise,  
Where the air will be kind  
And blushed with beginning.

From *The Book of Blessings*