

THE POETRY OF FAITH

"Love's not love unless it's vulnerable"

Dennis Potter, in an interview only days before his death from cancer said that "Religion has always been to me the wound, never the bandage". Being vulnerable is meaning to carry our wound (*vulnus*). It is not, as popularly thought, overcoming weakness and vulnerability, but accepting that this place of "poverty of spirit" is the right place for me.

"I come to wound you and to heal the wound"

says the Australian poet Kevin Hart.

Jesus was born into a world of power struggle. He knew alienation. And in his woundedness and vulnerability he offers us intimacy – to those of us who can expose our wounds.

St. Paul was clear:

"my grace is sufficient for you, for my power is made perfect in weakness"

2 Corinthians 12:9

"The meaning is in the waiting"

R. S. Thomas

Philip Carter is a retired Anglican Priest. He was the inaugural president of the Australian Ecumenical Council for Spiritual Direction (AECSD). He ran the Julian Centre in Adelaide, an independent and ecumenical centre for spirituality, from 1997-2009.

Contact: juliancentre@gmail.com

The most poignant of human activities is to wait. Waiting stretches us, pushes us on to our inner resources. Waiting sifts us, asks us to choose. Waiting shows us what matters, and deepens us. Waiting is the practical inner defiance which arises out of the logic of faith. To wait is often the only thing we can do with any kind of assurance. Waiting beyond words. Waiting in the silence. Waiting- alone, but not alone. Hope is not optimism. Hope hangs in there, and finds meaning in however things turn out.

“Safe, when all safety's lost”

WW1 Poet Rupert Brooke

Philip Carter is a retired Anglican Priest. He was the inaugural president of the Australian Ecumenical Council for Spiritual Direction (AECSD). He ran the Julian Centre in Adelaide, an independent and ecumenical centre for spirituality, from 1997-2009.

Contact: juliancentre@gmail.com