

The Chapel at Tymawr

Joan Davies

The door is open and the wooden latch
Welcome us in; we are at home again.
A shaft of sunlight, colouring the stone
Of walls and altar, rose and green and grey,
Lights that great brooding figure overhead.
This is the place of prayer and worship.
The Liturgy and the Psalms hang on the air
With silent echoes, day by day renewed.
The dead are here, our Sisters and the saints,
Who worship with us hourly as we pray.

We wait, surrendering our hearts, our will;
Two solitary candles flame; all is serene,
Orderly, rhythmic, a slow dance of prayer.
Epistle, Gospel, Comfortable words,
The Peace, the offering of the whole of life,
Creatures of bread and wine, soon to become
Your body and your blood, given for us.
Lord we are not worthy, come to us
And make us clean.
His words vibrate, "This is my broken body,
This my blood. Do this remembering me."
We hold up hands; He comes and enters in;
Heaven reaches earth, earth heaven;
In depth of worship we hardly dare to breathe.

The wave has broken and the moment past.
One by one the candle flames are quenched,
The linen cloth covered and the altar bared.
Through the window shrills a robin's song;
Here we are at the heart of mystery,
A silent dynamo of living prayer,
The centre of concentric prayer lapping the world.
This is the place of healing and of strength
Where failure is made good and sin absolved.

A single movement and daily life resumes.
Once more, "It is finished," and we go our ways
To children, clients, patients, parishes and homes.
However distant, by an act of will,
We can unlatch the door and enter in.

A

Joan Davies, now deceased, was an oblate of Tymawr Convent.
© Joan Davis January 1981
Reprinted with kind permission from Mother Katharine, SSC, Tymawr Convent