

Rublev: Icon of the Saviour
Gillian Mary SSC

Those all seeing eyes
encompass all of us
with gentle compassion.

All of us
who struggle with the
images of God
received and made

All of us
lost in the great
indifference of a terrible world

All of us
for whom He is One
who takes everything
gives nothing

All of us
who cannot believe
in a loving divinity
who shapes or ends

All of us
for whom experience
points to a
huge indifference

All of us
without belief
except
in the smallest hope
there may be a way
in which
finally
nothing goes to waste.

We are held
in that delicate
relationship
between
hawker and hawk.

For there we see
the wild spirit
gentled and held
from its freedom
by the great Other
who creates it.

Held for
the safe moment
of release.

For there we are aware
of that elusive flicker of wing
which is the Spirit
flashing out of reach
and sight
yet
at rare moments
settling on the receptive arm
of the soul
held
still
in expectation.

Born in London 1938, Gillian Mary taught religious education until, having felt called to the religious life whilst on Iona, in 1972 she became a professed member of The Society of the Sacred Cross, an Anglican enclosed monastic community at Tymawr in South Wales, serving as Reverend Mother for 21 years. She died on 12 April 2023 in the 49th year of her profession.

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Sue's poem
Gillian Mary SSC