



What misery th'inabstinence of Eve shall bring on men:

... A place before his eyes appeared ...

Wherein were laid numbers of all diseas'd, all maladies of ghastly spasms,

Or racking torture, qualms of heart-sick agony,

... Dire was the tossing, deep the groans, despair tended the sick ...

Therefore so abject is thir punishment,

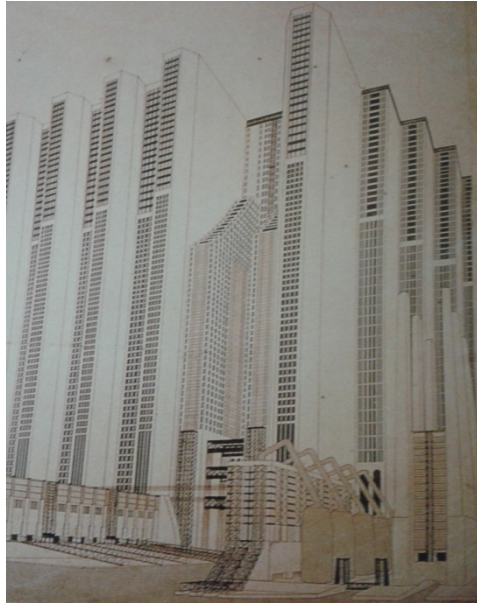
Disfiguring not God's likenes, but thir own

Or if his likeness, by themselves defac't

While they pervert pure Nature's healthful rules

To loathsome sickness, worthily, since they

God's image did not reverence in themselves.



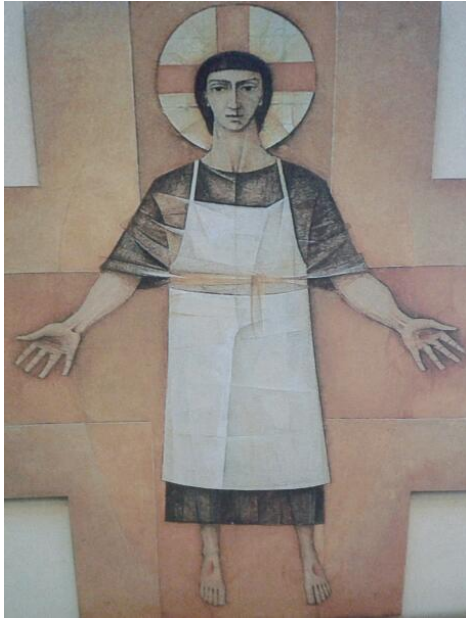
I have never done anything deserving much blame.  
I have not lied or cheated; I have been faithful to my spouse.  
I have given alms to the poor, and food to the hungry.  
I have won the respect of all upright citizens.

I have never done anything deserving much praise.  
I have made no sacrifices; I have always been comfortable.  
I have used only surplus wealth to help the needy.  
I have not stood up against injustice.

I envy the sinner who repents.  
Can I repent my dullness?

Picture: Mario Chiattonne, Construction for a Modern Metropolis, 1914,  
adapted from FUTURISM, by Richard Humphreys, TATE Publications

Poem: CELTIC PARABLES, Stories, poems and prayers, Robert Van de Weyer



My life is a tree  
Yoke fellow of the earth;  
pledged  
By roots too deep for remembrance  
To stand hard against the storm  
To fill my place.

(But high in the branches  
of my green tree  
there is a wild bird  
singing:

Wind – free are the wings of my bird:  
She hath built no mortal nest.)

Image: Christ The Worker, Altar Cross at Wychcroft House  
Words: \_\_\_\_The Golden Thread, Words of Hope for a changing world



### The Fourth Man

### The Spiritual Shield

Imagine a shield which could protect me

Even from a humming gnat,

Even from a ray of sunlight,

Even from the sound of thunder.

Let the spiritual shield which protects me from evil

Be as good.

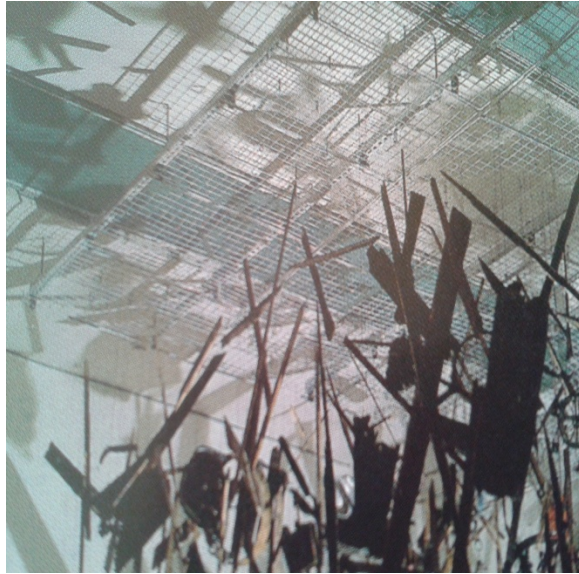
I want my soul to be free from

Even the smallest sinful emotion –

Every kind of evil.

Image: Tamara Katzenbach

Poem: Celtic Parables; Stories, poems and prayers; Robert Van de Weyer



You wouldst know the secret of death.  
But how shall you find it  
Unless you seek it in the heart of life? ...  
If you would indeed behold the spirit of death,  
Open your heart wide unto the body of life.  
For life and death are one,  
Even as the river and the sea are one. ...

Your fear of death is but the trembling of the shepherd  
When he stands before the king  
Whose hand is laid upon him in honour.  
Is not the shepherd joyful beneath his trembling  
That he shall wear the mark of the king?

For what is it to die  
But to stand naked in the wind  
And to melt into the sun?