

PASTORAL CARE MESSENGER

Christ Church Cathedral Ottawa, March 2021



If you can imagine it
fully grown, red berries
in clusters on every branch,
and if you understand
my desire to tend it
always in my own place,
you will know why I carried
it here as a sapling,
uncovered the roots from plastic,
exposed them to the cold air.

This sheltered garden
will never resemble
it's black hills, nor the soil
deceive as black earth
of the mountain, yet
I can be seduced into believing
my mountain ash
will live, and day after day
draw me to the window,
allow me rise with certainty.

I carry my washing in and out
in great armfuls,
bring a necessary stake
to my mountain ash when it struggles
against the harsher winds.
Blind with sleet, on days I cannot
see my face in the mirror
it comforts me as neither child
nor lover could. I planted it.
Without me it will die.

The Mountain Ash, by Joan McBreen

¹⁵ For this reason, ever since I heard about your faith in the Lord Jesus and your love for all God's people, ¹⁶ I have not stopped giving thanks for you, remembering you in my prayers. ¹⁷ I keep asking that the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the glorious Father, may give you the Spirit of wisdom and revelation, so that you may know him better. ¹⁸ I pray that the eyes of your heart may be enlightened in order that you may know the hope to which he has called you, the riches of his glorious inheritance in his holy people

Ephesians 1:15-18

*If you need to speak with one of the clergy, please don't hesitate to contact
Canon Hilary Murray at 613-710-1742.*