

Circle of Broken Stones Graham Kershaw
(for the opening of St Paul's Chapel)

We have gathered broken stones,
and circled this bare patch of sand,
to realise the beauty here,
already shining, each sunrise.

If we offer shade and shelter,
green may rise and thrive again;
comfort and joy may grow here,
amongst lavender and rosemary.

If generations pass these walls,
may they remember we are all
tenants of an ancient garden,
immortal grass under our toes,

leaves dancing ever overhead,
between these broken, sun-baked stones.
This womb, this tomb, this circus ring,
this laurel wreath, gold marriage ring;

all this has just been realised,
more than made. The light was here,
these stones our mere acknowledgement
of knowledge always shining clear.

This space has always been here,
and this sanctuary will always be
open to all in need of grass
and light and leaf and security.

In faith, in hope, in charity,
we celebrate with rocks and sand
the grace and bounty held within
each circle made by dancing hands.