

## Thought for Sunday 1<sup>st</sup> November



# All Saints

Today we celebrate All Saints Sunday. Now that isn't just one saint, it is everyone single one of them. I wonder, how many saints have touched your lives since the middle of March? Maybe on this day, we could recall some of them and give thanks for having had them in our lives.

The poem below, might resonate with you and might help to see that there are saints in so many areas of live.

Happy All Saints Sunday

Revd Tonya

## A Poem celebrating All Saints Sunday

By Thom M Shuman

St Lucy stopped for a moment,  
while she rested her arms and legs,  
from pushing her little  
brother down the sidewalk  
in his electric car whose  
battery had run down;  
stroking Maya's nose,  
her eyes shimmered with delight  
and she exploded in a giggle,  
'You're a silly dog!  
when she suddenly baptised her  
with a sloppy kiss.

Pausing for a few moments  
from helping his elderly neighbour,  
St Chuck leaned on his rake,  
smiling as his grandkids  
eagerly and deliberately  
scattered the leaves  
he had spent all afternoon piling by the curb,  
whispering, 'What a life!'

Slowly, painstakingly, as if  
she were joining together a puzzle,  
differently-able St Jennifer  
put each item in its place  
in the cloth bags,  
not making them too heavy  
(as the customer requested),  
making sure the bread  
ended up on top,  
and nothing too heavy  
as near the eggs.

They're all around us, aren't they,  
those precious drops of grace  
sprinkled in our lives?