

## **Reflections on being in the compost of Pendle Hill**

I brought seeds with me I didn't know I had and seedlings lightly crushed seeking warmth and light

A bare wooded landscape with chilled air, sleet and ice recurring as winter held the space as spring stirred

My body fed, my mind conversing seeking connections; shared experiences and thoughts

Differences confounding and reprogramming my mind; seeing familiar things differently and unfamiliar things as different versions of the same human domestication of the world

Stuck in the revolving door of unconsciously not knowing, and consciously not knowing, with occasional bursts into the relief of consciously knowing before spinning slowly yet again

Seeking clearness, held in faithfulness: deep gratitude to each of the Spring Term students for generously sharing their learning space and experience

Grounded in daily worship within an expansive host, seeking Truth, seeking Love, seeking wholeness

Time in community, time in silence, time in solitude; time to acknowledge and reside in the Divine presence

So I journey on, making peace with the transitions I'm experiencing and seeking to be more fully who I am becoming with the assurance I am.

*Liz Njuguna-Wyatt 19 April 2023*