





**Exeter Cathedral Stunning Cathedral views**

Stunning Cathedral views taken by the local fire service available below

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JtMo8bJLDTA>

**Atlas by Zena Kazeme**

You bring me a doll  
And tell me to point where it hurts  
I tell you  
I need an Atlas  
Bring me a globe  
I place my fingertip  
On the northernmost point  
And let it spin before me  
And watch  
As grand mountains  
And dying oceans  
And pillaged forests  
And lifetimes  
Pass before my eyes  
And wonder how  
I would rearrange it  
If the world was just a small sphere  
In my hand  
I'd fill in  
The disappearing coral reef  
With the colours the world  
Is so ready to forget  
I'd dip both hands  
Into the oceans of time  
And carry back home  
The extinct species to the seas  
I'd take the water from  
The melting ice-caps in buckets  
To the barren deserts  
Move the unsung clouds  
From our grey skies  
To the drought stricken land

And fill the hands  
Of farmers extended in prayer  
With the rain  
We so readily complain about  
I'd move the bulldozers  
Out of the rainforests  
So that the trees will not be disturbed  
In their prostration to their lord  
And take them instead  
To the separation wall in the West Bank  
I'd bring water colours  
The calmest blue  
The brightest yellow  
To paint over the black clouds of pollution  
Shrouding continents  
In eternal darkness  
Hanging over factories  
Where little hands  
Stitch their childhood  
Into the hem of our skirts  
Watching their lives pass by  
In the reflection  
In the small intricate mirror work  
On our dresses

When I have finished  
I'll run my fingers along the borders  
Erase the sketch mark of the colonisers  
Until the globe is no longer a map  
Until the word 'map'  
Is erased from history

And the Earth returns  
To just being God's canvas  
Ready to be adorned  
By tomorrow's hands

**Where are your wounds? – Alan Paton, author of 'Cry the beloved country'**

'I don't worry about the wounds. When I go up there, which is my intention, the Big Judge will say to me, "Where are your wounds?" And if I say I haven't any, he will say, "Was there nothing to fight for?" I couldn't face that question.'

**Prayer for healing from the Iona Abbey Worship Book**

May the mind of God, ever wiser than our minds, search us deeply and open us to the truths that make for healing.  
May the ears of God, ever open to our prayers, listen for us deeply and hear, beneath our words, our honest yearnings.  
May the heart of God, ever filled with costly love, cherish us deeply, mending any brokenness and affirming our worth. **Amen.**