



NEA NEWSLETTER



MAY 2021

MAY MAGNIFICAT

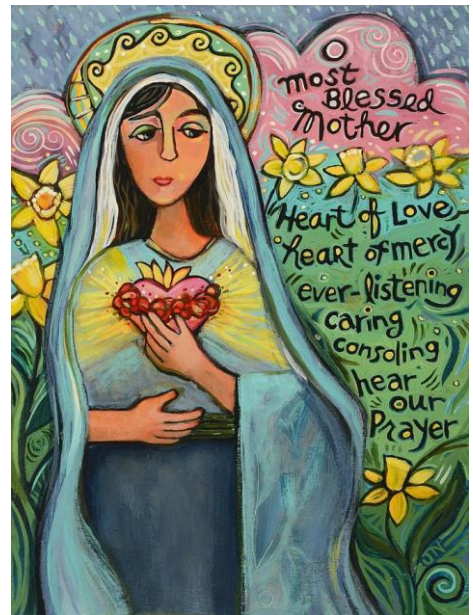
G M Hopkins

May is Mary's month, and I
Muse at that and wonder why:
Her feasts follow reason,
Dated due to season-

Candlemas, Lady Day;
But the Lady Month, May,
Why fasten that upon her,
With a feasting in her honour?

Is it only its being brighter
Than the most are must delight her?
Is it opportunist
And flowers finds soonest?

Ask of her, the mighty mother:
Her reply puts this other
Question: What is Spring? -
Growth in every thing-



Flesh and fleece, fur and feather,
Grass and greenworld all together;
Star-eyed strawberry-breasted
Throstle above her nested

Cluster of bugle blue eggs thin
Forms and warms the life within;
And bird and blossom swell
In sod or sheath or shell.



All things rising, all things sizing
Mary sees, sympathising
With that world of good,
Nature's motherhood.

Their magnifying of each its kind
With delight calls to mind
How she did in her stored
Magnify the Lord.

Well but there was more than this:
Spring's universal bliss
Much, had much to say
To offering Mary May.





When drop-of-blood-and-foam-dapple
 Bloom lights the orchard-apple
 And thicket and thorp are merry
 With silver-surfed cherry

And azuring-over greybell makes
 Wood banks and brakes wash wet like lakes
 And magic cuckoocall
 Caps, clears, and clinches all-

This ecstasy all through mothering earth
 Tells Mary her mirth till Christ's birth
 To remember and exultation
 In God who was her salvation.

From: The Blessed Virgin compared to the Air we Breathe by G M Hopkins

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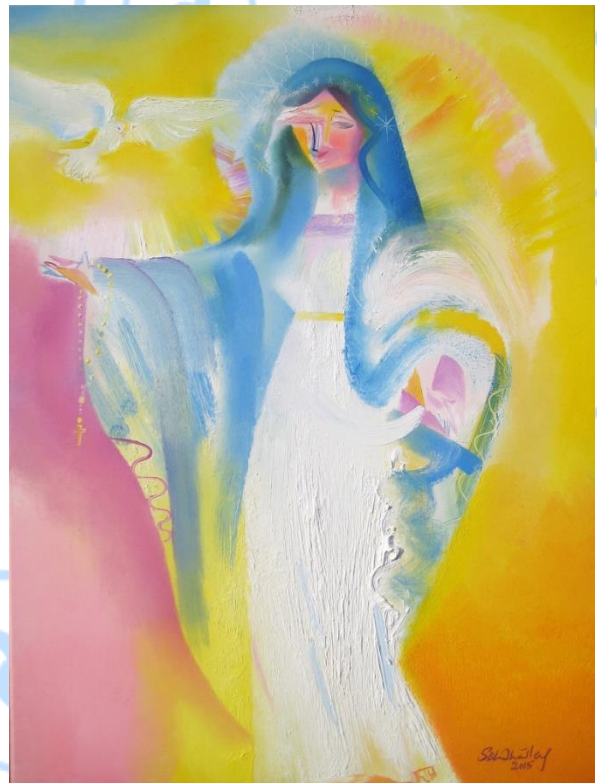
Mary Immaculate,
 Merely a woman, yet
 Whose presence, power is
 Great as no goddess's
 Was deemèd, dreamèd; **who**
This one work has to do—
Let all God's glory through,
God's glory which would go
Through her and from her flow
Off, and no way but so.

.....

I say that we are wound
 With mercy round and round
 As if with air: the same
 Is Mary, more by name.
 She, wild web, wondrous robe,
 Mantles the guilty globe,
 Since God has let dispense
 Her prayers his providence:

.....

Be thou then, thou dear
 Mother, my atmosphere;
 To wend and meet no sin;
 Above me, round me lie
 Fronting my froward eye
 With sweet and scarless sky;
 Stir in my ears, speak there
 Of God's love, O live air,



Of patience, penance, prayer:
 World-mothering air, air wild,
 Wound with thee, in thee isled,
 Fold home, fast fold thy child.

ASCENSION - *Malcolm Guite*

We saw his light break through the cloud of glory
Whilst we were rooted still in time and place
As earth became a part of Heaven's story
And heaven opened to his human face.
We saw him go and yet we were not parted
He took us with him to the heart of things
The heart that broke for all the broken-hearted
Is whole and Heaven-centred now, and sings,
Sings in the strength that rises out of weakness,
Sings through the clouds that veil him from our sight,
Whilst we ourselves become his clouds of witness
And sing the waning darkness into light,
His light in us, and ours in him concealed,
Which all creation waits to see revealed.



Birthday Party in Noddfa

Congratulations to Sr Patricia McGrath on reaching the milestone of 80 years on 16th May! Patricia celebrated in a safe way with her community on Sunday and, on the following day, with some of the Noddfa Staff. All looking very well!



Pentecost - *Malcolm Guite*



Today we feel the wind beneath our wings
Today the hidden fountain flows and plays
Today the church draws breath at last and sings
As every flame becomes a Tongue of praise.
This is the feast of fire, air, and water
Poured out and breathed and kindled into earth.
The earth herself awakens to her maker
And is translated out of death to birth.
The right words come today in their right order
And every word spells freedom and release
Today the gospel crosses every border
All tongues are loosened by the Prince of Peace
Today the lost are found in His translation.
Whose mother-tongue is Love, in every nation.

“Pentecost Villanellette” - *Mark DeBolt*

Not as a dove the Holy Spirit came
to the disciples gathered in a room,
but as a violent wind and tongues of flame.

A cyclone roared the ineffable name
as fire on each blushing brow did bloom.
Not as a dove the Holy Spirit came

to give sight to the blind and heal the lame
and raise the dead and dispel error’s gloom,
but as a violent wind and tongues of flame.

The Breath of God is anything but tame.
Who dally with it dally with their doom.
Not as a dove the Holy Spirit came,
but as a violent wind and tongue



See Formation Section for Formation ideas

and

See the JPIC Section for ideas around Laudato Si week