

THE TABLE OF REMEMBERED HOPE

A pathworking to commemorate the Battle of the Somme



INSTRUCTIONS

Take a few moments to become familiar with the image.

Open Sacred Space in any way that is familiar to you.

Say, silently or out loud

THE INTENTION OF THIS WORK, IF IT PLEASE THE DIVINE, IS TO ESTABLISH THE TABLE OF REMEMBERED HOPE, WHERE THE PEOPLES OF THE WORLD MAY COME TOGETHER TO TALK, RATHER THAN TO FIGHT. MAY GOD BLESS THIS WORK, AND GIVE IT POWER, THAT ALL MAY COME TO KNOW PEACE. AMEN.

Enter your meditative state

In your mind... in your imagination... let yourself fall... deeper... and deeper... into that place ... deep in your mind... and beyond... where images rise... as if unbidden... and light itself... is shaped by thought.

You are floating, high in the evening sky above the garden shown in the picture. The warm currents of the winds hold you safely aloft, and you sway softly in the gentle breezes, watching as the sun sets slowly in the west.

Above, the sky is a dark twilight purple, scattered with high clouds which shine at the edges with the light of the setting sun. Below, is the garden of the picture, and the monument, and the graves...

As you watch, the sky slowly darkens. An old moon shines in the west, as one by one, stars become visible above.

But look below. Beside each grave shines a light, a grid of stars shining from the Earth, as if in answer to those shining from heaven. You can move in the air, so let your viewpoint shift and float downwards, coming closer and closer to those earthly lights. You find that they are souls, young men, soldiers, standing silently by their graves, shining faintly in the evening light. Their heads are bowed, and their hands are cupped; and their hands stream with light, for in their hands they hold all their dreams and hopes, all the potential, all the promise that the future could have offered to their un-lived lives. Together, they stand in silent vigil, holding in their hands the lives they could have lived.

Spend a moment to touch some of those lives, and bless them, and thank them for that which they gave.

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Rise again, high, high above the earth, and see those lights being answered, new sparks flaring into existence all over the world, tiny flecks of light sprinkling the globe like dust, as those they loved, parents, friends, lovers and children, respond with lights of their own, reflecting their lost hopes, and their vanished dreams, and the lives of the children that would never be born.

Slowly, the sparks connect together, each soldier joining his loved ones and friends with lines of love and light, so constellations of lights, all over the world, are joined to the garden by lines of silver fire.

Watch now as new sparks appear, more soldiers, those unburied, or lying in unmarked graves, that come to join with the ranks of their companions. They come from all across the earth, and from both sides of the conflict, but each shines with the light of his sacrifice, and as you watch, those sparks too are answered by the distant lights of their loved ones, and joined in lines of light, until soon, the whole world is covered in a glowing network of shining threads.

And more and more, new sparks arising all over the world; those who did not fall in battle, but who survived, to live lives broken by grief and fear. They hold in their hands the lives they might have lived, and they too are answered by the stars of those they touched, and who loved them. More silver threads form adding to the network of light.

Above the garden, now that it is dark, it is like being at the hub of a huge shining wheel. Spokes radiate in all directions, and these are criss-crossed with other lines to make a gleaming web of light. The stars shine above, and the old moon hangs in the west. Let us pause, and give thanks, each in his or her own way, to those who gave their lives, and to all those who suffered and endured so much.

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Suddenly, there is a disturbance, like a note from heaven, and an answering tremble from the earth. Something huge is coming. Some vast holy being to answer to the earth's cry of grief.

A figure forms in the west, framed in the moonlight, hanging between the sky and the earth. A huge dark figure, robed and hooded in the indigo of the midnight sky, bowed as if under the weight of an insupportable grief. As it comes forward, we catch the glimpse beneath the cowl of a woman's face, as pale and beautiful as the moon, but weeping, radiating infinite sorrow and compassion for the waste, and the needless pain. Watch as, gently, and with infinite care, the Weeping Mother gathers up Her children, and washes and blesses each of them with Her tears.

Another note from heaven, and a new figure rises in the East; a huge crucified figure, wreathed in all the colours of the sunrise. The Sacrificed One, Who cries aloud with the joy of transformation, who transmutes pain into joy, and darkness into light, comes to take all the loss, and all the hope, and make it live again. Watch as He leaps from His Cross, and walks through the garden, changing into a vast kingly figure, robed in glorious golden fire as He comes.

Let Him take up the light from the hands of those earthly stars, and charge it with new hope, and new potential. Let Him lay it in the earth to charge the network of lines with a stronger light.

Let The Mother take all the souls, and soothe away their sorrow and their loss. Let Her transform their pain into the wisdom of experience, and lay it into the network of lines to make it strong and eternal.

Finally, let Them take all the souls and bless them anew, and lay them to rest again, each in their proper place, in grace and eternal peace.

As you watch, the network pulses with a new fire and strength, becoming permanent and existing as part of the Earth itself.

The two huge Figures stretch up Their arms to heaven, and grow larger, and fade, until they are completely gone, but the network of light remains, burning steadily with silver fire, touching all parts of the earth.

Let it be as the Table of Remembered Hope, where the Peoples of the world may come to talk, rather than to fight. May it be blessed and given power by the Grace of God, that all may come to know peace.

So mote it be.

Return to normal consciousness

Close sacred space.