

A weekly reflection from the Chaplaincy Team. This piece is called Edges.

*If you would like further support please email [chaplains@sompar.nhs.uk](mailto:chaplains@sompar.nhs.uk)*



We find ourselves in a time when we are pivotal and at other times peripheral. When we have been pushed to the edges of what we thought was possible.

There is a belief in permaculture which recognises that the most fertile ground is at the edges, and is also the best place for cross pollination. Perhaps we can learn things here, while we find ourselves dwelling in this unfamiliar terrain. Perhaps your vocation too is one that finds you on the edges and occupying a liminal space. We may learn things here which will serve us when we return to our pathed ways.

I just took a walk in the fields and paid attention to the edges. They are a little messy, chaotic, different species dwelling together, various plants intermingling in the same space. You would not plant a garden like this, it is not neat. But life and creativity thrive here. It is the same on the edge of the land, where the sea meets the coastline. Abundant diversity reigns. The space where one body of the sea meets a completely different body of the land. And there are pounding waves and stones and sand ground down by the years of being at the edge.

I once read in an article about gardening, that for some reason people are intent on making their garden's look like the indoors of their homes. All neat and spruced and tidy. Nature is not like this. As Ken Steven writes, *'The lands edges have not lost their mapless unknown'*. My kids yelled at me once for tidying up part of the garden, *'Don't ruin the wilderness'* they cried. So my garden is outdoors and it looks like it belongs outdoors. Being a chaplain, I am familiar with life spent on the edges. It can be wearing, to be in a space where different phenomenon's are bucking up against one another. Or in a space where no one pays that much attention because the ordered fields to be harvested are where the focus and energy and investment is. But the edges bring their own gift to the world, connecting the edge of one space with the edge of another. You will find me on the periphery. Perhaps your work and those who you care for are on the periphery too. Let's meet each other there. A poem...



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**You will find us on the periphery**  
*You will find us on the periphery  
In the land of the mapless unknown  
You will find us at the edges  
Where the wild things grow  
You will find us in the liminal space  
Where no one knows what to expect  
You will find us where the sea  
meets the shore  
And no one knows what will wash  
up next  
You will find us among the  
hedgerows  
Gathering what delights are growing  
there  
You will find us with the bees and  
butterflies  
Connecting over here with over with  
there  
You will find us on our knees  
With the beetles and the ants  
Living all together  
Without a lot of thanks  
For our humble jumbled life  
And our muddy handed style  
But we would invite you  
To come a stay a while  
In the land where the wild things are  
And the place where the periphery  
reigns  
You may learn things here that  
serve you  
When you return to your pathed  
way.*

Written by Kate Fox Robinson