

In the midst of depressing news bulletins, danger and uncertainty what gives me hope is the memory of my parents, who lived through some of the worst terrors of the 20th century - war, famine and two savage totalitarian regimes (Stalin's and Hitler's) - without losing what the Book of Common Prayer calls "the gift of joy and wonder in all God's works".

My father's poem "The Stars" describes a childhood memory of a camping trip with his father (who was also a poet and who was arrested and shot by the KGB when my father was 19 years old).

"Look at the stars, - he said -
and remember them always;
they are God's anchors for us.
Listen to the rivers
falling into green seas,
and when worldly cares
screech at your soul like loons
drink deep of the infinity
that pours out of the Big Dipper.
No matter how far and hard your journey
Never forget that you are a guest at God's banquet."

Helen Matveyeff