

Summertime 2011 *In Summertime We Dream*

Week Three - Everything Carries A Story

'Look' she said, 'the table is full of prayers. In the parish house my friend was examining the small markings on the wooden table around which we were having a cup of coffee. And there, imprinted through their writing paper and embedded into the wood, were the marks of the 'bidding prayers' that children, over the years, had prepared for the Eucharistic celebration. Words like 'peace', 'God', 'love', 'help' were laboriously etched out across the grain and knots on the surface. It felt safe to sit around a table of prayers.

My friend then recalled her own family table and how she often looked at the marks and bumps caused by her now grown-up children. As babies they would have banged their spoons and hammered their plates on the kitchen table either out of frustration at a temporary lapse on the part of Mom, or out of sheer delight at the quality of the Kellogs Coco Pops at the beginning of another gift-day of exuberant living. My friend saw those original etchings and indentations as the bench-marks of youthful growing – a kind of family album, a silent reminder of the story of family life. It felt good, she said, to sit around a table full of memories.

Everything has a history; everything carries a story. That is why everything is fascinating. One day, at his scholarship Music School in Paris, the world-renowned violinist Yehudi Menuhin noticed an Irish boy eating home-made bread sent to him from his native village. The great man was very taken by this special moment and talked to the boy about the bog-oak table on which his mother would have baked her love into the bread they were now sharing. It was more than just another piece of bread. The mothers love-filled heart had kneaded the dough into the sweet bread of life.

(Prism of Love p 131)