

HOUSE OF BREAD

Poems and Paintings From a Prayer Journal

Bruce Driver

This book is about the possibility of silence in the lives of ordinary busy people. There is nothing unusual in the words and images that are found here. There are only the huge issues of the pressure to keep 'doing' and suspicion of how it is possible to cope with periods of quiet.

My suggestion is that you use this book and join me in trying a bit of silence each day; not too long at first. Mull over words or images which strike you, return to them frequently and don't rush. Remember the odd phrase or a particular painting later, when you are busy.

Begin the long and beautiful journey of loving word and vision. Begin at last to be open to what is.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Bruce Driver is an Anglican priest and Religious, a member of the Third Order of the Society of St Francis. He is married with three adult sons; he and his wife Barbara live at Bromley College, a rather fun and peaceful Community of retired priests and families.

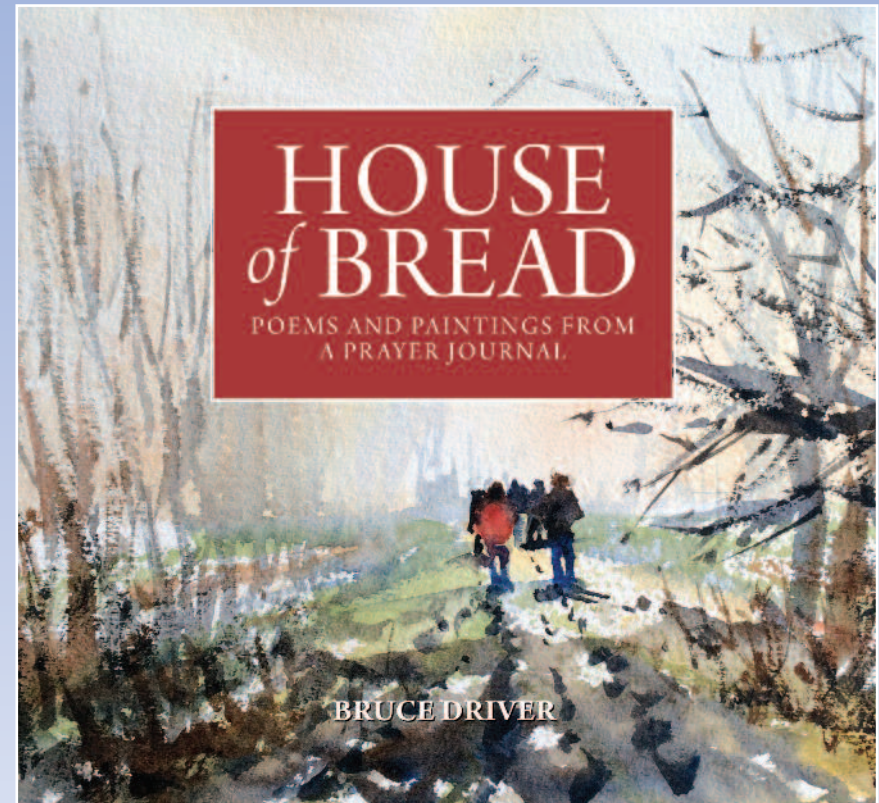
He served for thirty years in three urban parishes in London and nearby. This followed years in commerce and industry.

Watercolour painting has engaged a quarter of a century and poetry a little less. Tottenham Hotspur has been a lifetime pre-occupation and joy, following East End family traditions. London continues to hold Bruce's imagination, as will be discovered in this book.

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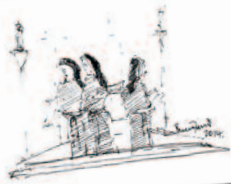
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PRAYER BEADS

Jesus Prayer

Movement of God's
Compassionate memory,
Around a circle of beads
Touches my falling go. And
Life in its letting go. And
Blesses those long spaces
People once occupied.
Κύριε Ἰησοῦ Χριστέ, *
Υἱὰ τοῦ Θεοῦ, Δέησόν
με τὸν ἀμαρτωλόν*
Sparse words recalled and
Stumbled over without anxiety.
God offers the Prayer.



Beadsman

It's never been said
Since I've been here,
Among these 17th century
Cloisters.
Beadsman;
A word unused.
Earlier than our Courts.
Old Saxons spoke it; 'Beda'; 'Prayer'.
Caught as an almsman, in
History's binding to benefactors.
Telling my beads.
Lost in counting for
Bishop John Warner**
And other Saints.

*Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God have mercy on me a sinner.
**Founder of Bromley College.

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Three Monk Poems

It happens:
The coming of Light.
Scientist, this predicted and long known,
Looks elsewhere.
Monk rises to witness Light's coming.
Awed by this gift;
Moved to a lifetime's watching.
Light; man's predecessor,
Known to Scientist and Monk.
Monk, alone before each day's dawning,
Is marked by change.
Patient watcher reaching beyond time;
Shaped by Light's soundless word.

Cherishing words
Carved by silences.
Holding one word in the heart
Until all its echoes
Have become still water,
At rest in the depths.

Birds' voices are leaves dancing.
Crow, all rock and mineral,
Celebrates earth's core.
And I, I, dawn's dew-web voice,
Gather light threads for
Another day's cloth.

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Companion

A few trees; worn,
Unsure; gathered along a
Station fence.
Seasons change:
I worship with these trees.
We watch together.
Silver birch vested in priestly white.
Bright for Nativity
Among winter's dark trees.
Sparkling in spring sunshine;
Resurrexit.
Faithful tree, ministering to my
Time's passing.
Agnus Dei before the clatter
Of a train.



Lament

My fellow worshippers
Have been taken.
Pogrom at the station.
Trees guard seasons
No more.
Silver birch cut down;
Priest and congregation.
Bare wire fences tell of
Other places of death.
And worse times.

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Bread and
2014.