

# **My Unitarian Home**

**by Francis Clark-Lowes**

When I was a child  
God wrapped me up  
And kept me safe.

When I grew bigger  
God curbed my natural thoughts  
With sad results.

Instead I sought my solace  
In silent Shropshire churches  
Where death lived on.

When I was seventeen  
My teacher asked:  
'Why do you believe this stuff?'

And in that moment  
I stopped, and shivered,  
And knew I was alone.

Then one morning of despair  
I heard a vision,  
The voice of J.S. Bach.

No longer could  
My spirit be denied;  
Yet many a year rolled on.

I saw the Muslims pray  
With certain faith  
And envied them.

I saw the Buddhists'  
Quiet devotion,  
But could not follow.

I saw my parents'  
Different Christian struggles,  
But they were not for me.

In existentialism  
I found great truth,  
But still no lasting home.

*That* I found two years ago,  
At last, when pondering  
Where to get remarried.

A Unitarian said:  
'Come to us!'  
And that is what I did.

And that is how I settled  
In this space  
Of unrestricted spirit.

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