


The Gallery of Mercy– Week Three



The Door of Mercy is double-hinged,
swinging in, opening out,
sturdy, yet easily moved.
My friend says: *You only have to knock once,
and you only have to knock lightly.*
The Door of Mercy rests on the threshold of need.
Its single key is kindness, which is always in the lock.
Faithfulness is its lintel,
hope and healing the strong jambs either side.
The Door of Mercy might be splendidly red,
it could be an unobtrusive brown.
It will need to be carefully handled
and its fittings are locally sourced.
Mostly the Door of Mercy stands ajar.
In spirit and in flesh you cross its threshold each day,
often unmindful, but sometimes,
and increasingly, amazed at its potent familiarity.
The smell of the food of home wafts out,
the blood of the wounds of the earth flows in.
It is not immediately apparent
which side is which of the Door of Mercy,
since they interchange fluidly,
pain and promise etched sharply on both.
Blessing is for all who come and go, stay and return,
helper and helped,
all belonging, each bestowing.
My friend says: *You only have to knock once,
and you only have to knock lightly.*
The God of Mercy, whose door it is,
is always home.

The Door of Mercy
Poem written by Mary Wickham RSM 2015

What words or phrases resonate with you in this poem?

What might be the message in those words for you today?

