

## **November Reflection -Remembrance and Legacy**

**By Joan Wilkinson**

As we move into November and All Soul's Day on the 2<sup>nd</sup> November, we remember those no longer with us. This year, especially, many will be grieving and remembering friends and family who have lost their lives to Coronavirus. How close it is to Remembrance Day too, when we now remember all those killed in wars throughout the world. Many at this time also remember the innocent civilians who have also lost their lives in conflict.

A few weeks ago, I was trawling through my bookshelves and found a small booklet entitled 'Reflections – an anthology of prayers, meditations and poems'\* by contemporary Unitarians, published by the Unitarian Worship Sub-committee. However, it was published back in 1979, and many of the contributors are no longer with us. This reminds us that what is contemporary to us now, won't be for coming generations. Even the committees, sub-committees, and organizations to which many give their time, energy and commitment, may have disappeared too.

However, those Unitarians writing in the above book and other material of the past, have left us a valuable legacy in their ideas, thoughts and words which continue to speak to us now.

Frank Clabburn, who was born in 1947 and died far too young in the year 2,000, was just one of the contributors to 'Reflections'. Frank's words in the following poem speak to me powerfully at this time of year as we think of remembrance and legacy. He expresses our close relationship with nature both physically and metaphorically in the words: '...a soil made rich for life/of coming time/by death of now. Just as we know that trees shed their leaves in autumn, enriching the earth for future life, just so, we must live and die in peace with the earth and those around us, in order to leave a healthy legacy for the life of future generations.

I thank Frank and all others in the past who have left us with a legacy, which reminds us of the ongoing search for peace and for right relationship with the natural world of which we are part.

Frank Clabburn, in this short and powerful poem, expresses a universal message in a language that I hope will be appreciated now and for years to come. There is no better time to share it than in this month of remembrance.

### **Falling Leaves by Frank Clabburn**

*I have walked in search of peace  
in parks where leaves  
around me danced  
like children playing:  
Till my careless foot would crush  
Their joy in mud; their dance conformed  
To deeper rhythms of the changing world;  
And, in what may seem destruction  
Know a soil made rich for life  
of coming time  
by death of now.  
And I know not, when dead I lay  
in seal of wood or flame  
the aftermath,  
but this: some soil made rich for life  
Of coming trees which offer playing children  
to the wind.  
May my dance be part of All,  
and may I fall where feet can tread  
a path of sought for peace.*

*\*A copy of 'Reflections' can be obtained from Rev Lynne Readett  
([rev.lynne@hotmail.com](mailto:rev.lynne@hotmail.com))*