

“This little light of mine, I’m gonna let it shine”

### **LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE**

In the same way, let your light shine before others

As a child I was often at Irish family gatherings, or weddings, or anything and eventually each person was called upon to give us a song.

One of my Aunts would always refuse to sing at first. Partly because she had not lubricated her throat enough, and partly because she was frightened of letting her light shine.

When she did eventually sing some solemn, sad, ballad, she had the voice of an angel. The room would become quiet and all would listen and enjoy.

Such beauty hidden

Such talent hidden under a basket of false humility.

In order to celebrate this goodness she was obliged to take the risk of getting it wrong

In order to taste the vitality of life she was obliged to accept the fear.

In the same way, let your light shine before others

When I was a child Blue Peter was essential television viewing for all children

What with card and cartons and sticky back plastic

There before our eyes were created model castles, cars, and puppets.

I would occasionally be inspired to attempt the same

Then find myself surrounded by with bits that did not fit

And card that would not stick

Such beauty hidden

Such talent undermined by comparison with the perfect

In order to celebrate the goodness I was obliged to take the risk of getting it wrong

In order to taste the vitality of life I was obliged to accept the failure and try again

In the same way, let your light shine before others

As a child, as an adolescent, even as a young adult, the kitchen was a place of mystery to me

With menus, and times, and pans, and peelers

However the time of the priest's housekeeper passed many years ago

So I was obliged to read the book and cook the stew.

To pass late in life beyond student chilli con carne, and burning spuds

Such beauty hidden beneath ignorance

Such flavours liberated only by necessity

In order to celebrate the goodness I was obliged to take the risk of getting it wrong

In order to taste the vitality of life I was obliged to accept the failure and try again

The great artists took the risk of getting it wrong

The great musicians took the risk of getting it wrong

The great scientist's took the risk of getting it wrong

The great Saints took the risk of getting it wrong

Do not hide your light underneath a basket of false humility

Take the risk

Taste the vitality of life

And let your light shine.