

## Thought for Day – Thursday 18<sup>th</sup> February 2021

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Yesterday was Ash Wednesday which marks the start of Lent, traditionally a time of reflection, to think about our lives, our lifestyles and to actively seek to reflect on what ways we might need to change, towards others, towards our communities towards ourselves. The new testament reading yesterday was the story of Jesus being asked to make a judgement about the woman caught in adultery.

At the end of 2020, I was helping with a book called Seeds of Hope, (published by Amos Trust, for whom I work), and yesterday the reading reminded of a poem I came across while helping with the book, it's by Elma Mitchell and is provocative.

'A Stone's throw

We shouted out

"We've got her! Here she is!

It's her alright".

We caught her.

There she was -

A decent-looking woman, you'd have said,

(They often are)

Beautiful, but dead scared,

Tousled – we roughed her up

A little, nothing much

And not for the first time

By any means

She'd felt men's hands

Greedy over her body -

But ours were virtuous,

Of course.

And if our fingers bruised,

Her shuddering skin,

These were love-bites, compared

to the hail of kisses of stone,

The last assault

And battery, frigid rape,

To come  
Of right.

For justice must be done  
Specially when  
It tastes so good.

And then – this guru  
Preacher, God-merchant, God-knows-what -  
Spoilt the whole thing,  
Speaking to her  
(Should never speak to them)  
Squatting on the ground – her level,  
Writing in the dust  
Something we couldn't read.  
And saw in her  
Something we couldn't see,  
At least until  
He turned his eyes on us,  
Her eyes on us,  
Our eyes upon ourselves.

We walked away  
Still holding our stones  
That we may throw  
Another day  
Given the urge.