

First Reading

**Strange and Foolish Walls**

*by A. Powell Davies<sup>1</sup>*

The years of all of us are short, our lives precarious.

Our days and nights go hurrying on and there is scarcely time to do the little that we might.

Yet we find time for bitterness, for petty treason and evasion.

What can we do to stretch our hearts enough to lose their littleness?

Here we are – all of us – all upon this planet, bound together in a common destiny,

Living our lives between the briefness of the daylight and the dark.

Kindred in this, each lighted by the same precarious, flickering flame of life, how does it happen that we are not kindred in all things else?

How strange and foolish are these walls of separation that divide us!

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<sup>1</sup> Minister of All Souls DC in the 1940s and '50s