

## A Blessing of Commissioning

Pilgrim – this journey is done!

Stiffening sinews tell of the labour of steps.

Glowing faces of windswept hill tops.

Steaming feet are liberated from the tyranny of enclosure.

Rest now as the circle of the day closes.

Your line has been drawn on the map;

A line across this land that you've made your own;

An encounter with stone and water,

Things visible and invisible;

Your line to the Holy of holies,

The promised land of fell and dale,

Crag and gill, mere and beck.

For you have seen the Lake District,

No, you have *been* the Lake District,

Become part of what you see,

Come home to where you belong,

You have been touched by something

That cannot be taken away like a cheap souvenir.

Your gift is eternal;

A treasured memory.

Keep it close to your heart.

Let it fill your soul.

Let it permeate your  
Mondays to your Fridays.  
Let it direct all your tomorrows.

For you have known truth.  
You have heard the whisper,  
The call of the wild,  
The ruach  
Of the great I AM.

Be blessed.  
Go forth!  
And multiply -  
The beauty,  
Love,  
Shalom.

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