

Making My Cursillo

E cum back from choch yon Sundi. Sed t'owld lass ad invahted im ont weekend away! Y'know, that un wot ugs, N prays fur evrywun. Well – if ees goin – me n'all – wimin wot ug! Nivver! Ees not stayin!

So off we went – Wydale – Gods ow'wn cuntry. Bags int car – gin – emergency supply – packed int bag – and fost aid kit. Well – ye nivver know. And there wus more of em! And they all ugged! Nivver known art like it! Weird but kindly like – but we're still not stayin!

Room were uge – bigger n ars back ome. N grub were reet grand – a good spread as me mam wud say. Ahm keepin me eyes peeled fur t'owld lass though – er an er uggin. Service were nice – I expectid 'ummin or summat – wi it bein meditation. Ah tawld im – if ahv t'sit ont floor wi mi legs crossed – ahl nivver git up – fergit it! But it felt peaceful like – an no washin up – We'll stay til mornin!

Thowt fire alarm ad gon off int mornin. Bells all ovver! Ringin t git up, rinin fer chapel, and a raht greet gong fer grub! Reminds me o me school days. Specially wen 'lectures' started. Ah sed to im – ah bin goin

t' choch nigh on all me life – an now 'lectures' on it – wi bells n all! Ah nivver thowt ah wud see day. Sundi school 3 days int row! But them talks – reet intrestin, from the 'art – we'll stay a bit longer.

Eee, raht crafty we wos yisterday. It war like bein back wi bairns agen. Glue 'n glitter 'n colourin stuff – got raht carrid away. 'N t'day – well t'day ah feel quite 'inside' missen. Them there prayers n all. The Passion last night set me off – caught me off guard like - an all them diffrent ways a prayin t'day. Ood a thought. Med me think a bit ah can tell ya. Can't quite put mi finger on it. Reflective like. 'N folk don't seem quite so weird – not uggin as much as ah thowt. An it felt warm like – we maht just stay.

Wot a banquit we ad t'night. Allus folk int posh togs. T'wer raht special. N all them cards from folk ah don't reet know – wunder if ee does? Summat t do wi Polka – didn't dance much wen they wus givven art. Nice though. Then there wus these ere skits – no, not sort wot needs tablets! Well, I aint laughed so much int ages. Glad ah packed me big nikkers! Ah maht just find t'owld woman – and give er an ug missen. Reet social bunch – we'll stay fer t'night.

Well. Service 'o light they called it. Ah've nivver seen aht like it. That cross lit wi undreds of little candles. Felt like Ee was raht there wi us. Raht there. It wasn't the wimmin uggin – it were im. Wasn't too sure on bein anointed at first – but after a bit ah went up – an ee was there, listenin, prayin, healin. I tell ya – ah needed the Kleenex that night – rured like a bairn. But at same time, I felt reet warm inside, loved. Reet glad we stayed.

No bells this mornin – woken by angel voices singin in't hallway. Can't believe we're goin ome t'day. Ahl miss this lot – yes – an the ugs. This weekend as touched my art and sole. Such peace. Such a lot ter think about. An it'll stay wi me for ever. But there's still the reunions. We'll be goin to them. But I wish we could stay longer!

Tracey Netherton

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