

Twelve River RIPPLES



Favourite Poem

No Man is an Island

No man is an island entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main; if a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less, as well as if a promontory were, as well as any manner of thy friends or of thine own were; any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind. And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee.

From: MEDITATION XVII

Devotions upon Emergent Occasions

John Donne

Ian Griffiths chose to read this famous excerpt from John Donne's Meditation XVII at Browsers Café Poets on Friday 25 February, and it seemed so appropriate to the current situation with the war in the Ukraine. All of us present kept silent for some time after Ian finished reading.

It also seems appropriate to link the reading to this drawing titled *Refugees* submitted by SPS member Richard Hemmings:



Refugees by Richard Hemmings

Fran Reader