

# accord extra

Association of Christian Counsellors and Pastoral Care UK

## Presents of Mind

I've always loved dipping into poems and I particularly enjoyed seeing words laid out in abstract shapes on the A4 pages of *Presents of Mind*.

Each poem lends itself to a different shape, liberating the reader from the habit of starting at the top line. I dipped in and out, lighting on phrases that convey emotions and scenes that spoke to me. In those words, Richard, an accredited counsellor, encapsulated his thoughts and feelings about the therapeutic process and the mental struggles we can find ourselves in. For me, highlights of the book included the poem that for Richard, an accredited counsellor, started the whole creative process. He was reading a magazine article that explored what therapy is. Ultimately, Richard's response included: 'What is therapy? ... Enter respectfully, tread gently: it is a path to the soul ...' And another highlight: 'There are cliff faces to climb,

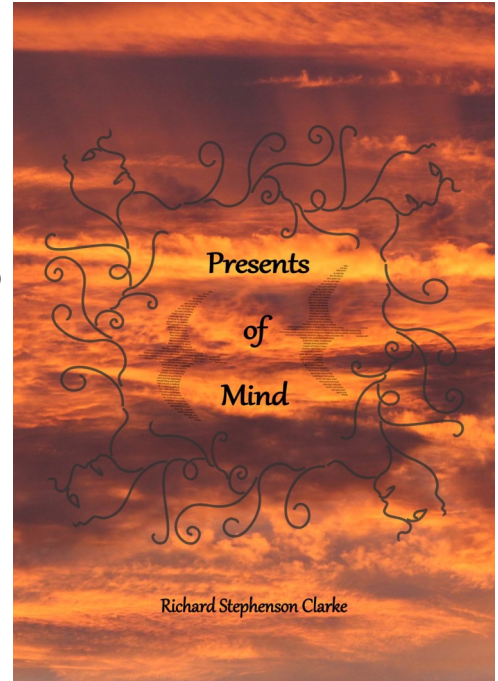
chasms to bridge, clearings for to dream, to ponder, to invent and to play. Pools calm – and streamlets bubbling with love and sunlit gleams of vivacity ...'

Perhaps

whether you enjoy this book depends on your learning style. I found it an opportunity to see flashes of where God is doing a new thing, for someone God loves.

### Matthew Horton

The reviewer has been involved for many years in pastoral care with his local church.



## Accord magazine and membership

Accord magazine is available to Members of ACC, who also receive access to discounts on ACC events nationally and regionally.

Benefits of counselling membership with ACC include:

- Registration with the Professional Standards Authority for Health and Social Care
- Networking opportunities

- Ethical guidance
- Compassionate complaints process (independent support for the counsellor and the complainant)
- Discounts on insurance
- Discounted advertising in Accord
- Free entry in the 'Find a Counsellor' facility on the ACC website

Follow the links below for details about:

- [Counsellor memberships](#)
- [Pastoral Care memberships](#)
- [Friends memberships](#)

**Richard Stephenson Clarke**

**Publisher: [Dodnash Books](#)**

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What is therapy?  
It is an  
invitation to  
set out  
upon a journey together – into an  
awesome  
jungle of the unknown. There can be no map, but  
carry care and  
sustenance instead. Enter respectfully, tread gently:  
it is a path to the soul.  
The jungle shields, or releases, its wild splendour;  
its riches cannot be taken by force,  
nor its mysteries displayed on command.  
There we can find the person within the persona,  
the genuine within the haze,  
the un-knowledge, which can emerge and become known again:  
agonies in flames,  
crouching in fear-caves, fractured energies, lost happenings, tears boiled dry,  
frozen hope;  
wounds putrefying into ashen age, crushed hearts, lungs yearning for breath and voice.  
We walk  
heights and depths, encounter breath-taking beauty and torrid spume, hear all around us the  
whispers  
of life urging to be fully expressed. We blow sand away to uncover a Name within the names that  
we're called  
and those we brand ourselves. Amidst this mêlée of chimpanzees are shades of a true Me and You:  
cut, bruised, hurt,  
unheard, unformed, deformed. Wide-eyed, longing to be met and transformed – yet hiding from  
the gaze, darting through the  
undergrowth in another game. Volcanoes press, seethe, burst with anger. Oozy marshes reek  
with shame. Slicks of guilt-oils sheen-taint  
poisoned water. Ruins weep desolate echoes of silent emptiness. Uprooted tree trunks  
float helplessly, flop over waterfall brink, tumble, squirm  
in maelstrom beneath... and flounder out of sight. Winding ways wend, strewn  
with massive boulders, puzzle-weaved fronds and branches, vine-strand  
links trailing, home for secret creatures peering from history mist.  
There are cliff faces to climb, chasms to bridge, clearings for to dream, to ponder,  
to invent and to play. Pools calm – and streamlets  
bubbling with love and sunlit gleams of vivacity. Pearls soothed and smoothed in the  
oysters of woe, while overhead old  
pterodactyls squawk and shriek their hungry hate, ungainly, piercing air, tearing sky.  
Forging new pathways  
through the maze, we explore growth and decay. We celebrate and laugh.  
We grieve. We  
nod and learn, move on. More to find, more to  
be gained.