

Beautiful Neighbourhood

“In my beautiful neighbourhood” is the rather sarcastic refrain sung by Space in the very gritty song Neighbourhood, which reflects on the hardships and survival of inner city life. The characters they sing of are taken to the very extreme - grotesque caricatures of the brokenness and quirkiness of urban life. Our neighbourhood is not so very different from the neighbourhood they are lamenting but in this prayer I want to reclaim this parody and genuinely want to give thanks for my beautiful neighbourhood.

Sun glinting on a frosty morning
squirrels burying nuts in the park
clear, deep puddles to splash in
soggy leaves to stamp in

We give thanks for our beautiful neighbourhood.

Babies in buggies on front doorsteps
queues of people chatting by holes in the wall
neighbours waving in greeting across the street
the postie whistling while delivering letters

We give thanks for our beautiful neighbourhood.

Smiles from the person on the checkout
concern from our doctor though surgery is busy
a friend popping in for coffee
builders joking on a nearby roof

We give thanks for our beautiful neighbourhood.

Newspapers dropping on doormats
the shelf stacker working through the night
teachers creating a hunger for knowledge
an older person sharing stories at the day centre

We give thanks for our beautiful neighbourhood.

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