

WORDS

Harry Baker

IMAGE

Georgie Everard

Where you're welcomed
in regardless

Home

Home is where the heart is.

Home is where the art is.

**Home is where you can
be open-hearted.**

**Home is where your soul
goes to recharge,
it is cathartic.**

Home is aged 17,
putting your mate Luke down
as 'Hype Man' in your band,
because it's the only way
you know to get him a ticket.
It is him joining you on stage
and shutting every. song. down.
because that boy is nothing
if not committed.

Home is where the past is.

Home is being the only person
tuned in to your brother's channel
at the silent disco.
While 99% of the rest of the tent

are singing along to ABBA,
he plays Dizzee Rascal's 'I Luv U'
and you are so happy you might cry.

**Home is where there's
always room for dancing.**

Home is changing into yellow tights
in a stranger's caravan and being given
a piggy back across the mud
before your first ever solo performance.

**Home is where your
potential is harnessed.**

**Home is where safe doesn't
always mean the same as guarded.**

Home is when you started
booking poets for Woken Spurred,
feeling the need to say
it's a Christian Festival,
but don't worry it's not like that.
Ten years later, it has its own reputation,
you just say it is one of the best
poetry audiences you'll ever have.

**Home is where you
spent the hours grafting.**

Home is Chris fighting to stay awake
driving from Edinburgh to Kettering
after three weeks of performing
together in a basement/dungeon.
The next day when you play
Main Stage and everyone sings
your words back to you
you wonder for a moment
if you actually crashed and died
and have gone to heaven.

**Home is where you
celebrate the harvest.**

Home is coming back last year,
feeling the lowest you have felt
and before you've even started,
simply knowing you'll be held.

**Home is where the light outshines
the shadows life is casting.**

Home is where after a heady mix
of fate and Crazy Goat,
you let your guard down for long enough
to share a first kiss for the second time.
You wake up the next morning
wondering if you dreamt the whole thing,
mainly because you have been dreaming
about it for the last two and a half years.
When you join her for breakfast
the next morning with her friends and
entire extended family
she plays it so cool that it will convince
you that you have.

It is only on your way
to the main site that she locks
her little finger around yours
and you know the rest of your life
will never be the same again.

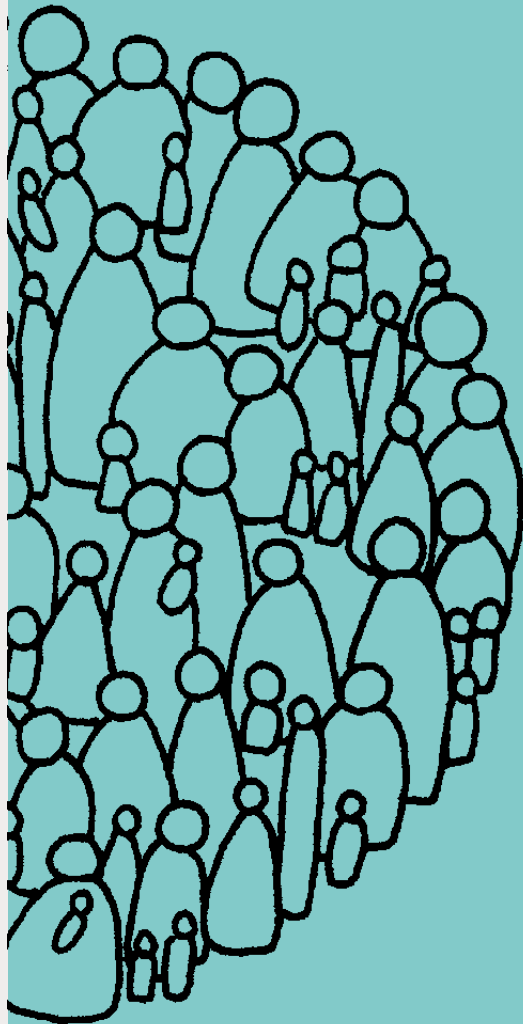
**Home is where there's
always second chances.**

Home is a Monday-night lift
from a friend all the way
back to Margate.
She says we don't have to talk
if you don't want to,
leading to what is possibly
the most delicious nap
you've ever had.

**Home is where it sometimes
hits the hardest.**

**Home is where you're
welcomed in regardless.**

Home is where we're
only getting started.





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When I come out of my dressing room, I go to my heart and say a little prayer and go out on stage. There I am, coming to lift you up and to motivate you. I want to bring joy. It's gospel, and gospel is the truth. It's what I do. I'm going to bring you the truth and lift up your spirit.

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Mavis Staples, who performed at Greenbelt in 2011



WORDS Brian McLaren IMAGES Jonathan Watkins

A state of being on the edge or margins.

Liminality

A lot of us were raised in a black-and-white world. Binary. Dualistic. In/out. Us/them. Friend/Enemy. Employee/Competitor. Profit/Loss. Citizen/Immigrant. Win/Lose. Orthodox/Heretic. Saved/Damned. You can't blame us for thinking that's just the way the world works. After all, you're either pregnant or not. Dead or alive. The difference is as clear as day and night.

Except at dusk. And dawn.

Gradually, we began waking up to a world with shades of grey. A world either/or ... and with both/and. A world that is both either/or and both/and.

We live in a world with thresholds, where you can be halfway outside and halfway inside. You can be a winner and a loser, or vice versa. You eventually begin to wonder what winner and loser really mean. The binaries tell you something, but they hide a lot too.

You still see value in some binaries, but you also see their limitations.

You realize that the edges of things, the liminal spaces between things, the paradoxes contained within things ... they're fertile. Dynamic. Exciting.

There's the liminal zone between land and water, for example. It's a little bit of both, so much so that we have to call it a wetland ... full of so much life. It's a meeting place where wriggling aquatic tadpoles metamorphose into hopping land-dwelling toads!

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the liminal spaces between things,
the paradoxes contained within things...
they're fertile. Dynamic. Exciting.**

A place where dragonfly larvae scuttle through muck until they climb up a piece of grass, break out of their shell, and fly! On their way up, a flock of willets and godlins fly in to wade and dip. Liminality everywhere!

One Sunday many years ago, I sat on the grass for a mass outdoor communion service at a liminal place called Greenbelt. It was cold and damp, so people nearby offered me an extra lawn chair to sit on. They welcomed me into their little circle. We chatted. One person described herself as a lesbian, and her partner ... non-binary, the first person I ever met who self-identified this way. What a rich conversation we shared, talking about the liminality between male and female.

I asked the couple if they went to church. 'This is our church,' one said. 'We used to go to church for one hour, fifty-two times a year,' the other said. 'Now we come here for fifty-two hours, once a year. It all adds up the same, I'd say.'

We shared a bit of bread and wine. Just crushed wheat, kneaded and raised by fermenting yeast. Just the fermented juice of grapes. Just food and drink ... and something more. We ate and drank liminality.

I look at myself. I have an identity. I am this and not that, me and not you, in a thousand different ways. But then again, my identity is not self-contained. To paraphrase John Donne, I am not insular. I am connected, and sometimes, it's a little hard to figure out where I end and you begin. There's an ecotone, a tidal zone, a wetland, a liminality between us. It both separates and unites us.

Not only that, but I am not set in concrete. To intentionally misquote Rene Descartes, *I become, therefore I am*. I change my mind. I age. I learn. I was that, and am becoming this, but I'm still a bit of what I was and a bit of what I am about to be.

Yes, there is duality. Yes, there is day and night, both so beautiful. But there is also liminality, dusk and dawn, also so beautiful.





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Did I offer peace today?
Did I bring a smile to someone's face?
Did I say words of healing?
Did I let go of my anger and resentment?
Did I forgive? Did I love?
These are the real questions.
I must trust that the little bit of love
that I sow now will bear many fruits,
here in this world and the life to come.

”

Henri Nouwen, who spoke at Greenbelt in 1992