

## **Immersion Baptism by Penny Blackburn**

For full submersion your faith must be strong.  
The river will strip away all non-essentials.

Your workaday cares wash off. Let them run with the current  
or pool in stony fissures with the sticklebacks.

Griefs swim from you, become pike in deep water,  
unseen by those who watch from the bank.

When everything except your belief in yourself  
lies like a brick on the bottom of the beck,

you will be strong enough to get out, return to daily life.  
You will move as one blessed among the unbelievers.

## **Information for Attendees by Penny Blackburn**

Welcome!

We are delighted that you have been able to join us at the inaugural Conference for Light.

This information pack will help you make the most of your day.

### 9am – 9.30am – Arrival and registration

Please make your way straight from the entrance reception to the Main Hall, where complimentary cups of sunshine are available.

### 9.30am – 10am – Keynote address

A speech from our founder on *Finding Luminosity in the Post-Pandemic Landscape*. Followed by a short Q&A.

### 10am – 12pm – Break out session 1

Select from:

- First light of dawn over the beach
- Sunshine on lake water
- Bright winter days
- Sunlight (shaft) on sleeping cat

### 12pm – 1pm – Lunch

Enjoy a sumptuous buffet lunch in our conservatory. Please do not feed any leftovers to the peacocks or the tame deer. (Special food is available for a small donation)

### 1pm – 3pm – Break out session 2

Select from:

- Sunset reflected in windows
- Lighthouse beam at dusk
- Mirrored candlelight
- Moonlight on snow

### 3pm – 3.30pm – Plenary and farewell

Meet back in the Main Hall for the final address. Don't forget your goodie bag containing three specially selected light sources for you to take away.

## **A Useful Skill by Penny Blackburn**

He taught me that the lines made journeys,  
how to plot the path upon the paper. See  
in the tight-packed contours the stretch and creak  
of calves going up, knees coming down.

Showed me a thousand times  
the telling of spire from steeple.  
Conjured mine shafts (dis) and railway cuttings  
as our heads dipped together at the table.  
Wove all the threads of blue embroidery silk  
from streams into rivers, for which  
I must find the bridge.

More, he taught me  
how to unpeel the landscape around me,  
pin it back firmly onto the folded page  
so I would always know in the world  
a certainty of place.