My Cross came from a Russian Orthodox friend of my grandmother, who gave it to her in 1894 and I was given it in 1952. It is quite heavy and the silver is wearing thin, but it is lovely to look at and easy to hold in my hand, and it is very precious to me, I have not seen another one like it. It has always been with me since I was given it, and I like to have it within easy reach at night. If I cannot sleep, I like to hold it and think about a period of Christ’s life.

I have been fortunate to work abroad and to visit family and friends across the world. My cross has come, too. To me, it has been an anchor - a reminder that I am never alone – God’s presence is constant. Like many people, I have had to make some momentous decisions in my life, over which I have prayed and agonised – and then, when I look at my Cross and recall what our Lord had to suffer, I realise that my thoughts and fears are as nothing, compared with His suffering. Looking at, or holding, the Cross He has shown me the way, sometimes in an unexpected way!

I like to sit quietly, looking at or holding my Cross, and trying to listen to God, but why is it always so difficult to find the time to do this – and not be distracted? But gradually, His Forgiveness, Love and Peace, seep through.

To me, the Cross symbolises Christ’s teaching, suffering and resurrection, and God’s all embracing love for everyone.

*Barbara Baer*