

An open book is shown from a top-down perspective. The pages are white and the cover is dark. The pages are folded in the center to form a heart shape. The lighting is soft, creating a warm and intimate atmosphere.

# Known by heart

By Ian Menzies

I was quite dismayed when I recently discovered that a snatch of a now obscure poem often quoted by both my parents and thus in turn by me was, in fact, misquoted. The correct words jarred; fond memories objected; my heart rebelled. The different nuances of interchanged words seemed just all wrong. Knowing something *'by heart'* is somehow deeply personal, it becomes part of who we are.

Well-loved songs and music, favourite quotes, sometimes even

re-told anecdotes, stories and jokes all provide a warmth and comfort like old slippers. The intimacy of a nick-name shared only by close family or the simple routines of daily life humbly undertaken almost without thinking can enfold and enrich.

Knowing and being known by heart is deeply powerful, its sentiment long-lasting, the love and depth behind it soul-sustaining, even if occasionally some small details are a little misremembered.

## Reflection:

*But now thus says the Lord, he who created you, O Jacob, he who formed you, O Israel: Do not fear, for I have redeemed you; I have called you by name, you are mine. Isaiah 43: 1*