



‘FOR CHRIST IS OUR PEACE’

2026 CONFERENCE

2-4 JUNE 2026 • HIGH LEIGH CONFERENCE CENTRE

KEYNOTE SPEAKER:

DR JUDE LAL FERNANDO



THE WINDOW OF VULNERABILITY

THE WINDOW OF VULNERABILITY
MUST BE CLOSED —
SO THE MILITARY SAY
TO JUSTIFY THE ARMS RACE

MY SKIN
IS A WINDOW OF VULNERABILITY
WITHOUT MOISTURE, WITHOUT TOUCHING
I MUST DIE

THE WINDOW OF VULNERABILITY
IS BEING WALLED UP
MY LAND
CANNOT LIVE

WE NEED LIGHT
SO WE CAN THINK
WE NEED AIR
SO WE CAN BREATHE
WE NEED A WINDOW
OPEN TOWARD HEAVEN

PLEASE CALL ME BY MY TRUE NAMES – THICH NHAT HANH

**DON'T SAY THAT I WILL DEPART TOMORROW —
EVEN TODAY I AM STILL ARRIVING.**

**LOOK DEEPLY: EVERY SECOND I AM ARRIVING
TO BE A BUD ON A SPRING BRANCH,
TO BE A TINY BIRD, WITH STILL-FRAGILE WINGS,
LEARNING TO SING IN MY NEW NEST,
TO BE A CATERPILLAR IN THE HEART OF A FLOWER,
TO BE A JEWEL HIDING ITSELF IN A STONE.**

I STILL ARRIVE, IN ORDER TO LAUGH AND TO CRY,
TO FEAR AND TO HOPE.

THE RHYTHM OF MY HEART IS THE BIRTH AND DEATH
OF ALL THAT IS ALIVE.

I AM THE MAYFLY METAMORPHOSING
ON THE SURFACE OF THE RIVER.
AND I AM THE BIRD
THAT SWOOPS DOWN TO SWALLOW THE MAYFLY.

I AM THE FROG SWIMMING HAPPILY
IN THE CLEAR WATER OF A POND.
AND I AM THE GRASS-SNAKE
THAT SILENTLY FEEDS ITSELF ON THE FROG.

I AM THE CHILD IN UGANDA, ALL SKIN AND BONES,
MY LEGS AS THIN AS BAMBOO STICKS.
AND I AM THE ARMS MERCHANT,
SELLING DEADLY WEAPONS TO UGANDA.

I AM THE TWELVE-YEAR-OLD GIRL,
REFUGEE ON A SMALL BOAT,
WHO THROWS HERSELF INTO THE OCEAN
AFTER BEING RAPED BY A SEA PIRATE.
AND I AM THE PIRATE,
MY HEART NOT YET CAPABLE
OF SEEING AND LOVING.

I AM A MEMBER OF THE POLITBURO,
WITH PLENTY OF POWER IN MY HANDS.
AND I AM THE MAN WHO HAS TO PAY
HIS “DEBT OF BLOOD” TO MY PEOPLE
DYING SLOWLY IN A FORCED-LABOR CAMP.

MY JOY IS LIKE SPRING, SO WARM
IT MAKES FLOWERS BLOOM ALL OVER THE EARTH.
MY PAIN IS LIKE A RIVER OF TEARS,
SO VAST IT FILLS THE FOUR OCEANS.

PLEASE CALL ME BY MY TRUE NAMES,
SO I CAN HEAR ALL MY CRIES AND MY LAUGHTER AT ONCE,
SO I CAN SEE THAT MY JOY AND PAIN ARE ONE.

PLEASE CALL ME BY MY TRUE NAMES,
SO I CAN WAKE UP,
AND SO THE DOOR OF MY HEART
CAN BE LEFT OPEN,
THE DOOR OF COMPASSION.