

March

From the Vicar

Seven days and I was awake to life
I walked his way, called his name, praised my Lord.
With crowds and palms he entered
Scrolls fulfilled, hopes rekindled, freedom in the air.
Oh, My Lord, my King, my Christ.

Three days and death overwhelmed me
Wine still upon my lips, soldiers in my eyes; hate in my ears.
Scripture we'd chosen not to read, of
Suffering servant, lamb slain, God's self sacrifice.
Oh.... my Lord, my King, my Christ.

One day and nothing beats inside me
How sadness twines lies told, abandoned friends, broken heart.
What use, now, the prophets' words
of hope, joy, victory. And Messiah's promise lost.
Oh....my Lo... my Kin... my Chri....

Today and the sun shines, beams, leaps
Off the breakers on the beach, through the smoke of the fire.
God gives me new chapter and verse
Forgiveness given, love restored, past forgotten.
OH MY LORD....OH MY KING....OH MY CHRIST....OH MY FRIEND.

Rob Hinton 02/08

This term we are running a poetry competition for children and young people associated with the parish of Hale Barns, you will have read about it in last month's magazine. Entries have to be about Easter and so in the spirit of involvement I decided to have a go myself and the effort above is the fruit of my musing. It's for you to decide if it's any good – but please don't tell me, either way!

You see the thing is it's not always easy for us to express our feelings about God. There are times when we can, when we're happy or lucky or successful we can acclaim God for his favour and his generosity. Likewise when things are at their hardest we cry out at God, to God. Then we talk of him with confident hope or we deride him with words gone cold through pain.

But it is often in the everyday that we are silent about our Heavenly Father. When God is walking with us as we go round Sainsbury's, get our hair cut, drive the car, catch the bus, ring the children, collect the post, stand at the bar, place the tee, deal the cards or pour the gravy. At those moments, during those long stretches we say nothing, what's there to say? It's hard to get all overflowing and enthusiastic about a God who it seems says little to us while we do our chores and take our exercise.

And yet wonderfully Our God doesn't have the same problem with us. He doesn't need us to be perfect, he doesn't need us to be exciting, he doesn't need us to be worked up or worn out, upset or uplifted before he gets passionate about us, he doesn't wait for us to start the conversation:

*“My darling, you are lovely, so very lovely—
as you look through your veil, your eyes are those of a dove.
Your hair tosses about as gracefully as goats
coming down from Gilead.*

*Your teeth are whiter than sheep freshly washed;
they match perfectly, not one is missing.
Your lips are crimson cords, your mouth is shapely;
behind your veil are hidden beautiful rosy cheeks.”*

Here is a love poem written by God for you and me - How overwhelmingly and surprisingly passionate are the Lord's words about us in this passage from the Old Testament book of the bible called Song of Songs. Even in the midst of ordinary life God loves you enough to get all carried away and poetical. How wonderful it is to be that loved. So wonderful I might try and write one back!

Yours in Christ, Rev Rob Hinton. Vicar of All Saints