

They were days of quiet

The days quiet – no engines, no traffic hum,
Just the cry of the birds, the trees in movement,
The breath of God across the fields.

The evenings quiet,
Tallow and reed,
Shadows and stillness,
The peace of God in the home.
No chattering television
The hubbub of the world
In our house,
Our lives filled with noise,
Fragments and rush and distraction.

But in our petrochemical clothes
We can stand
As they stood, in wool and linen,
In this place,
This place of pure space,
Of calmness,
The clean light of God filtering through the high windows,
Falling as a blessing on our upturned faces
As it fell on theirs.

The years, the decades, the centuries flicker by
This place remains
Drawing us into its loving stillness
Linking us in God's tenderness
To all those who came, the ages long,
To stand on these same pale stones
To look
To sing
To pray
To listen
To receive.
It is theirs
It is ours
We love it still.

Susie Gibson, 7th September, 2008