

One World

Butterflies and mountains, cities and seas,
people – trees – animals – machines –
they *all* come out of you in the end.
Maker, my Maker, you shaped it all –
including me –
to be one vast and delicate whole,
everything linked to everything else,
enjoying everything else.

And there you are, hiding in it all,
waiting and hoping to be found,
like a game of hide and seek –
you are secretly waiting,
overflowing wherever things live and grow.

Have mercy when we spoil the world,
when we wear it out, damage it, use it wrongly;
help us, like you, to cherish the world,
to discover you
in all the thousand places where you hide.

Change the World

We make such a mess of the world –
God, I want to do something!
Quarrelling, spoiling things, hurting each other –
I want to shake the world,
tell it not to be so stupid!
So many people are poor and hungry,
dying because they need food and water,
dying because they've lost all hope,
while the rest of us are so comfortable.
I want to *do* something.

Jesus said we can meet him
in every other person –
I want to live in a world
that treats *everyone* as if they were Jesus.
So help me to change the world:
I'll start now – with myself.
Fill me up with your Holy Spirit
and we'll start changing me –
I'll begin to treat everyone as if they were Jesus.

(See Matthew 25. 40)

SILENCE

I know these are words I'm using
but really I'm trying to get away from them,
to go beyond all words and find you
in silence.

This book is full of words
but now I'm climbing above them.

There *are* some moments that are so quiet
that they fill up completely with you –
you alone.

I'm trying to reach
for one of those places now –
take away all the words,
take away every noise,
take away if you can
(yes, you can)
every thought as well.

It's strange
but I feel as if
I can stop talking to you
and simply be *with* you.

I want to be quite empty,
quite still,
and then you can come
slowly, gently,
filling me with yourself.

Come then, now –
the words end here.