

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY: Monday 20th November 2023

By Revd John Marshall

Jesus Revisits St Just-in-Roseland

Paul Groves

I came here in my youth. It was
Almost too long ago
For remembering. Truth is lost
Under the snow
Of the centuries, though the tides now,
As then, beckon, and the heron
Flies languorously. Plough-
Shares may turn up flints and rain

Expose old artefacts, but
The tin has gone that Joseph
Of Arimathea sought.
Spume has given way enough
For us to berth along this creek.
It was evening when we came ashore,
Glad but nearly too tired to speak,
We slept in a warm hut, the roar

Of the sea hushed to the regular breathing
Of those present. Our cargo loaded
We left the very next evening
---- Though not before I climbed and stood
Looking upon this peaceful scene.
The traders called. I scampered down;
And we set off with the setting sun
Towards that familiar town

In the Levant where Mary went
About her business. In two months time
We would recall the hours we spent
In their cool land. The sublime
Autumn would quicken into winter.

Snow might fall though we would see
None of it. My father would enter,
Carrying wood for carpentry.

Noises in the street would diminish
Memory: but in my dreams
I sailed back here, as if to finish
Unfinished business. The caulked seams,
The taut sails, the song of the crew:
Everything conspired towards
Removing what only dreams can renew
Within a landscape beyond words.

New Christian Poetry Collins Flame

I had some happy weeks in Roseland.
Paul Groves uses his imagination.
Wherever we are we can be close to Jesus.
What do you think Jesus did before his ministry?