

**Thought for the day – Monday 20<sup>th</sup> September 2021**

**By Revd John Marshall**

### **Malcolm Guite Sounding the Seasons**

Malcolm Guite wrote seventy sonnets for the Christian Year. They were used at St Edward's Church in Cambridge, where my parents and I used to go to evensong. It is a little church, hidden away by the Arts theatre; and oddly it isn't in a diocese (or it wasn't then).

I would like to share one of the sonnets. This could be very appropriate now, although it was written for the Christmas season.

#### Refugee

We think of him as safe beneath the steeples  
Or cosy in a crib beside the font,  
But he is with a million displaced people  
On the long road of weariness and want.  
For even as we sing our final carol  
His family is up and on that road.  
Fleeing the wrath of someone else's quarrel,  
Glancing behind and shouldering their load.  
Whilst Herod rages still from his dark tower,  
Christ clings to Mary, fingers tightly curled,  
The lambs are slaughtered by the men of power,  
And death squads spread their curse across the world.  
But every Herod dies, and comes alone  
To stand before the Lamb upon the throne.

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As we read and hear the news do we pray?