

**Thought for the day – Wednesday 17<sup>th</sup> November 2021**

**By Revd John Marshall**

**Sounding the Seasons    Remembrance Sunday**

Malcolm Guite wrote 70 sonnets for the Christian year. I would like to share one on Remembrance Sunday.

November pierces with its bleak remembrance  
Of all the bitterness and waste of war;  
Our silence tries but fails to make a semblance  
Of that lost peace they thought worth fighting for,  
Our silence seethes instead with wraiths and whispers  
And all the restless rumours of new wars,  
For shells are falling all around our vespers,  
No moment is unscarred, there is no pause.  
In every instant bloodied innocence  
Falls to the weary earth, and whilst we stand  
Quiescence ends again in acquiescence,  
And Abels blood still cries from every land.  
One silence only might redeem that blood;  
Only the silence of a dying God.

As we remember, we pray for all those who have died in conflict and all who have been effected by war.