

Thought for the Day – Friday 11th March 2022

By Revd John Marshall

My Peace – I leave with you GA Studdert Kennedy

The sorrows of God and other poems Hodder and Stoughton

Thy Peace! Thou pale, despised Christ!
What Peace is there in Thee,
Nailed to the Cross that crowns the world,
In agony!

No Peace of home was Thine. No rest
When Thy day's work was done.
When darkness called the world to sleep
And veiled the sun.

No children gathered round Thy knees,
No hand soothed care away?
Thou hadst not where to lay Thy head
At close of day.

What Peace was Thine? Misunderstood,
Rejected by Thine own,
Pacing Thy grim Gethsemane,
Outcast and lone.

What Peace hast Thou to give the world?
There is enough of pain;
Always upon my window beats

The sound of rain.

The source of sorrow is not dried,
Nor stays the stream of tears,
But winds are weeping to the sea,
All down the years.

For millions come to Golgotha
To suffer and to die,
Forsaken in their hour of need,
And asking, Why?

Man's 'Via Crucis' never ends,
Earth's Calvaries increase
The world is full of spears and nails,
But where is Peace?

'Take up Thy Cross and follow Me,
I am the Way ---- My Son ----
Via Crucis ---- Via Pacis
---- Meet and are one.'

Jesus promised peace let us continue to pray for peace.