

## St James Thought for the day – Thursday 4<sup>th</sup> June 2020

**These are the Hands** (Michael Rosen)

- Revd John Marshall

Reproduced in Educate the magazine of the National Education Union.

Michael Rosen author, poet, political agitator and much loved contributor, recently came out of intensive care.

He wrote this poem on the 60<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the NHS

It is published in These are the hands, poems from the heart of the NHS. All proceeds will go to the NHS charities Covid appeal.

Get well Michael.

These are the hands

That touch us first

Feel your head

Find the pulse

And make your bed.

These are the hands

That tap your back

Test the skin

Hold your arm

Wheel the bin

Change the bulb

Fix the drip

Pour the jug

Replace your hip.

These are the hands

That fill the bath

Mop the floor

Flick the switch

Soothe the sore

Burn the swabs

Give us a jab

Throw out sharps

Design the lab.

And these are the hands

That stop the leaks

Empty the pan

Wipe the pipes

Carry the can

Clamp the veins

Make the cast

Log the dose

And touch us last.

**Bible Verse:**

For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus for good works, which God prepared beforehand, that we should walk in them. – Ephesians 2:10

**Quote:**

“Christ has no body now but yours. No hands, no feet on earth but yours. Yours are the eyes through which he looks compassion on this world. Yours are the feet with which he walks to do good. Yours are the hands through which he blesses all the world. Yours are the hands, yours are the feet, yours are the eyes, you are his body. Christ has no body now on earth but yours.” — **Teresa of Avila**

**Song:** The Servant King by Graham Kendrick – you can listen to it here and there are also some beautiful shots of creation

- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zCAdWs-ZyEk>

From heaven you came helpless babe  
Entered our world, your glory veiled  
Not to be served but to serve  
And give Your life that we might live

This is our God, The Servant King  
He calls us now to follow Him  
To bring our lives as a daily offering  
Of worship to The Servant King

There in the garden of tears  
My heavy load he chose to bear  
His heart with sorrow was torn  
'Yet not My will but Yours, ' He said

Come see His hands and His feet  
The scars that speak of sacrifice  
Hands that flung stars into space  
To cruel nails surrendered

So let us learn how to serve  
And in our lives enthrone Him  
Each other's needs to prefer  
For it is Christ we're serving