

Thought for the day – Monday 16th January 2023

By Revd John Marshall

The Word Awaited Kate Mcilhagga

Sometimes,
I love to call
words of praise,
to me,
so that they may settle
like doves on my palm.
I long to coax them
down from the trees
into my waiting hands.

Sometimes they come
swift and powerful
like hawks to the wrist of the falconer
wordsof challenge,
fierce words of regret.

One time You came,
The word.
Not at my call.
You came
to occupy
a cradle,
a grave,
my heart,
the universe.

You came to call me
to unleash
words of comfort
words of hope.

Sometimes
I hold out
my empty hands
and wait.

Seasons of the Spirit Churches Together in Britain and Northern Ireland.

How do you pray?
Do you remember the pigeons in Trafalgar Square?
We have felt the weight of a hawk at a falconry display.
However to pray with open hands is expectant.