

**Glimpses  
of God  
through  
Reflection**

## **Above Iceland**

Infinite, awesome God,  
your creation radiates glory,  
streaking the vastness of the sky  
from your palette of rainbow hues,  
reflecting on the snow-draped wastelands far below,  
untouched by human hand,  
yet awesomely more beautiful than any work of art.

We echo the psalmist as we ponder,  
‘What indeed can humans be  
that you grace us with such beauty?’  
We are so assured of our self-importance,  
our power,, intelligence, technology,  
yet from this distance  
we are but dust-like specks  
swirling in the sunshine.  
How much greater are your works!

Help us to pause in wonder,  
to adjust our perspectives  
that we may remember your presence,  
glimpse your paradigm of creative love  
and worship in humility.  
Help us to accept with gratitude  
the beauties of your creation,  
to commit ourselves as stewards,  
to treasure and preserve it  
for generations yet to come.

### **Another Candle**

A candle lit for morning prayer  
as always, a symbol of Christ in life,  
the flame deep within,  
only visible  
through translucent wax,  
wax transformed from dull opacity.

Today though,  
a heat distortion above,  
not visible in itself,  
yet its presence clear, its heat tangible,  
perceptions, temperature are changed.

And so the working of the Spirit,  
invisible in itself,  
yet glimpsed through impact on believers  
translucent with God's love in the dark world.

Even more.  
Changing not just perceptions  
but through the outworking of the Spirit,  
through our thoughts and actions  
a force for good,  
the light of real life.

## **A Palette of Possibilities**

A beginning of nothingness.  
Then an explosion of potential.  
Atoms and molecules  
of colour, shape, structure and texture.  
Light and dark.  
Water, gases, matter.  
Chaotically mingled,  
experimentally ordering  
into an as yet undreamed of reality.

Gradually pattern emerges.  
Forms take shape.  
Intertwined and interdependent.  
And God saw that it was good.

## **Bargain-seekers**

What must you think of us God?  
Down through the centuries  
in dire circumstances,  
prayer after heart-felt prayer,  
begging, pleading, promising.

If you, all powerful God,  
will do this or that,  
satisfying our need,  
saving us from the consequences  
of human folly or hatred,  
then we will worship you,  
trust you, live your way'.

So many attempts to drive a bargain,  
recorded in our scriptures,  
uttered in our prayers,  
motivating our actions.

Where is the faithful love,  
unbesmirched by self-interest?  
Where is the pure urge to worship,  
coming deep from our hearts,  
from the depths of our very being?  
Long-suffering God,  
help us to worship you sincerely,  
in spirit, in truth and in love.

## **Candle flame**

Candle flame.  
Light of the world?  
Pure, intense light  
shimmering around.  
Faint glimmers.  
Light of the world?

Candle flame.  
Light of the world?  
Transforming waxen opacity.  
Now translucent, revealing,  
haloing luminescence,  
dispelling darkness.

Jesus, light of the world,  
transform our opacity.  
Let us not be mere reflectors,  
but rather, absorb and emit  
your light in the darkness.

## **God**

Eternal One.  
Awe-inspiring Creator.  
Unlimited Compassion.  
Life-giving Revelation.  
Energising Spirit.  
Beyond our understanding  
yet our Constant Companion

Help us to be still and silent,  
to commune with you,  
to receive your transformation of our inner being  
that we may walk your way,  
play our tiny part  
as Christ's body on earth,  
journeying towards eternity

## God of Energy

Knowledgeable scientists reveal and tell –  
our bodies comprise countless atoms.  
The ‘heart’ of each atom is unimaginable energy  
mostly inaccessible in scientific terms.  
Long years of experimentation  
finally revealed the insights –  
splitting or fusion of some atoms  
and the harnessing of massive energy.  
Huge complexes of buildings seek these secrets  
for life-enhancing power,  
or utter destruction  
with dangerous debris for generations to come.

What if that hidden power at the heart of each atom  
is something like the invisible energy some call God?

What if the access to such power  
need not be brutal, expensive or dangerous  
but merely the commitment of love  
in individual lives?

What if this power can flow through our very being  
energising lives of compassion and concern?

Will generations to come  
look back on our history  
seeing as barbaric  
our methods of harnessing God’s energy?

Maybe, before it is too late  
we need to be still and reflect  
lest we unleash uncontrollable destruction.  
God, show us again the



way we should choose.

### **Independent or a Puppet?**

Infant dependency for survival  
gradually – very slowly for humans –  
dissolves into personal autonomy.

Success and failure,  
pleasure and pain  
are the building blocks of life.

But what if we were to be over-protected?

What if trials, temptations and cares were never experienced?

What if our every need was satisfied  
through supernatural agency?

What if no effort on our part was needed  
and we were always safely cocooned  
from trouble or hardship?

What kind of beings would we become,  
forever tied to God's apron strings'?

Are we mature enough to cope with freedom  
or do we really want to be just  
God's puppets?

## **Journeying into the Unknown**

When does our journey begin – with the milestone of conception,  
or, earlier, within the infinity of God?

Did the me who became me  
even predate my physical being?  
So many land marks on my journey,  
at first, exploding growth, unseen in the world of the womb,  
brain, heart, nervous system, limbs, circulation and the rest.

Then the momentous moment of birth,  
journeying from that known womb world  
into a new environment of unimaginable wonderful possibilities.  
The milestones jostle in bewildering rapidity –  
smiling, sitting, walking, speech .....  
on and on into childhood, adolescence, independent adulthood ....  
travelling on into new experiences, knowledge, locations, relationships.

But where is it all leading, this road of milestones?

In a purely physical way,  
I seem directed as with satellite navigation.  
Conception to ... just death  
and another recycling of the atoms I call me.

Surely the milestones mean more;  
surely there will be new insights into the purpose of it all,  
glimpses pointing into the eternal,  
to the love of God and of my neighbour.

Wise words, loving actions, recorded long ago  
are both signposts and milestones  
as they mark my journey, guide me,  
with new insights, understandings, even wisdom,  
crowned by the greatest of all, love,  
leading me to that greater destiny we call the Kingdom

## **The Lonely Within**

Each one's journey follows its own path,  
interweaving with others, unremittingly travelling onward,  
yet, deep inside, totally alone.

Attempts to share these inner feelings  
never completely succeed.

Perhaps the husk is grasped by a perceptive soul-friend,  
but the deep inner kernel remains inviolate, untouchable, ineffable.

Why do we need to share,  
or to grasp with greedy or hesitant fingers,  
the proffered gifts of shared essence,  
so elusive, that in the end,  
all that is left, is a deep awareness of lonely solitude.  
Alone with one's true self the only sure dependable,  
alone, to walk through the door of death,  
into the unknowable,  
into the nothingness?

Is God there, waiting for us,  
or is it true, that all along he too is within,  
accompanying us where no other can come?  
If we let him.

## **Lord of Time and Space – Eternal Word**

Encased in the frosted tube of time,  
our intertwined lives journey on,  
microscopic filaments in the cable of being,  
interweaving, inexorably travelling,  
so encased in our own busyness,  
enveloped in our thoughts and activities,  
too engrossed to question our journey's end.

Yet outside that earthly time-tube is the fathomless sea of eternity,  
always surrounding us, cradling us, enabling us.  
concealed by the web of our engrossment with earthly interests,  
hidden from our gaze by the frosting obscurities,  
by the entanglement of our unrelenting busyness.

Stop! Step aside.

Let your filament rise to the edge of the cable.

Observe.

There are spaces between, clear patches in the frost-ferned panes.

Let the breath of the Spirit melt away the frost,  
that you may catch a glimpse of what is real and true, of eternal value,  
of that which some call God.

Down through the ages prophets and sages  
have gazed out into eternity,  
tried to share with us their glimpses of truth and beauty,  
tantalising in its elusiveness,  
its essence never quite grasped.

And then a moment when, in a new way,  
God entered the tube of time,  
unobserved by most,  
too busy in their entanglement with life  
to notice the spark of God-given radiance  
enthroned in a new-born child.

But the spark, fanned into flame by the Spirit,  
revealed our busyness in all its futility,  
revealed depravity in all its wickedness,  
some in surprising places.  
It had to be extinguished.

A cross would do it once and for all.  
A mere cross, to extinguish the light of eternity?  
How arrogant!  
How futile.

God's unconfined power burst forth,  
discarding the no longer needed chrysalis of an empty tomb  
and folded grave clothes.

And then the surge of the Spirit,  
first in a blaze of wind and flame,  
and since, to others in innumerable, unpredictable ways,  
from a gentle murmuring  
to a blinding flash,  
melting the frost for those willing to perceive.

Earthly tube-traveller, take time now,  
time to be immersed in that all-pervading power,  
that, at the end of your earthly journey,  
when you pass from the tube of time  
into the spacelessness of eternity,  
you are well-prepared to meet your maker.

## **Maranatha**

Rainbowed explosion of incarnation  
splintering the concealing all-encompassing darkness.

Pregnant with promise.

God as a human.

Vulnerable in weakness,

yet vibrant, pulsating potential,

Revealing, inspiring, empowering.

Light in the darkness.

Emmanuel.

Maranatha.

## **Me, Myself and I**

So often, mysterious God  
our prayers, hymns and even our scriptures  
focus like a spotlight on 'me, myself and I',  
as if each of us was exclusively the focus of your love.

And, in a way, it is true,  
a way as mere humans we cannot understand.  
We do have to make our individual commitment

to your way of love –  
where you love us so much  
it is as if we were the only object of your love.  
But our commitment does not give us priority  
or privilege over others.

Rather, it enables us in solidarity  
to travel life's journey  
with others for whom *you* are the priority.

If we join the pilgrimage  
in hope of personal reward in this life  
or beyond death,  
or in fear of eternal punishment,  
our focus reverts to 'me, myself and I'.

Help us to remember and commit ourselves to Jesus' teaching –  
'With all your being, love God and your neighbour - as yourself'.  
Not just, 'me, myself and I'.

## **New Beginnings**

At first,  
an incredible burgeoning of physical life.  
Unseen, immeasurably complex,  
steadily growing and developing with such potential  
in the world of the womb,  
even there, encompassed  
by the all-knowing love of God.

Then a life-enhancing change,  
costly to mother and child,  
but enabling the next stage on life's journey.  
More growing, learning, assimilating,  
in the new world,  
travelling towards adulthood.

And, somewhere along the road,  
for many, another path,  
into the world of faith.  
The same person as in the womb,  
as in the world,  
but more growing, developing,  
into the ways of faith and love  
as taught by Jesus.

This growing takes a lifetime,  
beginning with faltering steps,  
incomplete understanding,  
self-centred concern,  
yet, through the energising Spirit,  
flourishing into fuller being,  
helping to build God's kingdom,



Then, as the years pass  
awareness of a new stage impending,  
as unseen, as unknown,  
as that first journey from womb into world.

Is an unborn baby afraid  
As the journey begins?  
We cannot know.

Our faith journey too  
is into an unknown world,  
sometimes embraced with hesitation,  
sometimes with joy  
and growing assurance  
that we can face the next journey  
to the hidden world beyond the door of death,  
with trust in the encompassing love  
which has accompanied us thus far  
and which will be with us as the journey continues  
both in life and into eternity.

## **New Candles**

New candles  
satin-smooth, unmarked.  
Anonymous,  
untouched by life.  
Beautiful in unsullied innocence?

Burning candles,  
dribbling wax,  
marring pristine beauty?  
But, characterful,  
individual,  
enhanced by the ravages of use.

So with old faces,  
etched with life.  
No longer satin-smooth anonymity  
but characterful.  
Pages of life's journey.  
Beautiful images of God.

## **Rehabilitation**

Rehabilitation.  
Learning again how to live in community,  
in harmony,  
in relationship.  
Rising above past events,  
self inflicted  
or caused by others.  
Not forgetting,  
but choosing  
not to allow memories to govern the present –  
or the future,  
dragging down potential  
in a spiral of destruction,  
murdering the inner self.

Rather,  
may these memories become  
signposts to wisdom,  
to life in all its fullness,  
transformed by the power of the Spirit,  
guiding into the Way, the Truth and the Life,  
that we may become whole.

Rehabilitation.  
Is this what we mean by salvation?  
Is this God's vision for us all,  
for our world?

## **Respect for God's Gifts**

God who knows us all  
from our very beginnings,  
give us wisdom as we push  
the boundaries of the science of life and birth.  
Help us to know when to say,  
    'Enough is enough',  
lest we venture into dangerous territory,  
unable to distinguish potential disaster  
from beneficial progress.  
Give us the insights of the heart  
that we may be respectful  
of the essence of life,  
recognizing it as a gift from you,  
not just as raw material for experimentation.

## **Significant Moments**

“Be still, and know that I am God.”  
Age-old wisdom echoing down the centuries.

Be still, on life’s mountain-tops,  
exhilarated, enlightened, encouraged .....

Be still in the dark valleys,  
in despair, loneliness, pain, fear, loss .....

Be still,  
and let God transform our moments of awareness  
into markers of spiritual gold,  
to enrich us,  
and in sharing them, our companions  
as we journey together along the mystery road  
towards eternity.

## **The Bridge**

The bridge between past and present,  
fleeting,  
easily overlooked,  
or wasted  
as we linger in the past  
or anticipate the future.

Now,  
bridging memories and dreams.

Just BE.

NOW.

Before it is too late.

## **The Chain**

Imprisoned.  
Heavy chains  
interlocking and entwined,  
clinging, biting, marking their impress.  
No beginning and no ending.  
No escape.

And yet,  
only one link needs to be broken  
to set me free.  
Which one Lord?

## **The Most Excellent Way**

God of love,  
unlimited vastness of love,  
you have created within our world  
an immense reservoir for love.  
You have poured into it abundantly  
your own love  
through the self-giving humility of Jesus.  
You call us, through self-offering prayer  
to contribute our love  
to that resource,  
transformed  
through the power of the Spirit,  
becoming a well-spring,  
available to the whole world,  
whenever we ask,  
nurturing, caring, strengthening,  
making whole.  
We recognise within ourselves  
seeds of that love,  
a gift from you  
for us to tend and grow,  
as we offer  
that transforming power of love to others,  
known and unknown,  
friend and stranger.  
Help us to experience  
that most excellent way of love  
and to remember that,  
when faith, hope and love  
are all that remain,  
the greatest of these  
is love.



## **The Three Letter Word**

God.

Just a three lettered word  
because words are inadequate,  
are an unsuitable medium  
to define that which inspires  
that mysterious sense of otherness,  
of awe and reverence,  
of harmony and connectedness.

God.

An otherness beyond words  
yet an otherness which encompasses  
all that was,  
that is,  
that can be,  
an otherness which is all pervading love.

God.

Omniscience, omnipotence, omnipresence,  
consubstantial, co-eternal  
and all the other mind-stretching words  
are but human attempts  
to explore, to capture,  
even to confine  
that which is beyond telling.

Words cannot contain  
that which we name God.  
Indeed, words may obscure,  
prevent, deter.

So let us be still.  
Just be.  
Just know  
and love.  
God

## **Transformation**

God's inexplicable power transforms  
the crucified 'defeated' Jesus,  
the broken recipient of humanity's worst hatred  
into the glorified risen Lord,  
beyond the scope of human evil,  
calling us into his realm of love.

God's inexplicable power transforms  
very ordinary powerless people,  
even those burdened with wrongs,  
inflicted by self or others  
into glorified wholeness  
if we come with open hearts.

## **Where You Are is Where You Are Not**

An elephant-headed statue in a Hindu mandir,  
Ganesh, the deity of knowledge.  
recipient of prayers of those who would know and be wise.  
And at his feet – a mouse  
crouched in stillness.  
A mouse?  
In stillness?  
Why? Why a mouse?

The mouse is ‘the child of our minds’,  
ready to dart hither and thither,  
anywhere rather than stay at peace in the stillness.  
Perhaps you have a body prostrate in the mandir,  
but a mind out in the street,  
busy at work,  
at home,  
at school,  
at play.

So there is a mouse, a still mouse.  
A symbol to remind you that perhaps,  
‘where you are is where you are not’.

For Christians, no statue of Ganesh or a mouse,  
but a cross,  
an empty cross.

Yet we too need the mouse in the stillness.

A mouse to remind us.

Our minds too must be focussed,  
not darting hither and thither.

Rather we must attend to the living presence of the Christ,  
that where we are is where we truly are.

## **Who are humans?**

A kaleidoscope of images,  
constantly changing,  
yet composed of characteristics  
common to humanity.

In every generation,  
every culture,  
fragments of light and beauty  
thrown into sharp contrast  
by the jagged darkness of evil,  
constantly interacting  
each sparking images from the others.

Where is the destination  
of this flotsam and jetsam tide?  
Is it flowing randomly,  
purposeless, useless?  
Or is there an over-arching something  
channelling the flow to its destiny?

God, over-arching mystery,  
channelling the flow to its destiny,  
help us to perceive your guiding Spirit,  
as we journey through our lives.