

He is Making All Things New.

New is the breath of life when the battlefield is silenced  
It is calm, the stillness of space after  
great strain and striving.  
Hear it now in this place. Listen.

New is the sparrow before it's fledged,  
Those farm boys, wide eyed, in the trenches.  
New is the uncanny green of tender shoots  
In a field fertilized by blood  
New is when the edge of the cloudbank  
Is illuminated,  
a stairway for the moon, and there is awe and wonder  
in ordinary things.

He is making all things new  
And new is now, it is us  
Gathered in this trebling moment of surrender  
It is me with these fragile words  
It is you, weary and ravaged,  
marked by war.  
It is all of us with memories scarred,  
Maimed and marred by heartbreak,  
hobbled by losses too great to name

Be soothed, He is making all things new.  
Be infused, here and now, within/ without  
With love  
His home among mortals is here, in your broken-hearted-ness,  
in your imperfect perfection.  
In your beloved, still-beating hearts

Begin again, for He is making you new right now  
The spring of life is yours soldier, corporal, civil servant, civilian...  
This elixir is the act of letting go  
Allowing flow,  
Allowing true peace  
from the Prince of Peace.  
He was there at your beginning, And he will be there at your end

He is making all things new. Starting now. With you.

*Margaret Macpherson  
Resident Poet  
Holy Trinity Anglican Church*