

poetry

How can all be well? (The lullaby of thanks)

This poem was written following a discussion in morning worship on 13 March, 2014 about how God is our 'Encourager'. You can read more about the story behind it on our blog entry for that day, which carries the same title as this poem - <http://journey.thesanctuarycentre.org/2014/03/13/how-can-all-be-well-the-lullaby-of-thanks/>

How can all be well? (The lullaby of thanks)

More darkened headlines and straplines and borderlines in dispute,
While leaders sell integrity and lose all their repute,
Another chorus line of storylines of the one behind the many
And each ones telling of suffering and disappointed hope – or not any –
One friend is crying, another lying and the third is dying before her time
And my heart is breaking, world-view shaking in this no-way rhyme or reason...

But he has sown so much courage just in today for me to find.
His beauty burns new for me as a thousand reflections of him remind
That his cross has done all that needs to be done
And his victory has won all that still must be won.
There will be a day when there is no more injustice to mourn
And even today, glimpses of this promise are endlessly, graciously born.
So I list them – the scriptures – that are written deep in me
And again now, I find now, that in front of me again I see
All the miracles I know he's done in headlines and at home
And the sense even now that we are never once alone.
My phone rings in a call from a friend who's become family
And her words soothe like arms stretching right around of me.
I kneel and I smile as I remember now to pray
Using his red words and his Spirit's breath so there's always love to say.
And on knees and feet, with keyboard and comfort, I'll find new strength to be
Part of your answer to the many, the one I stop for – and even me.
Now the sunlight steals in and kisses the corner of a book
In which I've written a thousand reflections that laugh and dance - "he is good!"
And I can hear it – always hear it – singing over distant shores and hearts right here –
The lullaby of thanks that silences my fear.
The lullaby of thanks that settles my soul.
The lullaby of thanks that confirms – Jesus, thank you – all is, and will be, well.