

This morning I would like to share with you a favourite poem. One that reminds us that God is with us every place, and every place can be a sacred one if we bring God with us into it. These words tell me that at even the darkest times, there is new life, abundant life as “every flower flings scents” in almost careless abandon.

These coming weeks may seem a little dark and dreary, perhaps fear-filled and we may be weary of it all, but I hope this poem brings you the simple message of love and hope it brings to me.

In love and prayer

Kyla

### **The Garden**

In the beginning of the days  
‘Twas in a garden that Gods voice was heard;  
In flower flames men saw His beauty blaze,  
And when the breath of evening softly stirred  
The leaves, then as His Presence found,  
And man knew earth’s green garden holy ground.

‘Twas in a garden Jesus loved to pray,  
And in the hour of His gravest need  
To that same garden glade He went His way;  
There would He find the Father, there would plead  
That if ‘twere possible the cup might pass-  
Sacred with sweat of Blood that garden grass.

‘Twas in a garden the Lord’s body lay  
Held in its rocky shrine, with lilies nigh.  
Great Death was comforted that Sabbath day,  
Whose high vocation served Christ loyally:  
For Death proclaimed Him everlasting King,  
The earliest courtier of His triumphing.

‘Twas in a garden sad love came alone  
Leaving both faith and hope behind that morn,  
Expecting but a barrier of stone  
In that dark hour before the day is born  
Lo, every flower flings scents, all birds do sing  
The Resurrection of the Garden’s King.

*Fr Andrew SDC*