

COLOURS OF DAY (1)



I opened the door this morning on a monochrome world – cold and uninviting – one of several such days this week. But then something unexpected happened; the sun appeared through the snow-laden clouds. The bright rays transformed the monochrome scene into technicolour. In an instant the snowy rooftops became jewelled caskets; the red stems of the cornus shrub, and remnants of green foliage in the garden leapt out like the parts of a pop-up book when you turn the page. A transformation!

An 'earworm' crept into my head:

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*“Colours of Day dawn into the mind,
The sun has come up, the night left behind.....”*

...which sent me scurrying for my song books. Nothing as annoying as an 'earworm' you can't identify! Ah, there it was – a song much loved by children and sung with gusto in many a school assembly. A song that has stood the test of time, despite its rather banal tune.

Monochrome to technicolour. Colour is such an integral part of our lives – so much taken for granted, until it's not there anymore. I was reminded of an incident in one of Corrie Ten Boom's autobiographical books – *The Hiding Place* I think it was, (now on the bookshelf in church & highly recommended) – where she is finally released from Ravensbruck concentration camp. She movingly describes having to adjust to a world of colour after years spent existing in the monochrome drabness of her prison surroundings. It left quite an impression on me.



I would contend that most of us naturally gravitate to colour illustrations or photos in preference to 'black and white'. Many keen photographers would beg to differ. Despite the advances of technicolour technology, they prefer to use black and white film. Our official wedding photo album contains only black and white prints – the norm back in the day. Our friends and relatives sent us photos they had taken to mark the occasion, all colour prints. Nice to have, but the black and white album pictures stand head and shoulders above the others. Of course, they were taken by a professional photographer, but, despite this advantage, they capture the detail, the nuances of expression that seem to become lost in the colour representations. In my humble opinion, the delineations are sharper, and the shades between light and dark more nuanced.

I am a fan of the 'Scandi-Noir' Saturday night TV slot. The latest offering is set in a very snowy mid-winter Iceland. Despite being shot in technicolour, you have to search for any glimpse of colour, so drab is the setting. Not to be recommended if you are steeped in gloom! I have not had the good fortune to visit Iceland, but 'black and white' certainly doesn't equate to uninteresting or drab when it comes to the scenery. You only have to look at a snow-sprinkled mountain to appreciate

how the rock formations are enhanced by the contrast of white on black (and all the shades in between!)

My father was a keen amateur photographer. He has left a legacy of some lovely atmospheric black and white prints of his sailing holidays on the Broads. I recollect as quite a small child, disappearing into the 'black hole' – ie developing cubby hole, as his 'developing accomplice'. Now that is an exciting process! Mix the chemicals (can't be more specific!), dip the sheets in the dish, and wait for the picture to emerge. Magic! The darkness is necessary for the picture to become clear.

The song words (full version below) could be interpreted as our present 'darkness' with the exhortation to 'look beyond' in hope, readjusting our lens to look to Jesus, our friend and Redeemer, the Light of the World. As St Paul says in 1 Corinthians 13 "... now we see through a glass darkly" but there will come a time when monochrome will be transformed into glorious technicolour.



1. Colours of Day dawn into the mind,
The sun has come up, the night is behind.
Go down to the city, into the street,
And let's give the message to the people we meet.

*So light up the fire and let the flame burn,
Open the door, let Jesus return.
Take seeds of his Spirit, let the fruit grow,
Tell the people of Jesus, let his love show.*

2. Go through the park, on into the town;
The sun still shines on, it never goes down.
The light of the World is risen again;
The people of darkness are needing a friend.

*So light up the fire and let the flame burn,
Open the door, let Jesus return.
Take seeds of his Spirit, let the fruit grow,
Tell the people of Jesus, let his love show.*

3. Open your eyes, look into the sky,
The darkness has come, the sun came to die,
The evening draws on, the sun disappears,
But Jesus is living, his Spirit is near.

*So light up the fire and let the flame burn,
Open the door, let Jesus return.
Take seeds of his Spirit, let the fruit grow,
Tell the people of Jesus, let his love show.*

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