

4th April 2021 – Easter Day

Glory

“Show us the glory in the grey.”,

George MacLeod, 50 Great Prayer from the Iona Community

(The full prayer below is used with permission from Wild Goose Publications, www.ionabooks.com)

So, here we are! Easter Day 2021. Lent is done. Holy Week has come to its wonderful conclusion. Easter has dawned in all its glory! We've made it!

Christ is risen! He is risen indeed! Hallelujah!

So, why don't I feel as good as I would like about today? Why am I struggling to glory in the Resurrection, the high point of the Christian faith? Why is Easter not working for me as it should?

Covid! I've had to drag myself to get here. The struggles have almost done for me. I'm exhausted. Glory? I'm not so sure. I've gloried in the past, and no doubt I will glory again. But this Easter? Nah! It doesn't seem to be able to do the business. And then I read a prayer from George MacLeod.

Written on Iona, under grey skies as he walked towards Iona Abbey for worship after days of Atlantic storms, and in the religious language of his time, George MacLeod offers us this Easter message:

Almighty God, Creator: In these last days storm has assailed us. Greyness has enveloped and mist surrounded our going out and our coming in. Now again Thy glory clarifies; Thy light lifts up our hearts to Thee; and night falls in peace. But through mist and storm and sunshine ... Thy constant care in all and everywhere is manifest. Even as with our bodies, so also with our souls. Sunshine and storm, mist and greyness eddy round our inner lives. But as we trace the pattern ... Thy constant care in all, and everywhere, is manifest. Almighty God ... show to us in everything we touch and in everyone we meet the continued assurance of Thy presence round us ... In all created things Thou art there. In every friend ... the sunshine of Thy presence is shown forth. In every enemy that seems to cross our path, Thou art there within the cloud to challenge us to love. Show to us the glory in the grey. Awake for us Thy presence in the very storm till ... all our trivial tasks emerge as priestly sacraments in the universal temple of Thy love. Of ourselves we cannot see this. Sure physician, give us sight. Of ourselves we cannot act. Patient lover, give us love: till every shower of rain speaks of Thy forgiveness: till every storm assures us that we company with Thee: and every move of light and shadow speaks of grave and resurrection: to assure us that we cannot die: creating, redeeming and sustaining God ...

A prayer for today

Loving God, on this day of all days, reveal to me your glory in the grey. Amen

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