

5th April 2021

Colours

**“The tall rock, the mountains, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me an appetite.”**

William Wordsworth, Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey

Yesterday, Easter Day 2021, I wore a neck-tie for the first time in thirteen months. I've had no need to dress smartly for over a year. T-shirts, polo-necks, sweatshirts, jumpers, open-necked shirts (reserved for a Sunday) have been enough. But yesterday, with my church open for worship for the first time in months, I decided to wear a tie. I thought I'd choose a bright one, full of colour, because of the glory of Easter. But I couldn't. As I wrote yesterday, I didn't really get the "glory in the grey" of George MacLeod's words. Yet, colours seemed to matter. So I choose one of my favourites – suitably understated – a tie covered in colourful musical notes.

To be honest, I didn't get much Easter joy listening to the music of "Thine be the Glory" during the service. What joy was there in wearing a facemask and not being permitted to sing at the top of my voice? And yet, despite all of that, I had a sense of something happening ...

Tom Paxton, of whom I've spoken before, wrote these lyrics:

*You came throwing colours all around my blacks and greys.
While I stood in wonder, you just opened up my days.
Let me tell you what you did to me, I wanna shout the news.
You came throwing colours round my blues.*

That's from a love song, of course. But in spiritual terms, these words begin to identify what touched me yesterday. Some colours were being thrown my way. Not garish, dramatic, glowing, vibrant or bright. Not giving me the "glory in the grey" of the Resurrection. Not dispelling all the gloom, but embracing it, casting love, and light and colours *around* my blacks and greys. This was enough to give me hope, lift my spirits and remind me that, whatever I have to live with, colours can still be seen.

My task, therefore, is to stand in wonder and to feel, and be thankful for, what's around me. I *will* glimpse "their colours and their forms", and believe that whatever blacks, and greys and blues I might still experience from now on, someone, somewhere, is throwing colours my way.

A prayer for today

Lord, open my eyes to see the colours of faith, hope and love being thrown my way.

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