

25th July 2021

Creation

“A blind fury of creation.”

George Bernard Shaw, Man and Superman

I live close to the sea. My part of East Lothian on the southern shores of the Firth of Forth has its own “microclimate” and is generally pretty mild. But occasionally, the shores are battered by North Sea storms. So there is the “blind fury of creation” around me from time to time. Sometimes I just gaze in “awesome wonder”. Sometimes I am overwhelmed by the ferocity I am experiencing. And sometimes I just need the “blind fury”.

I was writing yesterday about honest anger. There have been times when I have needed to let the raging storms that hit my shores in the turmoil of creation be my angry voice. So I went back to a reflection I penned many years ago, in my book on bereavement issues, *New Journeys Now Begin*, entitled, “Creation Speaks for Me”. And, on the theme of anger, I think it’s worthwhile sharing again here.

*I heard the wind, the howl and scream,
the rage and shaking fist, that shook the world.
I heard the wind and knew the angry gale could speak for me.*

*I watched the waves, the pounding surf,
and spreading, drenching spray that drowned the rocks.
I watched the waves and knew the angry sea could speak for me.*

*I felt the rain, the biting shards
that harshly stung my face and drenched my dreams.
I felt the rain and knew the angry storm could speak for me.*

*I heard the crash of thunderclaps
that made me shrink with fear, this unseen power,
these thunder peals and knew the angry roar could speak for me.*

*I saw the flash of lightening fill the sky,
destructive, violent force of saw-toothed light.
When lightning struck, I knew its angry surge could speak for me.*

*Creation’s voice, in all its might
I knew could be my voice; this angry roar
can curse and rage and all my anger show and speak for me.*

A prayer for today

Today I let creation speak for me, for I have no better words. Amen.