

In the End



is the Beginning

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*By Janet Lees and Bob Warwicker*

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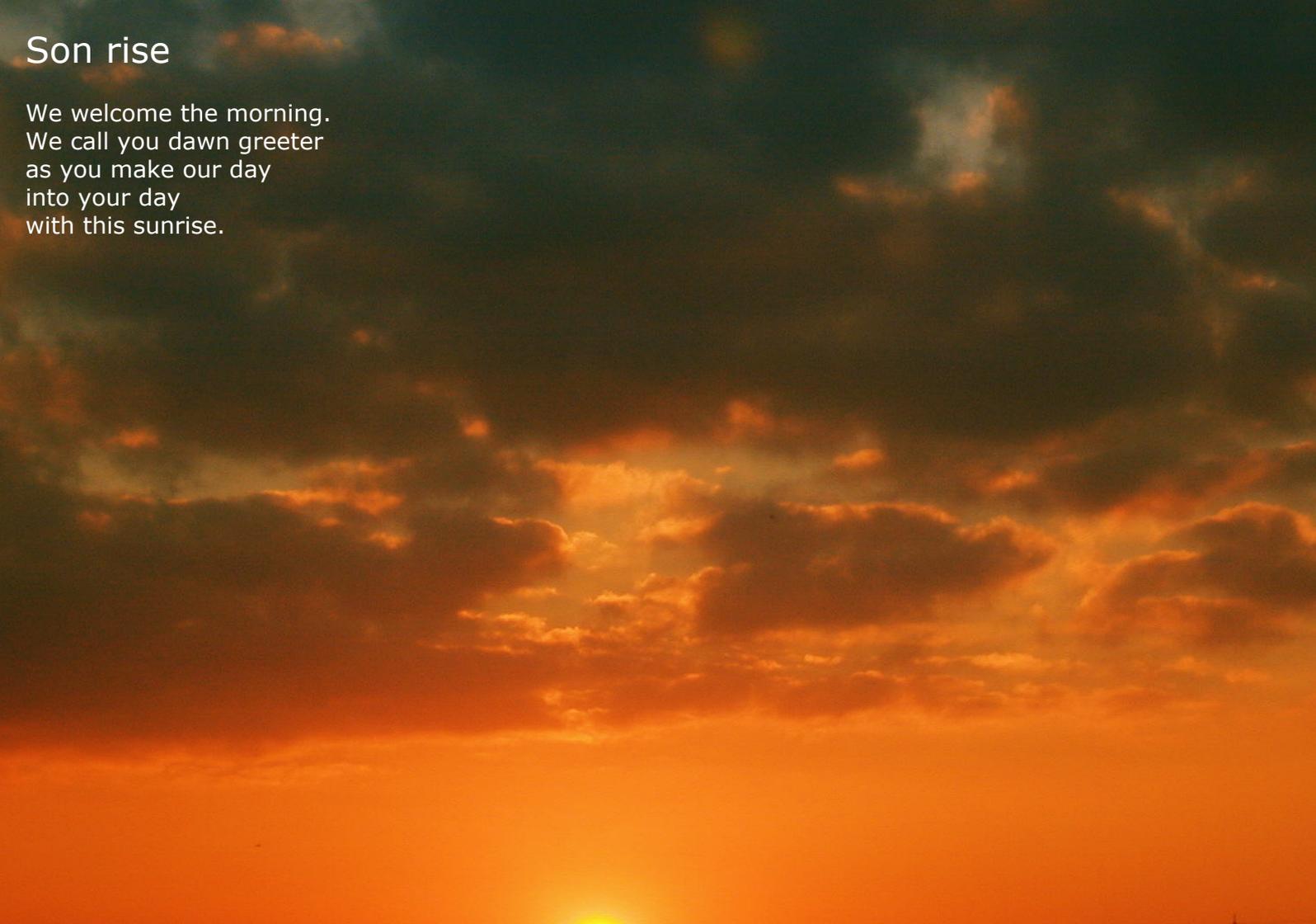
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# Son rise

We welcome the morning.  
We call you dawn greeter  
as you make our day  
into your day  
with this sunrise.





## Morning meal

Fishing One, you call us still  
to breakfast and beyond.  
As we rise up  
may we follow the wind and the Spirit.



God, who knows our location  
closer than even a centimetre,  
move us from how things used to be  
to an advanced global position  
where eagles soar.  
Open our hearts and minds  
to the possibility of new ventures  
that will move us and the world.



## Sheep aspirations

To play with wolves and whatnot is our aspiration.  
To be out there in the great outdoors,  
hefting on a steep, rough fell in all weathers.  
or so we think.

But how many of us are really up for it?  
Isn't the timidity of our species,  
the herd instinct and our preference for the familiar  
what keeps us in here?



Seagulls rise  
over cliffs and cities,  
beaches and rubbish tips.  
Body-wise God,  
may we rise with seagulls  
through the clouds.

## Blue Sky Thinking

Only one who knows the skies  
inside out  
can be companion  
in the drizzle,  
propelling us skywards  
even without a thaw,  
to risk the burning,  
breath-taking,  
lung-bursting  
gasp of recognition  
that sets us on  
our next adventure.



Blow wind, blow;

**Blow wind, blow,**

Be you bonny breeze or gale.

Blow from east and west,

Blow from north and south.

Blow wind, blow

**and bring the Pentecost promise.**

Turn the turbines that energise us again;

**Blow wind, blow;**

Fill the sails that tack and turn your course.

**Blow wind, blow;**

Blow away the dust that has settled on dried up fellowships.

**Blow wind, blow;**

Stir us into life again, as the tree-tops wave, green with leaves.

**Blow wind, blow;**

Freshen us with your vision of life fullness

**Blow wind, blow;**

Unite our diverse voices like birds singing in chorus,

**Blow wind, blow;**

Be our advocate, our renewer, our life giver.

**Blow wind, blow.**

Be you bonny breeze or gale.

Blow from east and west,

Blow from north and south.

**Blow wind, blow**

**and bring the Pentecost promise.**

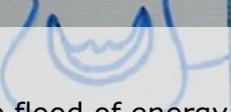




The regular pattern of the tides;  
the vibrant turquoise of the sea;  
the diversity of the cliffs and meadows;  
these treasures are a sure reminder  
of the constancy and generosity  
of the Three-One:  
abundant creator,  
unstinting companion,  
life-enhancing sustainer.

# For life

You are the flood of energy that sweeps us along, enabling us to do things we can't quite believe possible. We rejoice that you created us for this moment, knowing that together we can move the world.

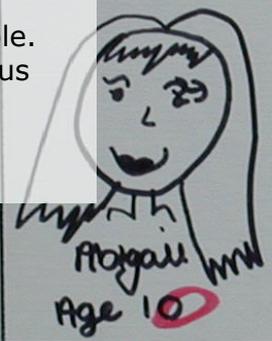


Rebecca  
11

Sarah  
age = 10

9

Conor  
Age: 10



MARK  
age 11

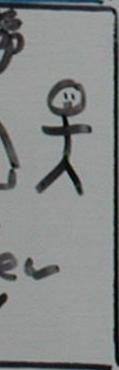
Hannah  
age 11



LORRAINE + LISA

# Send a Cow

+ LYNDY





## Butterfly summer

Butterflies live short lives  
with great beauty.  
We who recall the faces  
of those who filled our empty spaces,  
and remember the echoes  
of voices now silent,  
also think of beauty cut shorter  
than we would have liked or hoped.

Christ of the three-day mystery,  
entice us on into autumn  
to face Remembrance and other dark days again.  
Remind us that the stuff of life  
cannot be contained or cocooned by death,  
but forever breaks out amongst us,  
to surprise us on the path  
and bring us back to being.

# Awareness

As each leaf breathes,  
as each flower exhales:  
help us not to choke our neighbours.

As each bee hums,  
as each bird sings:  
help us not to deafen our neighbours.

As each dormouse squeaks,  
as each bittern booms:  
help us not to extinguish our neighbours.

As each raindrop falls,  
as each tide rises:  
help us not to drown our neighbours.

As each isotope decays,  
as each cloud converges:  
help us not to overwhelm our neighbours.

As we each consume,  
as we each dispose:  
help us to be aware of our neighbours.



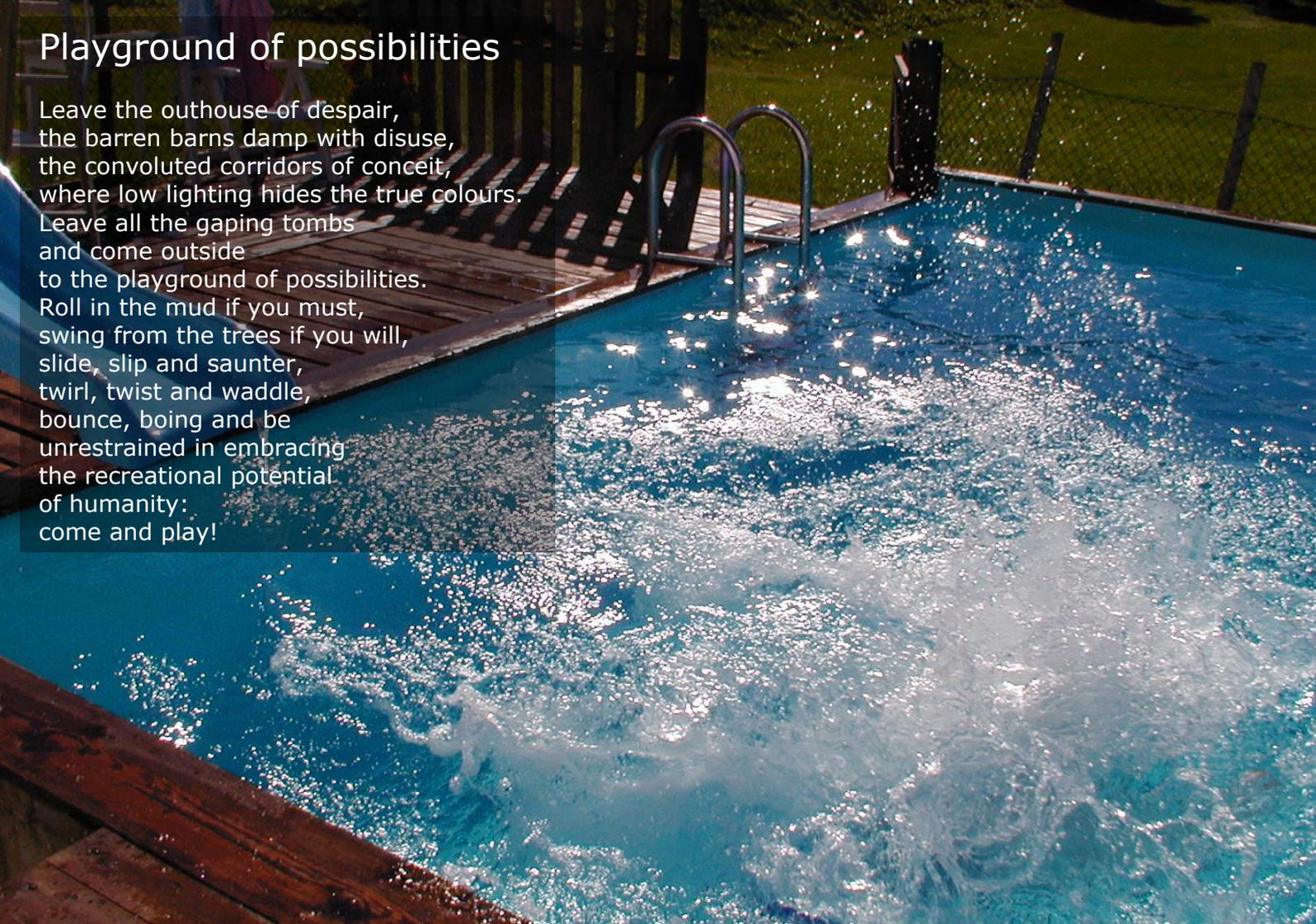
Lead me, Path maker,  
Route planner,  
Step watcher.

Lead me your way,  
the straight way,  
the way you direct.

Lead me, Path crosser  
Step climber,  
Treasure finder.

Lead me your way,  
the way I am looking for,  
the surprising way.

# Playground of possibilities

A photograph of a swimming pool with a wooden deck and a metal ladder. The pool is surrounded by a fence and greenery. The water is blue and has some white foam or bubbles on the surface. The scene is captured from a high angle, looking down into the pool.

Leave the outhouse of despair,  
the barren barns damp with disuse,  
the convoluted corridors of conceit,  
where low lighting hides the true colours.

Leave all the gaping tombs  
and come outside  
to the playground of possibilities.

Roll in the mud if you must,  
swing from the trees if you will,  
slide, slip and saunter,  
twirl, twist and waddle,  
bounce, boing and be  
unrestrained in embracing  
the recreational potential  
of humanity:  
come and play!



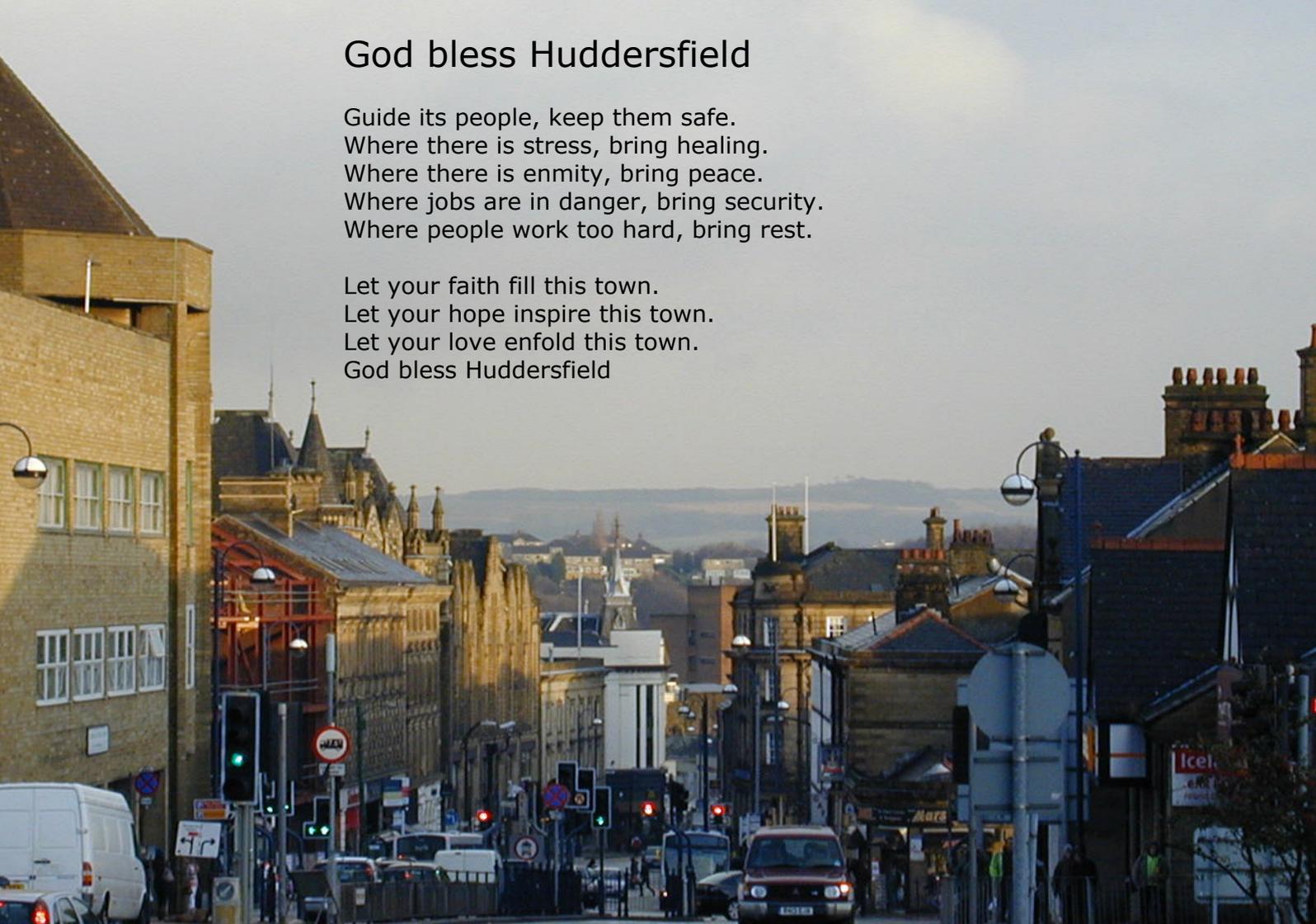
## On the streets

God, we need liberating:  
may the pedestrian crossing be our Red Sea.  
Christ, we need company:  
may the car park be our Easter garden.  
Spirit, we need affirmation:  
may the High Street be our place of Pentecost.  
Be there for us, Holy Spirit,  
in every created thing,  
in every human interaction,  
in every life giving encounter.

# God bless Huddersfield

Guide its people, keep them safe.  
Where there is stress, bring healing.  
Where there is enmity, bring peace.  
Where jobs are in danger, bring security.  
Where people work too hard, bring rest.

Let your faith fill this town.  
Let your hope inspire this town.  
Let your love enfold this town.  
God bless Huddersfield





## Not aquarium keepers

We do not live here  
in this cold, empty shell  
which will remain firmly shut  
for the next seven days.

We live out there  
where the blaring siren calls  
and the green man beckons,  
where faith and unbelief  
live side by side  
and prayer matters  
on a daily basis.

Whatever else we are  
we are not aquarium keepers.

The bell rings and we move  
with a mission towards our next goal.

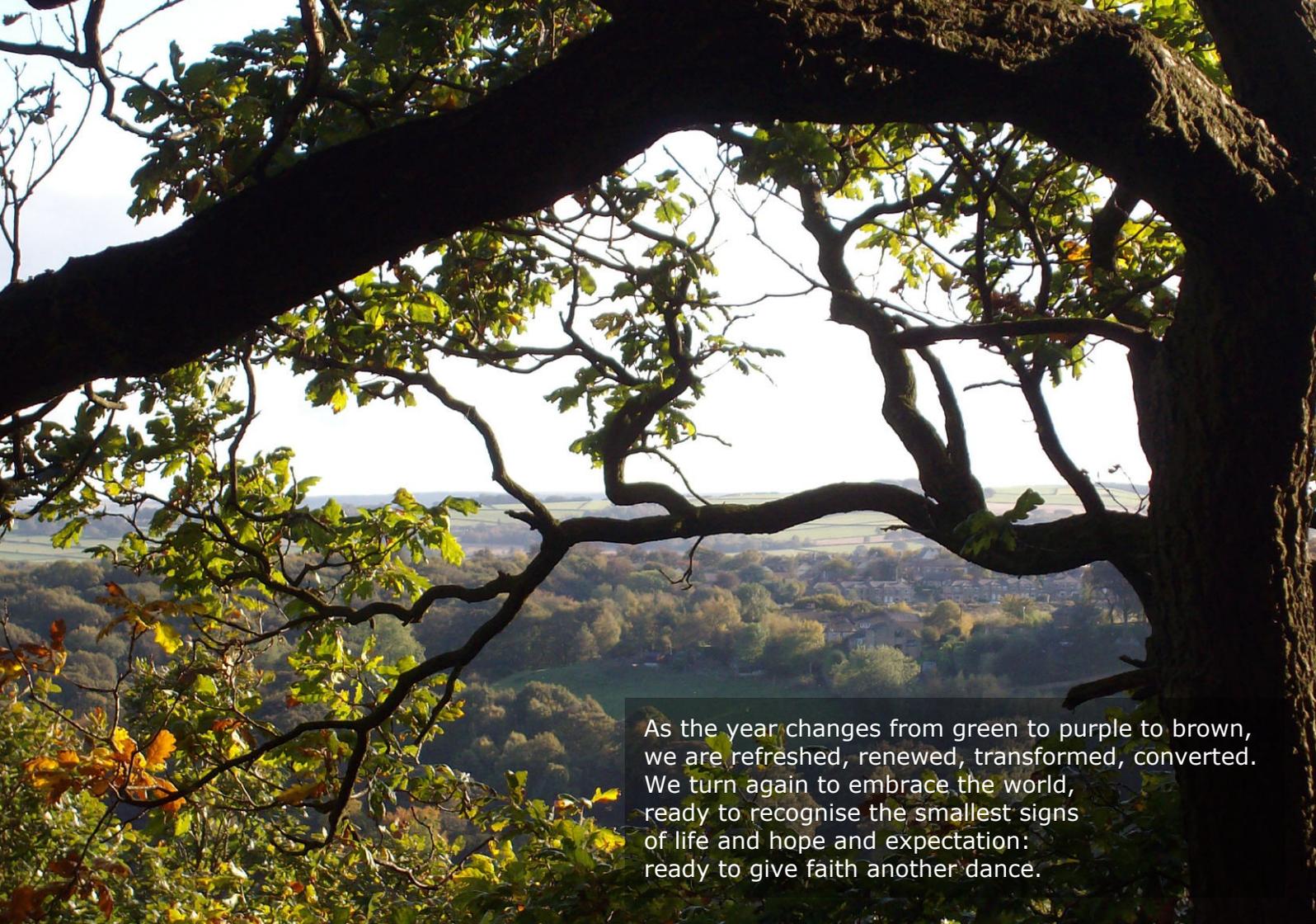
Sometimes eager, keen and enthusiastic,  
we rush along corridors  
ready for the next challenge.

Sometimes hesitant, uncertain  
we wonder what lies ahead.

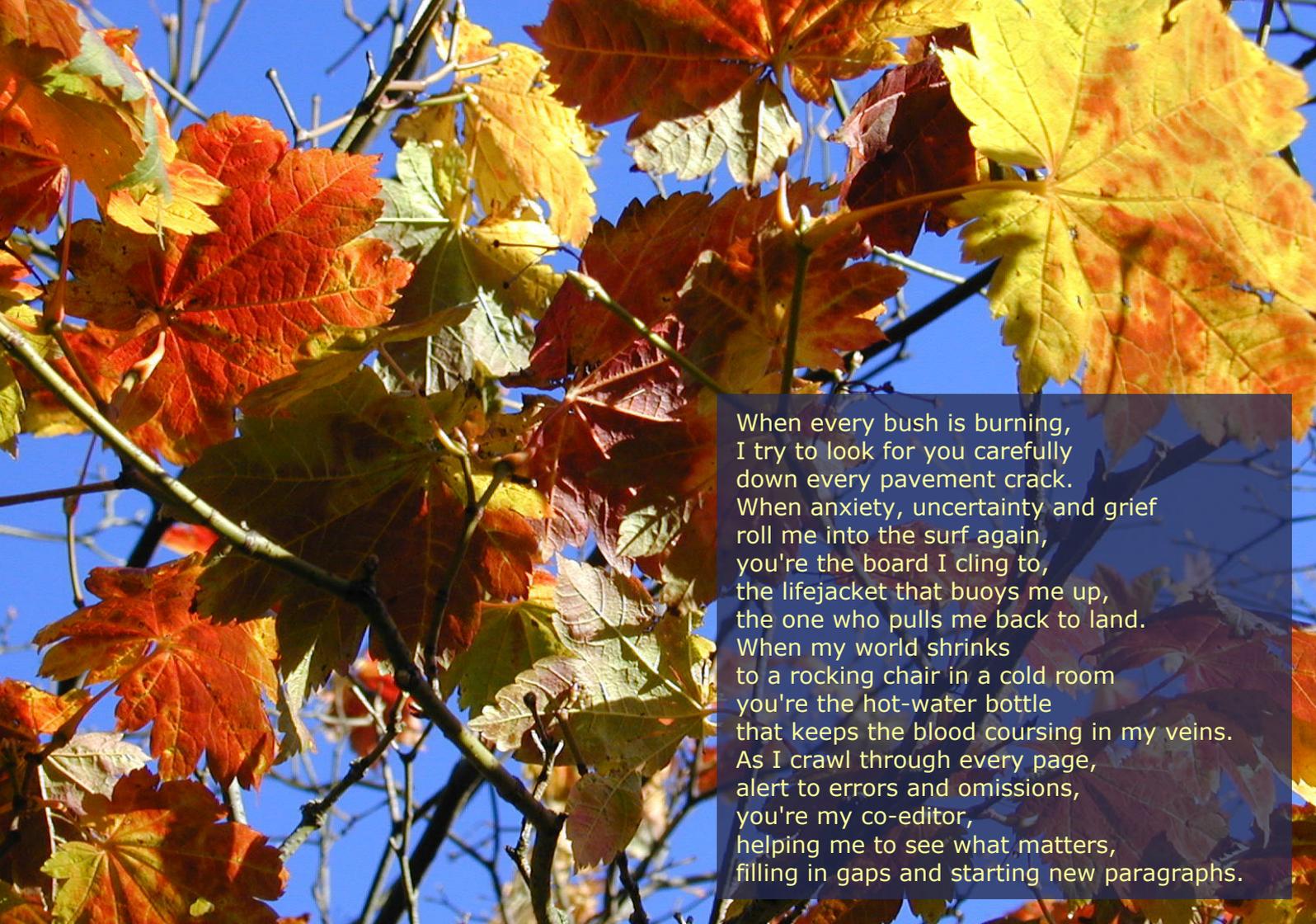
Accompany us in our growing up:  
stick by us all our school days.

Under your guidance we will emerge  
to take on the world.





As the year changes from green to purple to brown,  
we are refreshed, renewed, transformed, converted.  
We turn again to embrace the world,  
ready to recognise the smallest signs  
of life and hope and expectation:  
ready to give faith another dance.



When every bush is burning,  
I try to look for you carefully  
down every pavement crack.  
When anxiety, uncertainty and grief  
roll me into the surf again,  
you're the board I cling to,  
the lifejacket that buoys me up,  
the one who pulls me back to land.  
When my world shrinks  
to a rocking chair in a cold room  
you're the hot-water bottle  
that keeps the blood coursing in my veins.  
As I crawl through every page,  
alert to errors and omissions,  
you're my co-editor,  
helping me to see what matters,  
filling in gaps and starting new paragraphs.



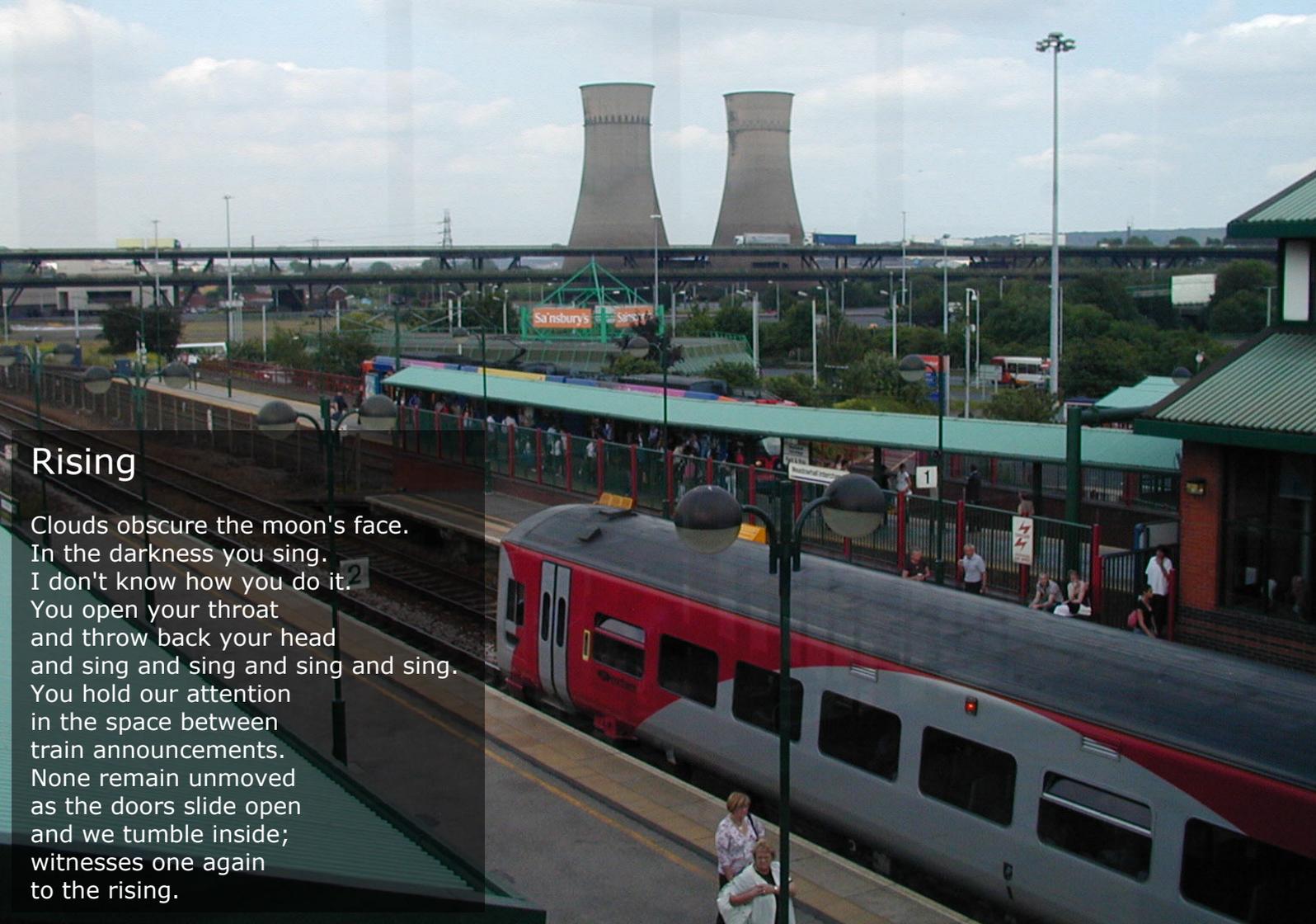
## Still growing

With the tide falling,  
like persistent waders,  
we probe the exposed mud flats:

Yet each of us knows  
how hollow the feeling  
when hounded on the empty shore  
by the dogs of doubt.

## Rising

Clouds obscure the moon's face.  
In the darkness you sing.  
I don't know how you do it.  
You open your throat  
and throw back your head  
and sing and sing and sing and sing.  
You hold our attention  
in the space between  
train announcements.  
None remain unmoved  
as the doors slide open  
and we tumble inside;  
witnesses one again  
to the rising.



Whether in sorrow or joy,  
in youth or age,  
in wealth or poverty  
may we carry in our earthly bodies  
the everlasting hope  
of Christ's resurrection and glory.





IN MEMORY OF  
ALL THOSE  
SILCOATIANS WHO  
GAVE THEIR LIVES  
IN THE SERVICE OF  
THEIR COUNTRY

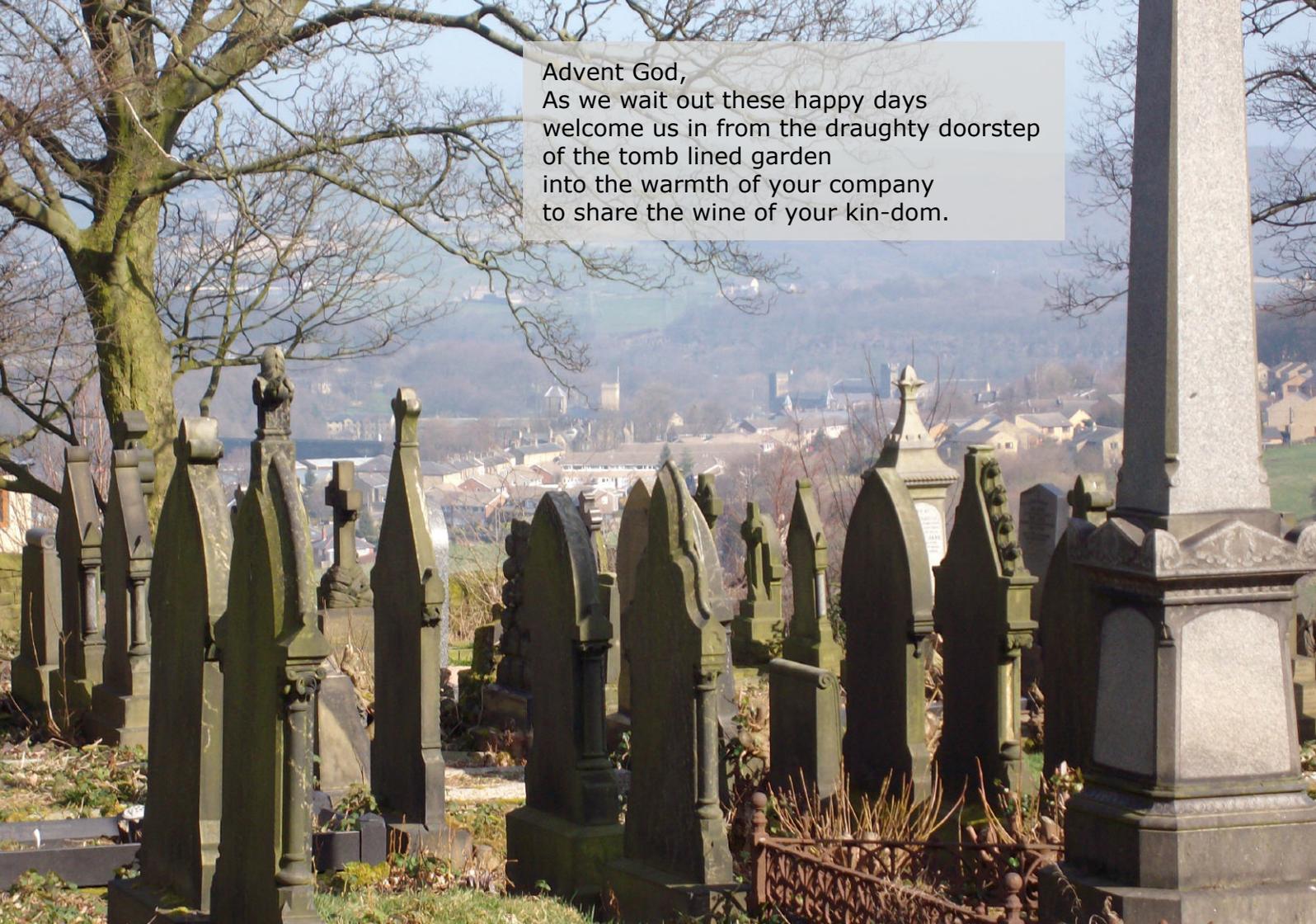
We that are left grow old,  
submerged in the messy business of mourning.  
Age-less One, dream catcher,  
hold hard to us that are left  
that new futures may be forged  
in your fierce embrace.  
In the mourning  
we shall remember.

With me - Christ!  
In me - Christ!  
Behind me - Christ!  
Before me - Christ!  
Beside me - Christ!  
Beneath me - Christ!  
Above me - Christ!  
Winning and restoring Christ,  
Quiet and confirming Christ.  
In heart - Christ!  
In mouth - Christ!





Turning the year around,  
Advent is here again:  
long dark nights waiting  
for cold frosty dawn.  
Into this cold dark world  
we'll welcome Christ again:  
flesh of our flesh  
right through to the bone.

A photograph of a cemetery with various gravestones and a large tree in the foreground, overlooking a town and hills in the distance. The scene is captured in a wide-angle shot, showing the intricate details of the stone monuments and the skeletal remains of trees against a clear sky. The town below is densely packed with buildings, and the hills in the background are covered in greenery. The overall atmosphere is peaceful and contemplative.

Advent God,  
As we wait out these happy days  
welcome us in from the draughty doorstep  
of the tomb lined garden  
into the warmth of your company  
to share the wine of your kin-dom.



For the ones who go ahead,  
who blaze the trail:  
the awesome pioneers,  
the edgewise ones  
with their wacky dress and diets  
who keep us on the straight and narrow:  
we are thankful.

A photograph of a cable-stayed bridge at sunset. The sun is low on the horizon, creating a bright glow and lens flare. The bridge's tall pylon and numerous stay cables are silhouetted against the sky. In the background, a city skyline is visible, including a prominent building with a unique, angular design. The water in the foreground reflects the light from the sun.

## Slow moving sun

All hail to you, slow moving sun  
symbol of creation's energy.  
All hail to you, full setting moon  
making dawn so awesome.

All hail to you, slow moving One,  
plodding on with us daily.  
From sunrise to sunset,  
moonrise to moonset,  
may we be Son-wise people.



About this time of year there are angels visiting, which is just as well for those of us who have slipped up or down. They come with surprising news in unlikely circumstances which is just as well for those of us who have difficult decisions to make. They come with a message of reassurance and hope which is just as well for those of us who are feeling hopeless or fearful. Look again for the message bearer, wound healer and hope sharer: about this time of year angels are visiting.

## Christmas

The darkness does not win.  
Sometimes it comes close.  
At those moments you'd give anything  
for a seven branched candlestick,  
an overzealous security light,  
or the twinkling stuff on the neighbour's house.  
Who is still awake at the house across the road?  
Where have those car headlights come from?  
Laws of physics mean longer days,  
but this frozen landscape  
does not yet yield to the green blade.

God of darkness,  
deep mid-winter One,  
keep vigil with us  
who hold onto your promises.



For wonders beyond our knowing,  
for the breath of life,  
for coincidence and consequence,  
we thank you, God of mystery.





## Travel on

Travel on,  
all you survivors  
of doubt, deluge or despair.

Travel on  
all you carriers  
of joy, delight and happiness.

Travel on  
all you rememberers  
of love, life and longing.  
And may the blessing of God  
who creates, redeems and renews all of life  
remain with you for ever.



God who brought order  
to the waters of chaos,  
let your voice speak to us today  
and give shape to our lives.



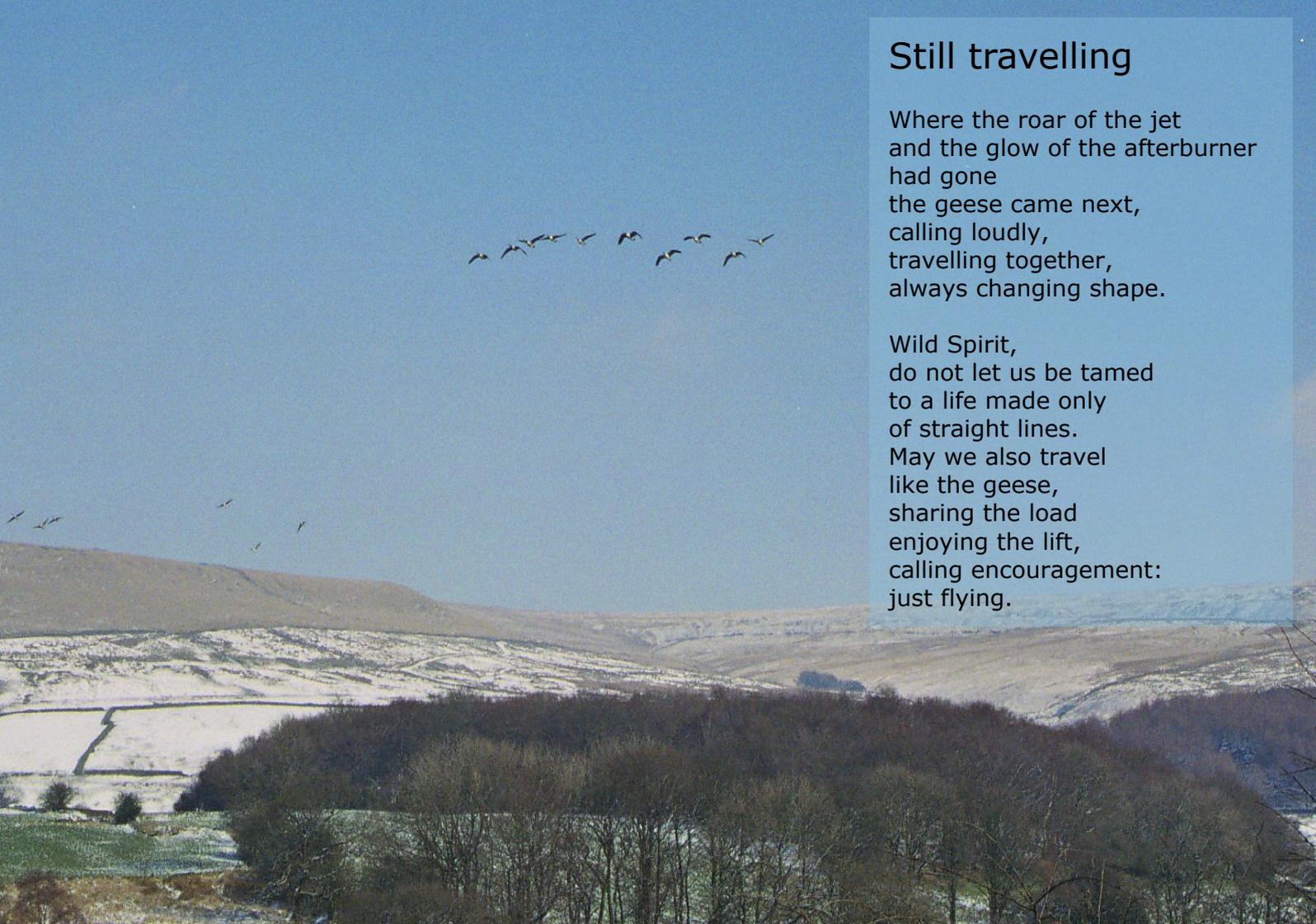
## Through the wood

God you call us through the wood;  
through the wood you speak to us.  
May we, your wood-wise ones,  
touch wood with you,  
hang onto your promises  
and help shape the dreams of community  
that only cross-wise commitment brings.

## Still travelling

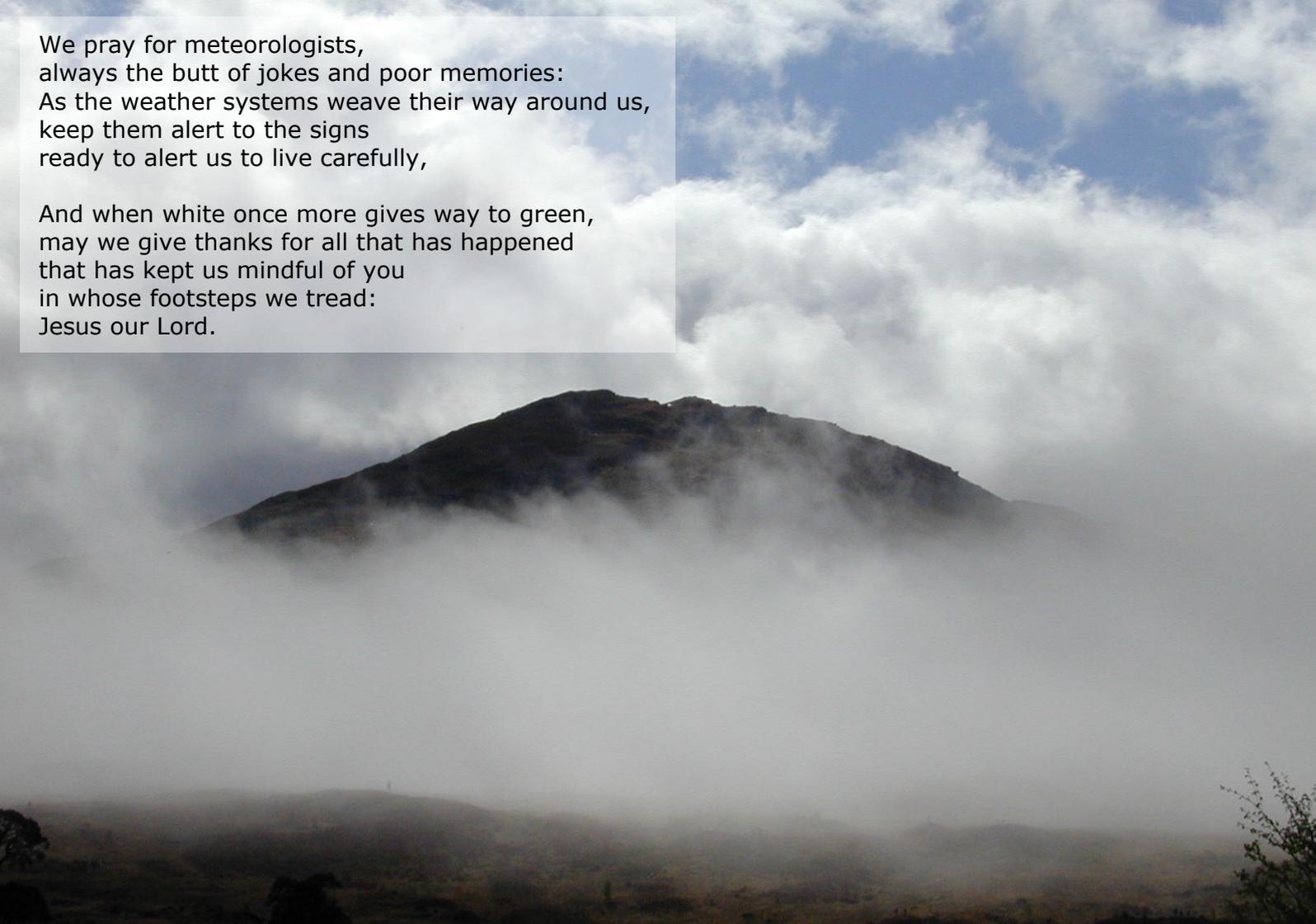
Where the roar of the jet  
and the glow of the afterburner  
had gone  
the geese came next,  
calling loudly,  
travelling together,  
always changing shape.

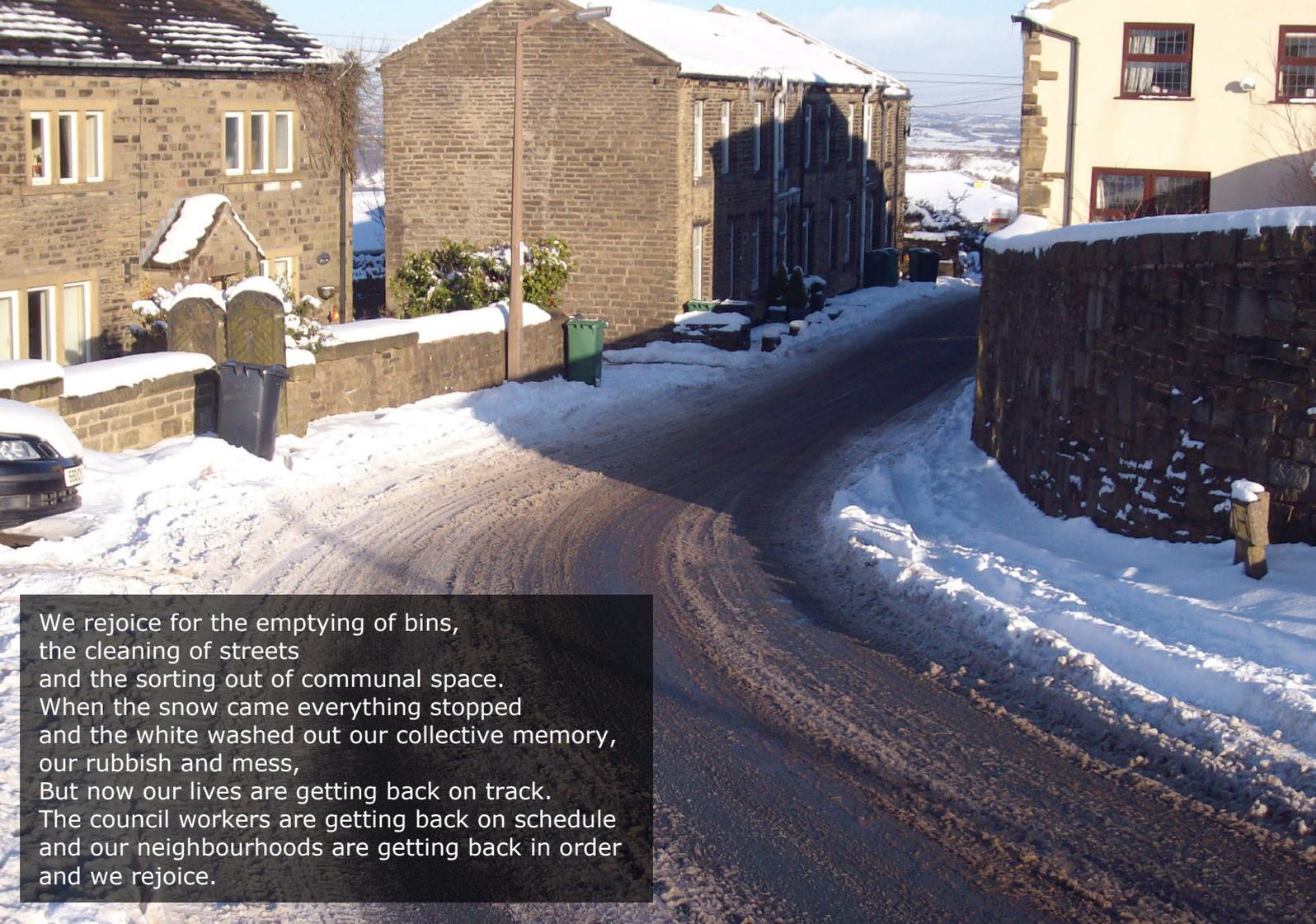
Wild Spirit,  
do not let us be tamed  
to a life made only  
of straight lines.  
May we also travel  
like the geese,  
sharing the load  
enjoying the lift,  
calling encouragement:  
just flying.



We pray for meteorologists,  
always the butt of jokes and poor memories:  
As the weather systems weave their way around us,  
keep them alert to the signs  
ready to alert us to live carefully,

And when white once more gives way to green,  
may we give thanks for all that has happened  
that has kept us mindful of you  
in whose footsteps we tread:  
Jesus our Lord.



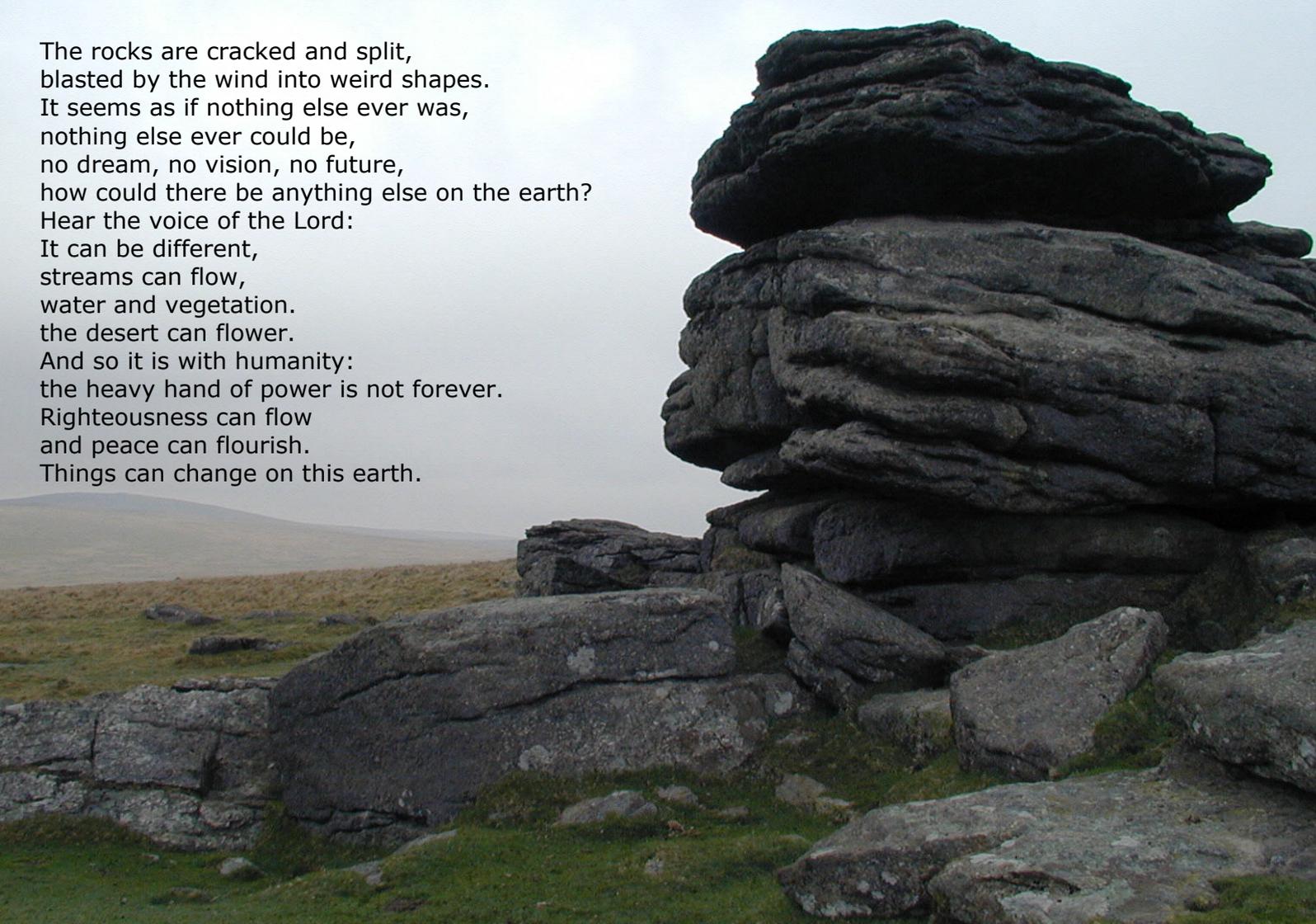


We rejoice for the emptying of bins,  
the cleaning of streets  
and the sorting out of communal space.  
When the snow came everything stopped  
and the white washed out our collective memory,  
our rubbish and mess,  
But now our lives are getting back on track.  
The council workers are getting back on schedule  
and our neighbourhoods are getting back in order  
and we rejoice.

" I will lift  
mine eyes  
unto the hills "

psalm 121

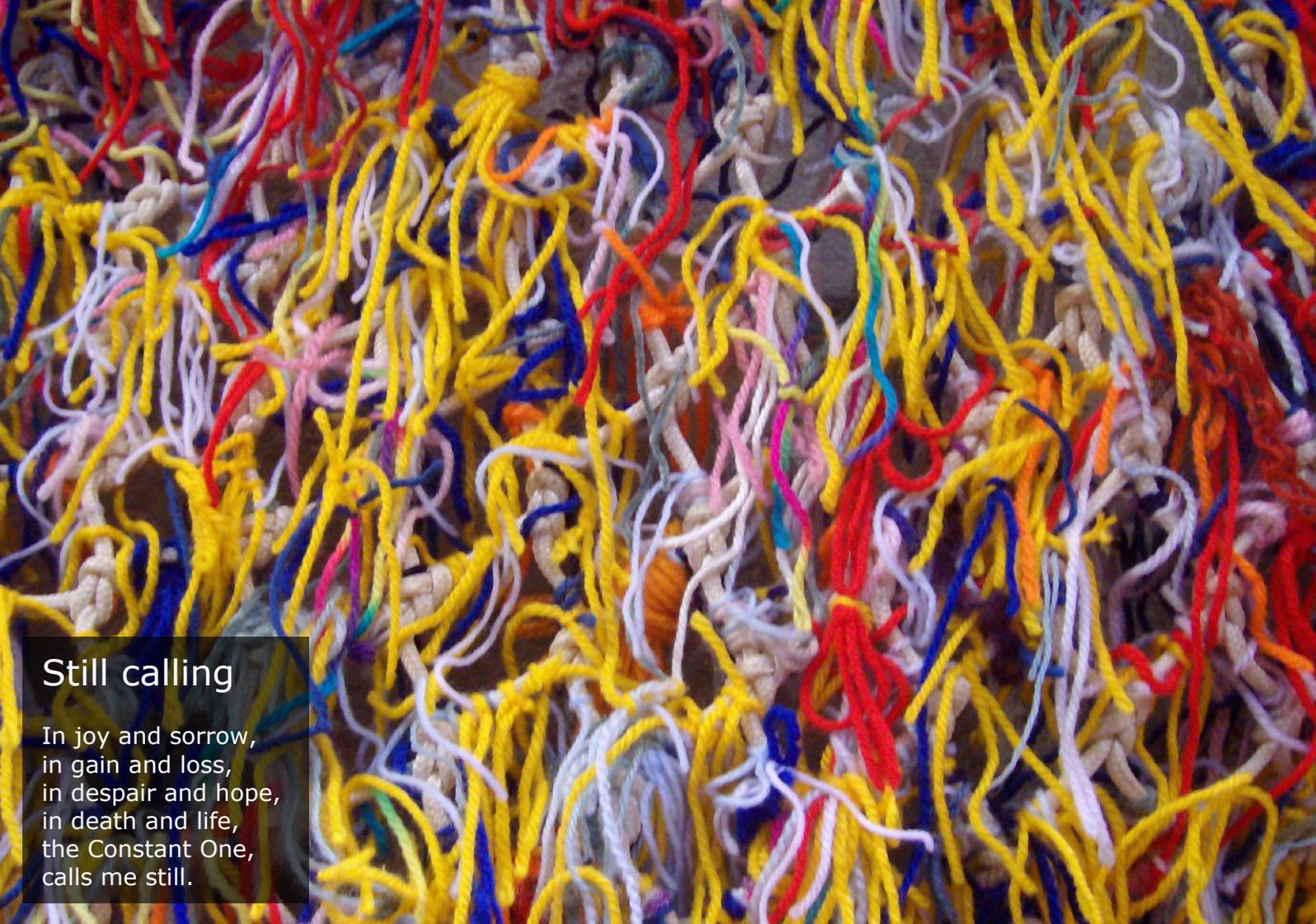
The rocks are cracked and split,  
blasted by the wind into weird shapes.  
It seems as if nothing else ever was,  
nothing else ever could be,  
no dream, no vision, no future,  
how could there be anything else on the earth?  
Hear the voice of the Lord:  
It can be different,  
streams can flow,  
water and vegetation.  
the desert can flower.  
And so it is with humanity:  
the heavy hand of power is not forever.  
Righteousness can flow  
and peace can flourish.  
Things can change on this earth.





## Baptism

May we, like Jesus  
live wet:  
wet from the waters of chaos  
breaking over the earth;  
wet from the waters of baptism  
breaking over our bodies;  
wet from the living water  
breaking over our lives.  
bless us in earth, air and fire  
but most of all  
bless us in water  
that we may follow the Life Giver.



## Still calling

In joy and sorrow,  
in gain and loss,  
in despair and hope,  
in death and life,  
the Constant One,  
calls me still.



## Here's to women

Here's to women,  
Image-sharers, lovers,  
parents, workers,  
pray-ers, justice-makers,  
God-bearers:  
courageous, willing,  
risk-taking  
in every age and race.



## The Wasteland

I will go listening for you  
on the wind, in the traffic,  
at the bus stop,  
in the roar and the rubble.  
the sigh, the splash  
and the song,  
I will go in your company.  
Faith is not dimmed  
but hope grows and shines out  
across the wasteland.

# Passion

It's no accident Jesus was a carpenter.  
There's a lot to do when you're preparing a mission,  
gearing up to be the Life Giver.  
And I often wonder  
how frequently he shuddered  
when someone casually said  
'Pass the nails'.

Companion Christ,  
with us in the rough and smooth,  
may the life we share with you  
be marked out on us  
so that none can mistake whose we are  
and who we follow.



## The long road

Christ of the long road,  
you called us to discipleship  
and call us again to renewed commitment.  
Help us to sort out our priorities,  
and deal with our disappointments.  
Sustain us on the road that leads  
from baptism to your just kingdom.  
With your word alive in us,  
give us life to live, life to share  
and life to celebrate.



## Dismal Day

Weep, city weep.  
Weep stones and streets,  
houses and alleys:  
weep now.  
Weep with the Weeping One.  
Who knows what makes for peace?  
He knows and shows  
the way to peace  
for this and every city.

# One Day

There's a day coming:  
you and me God  
we know this day,  
when everything hangs  
in the balance  
and the Life Giver  
gives it all up  
that we may live on.  
I've got it in my sights now:  
my heart is racing:  
when only one day counts  
this is the One we can count on.



## Easter again!

There is no point  
in looking for the living  
among the dead.  
He is not here.  
He is risen!



A photograph of a wooden platter with several pieces of bread. The platter is on a white tablecloth. In the background, there are several teal-colored chalices. The platter has a decorative design on it, including the word "Shepherd" and a cross symbol.

## Emmaus Road

Travelling Christ,  
we remember so many roads.  
As we prepare to go further,  
may the fire of your presence  
burning in us,  
renew us to take your storytelling  
down the next road.

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