

All Creation Weeps

[After The Storm]

Midnight clouds retreat en-masse;
a vanquished army
spitting back powerless threats in angry flashes;
snarling thunder-rumbling curses.

Around us skies are clearing;
windswept-clean.
The sun eases in, gently, soothingly
stripping nature's dowdy dress
to wrap the world in radiant pastel shades;
turning hooker's green to avocado - slate to powder blue.

In the post-bluster silence
all creation wakes;
All creation waits;
All creation wonders;
All creation weeps.

Mud spattered seedlings settle back
into pock-marked soil
where furious, thudding rain
has slapped the ground,
challenging life at its roots.

Tiny rivers run down leaf veins,
forming tips of tears for the easy wind
to scatter gently in the grass.

Sap rises from bruised and broken limbs
of trees, shrubs and plants;
a natural healing already under way,
leaving only scars for memories.

Soil, absorbing torrents from on high;
awash with elements of fertility
is eager to nurture earth's new life.

One solitary storm-painted raindrop
on a bruised rose petal;
a diamond in the gentle, generous new light
- suffering made beautiful.

Tempest, hurricane,
gale, blizzard!
Daily, storms invade our world
to leave it wounded, broken, uprooted;
and all the world is weeping..

Earthquake, flood, and famine,
disease, ignorance and homelessness:
evils of injustice storm-rage across our world;
more frequent than the passing thunder;
lingering long to break and mar the beauty
of our God-shaped lives.

Those who pause a while
in silent refuge from the violent turmoil;
hearts troubled by the distant thunder of a billion human cries brought to
attention by the occasional flash of news;
touched by compassion from the heart of God,
may see the countless words and acts of love,
of comfort,
of peace,
renewing and rebuilding,
following the storm;
lifting the darkness;
comforting the pain;
healing the hurt;
filling the emptiness left by departing, over-weight clouds
- like a child's smile flashing on her cheeks,
made more beautiful by the sparkling tears
of just a moment past.
In a storm-wrecked world
Love does not delay to dry the tears of all creation.

Here is my hope,
my certain hope,
the beauty in the weeping
A hope made sure by my Lord who weeps with all his world and keeps his
promise
There will be beauty at the heart of every storm

His sign;
a blood-stained cross
where all creation weeps
and smiles a resurrection through its tears.