

Time

Time is the register of history
Recording all our living memories;
Spoken words, our myriad inter-actions,
Labours, failures, glories and perfections;
Of human progress and the world's decline.

Time is the bank in which we deposit
Inherited knowledge, heard-earned wisdom,
To draw upon when urged to make our choice,
To bless or harm, to progress or destroy
And leave us war-torn affluent cities
Reduced to heaps of bloodied rain-soaked bricks.

Time is the sentry at the gate of life
Guarding well the endless flow of action,
From peace to war, to peace, to war, to peace ...
The old to new, to old to new, to old
From life to death, to life, to death, to life.

Time? A long straight line of human progress
Crossing hills and valleys, the highs and lows,
Of all our numerous life-experiences?

Or does time circle us? Ever whirling;
A re-recurring, onward cyclic round,
Back again to origins. Dust to dust?
Perhaps, though, line and circle all in one!
An ever onward, upward spiralling –
The way humanity goes home again,
From heaven to heaven, from God to God;
From the eternal to the end of time.
For there is another life-dimension
Which takes us deeper than this present one.
It enters in, pervading all today
To link eternity with present now

Time is change, set in constancy of love.
Each age, each race evolving to its own
As time progresses, changing everything.
Time measure: sun-dial, clock and digital;

Words, books, to information at a touch.
New clothing styles, while cycling round, move on -
Yesterday's fashions, today's second-hands:
Transport, speeds faster, powered for the future,
Saving our time to use for other things,
And let our minds catch up with our bodies.
Giant, all-in-one machines make harvest
Where horse and man together used to reap:
Huge factories become a coloured screen
Sat on a near paperless office desk.
Health and healing, leisure and enjoyment
All change with passing years, months, days and hours.

Everything changing in the stream of time!
NO! For from the beginning until now
There is a common thread – the strand of love
Mothers tend their new-born child as always
And still young men and women fall in love.
Our joy and peace are felt as yesterday;
And love begets compassion just the same;
Cocoons the suffering till the pain has passed,
Bearing the hurt of unjust lovelessness.

Along the winding corridor of time
All else is passing, never to return;
But love, embraced by faith and hope is now.
It lives within that other sphere of time
We call eternity – God's sphere – God's love.
And God is greater than our human time.
Outside of time he enters into time
Through Jesus Christ, Lord of eternity,
God's Son – the everlasting in today.

Sharing in the glory of his presence;
Made ready by his sacrificial love,
We pass beyond the boundaries of time
Where heaven is all time, all time is heaven.