

## 10<sup>th</sup> April 2020 – Good Friday

Today is Good Friday. I simply offer you this poem sent by Julia and written by a member of her Prayer Group.

Mine Hour is not yet come.

Not yet, I said, most certainly not yet.

I saw them there, gave half a glance,  
And wandered on, unthinking, to forget.  
Not worth a second look, I thought,  
They're just a worthless bunch of sticks.  
Heads high, 'tis true, but infinitely blind.  
Tied tight together, like a broom.  
But wait, I've seen before such sticks as these.  
Not yet, I know, but something wonderful  
Will one day burst from all this worthlessness.  
They stand today like princes, as impatiently they wait  
The day when trumpets sound, and dressed in gorgeous gowns  
The crown is at last set upon their head.  
And so I turned, took pity on my naked bunch of sticks,  
A few pence is all it cost to ransom them and take them home.  
Not yet, I thought, and drew cold water for my sticks.  
Not yet, but wait a while and see.  
For days I waited, watched them every hour,  
Till one by one they gently bowed their head  
And gloriously my lovely daffodils  
Burst out, a gorgeous mass of golden fire,  
A splendour kept for me and me alone.  
And as I mused upon this glorious sight  
It seemed to open heaven itself for me.  
Not yet, I thought. I'm worthless still today.  
A barren stick, still naked, helpless, blind.  
But thankfully, He didn't pass me by  
He picked me out and paid for *me* and rescued me.  
Not yet, He must have thought. Let's wait a while.  
That's how I know that - no, no trumpets and no crown,  
But just, perhaps, a tiny golden flower  
Will someday slowly open up for me  
To bring delight to Him and Him alone  
In glory land.

Peter Duplock

Sent by Canon Tom Page  
Vicar: Ascension with All Saints  
Chelmsford  
(AwAS)