

GOD OF WASHING - Joy Cowley

God of washing, God of unmade beds,
God of dented saucepans and worn-out brooms
your presence in the most ordinary things
often take me by surprise.

I listen to the morning news
and think of your presence
at a United Nations' peace conference,
at the launching of a space probe,
or in the development of a vaccine,
or the discovery of a new planet.
Then I look down and see you
winking in bubbles of detergent.

God of washing,
God of stains and missing buttons.
wherever else you might be,
you are right here with me
defrosting and cleansing the freezer,
picking up bits of plastic toys
from the living room floor,
and each time you nudge my heart
with the warmth of your presence,
recognition leaps like a song.

I know it! Oh, I know it!

God of washing
God of vacuum cleaner bags,
God of sparrows, lilies and mustard seeds,
my house is your tabernacle.



Nativity By Joy Cowley

Look now! It is happening again!
Love like a high spring tide
is swelling to fullness
and overflowing the banks of our small concerns.

And here again is the star,
that white flame of truth blazing
the way for us through a desert of tired ways.

Once more comes the music,
angel song that lifts our hearts
and tunes our ears to the harmony of the universe,
making us wonder how we ever could have forgotten.

And now the magi within us gathers up gifts of gold and myrrh,
while that other part of ourselves, the impulsive, reckless shepherd,
runs helter skelter with arms outstretched to embrace the wonder of it all.

We have no words to contain our praise.
We ache with awe, we tremble with miracle,
as once again, in the small rough stable of our lives,
Christ is born.

