

# Christ Church Freemantle

## Sunday 3<sup>rd</sup> January – The Epiphany

We have come to a new year and as I've mentioned in previous articles, I often find poetry as a good way to make sense of life. Poetry allows us to see a longer view, to listen to the voices of people in the past and to realise just how much we share and can learn from them. So I've put together some quotes and poems on the themes of the new year, as well as the theme of the Epiphany. Wishing you a happy and healthy new year.

I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year,  
'Give me a light that I may travel safely into the unknown'. And he replied,  
'Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God. That shall be to you  
better than light and safer than a known way!'  
So I went forth and finding the Hand of God, trod gladly into the night. And he led me  
towards the hills and the breaking of day in the lone East.

So heart be still:  
What need our little life  
Our human life to know,  
If God hath comprehension?  
In all the dizzy strife  
Of things both high and low,  
God hideth his intention.  
God knows, his will  
is best. The stretch of years  
Which wind ahead, so dim  
To our imperfect vision,  
Are clear to God, our fears  
Are premature; In Him  
All time hath full provision.

Then rest; until  
God moves to lift the veil  
From our impatient eyes,  
When, as the sweeter  
features  
Of life's stern face we hail, Fair beyond all surmise  
God's thought around his creatures  
Our mind shall fill.

- *Minnie Louise Haskins*

There is more to life than we previously imagined. Angels hide in every nook and cranny, magi masquerade as everyday people and shepherds wear the garments of day labourers. The whole earth is brimming with glory for those with eyes to see and ears to hear.

– *Howard Thurman*



For last year's words belong to last year's language,  
And next year's words await another voice,  
And to make an end is to make a beginning.  
- T.S. Eliot

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light:  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

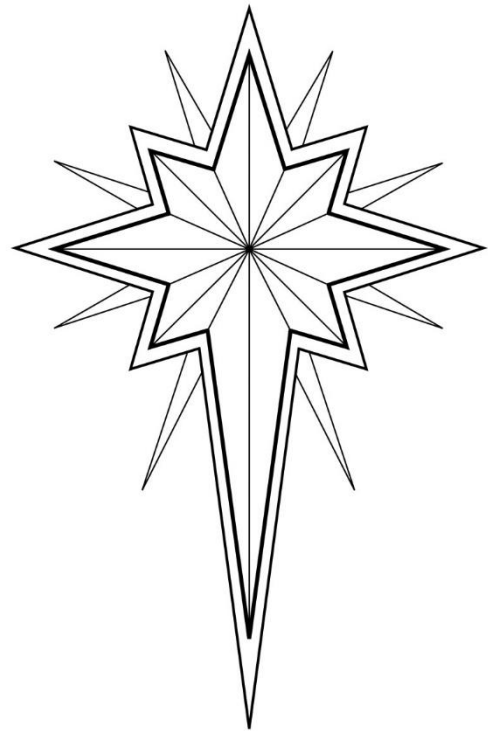
Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.  
- Alfred Lord Tennyson



Liz Coe