

4. Globe

Back in the 1960s, this astounding image - from the Moon - caught the astronauts unawares. They were transfixed by the beauty of our global home, as full of awe and wonder as the ancient poet who sang, “O Lord, our Sovereign, how majestic is your name in all the earth! You have set your glory above the heavens” (Psalm 8). They were also deeply moved by its vulnerability, a vulnerability which recent times have underlined as never before. Planet Earth and her inhabitants are in desperate need of rescue.

In his poem *The Coming*, R.S. Thomas imagines a conversation between God the Father and God the Son. Holding ‘in his hand a small globe’, the Father invites the Son to look. He sees ‘a scorched land of fierce colour’, hostile, broken, fallen. He also sees ‘a bare tree’ with ‘crossed boughs’, needy humanity looking to it longingly. ‘Let me go there’, the Son says.

Christ’s cross-shaped willingness to take on our global fallenness is our only hope. He still comes. His journey to April’s ‘bare hill’ is a continual one. Each Lent, we make a point of journeying with him, trying once again to fathom the mystery of his rescue, wondering at the part we might play in it, we who both need rescue ourselves and long to share it across our global home.



Today...

...we thank you, O Christ, for loving our wounded world
and for your willing walk towards the Cross.

Amen