

Christ: Our Holy Ground

Here, in this place,
Where holy fire from heaven fell
We stand in him who—
In one awe-filled act of utter self-oblation—
God's wrath endured, our guilt atoned,
And cried 'Amen' to judgement.

Here, in this place—
Where dreaded curse has been outworked,
And toil for sin defeated,
Where Presence comes in holy fire,
Intent on sins' destruction—,
It is *here* God comes to greet us.

Here, in this place,
God's holy grace we fully know,
And love and joy and peace full flow,
In Presence of the Father,
Who gives his love to all in Christ,
As freely sin is carried.

Here in this place,
Where holy fire has fallen,
The Great Abomination is to cry
"We need it not!
For we are upright, righteous sons!"
This cry's our desolation.

Askance we view our brothers:
Guilty, vile and helpless *they*,
Who share not in *our* glory,
Our sin (though absent not entirely)
Is of a different order,
For justice is our quest, need we no mercy!

Thus we live as slaves,
And not as sons,
Within the Father's very land!
We growl and bite and snap the hand,
Which Bread from heaven brings us!
For we will have no fatted calf, nor even,
A Lamb!

But here, in this place—
This Burnt Ground in whom we stand,
We know the throne of Glory to be ours!
Here his Love begins to flow,
In us, to Him, in Him to all,
As in the Spirit we do fall,
To worship.

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