Like many others, I have been using this lockdown time to sort, chuck out and tidy accumulated paper work, photographs and memorabilia. Among my treasured Tyndale Dancers archive, I came across the script for the finale of the Baptist Union Assembly in 1978 in which we had taken part. In the script was this poem by Bob Jones, a dearly loved member of the Tyndale family who sadly died shortly after we returned to Bristol. The words are appropriate for these strange and demanding times so I thought I would share it with you.

Elizabeth.

Each Waking a Resurrection

What shall populate my discontents ?

For what shall I hope ?

Possessions soon fail; We attain, but our desire remains.

So I see the peace of a long life,

A void of safe years

Heavy as they are long

Or stale, dead from inactivity.

Rather a few minutes of praise, A brief touch of God's mantle,

So as to enter any fear dressed only in trust,

That difficult garment

And hope shall never be safety

To know will not always be certainty,

The Spirit shall keep us looking.

Rather examine the day as a disciple of hope:
Look again, For we receive the sacrament of a new day upon waking.
We may not be aware of this early blessing
Often hidden by the rushing clock, the quick breakfast.
For Christ still breaks bread amid the ordinary meal:
The blessing is no less present for shouting children
And missed trains and reluctant feet.

So each day shall be seen to be unique, Routine shall blossom with possibility
Each breath become an unconscious prayer.
Each waking a resurrection,
Each day a day of hope.

Robert Jones