

December 21, 2020 Daily Church Email

Solstice

by Brian Hick

Solstice, and the garlic must be planted,
each clove deep within the earth.
Lost, until its summer worth
rises, rejoicing in new life new granted.

Solstice and the darkness seems our friend,
a time for yule fires, company,
wassail and gentle liberty,
as if the celebrations need not end.

Solstice and the sun at each day's dawn
comes earlier with the growing light,
scattering the clouds of night,
thanksgiving htat another year is born.

Solstice and we come to you once more
thanking you for what has been,
certain that you will redeem
the earth, and all its majesty restore.

The solstice skies are grey, the air's damp haze
penetrates our coats and blurs the sight
of we who trudge toward the stable light,
hope's inspiration in these darkling days.

Yet hope, though hiding, with the season grows
as mornings warm and each dawn chorus cheers,
and fragile faith, long battered by the years,
will be renewed; for as the yule log glows,

old tales are told, old friends received with pleasure,
the simple truths, which are not subject to
the turning year, will fit the hearts of those
who raise a glass to toast Love beyond measure,

not limited within a Christmas story
but freed beyond this night's star-scattered glory.

Blessings to you this day in Christ,
Pastor Julie

First Presbyterian Church near Ely

11100 Spanish Road
Ely, Iowa 52227
(319) 848-4624

office@elypres.org

