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YOUR CHURCH - HIS BUSH

A thought has often stirred me as I've eyed cathedrals tall.
These man-made mounds of building-blocks, don't house my God at all.
He dwells in airy canyons, in hills on plains, on seas.
His voice I hear, though not from choirs but drifting in the breeze.

He gave us all things beautiful, all creatures great and small.
Why try to lock Him in a church, a temple, or a hall?
Why try to teach of sins, now gone, by Christ upon the cross?
Just look toward the bushfire's path, to see His dreadful loss.

His body is a river-gum; the branches are His limbs.
His face is in the rising sun and sunset as day dims.
His fingers are the blades of grass, His locks the cloud-strewn skies
And pools and lakes and billabongs must surely be His eyes.

The rivers, creeks and streams supply His life-blood to the land.
Now feel His heart-beat, feel His strength throughout the mountains grand.
His hands are rocks, His toes are roots; the flowers are His smile;
He moves with grace in bird and beast, so walk with Him awhile.

I hear His words in whispering winds, His song on sand-swept beach,
Yet rarely moved by what I hear from preachers as they preach.
His sound is everywhere so sweet, the creaking of a bough;
The crickets, dogs and warbling frogs; I hear Him singing now.

I need no artist's painting of what he thinks is His face,
I want no Bible, no Prayer Book; I'll eat and not say grace.
Yet I walk with Him and feel His touch, so gentle as I slumber.
His lightning thrills me in the night; I revel in His thunder.

I don't blaspheme, I only know my God is nearer now
Than when I tried to meet Him through your thee and thy and thou,
So throw your pennies in the plate, support the Holy See-
Or stroll along the old bush track and share my God with me.

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