

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

Joseph dreams

Steadfast, focussed and dedicated.

(So they say)

Not triumphal though
Just sure and resolute trust,
as we trundle towards a greater vision
and uncertain hidden realities

Perhaps freedom, of sorts

Yes the abiding light

elevates my days and nights

Since that dream: their

safety paramount to me-

afraid and unafraid

And the child? Not an

infant at all

But already and always

Master and Saviour of the world.

As guardian and spouse

aware and unaware,

hurrying towards salvation's history.

We three, huddled against Herod's anger
the way fraught with danger.

She who was the sacred tabernacle

of eternal joy, the kernel of

my solitude, now carries

Him, light travelling on to light.

Yes, a man of dreams they say

Indeed last night I saw it all before me:

Wars and rumours of wars

the light seemingly diminished

In hatred, greed and inhumanity and human trafficking

I dreamt of the centuries unfolding

The light flickering but unquenched

Da pacem, Domine,

In diebus nostris

The donkey

Proud of my part

I smile

knowing that this hard road

is my pilgrim way

And all God's creation

will be lit with the wonder

of ever greater surrender to

the Lord, whom I humbly bear.

Light eternal!

AD 2020

All along our weary road

carry us Lord until enshrined in radiant hope.

Canon Brian O'Shea

