

Resumé - The Story up to Joshua

Out from the portals of untime
The Three emerge in deep counsel,
To adventure and to risk all for love.
Humanity from dust they form,
Male and female reflecting God ,
Espoused to Him in purpose and in beauty.

The snake injects the poison,
The wound will not heal,
The shards of darkness embedded
In the heart of creation.
Yet He will not abandon, and pursues,
Setting Himself to rescue
Though it cost Him everything He has.

The flood abates; the new man wakes
To see a world cleansed and waiting;
God obligates Himself to find a way
To never give up on His creatures
And puts down His war-bow in the clouds.

Earth revives, yet still the old wounds fester;
Jehovah takes one chance, and calls a man
To journey and to wander in a land
Unknown, to become an adventurer.
But vows, too, through him to kiss
The whole planet with His blessing.

Frail man, frail sons, turbulence and
Trickery, self-aggrandisement and
Treachery, all cloud the Story of the Fathers
And the Mothers, til famine comes
And Joseph the dreamer leads them
Into Egypt, promised land of exile,
Of captivity and destiny.

A child drawn out of a river
Will draw out a people; as the royal hand
Rescues him, so the Rescuer will rescue them;
First, the child is broken of his self-success

And led into the desert to confront the Fire
And be called Moshe – leader-out of Israel.

Fire and hail and blood and frogs
And locust- teeth and flies and death
Release the trap; by a lamb's blood
On the doorpost they are set free,
And walk, following the fire to the sea
Blown back for them to cross to life.

The Adventurer now walks with them
In the desert, raining bread and
Sending water. At Sinai they will wed
And He, finally, will have His sign-people,
His sacrament of salvation to send
Into a hopeless world.

But the dark shards are still there
And make His voice sound like death to them,
Make them reject His wooing
And send Moses up instead, up the hill,
To be transfigured into fire
While they play the harlot with a calf.

God lifts His hand to blast them
Into oblivion, Moses falls on his face
Calling for Grace, calling for Chesed,
God's obligatory response;
God hears the man, and repents
But breaks His heart.

They will not enter, will not adventure with Him,
Refusing milk and honey,
Seeing only giants and cruel defeat.
They will all fall into desert graves,
Their purpose missed, their calling lost,
Despite camping with the Creator.

Their children rise, and take the mantle on
Of promise, walking through dry Jordan,
And through the terror of judgment on the
Canaanites; the land is theirs,

Though they betray their Lover with
The harlots of another so-called god.

Can it succeed, this mad adventure ?
Can it be done, or such a rescue made?
Can all the planet's race of man
Be folded into God's embrace,
When such a poison still invades their brains?
The die is cast, the vow is made,
God will come through, and ransom will be paid.

Colin Symes 18 April 2010