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Israel's Journey

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Israel's Journey

Cover Page Footnote

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ISRAEL'S JOURNEY (Apologies to Hosea)

It has been a long journey.
First I called Abraham.
I called him to a land he would never see.
Then there was Moses.
I called him to a desert to live on its fruits
And then topple Pharaoh
With his new-found strength.
I called Israel to Sinai.
Rumbling, quaking, trembling,
Lightning-struck Sinai,
Sinai, the Throne of the Most High.
And there we sealed our covenant.
I promised to lead you by the hand
Into the land of milk and honey.
You promised to follow.
But once you had the land, Israel,
You forgot Me,
You ignored Me.
So I called you again.
I called you into exile.
In exile you remembered Me.
When I turned my face
You cried out to Me.
And I—
I came to seek you out.
I carried you home,
Like a tired child in My arms.
But you were still restless.
You determined to have your way with Me.
O Israel—
You knew I could not refuse You.
You have beaten Me so.
You have tried to make Me.
As defenseless as a child.
But understand—
It is only because I have loved you,
Because I cared for you,
Because I fed and nourished you,
Because I have held you so close to Me,
That I have done these things to you.
Yes Israel—
I still have hope for you,
That some day
You will come running to Me
As I have run to you for so long.

On that day, Israel,
We shall embrace, you and I.
I know, I shall be filled with speechless crying
As only I can be filled, infinitely.
I shall hold you close against Me,
For I shall be embracing it.
O Israel, I shall be so glad!
We will share bread together.
I will fill your cup.
I will anoint your head.
I will reveal My Love to you
And will finally understand.

Bill Laird

EUCCHARIST

In fields of waving grain and golden wheat
You show Yourself, Lord of the Universe,
You Who give bread to men.

In the rolling vineyards and the gleam of the purple grape
You pour out Your glory, God of joy,
You Who give drink to men.

From the dust of the mill and sweat of the press
You fashion a people for Yourself,
A wondrous meal, Creator of Mystery,

Wheat and Grape You have formed by a Word.
For that Word You decreed the dust and sweat
Of one lonely hill.
And You cried.

The heavens give forth their tears.
This is the lamentation of my God.
. . . my sorrowful Father.

May abundant peace come down from heaven
And peace for us.

Bill Laird