



DIOCESE OF ABERDEEN & ORKNEY

FROM ASHES TO FIRE: A JOURNEY FROM LENT TO PENTECOST

Tuesday 18th March 2025

Words from Others – Faith and Transformation

On Tuesdays & Wednesdays we'll explore words from others and resources from the arts - music, art, poetry to help us reflect and engage deeper. The Christian Life involves many different actions, engagement with scripture and the world.

As you reflect on these quotes, poetry, and reflections on the scriptures this week what do they make you think about the theme of faith and transformation?



"Lord, what is my confidence which I have in this life? Or, what is the greatest comfort that all things under heaven do yield me? Is it not thou, O Lord God, whose mercies are without number?" On this Second Sunday in Lent Abram's doubt is replaced by his hard-fought acceptance. Thomas comes to a conclusion similar to Abram in his devotional response: "Thou art my trust, and my confidence, thou art my Comforter, and in all this most faithful unto me."
— Thomas à Kempis

"What can be seen on earth points to neither the total absence nor the obvious presence of divinity, but to the presence of a hidden God. Everything bears this mark."
— Blaise Pascal (trans. Martin Turnell)

Fox by Caki Wilkinson

The yards grow ghosts. Between the limbs and wings,
bleached street-lit things, I'm best at moving on.
Hunt-heavy, gray, slunk overflow like so
much weight got in the way, my shape's the shape
of something missed, flash-pop or empty frame.
Though you could say I've made a game of this,
and though midtrickery it might be true,
when evening lingers in the key of leaving
my senses swoon. A synonym for stay,
I'm always coming back. I chew through traps.
I love whatever doesn't get too close.

Caki Wilkinson © 2015 via <https://poets.org/poem/fox>

Resolve by Ella Wheeler Wilcox

As the dead year is clasped by a dead December,
So let your dead sins with your dead days lie.
A new life is yours, and a new hope. Remember,
We build our own ladders to climb to the sky.
Stand out in the sunlight of Promise, forgetting
Whatever the Past held of sorrow or wrong.
We waste half our strength in a useless regretting;
We sit by old tombs in the dark too long.

Have you missed in your aim? Well, the mark is still shining.
Did you faint in the race? Well, take breath for the next.
Did the clouds drive you back? But see yonder their lining.
Were you tempted and fell? Let it serve for a text.
As each year hurries by let it join that procession
Of skeleton shapes that march down to the Past,
While you take your place in the line of Progression,
With your eyes on the heavens, your face to the blast.

I tell you the future can hold no terrors
For any sad soul while the stars revolve,
If he will stand firm on the grave of his errors,
And instead of regretting, resolve, resolve.
It is never too late to begin rebuilding,
Though all into ruins your life seems hurled,
For see how the light of the New Year is gilding
The wan, worn face of the bruised old world.

*From Poems of Ella Wheeler Wilcox(1910)
W.P. Nimmo, Hay, & Mitchell, Edinburgh*

