



DIOCESE OF ABERDEEN & ORKNEY

FROM ASHES TO FIRE: A JOURNEY FROM LENT TO PENTECOST

Tuesday 1st April 2025

Words from Others – Mercy and Love

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 Mercy and Love?



Now I wonder whether I have sufficiently realized that during all this time God has been trying to find me, to know me, and to love me. The question is not "How am I to find God?" but "How am I to let myself be found by him?" The question is not "How am I to know God?" but "How am I to let myself be known by God?" And, finally, the question is not "How am I to love God?" but "How am I to let myself be loved by God?" God is looking into the distance for me, trying to find me, and longing to bring me home."

— Henri J.M. Nouwen,

In its original context, the parable of the Prodigal Son would not have been heard as a story of repentance or forgiveness, a story of works righteousness and grace, or a story of Jewish xenophobia and Christian universalism. Instead, the parable's messages of finding the lost, of reclaiming children, of reassessing the meaning of family offer not only good news, but better news.

— Amy-Jill Levine

Prodigal Son by Gabriele Tinti (translated by David Graham)

I will meet you in the morning,
in front of the museum, where
you never thought to take me.

I will recognise you in an ancient
stone face, and I will want
to hold you close
in the embrace that you and I,
after all, never had.
And together we will lower our gaze

so as not to see in the eyes the horror
of time passed too quickly,
to finally think of something else.

From Gabriele Tinti Bleedings — Incipit Tragoedia (Conta Media, 2023)

The Ambassador of the Interior Has a Talking to With the Minister of the Cabinet of Vengeance by Stephanie Ellis Schlaifer

God started small At the first showdown
between good and evil God didn't come at anyone

like a cowboy God didn't open with solar flares
or asteroids or mass extinction or planetary heat death

God didn't outgun anyone God outmanned them
God made man in the face of the beast

And in the face of the beast God made —from inside
the great and gaping maw while languishing

in the hot damp In the face of that
great terror God summoned the smallest—

adrenaline serotonin hemoglobin oxytocin motes
of possibility God started by making—

light into land masses sand into vessels preservation
as civilization and sometimes God won

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