

## Something Beautiful

*Sometimes winter can seem a long hard slog. Its cold, its grey and miserable. We can feel angry and let down, or just tired and run down. This is a bit of a pick-me-up Eucharist or reflection based on the refrain from Robbie Williams song Something Beautiful and celebrates that the hope of spring and resurrection are just around the corner.*

Winter takes its heavy toll  
the trees stand bare and lifeless  
wheelie bins shed their load  
spilling refuse into alleyways and side streets  
back yards stand barren, devoid of life  
front doors firmly closed against the slanting rain  
darkness no longer curtains our world mid-afternoon  
and mornings we are woken  
by the deceiving winter sun  
that brings no warmth  
illness has dampened our spirits  
the winter has taken its heavy toll  
leaving us tired and run down  
spring peeps out from around the corner  
its few crocuses bravely proclaiming  
there is something beautiful here

"You're lost, hurt, tired or lonely  
something beautiful will come your way."

Traffic speeds confidently past  
destinations unknown  
AA directions lead us into uncharted territory  
past unfamiliar landmarks  
of docks, warehouses and cranes  
of mile after mile of industrial units  
and the inevitable characterless retail parks  
more road junctions and the high rises  
and small council house boxes  
give way to an Edwardian grandeur  
of seaside villas and amusement arcades  
of promenades and iron filigree railings  
arriving late, we are greeted with smiles  
the warmth of human community sharing with us  
in our disappointment and frustration, proclaiming  
there is something beautiful here

"You're lost, hurt, tired or lonely  
something beautiful will come your way."

A doorbell rings heralding another arrival  
the kettle boils amid catching up on news  
a deeper sharing of the intricacies of our lives  
one by one we all assemble, agendas in hand  
soon the prescribed order is forgotten

as deep in conversation  
we share our anger and our impatience  
our despair and our exhaustion  
reality is held and understood  
but not allowed to dwell  
questions are raised  
ideas tentatively suggested  
as together we start to dream of a future  
not just for a tin tabernacle  
but for a whole community who deserve  
something beautiful to come their way.

“You’re lost, hurt, tired or lonely  
something beautiful will come your way.”

This is my body and this is my blood  
bread unleavened, made in the haste of escape  
blood to remember the passing over of the angel of death  
elements that speak of the pain and fear of human life  
of tragedy and loss  
of despondency and uncertainty  
this is my body and this is my blood  
bread to remember a crucified life  
blood to unite us in grief shared  
elements that speak of the death of all hope  
broken and shared lovingly in community  
week by week proclaiming  
that we belong to one another  
that our future, our dreams are bound together  
do this to remember the beauty of a life lived for others  
do this as a foretaste of the beauty that will come your way.

“You’re lost, hurt, tired or lonely  
something beautiful will come your way.”

*[share bread and wine with the words:  
The beauty of Christ  
The beauty of human community]*

When we are lost and hurt  
when we are tired and lonely and ready to give up  
we stand with the women at the foot of the cross  
in silence and solidarity with the pain of the world  
we bury our hopes and our dreams  
in the tomb of exhaustion and despair  
as winter takes its bitter toll  
but spring peeps out from around the corner  
surprising us with an empty tomb  
startling us with an encounter  
with a Christ who is very much alive  
taking us by the hand and showing us  
new life springing from the ground

telling us we are beautiful  
and encouraging us to take others by the hand and invite them  
to share in something beautiful that has come our way.

“You’re lost, hurt, tired or lonely  
something beautiful will come your way.”

© Clare McBeath and Tim Presswood, 2006, refrain quoting from Robbie Williams, “Something Beautiful” from the album Escapology