

## Who Do You Say I Am?

*This confessional and celebratory poem was written in response to my (Clare's) painful experience of the final stage of the process to full accreditation to ministry. This consisted of an interview which attempted to explore my commitment to following Christ but which could not get beyond the fact that I will not (and did not in my ordination) use the traditional language of "Lord" to confess my faith. Somehow, reflecting afterwards I felt the need to affirm my faith in a positive way using my own words.*

Who do you say I am?

You are Jesus

born in Nazareth

You are the Christ

the Christa

pulsing with vibrancy and life.

You are my lover,

intimate as my own breath

the one without whom,

I wouldn't have the faith

to become who I could become

the one who holds me

flesh to flesh

crying my tears

the one who looks into my eyes

and sees the deepest yearnings of my soul

the one who is my equal

yet challenges me to

go where I have never gone before

the one who knows

when the leap is too far to risk

and yet still asks me to leap

the one who is owned by me

but never belongs to me

the one who painfully points out

my deepest faults

and the pettiness of my quarrels

the one who takes me to the foot of the cross

and abandons me to the power games of the world

the one who meets me

in the ordinariness of a garden

the one who teaches me to believe

that there may just be hope

the one who takes me by the hand

and drags me up on the dance floor

twirling and whirling and laughing with delight

the one who breaks bread

with beggars on the rubbish dump

celebrating amidst reclaimed rusting candlesticks

and recycled party hats and sticky paper plates

you are the one whom I betray daily

failing to see you in the faces

of those I dismiss as unimportant

or too frightening to approach  
you are the one whose love  
will not let me go  
yesterday, today and forever.

Who do you say I am?

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