

An Ancient Cathedral

I look at the harbour through the crisp stillness of a Wellington day;
This morning it was like a giant mud pool with steam rising to the clouds
But now it's icy blue like an amethyst or an aquamarine.
It is peaceful, like God's peace—
So great we cannot understand it,
But a peace that can free us from being slaves to our anxieties.
And the hills which surround the harbour
Are like an ancient cathedral —
Only more ancient!
Reminding of contentment God can give us,
'whatever our circumstances —
whether we have plenty, or not enough.
Our joy comes not from these things,
But from a God of love who gives us the strength to see the good, the true, the
beautiful around us.

Based on Philippians 4:6-8
