

Wisdom's Call

I think this was written as part of a series we did on the theme of wisdom. This particular week looked at the theme of wisdom in creation, as in wisdom woven into the very fabric of the earth – the stones themselves (or in our case, the bricks of the crumbling redundant factories) cry out!

Does not wisdom call
from the old turnpike roads
and Victorian terraces?

Does not wisdom raise her voice
from the half-way houses
and refurbished work houses?

Do not the stones cry out
from ancient market places
and factories of industrial revolution?

Do not the stones shout
from the magnificent town halls
and seats of learning?

Does not wisdom call
from children in the school playground
from residents holding parties in the park?

**We come responding to wisdom's call,
heard in the people and places of our community**

**We come, responding to wisdom's call,
to dwell in her house and feast at her table.**

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