

David's Garden

One glorious week when, for once, the sun shone in Manchester, David and a friend spent several happy days painstakingly cutting back and restoring our very overgrown and wild church garden – we were even sent out to buy them more tea-bags and a bag of sugar! Over the pruning shears and numerous cups of tea a friendship blossomed and we realised that even in the midst of the concrete jungle of the city there is a place for appreciating nature's wild beauty. This poem was written in celebration!

A garden,
tangled, unkempt,
weeds growing unchecked
out of control
nature reclaiming the space
wild,
its beauty hidden behind honeysuckle tendrils
and knee high grasses
A garden that seems beyond reclaiming
beyond restoring
is touched
by two gardeners
sharing tea and toil
laughter and friendship
sharing a labour of love
and enjoying the sun
and little by little
as the hot days of summer go by
what was once a lawn
is mown and strimmed,
overgrown hedgerows
are cut back and lopped,
and slowly,
a garden is restored to beauty
a garden is reborn
a place to sit
a place to watch the birds
a place to feel the gentle breeze of a balmy evening
a place to listen to the neighbours' children playing in the street
a place to simply be
a place to worship
a place to give thanks
a place to reflect
that God too touches our lives
gently, lovingly
sometimes painfully
as excess growth is pruned back
and hard edges are honed
as we weary and grow tired
as together we face the vastness and emptiness of life
God too touches our lives
gently, lovingly
sometimes joyfully
as we step hesitatingly into uncharted territory
and find the hidden beauty inside ourselves

as we reach out towards one another
and become the community of God's Shalom.
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