

arce

on the threshold



Still yourself, Dear One, and find yourself, here
at the threshold of All Things
This is exactly where you are, and where I am,
I promise
We cannot be anywhere else
At the doorway that leaves the past
and enters the future
And right now, you enter
And again, right now
And again
And again
Always

This is the messianic moment
We step into a realm of possibility, apocalypse
and redemption

maps



Pore over the maps by candlelight
Spread them out over the rolling ground
Fold them and carry them and open them and
flatten them out with your flattened palms
Squint in the dark
Study hard
Not to plot where we're going
You have no idea where we're going
But to trace out how we got to where we are,
at this threshold of wonder and loss
Who drew these lines and made these folds?

See the crease lines that run across the lines
that are drawn across the ancient lines that
were slowly formed
And know that it is not the earth you are
seeing, but a creation of the imagination
loaded with its own interests and wants and conceits
A tool
A worldview
A belief system
A finger marked thing of beauty and truth and
treacherous fiction
Look at what was added and included and excluded
and distorted

See the lines

They don't tell us where we are but how we
became who we became

What we wanted and desired

What we saw and to what were we unseeing

And now, here we are on the threshold of All Things

Put the map down

It is an image of a world, but not the earth

It is not what it is, but what we wanted

You cannot bring it across the threshold

The gateway moves away from you every time you try

gold earring

take your shoes off



**no map your one
gold earring and no
shoes on your feet**

When our thoughtless criticism stifles the creativity of others,
Lord, have mercy
Lord, have mercy

When we keep a tight hold on power and deny others the
chance to participate.
Christ, have mercy
Christ, have mercy

When we prefer the safety of our holy huddle to the wideness of
God's world.
Christ, have mercy
Christ, have mercy

When we decline to take risks for fear that we might fail.
Lord, have mercy
Lord, have mercy

**But when we praise the gifts of others,
share the power that we are given,
engage with communities beyond the boundaries
of our comfort,
and risk everything we have for the sake of others,
then, God rejoices in us.**

Almighty God,
who forgives all who truly repent,
Have mercy upon us,
pardon and deliver us from all our sins,
confirm and strengthen us in all goodness,
and keep us in life eternal,
through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen

We will not allow our gifts and talents to be hidden

We will enter the kingdom through the door marked “Create”.

We will encourage all to contribute.

Our ideas are a gift offered to God

We will enter the kingdom through the door marked “Participate”.

We will be hospitable and supportive to one another,
to visitors and to the wider church.

We will engage with everyday life and connect with culture:

We will enter the kingdom through the door marked “Engage”.

We will not be afraid to fail but will push at our boundaries
and try new things:

We will enter the kingdom through the door marked “Risk”.

**We will go through these doors in the power of the Spirit,
knowing that Jesus has gone through them all first.**





the table

Gather round old tables with wine and share
your visions and make your proposals
Make wise proposals
Make foolish proposals
The old tables have heard so many foolish proposals
You will never surprise them

Take the visions and dreams out of your heads and
into shared holding
No one person carries the whole vision
And even together we fail and we fail marvellously
The Everlasting Arms catch what honestly falls
Or they don't
But there is no other way to really live, but to step out
in the faith that they will anyway

Find new shapes together
And spend yourselves bravely in the shared adventure
It will cost more to hold back
And there will be no new shapes apart from the
shared endeavour

There is a new shape wanting to be found
Or even, many new shapes
They are finding us
New creaselines folding along and across the old
New futures being formed from the shapes of the past

Make a shape

Make another

Try another one and take its consequences

And another; receive its gifts

Be small

Be foolish

Make

Fail

Apologise

Stand

Be brave

Be a good friend

Sketch them in forms and virtues

In new arrangements and materials

In words and exchanges

In ringing arguments and loving songs

Let the new shapes abound



We hang our lives upon your mercy

**We hang our lives upon your mercy
measured out in miles
your boundaries and pathways,
coordinates and charts
that guide our steps
along roads you travelled before us**

**We will make time for you and your word
We will practice your ways until they are part of us
We will rest and play in you
We will be your people**

**We are not complete without one another
We cannot run the race alone**

**We will support one another
encourage one another
wait for the weak
pick up the fallen
through your strength and love**

**When we are together
we will remember what it is like to travel alone**

**When we are alone
we will remember what it is like to travel together**

**Wherever we are
we will remember God who always goes with us**

**Go with us now, Lord, this night and always
Amen**

eschaton



On the threshold
The doorway of the present
Departing from the past
Entering the future
Right now you go to enter
You breathe and lift your foot
Right now
And again, right now
And again
And again
Now is the messianic moment in which we may
enter the realm of possibility
The realm of redemption
This is sacred
This is holy ground
Take off your shoes as you enter

And enter knowingly, and purposefully
Here is holiness
See the burning trees that do not burn
See the abandoned towers
Hear the un-numbered languages
Hear God's voice in the languageless infant
hear Wisdom amidst her creaking trees
See the burned out chariots and spears
And the rewilded horses
Hear the songs indigenous and smell the heady herbs
And be held in the gaze of ancient indigeneity,
which looks mercifully upon your power as your self-
defeating conceit
And then at you

You are seen

You

With no map

Your one golden earring

And no shoes on your feet

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