

Tsunamis, earthquakes and floods - a theological poem by Simon Foster

The dad sat by the casket

His wife and child's

Crushed as the house collapsed

After Samoan tsunamis

His spirit crushed

Another child crying, frightened

The old woman devastated

The younger woman glad to be alive

The school teacher

Had felt the dead bodies of her pupils

Around her, touch her

All in one BBC news

The god I had believed in

I don't anymore

My god then too small

To deal with this reality

My God was bigger, way bigger

More mysterious now

Dwelling in hope filled silence

Present to human pain

Present in human questioning

About why ?

Present to human building

Techniques in tsunami zones

God of Presence

Not god the magician

My old god

Could have stopped it all

Pain, senseless destruction of life

I believe in God, of course

Present and Presence

Just not in that old way

SHE is in the midst of devastation

Did not, could not stop it

The old god couldn't either

But that wasn't God

God of floods and earthquakes

'In whom we live and move'

May my god not be too small

Instead

Ground of Being, Ground of life

Precarious, atomed life

Geophysical tectonic plated life

May spirituality be real

Broad, allowing questions

Open to the silence

Hopeful silence

God big enough for the questions

With no simple pious answers

Holding us, surrounding us

Allowing the questions'

Never too small for them

Big God

God of past, present and future

God of love

Keep me open to Love

The Love that dwells in silence

Godly silence

The love that inhabits

The relief workers, searching

The mourners tears

The father's and his broken heart

The thumbs up hope

Expressed in Tsunami rescuer

God of life in all it's diversity

All it's experiences

You are there

I believe, keep my faith real

Rooted in the realities of life

Joyous and painful

In Tsunami pain too