

10th January 2022

Supply

**“Down in adoration falling, Lo! the sacred Host we hail;
Lo! o’er ancient forms departing newer rites of grace prevail;
Faith for all defects supplying, where the feeble senses fail.”**

St Thomas Aquinas, Pange, Lingua (Tantum Ergo)

In early December, well timed in the run-up to Christmas, a copy of a periodic local magazine called *The Cryer* dropped through my letter box. Taking its name from the Town Cryers of old, this publication is an advertising tool designed to lay before the people of East Lothian information about businesses of all sorts – from vets to dentists, kitchen suppliers to accountants, interior designers to locksmiths.

I was *very* interested in a piece in “The Editorial” directing me to a competition, run by the “NB Distillery” in North Berwick, where the winner of the prize-draw would receive “a year’s supply of gin”. Sadly, I wasn’t successful. Maybe another time. But a year’s supply of gin still feels like an attractive winning prize.

When St Thomas Aquinas wrote his “Hymn for Vespers on the Feast of Corpus Christi”, *Pange, lingua, gloriosi* (“Sing, my tongue, the Saviour’s glory”) in the 13th century, he was focussing on a different kind of supply, for a lifetime and not one single year. Faced with the Grace of God, on his knees in adoration, always finding “newer rites” to enhance and replace the “older forms”, he celebrated faith. That faith sustained him in his devotions and his service to others through *all* of his life. He knew his faults. He confessed his failings. And yet he was able to say and to sing about “Faith for all defects supplying where the feeble senses fail.”

Ten days into January and the new world that is 2022, we may not have – or, indeed, ever have wanted – a year’s supply of gin. But, with St Thomas Aquinas, we can celebrate what we *do* have for this year and beyond, an endless supply of faith in the Grace of God, for all our defects, and “where the senses fail”. And if that supply of faith runs out at any time, we have the assurance that the supply of God’s love for us will never fail. There’s no need to go out and buy a ticket. It’s not an advertising gimmick offering an attractive prize-draw. It’s freely available to all, and everyone’s a winner – for this year and beyond.

A prayer for today

Today I “sing the Saviour’s glory”, with my words, my heart and my service. Amen

An original reflection by @ Tom Gordon

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