

The Sunday after Ascension

'it is for your sake that I go away'

Let us not rush to Pentecost

God's presence everywhere

But wait as He instructed

No glorifying hymns to a Gone Away God

But stay in this place

of patients struggling for meaning

Clinging desperately to life

their visitors

by the bedside

helpless, wait

Into the absence

He arrives, that frightened

frightening Chaplain

Sits, listens

Presence as Evangelism

God's own way

Prays with them

For them ...and leaves them

to their tears and thoughts

of a larger world

where everything is held

Absence after a visit

Is very different

from mere absence

*With acknowledgements to David Lyall*