

## God Was Big

God was big  
In the Europe of old  
His churches  
Grand halls of largesse,  
Held space for His presence.

His stories told  
By artists  
Paid for by the rich  
The powerful, the newly converted,  
And by the healthless needy.

The common stories held in windows  
The birth of child  
The pointless sacrificial death averted  
The violent success of  
Man over lion and man over giant.

The woman who kills a king  
The favoured one who births The Chosen One  
And also the one who watches Him die  
And then the woman  
Who meets the Gardner.

The first of many recognitions  
In the coming of the dove,  
In the burning of the heart  
In the breaking of the bread,  
The touching of the wounds.

God was big  
And His story was hope  
The feeding of the hungry  
The release of the captive  
A new Kingdom on the horizon.

Religious palaces  
Now empty of much life,  
The faded frescoes reveal a past  
While musicians play the chambers  
To the echo of the present

And the nearly faithful  
are lost, looking for the Kingdom  
In their holiday photos  
Not in the windows or on the walls,  
nor in the eyes of their neighbours.