

Creations Lament

There is a whisper in the air
There is a scent in the wind
There is a yearning in the land

A stillness has settled over their Majesties.
The silence deepens..... lengthening..... until
All of heaven is tilting forward expectantly listening.

From the heart of the Quiet it begins.

An aching, a sighing, a longing, a hoping
Is heard murmuring through the grasses.
Ancient memories are breathing out a sound.
Wise sayings of old, long buried, are stirring in the deep.

IMMEDIATELY the Spirit is there!
He tenderly, eagerly sweeps up the living breath and flings it high.

A haunting, sweet wistful longing permeates the air.
It rests for a moment, then, gentle as a summer rain,
It falls into the waiting arms of the great forest glades.
The branches take up the lament declaring with each bend
The deep groaning of Creations voice.

'THE TIME IS NOW FOR THE SONS OF MEN'

Waiting winds spread the aching cry.
The many waters are awakened, rushing to join the
voice.
Bursting with desire, they grab the words and
hurtle themselves down the canyon walls,
Shouting loudly into the hidden places.

'THE TIME IS NOW FOR THE SONS OF MEN'

Far away oceans crash and thunder.
Roaring waves catapult the ancient
Sayings to the edges of the earth.
Strange creatures long thought extinct, rise to the
Surface, adding their desperate longing to the
tumultuous shouting.

'THE TIME IS NOW FOR THE SONS OF MEN'

Creation is in Uproar!!
Such a sound has not been heard since
Their Majesties breathed living into existence!

The aching, groaning of Creation swells to bursting,
Straining against its bondage
Of a trapped and fallen world.

High above, far in the distance, where the mountains

Rise majestic and imperious,
The Eagles watch.
Relentlessly they circle, scanning, waiting,
Piercing the horizon with their gaze.
Appointed as watchmen, with the Spirit,
They tirelessly carry the revelation of Heaven and earth.

The sobbing crescendo of creations struggle
Rises upwards.

A lilting aria pierces the clamor,
Hauntingly weeping its wounded lament.

Will beauty be restored?
Will Abba's glory again play in our land?
Will the kisses of Heaven sing again their
Songs of home?
Will the dance of eternity ever be seen again?

Their Majesties deeply moved, yearn with
desire and begin to rise!

The one they called "Beloved" reveals his Form.
"Spectacular beauty bursts forth",
With arms full of grace and hands dripping mercy He leans forward.
Eyes of immense tenderness sear longingly earthward.

"Love so deep, love so compelling,
Love without restraint" fills Heaven and begins to spill over.

The Spirit in a flame of incense is gone
With the Eagles.

Abba rises to His full height, tall and regal.
His eyes burn with royal authority.
Deliberately He inclines His kingly head.

The timetable of eternity begins its last phase.

As the golden oil of Heaven falls,
The Eagles swoop low and strong.
Their wings beat powerfully, propelling
them in a wide arc, sweeping, searching.
They are drawn to a spot
brilliantly glowing deep and protected
On the valley floor.

Creation watches in silence. The beating wings are stilled.
The watchmen reveal what their gaze has unveiled.

"A lone fig tree has burst into bud"