

A Tired Church

A Poem by Canon Andrew Monaghan

A 'Tired' Church

Some forty years ago,
Karl Rahner wrote with sadness of the winter-time
of the church he loved and served.

It's been a long winter,
with the tiredness and weariness
of the farmer at the passing days.
What would he say today
when much of all the new spring
promised by the Council
has withered in the fields
or been done to death by tired old men,
seeking some sort of weedkiller
for what they saw, and see,
as darnel in the wheat.

A tired-out church in weariness
looks back to quieter times
as bulwarks of what they call 'the faith'.
The growth of faith,
and the changes it demands,
were gifted to the church by Newman and his like:
yet the doubts involved in a truly searching faith
are stifled by the fear,
which tiredness
and the stiffness of knees which tremble,
must surely bring paralysis and death in turn.
Can winter turn to spring?
Can a tired and weary church break out to vibrant life?
The resurrected Christ declares we can.