



poem

a royal priest

in royal blue

Bex Lawton marvels
at our priestly calling

It's the 14th century before Christ
 A man cautiously pulls back a curtain
 Steadies his nerves
 Breathes deep and steps in.
 Friends who aren't allowed to come in
 Wait outside
 They crane their necks
 Hoping to catch the jingle of the bells he wears
 The jingle that tells them 'He still moves'
 That the priest has survived,
 He's still alive.
 They listen for the jingle of acceptance
 As he enters the Holy place.
 He is in the very presence of Yahweh, the Lord
 God Almighty.

But he doesn't enter for himself alone
 Did you spot them?
 Amongst his clothes of dignity and honour
 The twelve stones on his breastplate
 Can you make out the engraving?
 He carries the names of Israel's families
 He wears them over his heart before God
 As a memorial before him.
 He carries all of Israel on his heart into God's
 presence.

And now,
 Me.
 21 centuries after Christ
 A chosen one
 A royal priest in royal blue scrubs
 Again, clothed in dignity and honour
 But now clothed in Christ himself, wow!
 I come boldly...can you believe it?
 I waltz in with all the familiarity of a daughter
 crawling up onto her dad's lap
 And I'm in.
 In the presence of the same Yahweh,
 The very same Lord God almighty
 Fully accepted. Fully welcome.
 And, you won't have spotted them
 But I too have twelve names I carry
 From our twelve bedded adolescent unit in
 Oxford.
 Twelve patient's names
 Twelve stories of sickness and brokenness
 I too wear their names over my heart before him
 In his presence I intercede for them
'Your kingdom come,
Your will be done on earth as it is in heaven'
 In the name of the Father, the Son, and the
 Holy Spirit
 I pray,
 Amen

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