

poetry

people of the lamp

Stories of Nightingale during the Crimean
War

Walking among wounded soldiers on her
night rounds

Give us this romanticised image of
'The lady of the lamp'.

And now in 2020, this, the 'Year of the Nurse',
Marking her 200th anniversary

I ask myself, what better image is there than
this?

Than of us too being people of the lamp?

We might be in peacetime
But we hear the pandemic's piercing war cry
echoing across the world
Breaking into our nation
Advancing on our hospitals
God, would we be carriers of your light in this
darkness?

Because your everlasting light in us is like no
other

Light of the world,
No shadows are cast in you
You cut through
Permeate everything
Nothing can stand up against.

Let there be light Oh God!
 Let there be hope.
 Let there be faith and love.
 Let there be healing and let there be an end
 to this virus.

And people might praise our efforts as nurses
 and doctors
 The media might applaud the sacrifices we
 make.
 But I'm reminded by you that it's not my light
 this nation needs
 The light my own strength could generate
 Would too quickly be snuffed out
 Would too quickly be burnt out.

You, Lord, are my lamp¹
 It's your light I carry
 Shine through me I pray

As the old hymn says,
**'O light, all lights excelling
 Make my heart Thy dwelling;
 O Joy, all grief dispelling,
 To my poor heart come in'**²
 I pray, Amen. 🙏

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1. 2 Samuel 22:29
2. Horatius Bonar 1808-1889, O light, all light excelling.
bit.ly/2YegryE