

The Chapel Miracle

Behind the old Miners Chapel
built on stories of Cornish Saints and past revivals
I encountered another miracle true.

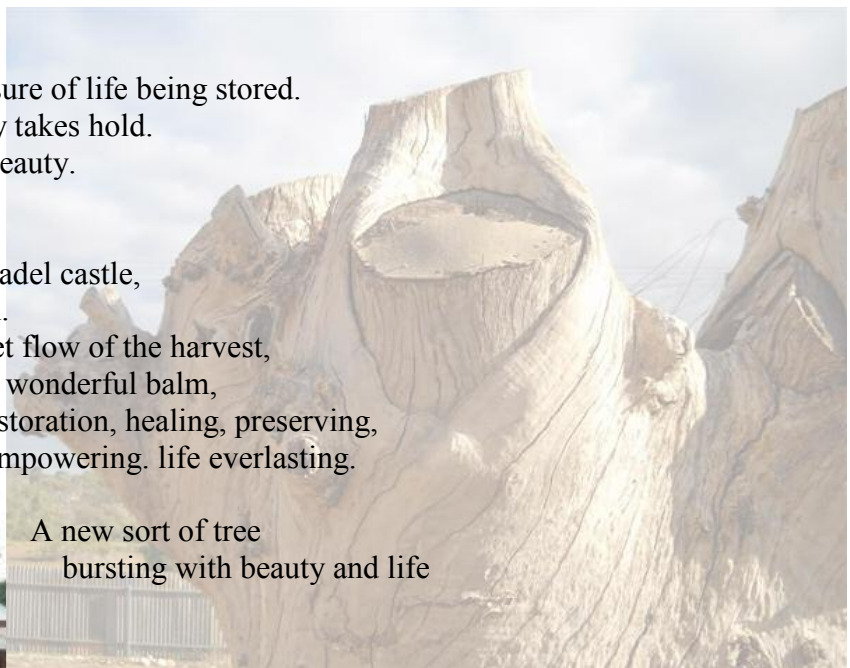
The long, slender arched leaf of the eucalypt,
beautiful in proportion, diminished to a point.
The yellow vein followed the curl in the leaf
to merge with a bold red stalk,
a junction of four leaves and a nutty green fruit.
From the top of the fruit five separate explosions.
Five bushy yellow flowers moist with nectar,
tipped with pollen specks
and clustered together to make one bloom.
The sprawling tree bursting, weighed down with blossom.
and a smattering of red fleck made a blanket of splendour.



The creation yielding a beautiful gift, a glorious sweet life.
The sound of the harvest,
bees gently invading, caressing and coxing
every bloom to yield its all.
Then heavily laden, reconnaissance scanning,
they navigate a tree stump haven.

A scraggy stump, an old dead carcass,
the remains of life once lived, a splendour now gone.
The hard old trunk, intent on excluding
like the patched walls of a castle,
yet one tiny crack, a rampart breached.

An amazing intervention,
into the dark hollow, a hidden treasure of life being stored.
Beyond sight of the world it quietly takes hold.
The Father, The Giver of life and beauty.
The stubborn stump,
a humanity ringbarked for ever.
The Spirit, bees, penetrating the citadel castle,
transferring the very life of the Son.
A resurrection of splendour, a sweet flow of the harvest,
an accumulated treasure bringing a wonderful balm,
a restoration, healing, preserving,
empowering. life everlasting.



A new sort of tree
bursting with beauty and life

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