

## **A HYMN TO THE CREATOR BY WILLIAM H VANSTONE 1923- 1999**

This is the poem I mentioned in my last post. Vanstone was a theologian who faithfully served as a Parish priest for many years, and is mainly remembered for his much loved book "Love's Endeavour, Love's Expense", published way back in 1977. It speaks of the costly nature of God's love for the world, and reminds us that God is not "up there, and out of it", but deeply involved in all our pain and grief. As I wrote yesterday's post I wanted to quote from the poem, but in the end decided to print it all, as it speaks to us very eloquently, both as Passiontide approaches and in these exceptional times:-

*Morning glory, starlit sky,  
Leaves in springtime, swallow's flight,  
Autumn gales, tremendous seas,  
Sounds and scents of summer night;*

*Soaring music, tow'ring words,  
Art's perfection, scholar's truth.  
Joy supreme of human love,  
Memory's treasure, grace of youth;*

*Open, Lord, are these, Thy gifts,  
Gifts of love to mind and sense;  
Hidden is love's agony,  
Love's endeavour, love's expense.*

*Love that gives gives ever more,  
Gives with zeal, with eager hands,  
Spare not, keeps not, all outpours,  
Ventures all, its all expends.*

*Drained is love in making full;  
Bound in setting others free;  
Poor in making many rich;  
Weak in giving power to be.*

*Therefore He Who Thee reveals  
Hangs, O Father, on that Tree  
Helpless; and the nails and thorns  
Tell of what thy love must be.*

*Thou art God; no monarch Thou  
Throned in easy state to reign;  
Thou art God, Whose arms of love  
Aching, spent, the world sustain.*

Some of you may have spotted this in our Common Praise hymnbook as hymn no 259 set to a lovely tune by Orlando Gibbons known as song 13.

May God bless you and yours, and sustain you with his unfathomable love.

Alice