

A KNOCK¹

by Grant Thorpe

<http://www.corobaptist.org.au>

At the back door, a knock.
It's a bad day
And all the debris of a lifetime
Is pressing for attention.

The Visitor says
He knows the way,
Can take me to his Father, God,
And says: 'You are forgiven!'

I can't believe my ears,
But then, I see he's suffered
And he says it was for me,
And in his eyes is all eternity.

I say, 'This place is yours.
It's been yours all along.'
And all the debris is alive with hope
Illumined by the Father's love.

So gently comes new life to me.
And came, it did, to all the world.
And though it seemed a back door knock
It was our God, and is.

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