

Gentleness seems a gossamer soft, pillowy virtue.  
At odds, perhaps, with omnipotence.

It's cradling the sobbing child in your arms after a grazed knee.  
Or folding in egg whites without crushing their mallowy peaks.

It's stroking tenderly the crepey skin of a veined hand, accompanied by the hospital beeps.  
Or teasing a root ball from clinging soil, caressing the stem between tentative thumb and forefinger.

Hard to hold together with the God who turned the river to ruby blood; who clamped shut  
the lions' slaving mouths; who commanded a hefty fish swallow the wayward messenger.

The God who yelled at the wind and the waves; who upturned the tables, scattering  
grubby coins; who rebuked, time and again, injustice and fake religion.

Gentle Jesus, holds together - inexplicably - all these things.

Jesus who let the children play at his feet;  
Jesus who beckoned Zaccheus down and lifted the bleeding woman up;  
Jesus who knelt and washed crusty filth from weathered fishermen's feet;  
Jesus who in his own pain sought to comfort friend and mother.

The gentle saviour. Tender king. Deity wrapped up in frail human form.  
Raised immortal. Ruling and reigning eternally.  
A joyful conundrum.

Kirsty Gwyn-Thomas ©  
2018