

Come to me.



**Like hands held in prayer,**  
the arches and the windows point upwards  
as if to heaven.  
The windows let in God's light.  
In the stained glass we may see  
God portrayed in majesty  
or the Spirit hovering like a dove.

Arches and windows  
can remind us of God's glory in heaven,  
high and lifted up,  
but it's the tiny figure on the cross,  
down at our level,  
below the window,  
that reminds us  
how God actually came to you and me.

He came all the way from heaven  
for you and me.  
"Come to me," he says, "and I will give you  
rest."

Rest?  
Yes, rest.  
Rest in his arms, in his embrace and,  
as we rest in him,  
he, and through him the Father and the  
Spirit  
surround us,  
hold us,

warm us,  
welcome us,  
nourish us,  
fill us,  
love us,  
live in us.  
They welcome us into the circle  
of Father, Son and Spirit,  
nourish us with themselves and  
fill us with their love –  
love that flows in, overflowing,  
so that it then flows out.  
He has taken possession  
of his beloved ones.  
But, in taking possession  
he has given us himself,  
for he is love,  
and we love, because he loves us.  
It's not service, though we serve.  
It's not obedience, though we obey.  
It's love, flowing in, flowing through, flowing  
out.

It is in that love, flowing in, flowing out,  
that the glory is revealed.  
And we are gathered up into the glory.  
Into heaven.