

## Stations

I walked a path to Calvary today,  
Poor semblance of the road you trod for me;

No jeering crowds, no dust or sweat or blood;  
No crown of thorns or wooden cross to bear.

But rather, by your grace, a peaceful walk,  
Warmed by a soft September sun,

Reflecting on the wonder of your world,  
'Midst birdsong and a myriad of trees.



One, proud, majestic, planted long ago  
By those of vision, in this restful place;

Deep-rooted now gives shade and rest to  
bird and man alike;

A place secure, a place of calm and peace.



Another, vibrant, arms outstretched to sky,

With energy so palpable it cuts as deeply as  
that crown of thorns,

As I remember times when all you asked was  
like the air I breathed,

Nothing too hard, my Lord, my Way, My Life.



Another yet, still standing, tall and strong,  
though shattered by life's turbulence and  
storms,

Is sacrificed, accepting of your will, to nurture  
something other than itself.

New life from death, it seems, is what I'm  
meant to see.



A moment now to pause at Calvary's tree;

To look upon and ponder what you gave  
upon a tree like those along my way;

No pride or energy or vibrancy is here, but  
pain: A sacrifice far more than I deserve.

But promise too, of God's eternal grace; a life  
richer by far than that before.



Refreshed, I turn and wander down the hill  
And, as I do, in view, not far away  
The most amazing tree of all I see.  
Bare bones, it seems, cut down, no leaf or  
limb,  
So different in form from years gone by.  
No longer proud or tossed about by life  
And yet it stands, still beautiful in death.

**Sue Humphrey**

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These thoughts I take to travel on;  
To dwell, to ponder and reflect on you.  
I'm sure more trees await along the way  
Though how they'll speak to me, I'm still to  
know.