

New Year. New Start!



A new year and a new start!

January speaks from the depths of cold and the words that form must break through the ice, sitting mist-like in the air, to be held between the wool-warmth of mittens and gloves and drawn to the heart to be heard. Words of good intentions – each letter carefully formed, perfectly chiselled, neatly inscribed, held with conviction, indelibly believed. Now is the time to start afresh.

The old of the year past must be allowed to die – failed resolutions that came to nought, temptations and habits that started small but then, inevitably, took on a life of their own. To all things life inhibiting, in the words of Lady Macbeth, “Out, damned spot! Out, I say!” Bring on the new.

From the hardness of winter, the soft plea of conscience for goodness and mercy and kindness. The starting point must be the self. Where else can one begin but at the beginning which is me. I am the single starfish on the beach. Let me first crawl myself back into the sea. Then I can turn and face the multitude without blemish. Then I will speak the words I have newly learnt inside of myself. The new words that I now know and with integrity can share. Resolution adopted.

This I will surely manage – at least until spring. “*There is a time and a season for everything and for every activity under heaven.*” Words that I have only recently come to understand as being important for who I am, I will bring to the surface. In the early light of the frosty morning and in the early twilight of the darkening day, I will hold fast to the words that speak of the new me. Now is the old gone. Now is the New upon me. Resolution affirmed.

Unfamiliar language will turn heads. So, I am different. The consequence of change is noticed. Uncomfortable though that may be, so be it. New words. New me. Whoever thought that what was thought and said could change so much – about me. And the world around me.

January, from the depths of the cold, I will start with words. And the words will form. And the language will change. And I will be changed. Resolution complete.

And I will know. And the world will know.

“The tongue has the power of life and death.” Proverbs 18:21

God Bless & Happy New Year.

Revd Mark Bailey