

## *To St Michael's*

*By Audrey Studholme*

*We entered through a rainbow arch,  
beauty in flowers to see.  
Your walls bedecked by loving hands,  
in glory, Lord to thee.*

*Each stand of flowers,  
each work of art,  
a different message told,  
a message to each one of us,  
in red, white, blue and gold.*

*And on the altar standing by  
our ancient chalice stood.  
Each sun kissed window brightly shone,  
flower dressed with greatest love.*

*Who was to know one fateful night,  
a robber sealed your fate.  
Only to God his name is known.  
His judgement will be his alone.  
We pray he may repent.*

*The lighted candle which he took  
to do his evil deed,  
began to burn your inmost room,  
where a safe he could not free.*

*Too soon it reached up to the walls,  
and beams so firm and strong,  
burned fiercely out into the night,  
no man could ever put you out.*

*The with a crash your roof fell in,  
sparks flew into the night,  
a quietness followed for a while,  
then with a soulful wail,  
the burning organ sang its last,  
each note rang out into the night,  
as heat rushed through each organ pipe.*

*A roaring came from out your depth,  
while hot the swirling heat,  
it was as if St Michael's wrath  
did visit us that night.*

*Then from out the night there came,  
a softly falling gentle rain,  
or was it tears from out of heaven?*

*It fell so softly on the few,  
who watched and waited there by you.*

*But we still have our ancient tower,  
though blackened by the smoke,  
now is restored a chapel there  
for prayer by many folk,*

*While you body sleep within its walls,  
we proudly ring your bells,  
and will rebuild your holy church,  
within its broken shell.*

*They brought the Christmas message,  
into the chill night air,  
carols rang around your walls,  
bells pealed out loud and clear.*

*No stained glass windows to reflect,  
the flickering candles glow,  
but newly painted texts  
shone down on us below.*

*A table is the altar now,  
humble though it may be,  
just like our dear Lord's manger,  
it serves here perfectly.*

*With wooden cross behind it,  
candlesticks ravaged by the fire,  
we share this place of worship  
with dancers, club and choir.*

*Preparing for the future,  
hard work has been done,  
rooms refurbished and prepared,  
planning has begun.*

*As history is repeated,  
like our forefathers of old,  
we must plan for future centuries  
a greater church to mould.*

*As they dig within your inmost depth,  
answers they hope to find,  
who first used this holy ground  
for prayer or sacrifice?*

*Who was it carved these sacred stones?  
Why were they placed just here?  
Are these remains of kings and queens,  
buried so deeply here?  
Shall you reveal your secrets?  
Only time will tell.*