

Out Of The Ashes

When all that's done by man is ended,
Every artifice dissolves
And schemes that seemed eternal fall apart,
Out of the smoking ashes now appear
The gold of love,
Silver of truth
And costly stones of steadfastness.

Not formed by man
Nor part of his elaborate design.
Not sourced from any storehouse, field or barn
Nor generated by his muscle or machine,
But found.

Not casually discovered but unearthed,
Following the direction of the One
Who leads us into truth.

They were there from ancient years,
Yet placed again upon the one foundation
By those who find them fresh in their own day,
To build in time but for eternity.

Real lives transformed by truth
And built together, stone to precious stone,
To be a dwelling place on earth
For him who cannot be contained.

The smoke still rises
From the smouldering wreck,
The blackened beams
Of man's attempts to build.
A once-proud edifice that stood
As if for ever, as a testament
To how it should be done.

Hastily constructed with little thought,
Neglecting to consult the Master's blueprint
But eager to succeed
And be rewarded by his own 'Well done!'

And now bereft of all they had accomplished,
Still loved, yet scented from the smoke,
They stand, included in his kingdom
But sadly empty-handed.

One building stands,
One crumbles into ash and blows away.
The day will make it plain for all to see,
Revealed by fire for glory or for shame.

Dave Taylor December 2025

Further copies can be downloaded from www.justonecandle.uk