

PILGRIMAGE



We are the pilgrims
who stand by the roadside,
not famous not mighty,
the crowd who laid palms.
We are the pilgrims
who shouted his name,
then watched by the roadside
embarrassed by shame.

We are the pilgrims
who shared a last meal,
unaware of the sub-plot,
unaware of the deal.
We are the pilgrims
who watch the three walk to
the garden in darkness
and later hear talk.

We are the pilgrims
whose faith is so frail and
yet we remain here
as others turn tail.
We are the pilgrims
who stand at his grave now,
lost in the moment
and all that he gave.

We are the pilgrims
travelling the way,
lost in the moment,
rememb'ring the day,
We are the pilgrims
surprised by a light which
opened our eyes and
gave fresh insight.

We are the pilgrims
here in our day,
not famous not mighty
just following the way.
We are the pilgrims
whose journey is long and
yet we find courage
in prayer and in song.

We are the pilgrims
with a story to tell that
lights up our eyes and
makes our hearts swell.
We are the pilgrims
and God is our goal,
to know him like Jesus
will make us all whole.

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