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The Word God Spoken

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In the beginning was the Word
And the word got spoken.
Into the darkness and chaos and nothing, came light all sudden and bright
and illuminating.
And there followed life, of all kinds, sorts, some ruminating.
From nothing was beauty and colour and creativity.
For the one who spoke held all possibility
And had us in mind, from before all eternity.
As the crown of this new, the crown of these hues of colour from heaven -
Walking in peace, bearing his image, and all that was released.

So Earth was formed, and in love, given to us.

But then entered sin, snuck in from the dark.
Oh yuck, oh hell, I think I'm going to be sick.
For what is this muck in which we've all got stuck? What place has this in the
perfection of heaven,
Walking in peace, bearing his image, and all that was released.
And yet here it is, undeniably present.

Out there in the world, in war, greed and power play.
But alarmingly here, in my secret thoughts, and in all that they say.

In judgement, in anger, in greed, malice, pride.
But the hardest of all, are the things hid inside,
Where my heart walks away and my-self fills my mind.

Forgotten is God, and in losing this link
Our lives fill with grief and we start to sink down,
Into hopeless despair, confusion and loss.
Something amiss with the whole of humanity.
The yearning, the longing, the hoping gets hidden, or rather re-directed to feed on
the midden of the mess that we make to try and be free.

My dear ones, how heartbreakingly sad - don't you see?

That something went terribly wrong with our world.
We did it, let's own it, we do it today.
But the Word had much more to say on such things, and had not given up on the
world that he loved.
How could he, how would he,
a Father so perfect, that never a word or an action mis-spoken.
For the one who spoke held all possibility
And had us in mind, from before all eternity.

So something fascinatingly new began to take shape.

The Almighty and timeless deity high, actioned his plan to say goodbye, for a time,
to heaven,
And moved into Earth -
a person with skin, and a plan to begin, to throw us a line.
To pull us out and dust us off and give a new shout
of hope for the world,
and hope for my heart,
that somewhere deep down, beats with his longing.

It shouldn't surprise us, the waiting world.
For his birth was foretold from the very beginning,
Knowing as he did, our fondness for sinning.
He's always been part of the script, the story,
Awaited and watched for, by those who had eyes fixed on heaven.

The prophets, the sages, the scriptures, the heavens,
All these bore witness to God's waiting one.
The Word made flesh, moved into our neighbourhood
The very nature of God made... man.

No room at the inn in the bustling town, but room in the womb of the
willing young woman.
Where God deigns to partner with human biology.
Cells form and split, their purpose as always to grow,
but this unbelievable God-Human show is hidden from sight,
from all pomp, faff and fanfare,
Save those awake on that one night,
who see something new,
something so bright.

A star different in all its radiance.
Just the beginning of glory made known, a glimpse for a moment of the
heavenly home.
Angels and archangels join the throng, the curtain is lifted and the world's
best song
is heard in the night sky.
Peace on earth! Peace from on high!
A peace yet unknown, but into God's plan ever sewn,
And now being revealed, now being shown

The very heavens take part in the birth announcement.
He's here, he's near, but where will you find him?

Rough shod shepherds follow that star, directed by angels singing
hallelujah.

It rests on its journey through cosmos and choir,
Above a, baby of all things, born far from home.

Who are you, this babe, in the warm manger laid?
Whom kings fear, angels cheer and shepherds drop their flocks for?

The babe just sleeping, while all the world a watch is keeping,
for hope and for sense in the vast open space of our lives,
small and short in the great cosmic course of your timing,
the one within whom all makes sense.

But you, just a baby, and so dependent.

God, what joke is this that you're playing?
What kind of mixed up plan are you laying?
A rescue that starts with an infant, I don't see it,
Yet somehow, some why, all of heaven agree's it.

So I hold my breath with the watchers and waiters,
and see how the weight of the world is hurled at you, Jesus.
Babe turned boy.
Boy turned man,
Man called Messiah and lifted by some even higher.
Lifted to glory and trust and hope,
Lifted by others at the end of a rope.
Tied onto a cross made of wood.

Was it so bad, the life that you lived?
The people you healed, the promise you sealed as you spoke words from
heaven, words of new life.
'Follow me and you will see, Follow me, and at last you'll be free.'

You cleansed those desperate to be washed,
offered a bridge for the chasm to be crossed,
between God and people,
a cure for the ill, an answer for the evil that we set in motion
without any notion of what to do next, how to get out of the muck that we
made.

Was it so bad? The life that you lived?
Some thought so, for they tied you and tried you, a shambles of legality.
But this way you chose, was not simply imposed, by the systems that be.
You chose it for us, you chose it for me.

For finally, on the cross sin had an answer.
Ugly muck met its master.
But more, met its victor as justice was done,
The light disappeared from the world's one true son.

And yet in this darkness, some spark was ignited.
A spark of deep hope and full joy was lighted.

For who could possibly ever kill God?
This God who spoke and the cosmos re-ordered.
Who spoke and all sickness took flight,
Who spoke and hope was seen in the night.
Who spoke to the ones with whom no one would bother.

And said peace, you're my dear sister and you're my dear brother.
And so, on that darkest of days, heaven won out
and silently, unseen,
just a few days later, a gaping gap where death had been.

And though that's a story for another time,
it means that there is an answer to the grime.

An answer still found, for those who will look.
It's all written down, in the most surprising book, you'll ever read,
A book that answers our need for meaning, and purpose and love.
The ache that lies screaming at the heart of humanity
That speaks out the name of all spiritual sanity - Jesus!
Our friend, and our king and our saviour.
In whose name we meet and sing and pray.
In whose name we gather in church today.