

HERE WE ARE

1. Here we are, under this sky —
oh, what a land to live in.
How did we come to be in such a place?
A sky that talks day after day,
telling of endless glory,
the glory of God, the work of his own hands.
But how do we say our thankyou?
Anything would be far too small.
How do we show we care?
We could try to share.
2. Here we are, under your roof —
safe and secure you make us.
You are the rock, the centre of our land.
Jesus here, speaking our names —
oh what a gift his word is —
making us part of his own family.
But how do we say our thankyou?
Anything would be far too small.
How do we show we've heard?
We could spread the word.
3. Here we are, richer than kings,
all that we need provided,
more than enough for this life and beyond.
Jesus' blood, shed on the cross,
healing our broken bodies,
filling us up with his new kind of life.
But how do we say our thankyou?
Anything would be far too small.
How do we pass it on?
We could sing his song.

1988. Written for the sesquicentenary of the Lutheran Church of Australia.

I left Horsham at 6.40 am, early May, 1999. I noticed the sky already when I was packing the car. Deep, rich colours, lightening towards dawn. I had to watch the road, but I kept glancing off to the right to see the show. Too little time to appreciate all that beauty . . . And thinking: we humans seem determined to ruin as much of this glorious gift as quickly as possible; instead of enjoying it, we rush about trying to destroy it! How do we say our thankyou? By conserving, not exploiting. By sustaining, not exhausting.

Here we are, just where you've placed us. Thanks for your blue hills and your grey-green leaves.

Thanks for the raucous Red Wattlebird, and the sweet White-fronted Honeyeater.

Thanks for bottle-brush trees, ragged clouds, and creeping vines.

Use: Australia Day, thanksgiving.