

Ascension

The angels said, “Men of Galilee, why do you stand gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, who has been taken from you into heaven, will come back in like manner as you saw him go into heaven.”

Acts 1.11

It was their last sighting of the man they had followed and grown to love and rely on. ‘Can this be really happening?’

Yet it was not the last of Jesus in their lives. He had left his mark on them – so that wherever they went, whoever they met, whatever they said or did, reflected how Christ had transformed their lives.

It is the same with anyone we love and respect who has been an influential part

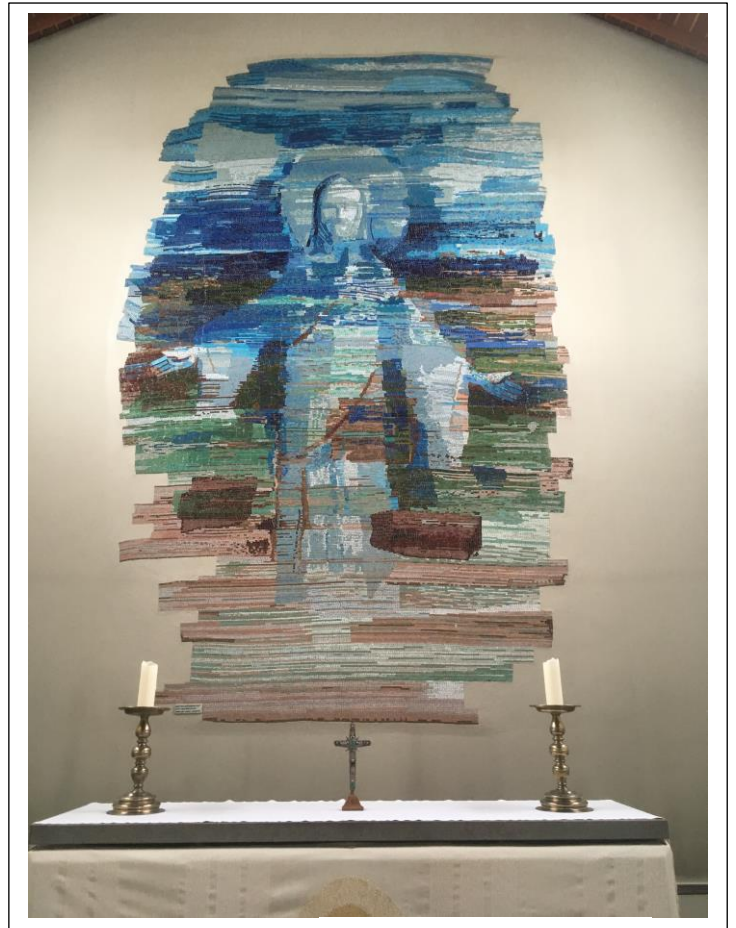
of our lives. We may have had our last sighting, a blurred impression left in our memories, and we may wonder if it is real - but their mark is imprinted in us indelibly – their presence is always with us. What we may imagine to be lost is rediscovered in a new way... and our world is seen with new insight.

This mosaic, in a small church in Iceland, reflects such a ‘blurred’ image of the risen ascending Christ – the colours blending with the environment, seamlessly part of creation, at one with earth, with sea, with sky – the gateway to heaven opened.

‘Footprints’ is a well-known and much-loved story. As the disciples stood by the sea of Galilee – where they had shared so many times with Jesus – staring at the footprints of fishermen in the sandy shore, they may well have wondered... as so may we...

‘Time’s tide may wash his footprints from the shore,
but not our love for him,
nor the influence of his life upon our own,
nor the ways in which they will ever be
a sign for us of those things which are eternal.’

Terry C Falla



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