

THE WAY IS LOW

1980. When I was asked to give names to the tunes of my songs/hymns for the supplement to the Lutheran Hymnal in Australia, Dorothy and I had a great time choosing names. This one was called "Long Flat", after the place where I grew up. It's a small dairying community just across the Murray River and slightly downstream from Murray Bridge. The reclaimed swamp provides rich pasture for cattle, but the name says a lot about it. It's plain, ordinary, small, and the prevailing smell is cow manure. It ties in very well with my feeling about the Christian life. Though we're heading towards a glorious future and we get glimpses of that here and now, the day by day reality is humble. We meet God in our neighbours, we praise God in our work. God speaks to us through others – our wives, husbands, children and even our pastors (just a joke!). And God comes to us in a sip of wine and a little piece of wafer or bread. Resurrection is coming, but we are called to follow Jesus down the road to Jerusalem.

1. Low, the way is low
with the man the angels praise.
He who spoke the sky
was a baby dressed in hay.

We are companions of
the one whose name is Love,
we share his life as we grow.
We carry Jesus' death
with each and every breath,
our hope is high, the way is low.

2. See the glory road,
he was tempted by it too.
But he set his course
with Jerusalem in view.

3. When our time is gone,
we will see the great new day.
Till that day appears,
all we know is Jesus' way.

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