

# Magnus Earth



As you walk today the way that the body of Magnus went, perhaps the sky is clear and the day fine. Magnus died, and never saw the sea that day, or the path along by the shore or the broad sky. But you see it all – and you walk on Magnus' Earth.

Of course, his 900 year-old world is gone – long gone. But the water, the shore and the sky he knew. He knew it as God's Earth. It was a world fashioned for folk, full of mystery indeed, but formed for some lofty purpose before which Magnus bowed. The earth was from the hand of God.

He knew the touch of Christ as birds rose in the clear sky and cried out their praise. God was in the wind, even when coarse and wild and stinging with hail or sleet. Weather was just what you got – yet was received with faith. 'Rain is the Master's plan for today. Glory to God in the highest heaven.' Mystery and safety lay down together and slept in the bed of Earth. It was God's world. It was Magnus' world.

Souls rising in the fresh wind and feet singing in step with slabs on the shore – so much beauty and joy, it dances out like white horses on the wave. And the wind laughs along. And the rain-cloud hugs the horizon. And the drizzle starts to spit. And with a crazy joy, the song of creation is sung anew. So much to thank God for, so much life in the wind. This is Magnus' earth. This is God's earth. This is our earth and we walk all together, side by side.