BUBBLES

and other sacred poems



by Peter Rice

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by Peter Rice Rice, Peter Mortimer St Elmo, 1955-

BUBBLES

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Foreword

From the time I met Peter Rice early in the 1970's, I was struck by his ability to express himself with pithy if not cryptic incisiveness. When he speaks, it is usually with a straight face – his eyes occasionally betraying a wry and abstruse sense of humour. At any rate, his statements inevitably leave his listeners mulling over some hidden meaning. It is this exceptional ability which manifests itself in his poetry.

The intensity and vigour of Peter's poetic expression first came to public attention in the early 1980's when he and his sisters made frequent contributions in verse to *Maranatha*, a locally produced magazine for the Christian family. His poems reveal that he is a keen and sensitive observer of the human condition; they represent a commentary on the transient nature of the things around us. Nowhere is this more evident than in "Bubbles", which forms the theme of this collection.

In this edition, Peter employs biblical scenarios, personal experiences, environmental issues and human concerns as inspiration for his compositions. In the process, he weaves a tapestry of verse which is arresting in its scope and penetrating in its insight. The poems evince an intense appreciation and an undying gratitude for every manifestation of divine favour. What is more, they focus on eternal realities and flow from the life experiences of a man who enjoys daily communion with God.

Whether dealing with day-to day or more uncommon matters, these poems force the reader to reflect on the purpose of life. They are, none the less, far more than philosophical reflections and emphasise the need for and the importance of a personal relationship with God. Readers will find them delightfully refreshing and thought-provoking. Those readers who are familiar with Peter's childhood family home (now demolished to make way for "development") will pore over "Old-home Scenes" again and again with enjoyable, even if tearful, nostalgia.

The publication of this booklet mirrors the experience of the Psalmist whose heart was "...bubbling up [with] a good matter..." to such an extent that he felt constrained to give expression to the subject of his reflective contemplation (Psalm 45:1).

This book has an appeal which is universal. I commend it without reservation.

G McFarrel Howard June 2006

Acknowledgements

The Eternal: These selections were taken from a pool of poems written over a span of more than thirty years. Now some of my work has been lost, so I am convinced that God has graciously preserved those that remain for your encouragement. I thank Him from my heart.

The Encouragers: I thank you Diana my dear wife, my closest friend, counsellor and quality control manager. Thank you Sam and Dave for your patient shepherding of me; thank you Mac, Sylvia, Beverley, Sandy and all the other 'partners' in this work.

The Experts: My Dad and Mom have done us a world of good because of their memorizing and reciting of poetry, with meaning and feeling. It is no marvel to me that I am not the only sibling to express myself in verse. Thank you!

The Examples: Though some have been fairly 'new' writers, their work has been put out there, before my own. To you, who have led by example, thank you!

I thank all of you!

Peter Rice June 2006

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Bubbles

We had our world with many bubbles in it, So beautiful and bright, so light and fair; We never knew the awful secret to it, That things are not always what they appear:

So for a while we chased those fairy castles, We watched them sailing gently through the air, We climbed, we reached up high until we touched them, Then we in horror saw them disappear!

So light...so bright...so...oh...so fascinating! Making acute the emptiness left there, For bubbles are (no matter how exciting) The brilliant wrapping of the empty air!

My heart is older now nor cares for bubbles. My God has healed the pain that they left there! I build now on the Rock, this solves my troubles! You cannot build on bubbles filled with air.

A moment's fun, some foolish fascination, Oft leave behind a painful aftermath! Eternity's regret may come, awarded For fleeting minutes on forbidden paths.

Bubbles, bubbles all around, Bursting when they come to ground, Playing, dancing round and round, Bright perfection, but unsound.

Smaller Cup

Sorrow with pain, heartache with suffering, Were in the cup that Jesus had to drain; Now, if to you life offers just the same, Drink deep that smaller cup, and know Him And the fellowship of His suffering.

On Christ judgment divine descended in power, On Calvary's cross, through that lonely hour; So the sorrow you bear must be so very small! Compared to my Saviour you bear nothing at all!

The Father's aware of what we can bear; He will not cause a child one wasted tear. Speak your petitions in His holy ear; Rely on Him, yes, trust and never fear; For, come what may, deliverance is near!

The Life-cycle of Things

First attention,
Then attraction,
Then transaction,
Then acquisition,
Then fascination,
Then depreciation,
Then deterioration,
Then disaffection,
Then frustration,
Then disintegration,
Then rejection,
Then repetition,
Then repetition...

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"...for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. A good man out of the good treasure of the heart bringeth forth good things: ... Matt. 12:34-35

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