

Introduction and Context

As I looked upon THE OLD MAN OF HOY which is a sea stack in the north of Scotland whilst watching some YouTube, I heard a beautiful song from Runrig, a Scottish group from the Islands of Scotland, and the line, the SUN WILL RISE AGAIN, spoke to me.

Anyhoo, I thought I'd just share with you. It was just a nice gift for God to give me this morning. I just felt the need to share.

I believe it will speak to someone of man's futility and God's awesomeness

Alex Lochhead

The old man of Hoy

The old man stands out from the shore staring northward as the waves thunder round his feet

Unmoved unperturbed unshaken he laughs at the storm... he's seen so many. He fears them not.

The wind throws itself at him in violent blows. He knows violence oh so well. Today will be no different. Even if the sun arises in splendour unsurpassed. He will still be unshaken

Violence from the south, violence from the north the east and west and yet he stands firm in his sadness

Witnessing the demise of chosen creation who set themselves above the creator.

Those who know so much but see so little those whose hearts are set in stone and actions are an abomination

Continued overleaf

The wise men have thrown in their hand with the repugnant kings of commerce, whose ivory Towers look down in brazen disgust.

They have appointed themselves the new rulers ... of thought, policy and fear, and still the blind mice turn the wheel gladly as they always will.

They have no sight to see nor power to comprehend. Money buys loyalty until there is no more.

And yet the sun will rise once more, assuredly I say, the dawn must break. The storm will pass, the nightmare will end, and calm will be restored. It is the way; it has always been the way. Actions shall be questioned, the rulers called to court.

This earth will heal again as it always has, as it always will until the appointed time is called.

The sun will Rise. I say assuredly the sun will rise again.

The old man, the guardian of the north will have no need to stand guard anymore. His time will pass, his rocks will cry out the glory of his creator as he tumbles into the sea.

But for now, he waits in soundless solitude, expectant of the coming, expectant of the ending

...in silent praise He will stand proudly, awaiting his creator.