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## *Behold, All Things Are Being Made New*

**An article from the *Cathedral Times*  
by the Very Reverend Samuel G. Candler,  
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All things are being made new: that was the theme of my Lenten presentation at Trinity Church, Columbus, Georgia last Monday. Columbus is on the Chattahoochee River, way over almost in Alabama. I drove the two and half hours from Atlanta through an amazingly foggy and drizzly day. On those days, I admire the beautiful Georgia winter countryside. The trees are gray, the sky is gray, and even the pastures are a brownish-gray. I grew up in that countryside.

One of the stories I told in Columbus was a story of my own childhood, playing in the creek under a Georgia highway bridge. Those days are gone, of course, but the memories bring back a sense of stability and grace and wonder. God was good in those days, and God is still good.

So, after the talk, I drove back to Atlanta on another road. I wanted to make a stop at my childhood home, and see my folks. I wanted to drive over that bridge again; I wanted to see the latest developments in Sharpsburg, the little crossroads that had no traffic light when I was growing up. The first road I planned to take was closed; they were building a new railroad bridge. When I drove through the old crossroads, I noticed that the old post office seemed closed, too.

I used to admire that post office and its primary mailman in those days. He later became famous for having one of the largest "Gone With the Wind" collections around. I think he was on television a few times for that. He used to deliver on all the dirt roads at the farm. Then I turned the corner and saw the huge new Sharpsburg post office. What a tremendous place! I can't imagine how it got there.

Most of the old farmland has been sold. I am sure that people living there now have no idea what it used to look like. My father drove me down the hill in his truck, and we took a look at all the trees that are so bent and fallen from the recent ice storm. Actually, many had already fallen in a freak wind storm some months before. He's having to take a lot more trees out before the pine beetles move in. The old gray woods look terrifyingly thin right now. And in this bleak mid-winter, I can see right through them.

Actually, there used to be another post office, at a general store, that was once on the farm property. At that spot, there is absolutely nothing right now. It was gone before I was born. We learned recently that someone had once been murdered there. Times have changed. I told my father that a few folks had boycotted my Lenten talk; now that's a strange thing for me.

During Lent, I look in two directions. One direction is the past. Remember the old. Honor tradition. That is one of the most important tasks of the Christian Church. God has been faithful in the past, God has been graceful. That past teaches me of the stability and the goodness of God. Every week, the Church remembers. We remember the saving event of God in Jesus Christ our Lord.

But in Lent, I also look to the future. In fact, it is the past that teaches me to look to the future. My own past teaches me exactly what God said in Isaiah, "I am about to do a new thing" (Isaiah 43.19), and in the Revelation to John, "See, I am making all things new." (Revelation 21.5).

This winter gray is not ugly to me, nor do I find it hard to see during this time of year. In fact, I can usually see more clearly

through the bent and dormant woods. What I see is God making all things new.

*,the Holy Ghost over the bent  
World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings."*

Sam Candler signature



The Very Rev. Sam Candler