

Prayer in Epiphany

To you, O God, I pour out my soul.
My words, I know, cannot bear the freight
of all I am feeling, thinking, bearing, and wondering.
Yet somehow they flow out of me anyway
in streams that will not and cannot be thwarted.

Thank you for bearing with me on the way,
for listening as you have promised,
and interpreting as only you can
all the sighs too deep for words,
the “in, with, and under” you see in me.

Far from bereft, the soul I pour out
is gladdened this morning by friends
who have emailed in words their spirits,
with fresh news and insight and wonderings,
the “in, with, and under” of their own lives.

Why is it, Lord, yes, why is it
that just writing to you renews my spirit
with the perspective I need to meet this day?
The answer is not in the words, I know,
but in you and your willingness to listen.

As I pour out my soul, so you pour in yours,
and all of a sudden my deepest needs are met,
not with easy answers to complex questions,
but with the grace to see every lesser yearning in me
as but a reflection of the greater ones in you.

Draw me, Lord, and all those on my mind today
to the vast, calm shores of your love,
where we all can find both rest and meaning,
and let us hear together your invitation to
“Come and feast” on all you have prepared.

It is enough for me, knowing so little,
to know that you know so much better.
If even yet I cannot see my way
I see you, deep within, and I am content.
My yearnings find their rest in your embrace.

Praise be to you, O Sovereign God,
who still and always watches over Israel,

neither slumbering nor sleeping, ever present.
Light all our goings out and comings in
from this time forth and forevermore.

JRH
2/15/06