

You Meet Us in Moments of Holiness - a Prayer

O God you meet us in moments of holiness.

When there is too much
and we cannot cope well,
our head in our hands,
our elbows hard on the desk,
tired eyes and it is too late to achieve:
you invite us to rest;
you call us into your holiness.

In the touching,
the beating heart,
the embrace,
the melting of affections,
the tears of joy and sadness,
the sigh that empties the pain,
the belonging,
the moment of quiet ecstasy which teaches us
to trust, to love and be loved:
you whisper your grace;
you call us into your holiness.

When the dishcloth smells,
the dishes emerge from soapless grey water,
the bench unclean and uncleanable,
the hands worn;
the breasts shrivelled,
the dark lit poverty of trying,
of crying children and matted floors:
you invite us not to turn away;
you call us into your holiness.

In the confusion of honesty,
the pain of not knowing how
and not fathoming the intricacies of systems
that grind people down,
the ambiguity of being western,
the compromise of talking
and thinking and little doing;
when guilt and the immensity of sin overwhelm us
and we sell our hearts to despair:
you invite us to dance and play;
you call us into your holiness.

In the dew drop,
poised and glistening with the world's light,
refracting the magic of the universe,
clinging in the stillness,
ready to fall with the wind,

bearing the promise of life,
yet a mere drop in an ocean of kindness:
you invite us to be;
you call us into your holiness.

**O God you meet us in moments of holiness
and we are filled with awe.**

Amen