

Day 29—Wednesday 14 March

Scripture for Prayer

Stilling: Take a few minutes to become still.

God is Present: God is with you. Ask God to inspire your prayer time.

Ask for what you desire. What gift, what grace do you want right now?

- Read the passage slowly.
- Savour words and phrases
- Talk to God in your own words
- Stay in silent meditation

If you get distracted, move back to the scripture passage and continue the cycle.

Isaiah 49:8-15 (NRSVA)

Thus says the Lord: In a time of favour I have answered you, on a day of salvation I have helped you; I have kept you and given you as a covenant to the people, to establish the land, to apportion the desolate heritages; saying to the prisoners, ‘Come out’, to those who are in darkness, ‘Show yourselves.’ They shall feed along the ways, on all the bare heights shall be their pasture; they shall not hunger or thirst, neither scorching wind nor sun shall strike them down, for he who has pity on them will lead them, and by springs of water will guide them.

And I will turn all my mountains into a road, and my highways shall be raised up.

Lo, these shall come from far away, and lo, these from the north and from the west, and these from the land of Syene.

Sing for joy, O heavens, and exult, O earth; break forth, O mountains, into singing!

For the Lord has comforted his people, and will have compassion on his suffering ones.

But Zion said, ‘The Lord has forsaken me, my Lord has forgotten me.’

Can a woman forget her nursing-child, or show no compassion for the child of her womb?

Even these may forget, yet I will not forget you.

A Prayer: End with a formal prayer, such as the Lord's Prayer/Our Father

Review of Prayer

At the end of your prayer you can look back and ask: Does it have something to say to you? How does it make you feel?



Today's Meditation

Listen

It is not my business
to seek enlightenment
or holiness;
mine only
to listen to the wind
caressing all creation,
to be awed
at the tumbling of the waters
soaking all dried things;
mine only
to delight
in the song of the bird
and be attentive
to the rhythmic beating
of the earth
beneath my feet;
mine only
to receive with love
all that rises to meet me
at the dawn
of each new day.

Edwina Gateley