

## Day 7—Tuesday 20 February

### 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 55:10-12 (NRSVA)

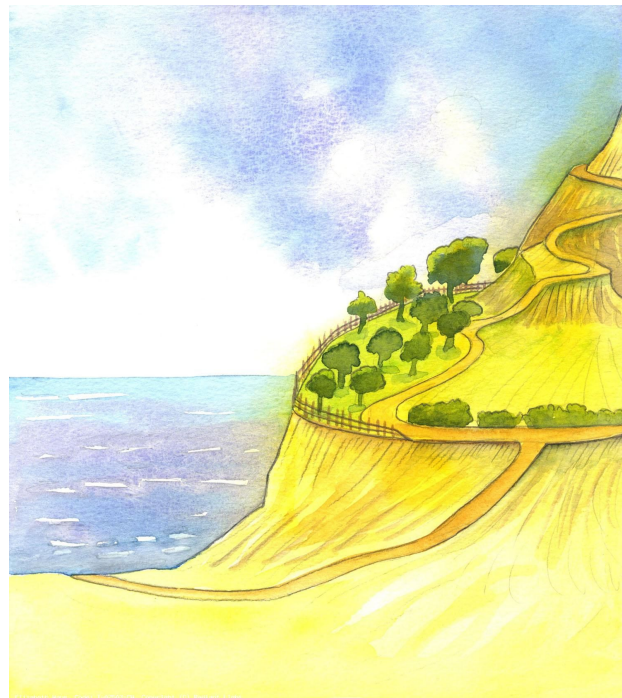
For as the rain and the snow come down from heaven, and do not return there until they have watered the earth, making it bring forth and sprout, giving seed to the sower and bread to the eater, so shall my word be that goes out from my mouth; it shall not return to me empty, but it shall accomplish that which I purpose, and succeed in the thing for which I sent it.

For you shall go out in joy,  
and be led back in peace;  
the mountains and the hills before you  
shall burst into song,  
and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

**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 - Lakeshore

This morning, I went out early, to walk along the lake front, and through the narrow park land, straddling the water's edge.

I passed hurriedly by the sleeping humped bodies, half hidden beneath bushes, and curled around tree trunks.

The sun was rising -  
waking the homeless derelict  
with gentle light, and the morning chorus  
of a dozen birds.

Gentle, compassionate, experience.  
Feeling of Wholesomeness -  
we are al together under  
nature's gentle awakening...

That night I stood by my bedroom window,  
watching  
the lightning flashing over the  
city, feeling the beat of the rain,  
and hearing the roar of the cracking thunder.

And in my mind's eye,  
I saw the writhing, weeping bodies,  
drenched in the night rain, shivering  
beneath the rolling thunder,  
feeling the wet and sticky earth  
seep through tattered jackets and  
thinning soles.

I saw the weakest and the poorest,  
tossed and sodden,  
in the parks where we play.

*Edwina Gateley*