

Day 1

Wild Geese

Mary Oliver

You do not have to be good.
You do not have to walk on your knees
for a hundred miles through the desert repenting.
You only have to let the soft animal of your body
love what it loves.
Tell me about despair, yours, and I will tell you mine.
Meanwhile the world goes on.
Meanwhile the sun and the clear pebbles of the rain
are moving across the landscapes,
over the prairies and the deep trees,
the mountains and the rivers.
Meanwhile the wild geese, high in the clean blue air,
are heading home again.
Whoever you are, no matter how lonely,
the world offers itself to your imagination,
calls to you like the wild geese, harsh and exciting
over and over announcing your place
in the family of things.

Pray: Isaiah 40

People are grass
that wither and fade,
but You are forever.

Eternal and everlasting,
the Creator of the earth,
You never faint
and never grow weary.

Empower me,
lift me up,
renew my strength,
set me high
on wings of eagles,
lift me up,
and I will fly,
and not fall.

Eternal and everlasting,

Creator of the earth,
lift me up...

Day 2

Travelers

Basho

The moon and sun are travelers through eternity.
Even the years wander on.
Whether drifting through life on a boat
or climbing toward old age leading a horse,
each day is a journey, and the journey itself is home.

Pray: I Need Thee

I need Thee
every hour
hours of joy
hours of pain
come quickly
abide
without You
my life
I live in vain.

I need Thee
O I need Thee
every hour
I need Thee
O bless me now
my Savior
I come to Thee.
I come to Thee.
I come to Thee.

Annie S. Hawks 1835-1918

Day 3

Risk everything

Rumi

Risk everything
for love.

If you do,
you're a truly human.
If not,
why bother?
Halfheartedly
you'll never reach
majesty.
You'll set out
to find God,
but then
hinder your journey
at mean-spirited
roadhouses.

Pray: Prayer for Peace

St. Francis

Lord, make me an instrument of Thy peace;
Where there is hatred,
let me sow love;
Where there is injury, pardon;
Where there is error, truth;
Where there is doubt, faith;
Where there is despair, hope;
Where there is darkness, light;
And where there is sadness, joy.

O Divine Master,
Grant that I may not so much seek
To be consoled, as to console;
To be understood,
as to understand;
To be loved as to love.

For it is in giving that we receive;
It is in pardoning
that we are pardoned;
And it is in dying
that we are born
to eternal life. Amen.

Day 4

i thank You God for most this amazing

e.e. cummings

i thank You God for most this amazing
day: for the leaping greenly spirits of trees
and a blue true dream of sky; and for everything
which is natural which is infinite which is yes

i who have died am alive again today,
and this is the sun's birthday; this is the birth
day of life and of love and wings: and of the gay
great happening illimitably earth)

how should tasting touching hearing seeing
breathing any – lifted from the no
of all nothing – human merely being
doubt unimaginable You?

(now the ears of my ears awake and
now the eyes of my eyes are opened)

Pray: Joyful

Joyful, Joyful,
I adore Thee
God of glory
Lord of love.

My heart unfolds
a flower
before Thee
opening to
the sun above.

Melt my clouds
of sin and sadness
drive my gloom
and doubts away.

Giver of
immortal gladness
fill me
with the light of day.

Henry Van Dyke 1907

Day 5

The Day Millicent Found the World

William Stafford

Every morning Millicent ventured farther
into the woods. At first she stayed
near light, the edge where bushes grew, where
her way back appeared in glimpses among
dark trunks behind her. Then by farther paths
or openings where giant pines had fallen
she explored ever deeper into
the interior, till one day she stood under a great
dome among columns, the heart of the forest, and knew:
Lost. She had achieved a mysterious world
where any direction would yield only surprise...

Pray: Be Thou My Vision

Be Thou my vision
O Lord of my heart.

Naught be all else to me
save that Thou art.

Thou my best thought
by day or by night,

Waking or sleeping
Thy presence my light.

Mary E. Byrne, 1905

Day 6

Today, like every other day

Rumi

Today, like every other day,
we wake up empty and frightened.
Don't open the door to the study and begin reading.
Take down a musical instrument.
Let the beauty we love be what we do.
There are hundreds of ways to kneel and kiss the ground.

Pray: Savior, In This Quiet Place

Fred Pratt Green 1974

O Savior
in this quiet place
where anyone may kneel
I also come
to ask for grace
believing You can heal.

Day 7

Confluents

Christina Rossetti

As rivers seek the sea,
Much more deep than they,
So my soul seeks thee
Far away:
As running rivers moan
On their course alone
So I moan
Left alone.

As the delicate rose
To the sun's sweet strength
Doth herself unclose,
Breadth and length:
So spreads my heart to thee
Unveiled utterly,
I to thee
Utterly.

As morning dew exhales
Sunwards pure and free,
So my spirit fails
After thee:
As dew leaves not a trace
On the green earth's face;
I, no trace
On thy face.

Its goal the river knows,
Dewdrops find a way,
Sunlight cheers the rose

In her day:
Shall I, lone sorrow past,
Find thee at the last?
Sorrow past,
Thee at last?

Pray: Psalm 42

As a deer
thirsts for a stream,
so my soul
thirsts for You.

I start to weep,
I begin to moan,
then I say to my soul,
“Soul, why so cast down?
“Trust God,
“Hope again.”

As a deer
thirsts for a stream,
so my soul
thirsts for You.

Day 8

Foolish one

Hafiz

Foolish one,
do something,
or else you'll just be
standing there, looking dumb.

If you are not traveling
and on the road,
how can you call yourself a guide?

Pray: Show Me

Show me,
Gracious Lord,
the peace I should seek,
the peace I can keep,
the peace I must forgo,
and the peace I must give,

For Your kingdom's sake.

Day 9

Just Be Ready

William Stafford

You can't tell when strange things with meaning
will happen. I'm [still] here writing it down
just the way it was.

"You don't have to prove anything,"
my mother said. "Just be ready
for what God sends."

I listened and put my hand
out in the sun again. It was all easy.

Pray: Breathe on Me

Breathe on me
Breath of God

Fill me
with life anew

I want to love
as You love
and do
as You want me to do.

Breathe on me
Breath of God
until I
am wholly Thine
until this
earthly part of me
glows with
Your fire divine.

Edwin Hatch, 1835-1889

Day 10

Four things

Antonio Machado

---Mankind owns four things

that are no good at sea:
rudder, anchor, oars
and the fear of going down.

Pray: Take My Life

Take my life
and let it be
consecrated
Lord to Thee.

Take my silver
and my gold
not a cent
do I withhold.

Take my moments
and my days
let them flow
in ceaseless praise.

Take myself
and I will be
ever only
all for Thee.

Frances Ridley Havergal 1874

Day 11

Selling your donkey

Rumi

Imagine a man selling his donkey to be with Jesus.
Now imagine him selling Jesus to get a ride on a donkey.
This does happen.

Pray: God, Give Me to Abide in Thee

Dag Hammarskjöld

God,

Give me a pure heart
that I may see Thee,

a humble heart
that I may hear Thee,

a heart of love
that I may serve Thee,

a heart of faith
that I may abide in Thee.

Day 12

The Vacation

Wendell Berry

Once there was a man who filmed his vacation.
He went flying down the river in his boat
with his video camera to his eye, making
a moving picture of the moving river
upon which his sleek boat moved swiftly
toward the end of his vacation. He showed
his vacation to his camera, which pictured it,
preserving it forever: the river, the trees,
the sky, the light, the bow of his rushing boat
behind which he stood with his camera
preserving his vacation even as he was having it
so that after he had had it he would still
have it. It would be there. With a flick
of a switch, there it would be. But he
would not be in it. He would never be in it.

Pray: Open My Eyes

Open my eyes
that I may see
glimpses of truth
Thou hast for me.

Place in my hands
the wonderful key
that shall unclasp
and set me free.

Silently now
I wait for Thee

Ready my God

Thy will to see

Open my eyes
illumine me,

Spirit divine!

Clara Scott, 1895

Day 13

I love Jesus

Antonio Machado

---I love Jesus, who said to us:
Heaven and earth will pass away.
When heaven and earth have passed away,
my word will remain.
What was your word, Jesus?
Love? Forgiveness? Affection?
All your words were
one word: Wakeup.

Pray: Take Thou My Mind

William H. Foulkes 1918

Take Thou my mind
dear Lord
I humbly pray.

Give me
the mind of Christ
each passing day.

Teach me
to know the truth
that sets me free.

Grant me
in all my thoughts
to honor Thee.

Day 14

Is My Soul Asleep?

Antonio Machado

Is my soul asleep?
Have those beehives that labor
at night stopped? And the water-
wheel of thought,
is it dry, the cups empty,
wheeling, carrying only shadows?
No, my soul is not asleep,
It is awake, wide awake.
It neither sleeps nor dreams, but watches,
its clear eyes open,
far-off things, and listens
at the shores of the great silence.

Pray: Psalm 8

When I look at the stars,
the skies,
the heavens...

I think, "Who am I?"

Who am I that You

Creator of the ends of the universe

Notice me?

Think of me?

Care about me?

Who am I?

I am Yours.

Yours.

Yours.

Thank You...

Thank You...

Thank You...

For caring about me.

Day 15

The Scattered Congregation

Tomas Tranströmer

I

We got ready and showed our home
The visitor thought: you live well.
The slum must be inside you.

II

Inside the church, pillars and vaulting
white as plaster, like the cast
around the broken arm of faith.

III

Inside the church there's a begging bowl
that slowly lifts from the floor
and floats along the pews.

IV

But the church bells have gone underground.
They're hanging in the sewage pipes.
Whenever we take a step, they ring.

V

Nicodemus the sleepwalker is on his way
to the Address. Who's got the Address?
Don't know. But that's where we're going.

Pray: Just As I Am

Tossed about
with many conflicts
many doubts
just as I am
to You I come.

Fightings and fears
within and without
just as I am
to You I come.

You will receive
You will welcome
pardon cleanse relieve

just as I am
to You I come.

Your promise
I believe
just as I am
to You I come.

Just as I am
to You I come.

Charlotte Elliott 1834

Day 16

The Peace of Wild Things

Wendell Berry

When despair for the world grows in me
and I wake in the night at the least sound
in fear of what my life and my children's lives may be,
I go and lie down where the wood drake
rests in his beauty on the water, and the great heron feeds.

I come into the peace of wild things
who do not tax their lives with forethought
of grief. I come into the presence of still water.
And I feel above me the day-blind stars
waiting with their light. For a time
I rest in the grace of the world, and am free.

Pray: For the Beauty of The Earth

For the beauty
of Your earth
for the beauty
of Your skies
for the beauty
of Your love
which from my birth
over and around me lies...

Lord of all to You I raise
this my prayer of grateful praise.

For the beauty
of each hour

of the day
and of the night
hill and vale
tree and flower
sun and moon
stars of light...

Lord of all to You I raise
this my prayer of grateful praise.

Folliott Sanford Pierpoint 1864

Day 17

Psalm 23

from The Bay Psalm Book

The Lord to me a shepherd is,
Want therefore I shall not,
He in the folds of tender grass
Doth make me down to lie
To waters calm he gently leads
Restore my soul doth he
He doth in paths of righteousness
For his names sake lead me.
Yea though in valley of death's shade
I walk none ill I'll fear,
Because thou art with me, thy rod,
and staff my comfort are.
For me a table thou hast spread
In presence of my foes;
Thou dost annoint my head with oil
My cup it over-flows.
Goodness and mercy surely shall
All my days follow me;
And in the Lord's house I shall dwell
So long as days shall be.

Pray: Psalm 23

Lord,
You are my shepherd.

You guide me
down the right path,
to green pastures,

by quiet waters,
where You restore my soul.

I trust and am not afraid,
even in the darkest valley
where death seems all around
I trust and am not afraid
because You comfort me.

You prepare me a table,
You anoint my head,
You fill my cup.

I trust and am not afraid,
because in Your house
I will dwell forever.

Lord,
You are my shepherd.

Day 18

Joseph

Unknown

Joseph,
sitting at the bottom of a well,
cast there by his brothers,
listened ahead to the end
of his story.
Listeners like him,
travelers on the way,
understand success and
un-success both
as part of the story.
They are one.

Pray: Nearer My God to Thee

Nearer
my God
to Thee.

Nearer
my God.
to Thee.

Even though
it be a cross
that raiseth me,

Nearer
my God
to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams 1805-1848

Day 19

The Infinite a sudden guest

Emily Dickinson

The Infinite a sudden guest
Has been assumed to be,
But how can that stupendous come
Which never went away?

Pray: Immortal, Invisible, God only Wise

Immortal
Invisible
God only wise

In light
Inaccessible
Hid from my eyes

Most blessed
Most glorious
Ancient of Days

Almighty
Victorious

Your great name
I praise.

Walter Smith, 1876

Day 20

Reading Moby-Dick at 30,000 Feet Tony Hoagland

At this height, Kansas
is just a concept,
a checkerboard design of wheat and corn

no larger than the foldout section
of my neighbor's travel magazine.
At this stage of the journey

I would estimate the distance
between myself and my own feelings
is roughly the same as the mileage

from Seattle to New York,
so I can lean back into the upholstered interval
between Muzak and lunch,

a little bored, a little old and strange.
I remember, as a dreamy
backyard kind of kid,

tilting up my head to watch
those planes engrave the sky
in lines so steady and so straight

they implied the enormous concentration
of good men,
but now my eyes flicker

from the in-flight movie
to the stewardess's pantyline,
then back into my book,

where men throw harpoons at something
much bigger and probably
better than themselves,

wanting to kill it,
wanting to see great clouds of blood erupt
to prove that they exist.

Imagine being born and growing up,
rushing through the world for sixty years

at unimaginable speeds.

Imagine a century like a room so large,
a corridor so long
you could travel for a lifetime

and never find the door,
until you had forgotten
that such a thing as doors exist.

Better to be on board the Pequod,
with a mad one-legged captain
living for revenge.

Better to feel the salt wind
spitting in your face,
to hold your sharpened weapon high,

to see the glisten
of the beast beneath the waves.
What a relief it would be

to hear someone in the crew
cry out like a gull,
Oh Captain, Captain!
Where are we going now?

Pray: Take Me

God,

My heart is not large enough,
enlarge it.

My vision is not clear enough,
enlighten it.

My will is not tough enough,
strengthen it.

I can't get there on my own,
take me.

Day 21

The Three Kings

Muriel Spark

Where do we go from here?
We left our country,
Bore gifts,
Followed a star.
We were questioned.
We answered.
We reached our objective.
We enjoyed the trip.
Then we came back by a different way.
And now the people are demonstrating in the streets.
They say they don't need the Kings any more.
They did very well in our absence.
Everything was all right without us.
They are out on the streets with placards:
Wise Men? What's wise about them?
There are plenty of Wise Men,
And who needs them? -and so on.

Perhaps they will be better off without us,
But where do we go from here?

Pray: Isaiah 6:8

Here am I,
send me.

Day 22

This we have now

Rumi

This we have now is not imagination.

This is not grief or joy.

Not a judging state, or an elation, or sadness.

Those come and go.

This is the presence that doesn't.

Pray: For Everlasting Love

Henri Nouwen

Dear God,

I am so afraid
to open my clenched fists!

Who will I be when I have nothing left to hold on to?
Who will I be when I stand
before you with empty hands?

Please help me
to gradually open my hands
and to discover
that I am not what I own,
but what you want to give me.
And what you want to give me
is love,
unconditional,
everlasting love.
Amen.

Day 23

The Way It Is

William Stafford

There's a thread you follow. It goes among
things that change. But it doesn't change.
People wonder about what you are pursuing.
You have to explain about the thread.
But it is hard for others to see.
While you hold it you can't get lost.
Tragedies happen; people get hurt
or die; and you suffer and get old.
Nothing you do can stop time's unfolding.
You don't ever let go of the thread.

Pray: I Believe

I believe
You are real
though
I cannot
see You.

I believe
You are near
though
I cannot
sense You.

I believe
You care for me
though
I cannot
feel You.

Draw me closer
so that I may
see You,
feel Your presence,
sense Your love.

I believe,
Help my unbelief.

Day 24

A Message from the Wanderer

William Stafford

Today outside your prison I stand
and rattle my walking stick: Prisoners, listen;
you have relatives outside. And there are
thousands of ways to escape.

Years ago I bent my skill to keep my
cell locked, had chains smuggled to me in pies,
and shouted my plans to jailers;
but always new plans occurred to me,
or the new heavy locks bent hinges off,
or some stupid jailer would forget
and leave the keys.

Inside, I dreamed of constellations—
those feeding creatures outlined by stars,
their skeletons a darkness between jewels,
heroes that exist only where they are not.

Thus freedom always came nibbling my thought,
just as—often, in light, on the open hills—
you can pass an antelope and not know
and look back, and then—even before you see—
there is something wrong about the grass.
And then you see.

That's the way everything in the world is waiting.

Now—these few more words, and then I'm
gone: Tell everyone just to remember
their names, and remind others, later, when we
find each other. Tell the little ones
to cry and then go to sleep, curled up
where they can. And if any of us get lost,
if any of us cannot come all the way—
remember: there will come a time when
all we have said and all we have hoped
will be all right.

There will be that form in the grass.

Pray: God, Be

God,

be in my head
and in my understanding,

be in my eyes
and in my looking,

in my mouth
and in my speaking,

in my mind
and in my thinking,

at my end
and at my departing.

Day 25

Fishing in the Keep of Silence

Linda Gregg

There is a hush now while the hills rise up
and God is going to sleep. He trusts the ship
of Heaven to take over and proceed beautifully
as he lies dreaming in the lap of the world.
He knows the owls will guard the sweetness of the soul
in their massive keep of silence,
looking out with eyes open or closed over
the length of Tomales Bay that the herons
conform to, whitely broad in flight, white
and slim in standing. God, who thinks about
poetry all the time, breathes happily as He
repeats to Himself: there are fish in the net,
lots of fish this time in the net of the heart.

Pray: Lead Me to Life

Brihad-Aranyaka Upanishad

From the unreal,
lead me to the real.

From darkness,
lead me to light.

From death,
lead me to life.

Day 26

Simply Trust

Issa

Simply trust.
Do not the leaves flutter down,
just like that?

Pray: Jonah 2 (from inside the Great Fish)

I called out to You,
out of my deep distress,
and You answered me.

From the grave,
from deep darkness,
I cried, and You heard my voice.

You threw me into the deep,
You cast me into
the heart of the sea,
where the torrent surrounded me,
where Your surf,
Your waves,
crashed over me.

Then, I said, "I am lost,
out of even the sight
and presence of God.
I am truly alone."

The waters closed in over me.
The deep encompassed me.
Weeds wrapped around my head.
At the base of the mountains,
I fell into the deep where the darkness closed upon me.
I surrendered. Gone forever.

Yet, You pulled me
up from the Pit.
My Lord! My God!
As my life faded, vanished,
I remembered You!
My prayer came to You!
My voice entered into
Your holy presence,
where You heard me!

Salvation and deliverance
I am Yours.
This day, this moment, this instant
are all Yours.

Amen.

Day 27

I dwell in Possibility

Emily Dickinson

I dwell in Possibility--
A fairer House than Prose--
More numerous of Windows--

Superior--for Doors--

Of Chambers as the Cedars--
Impregnable of Eye--
And for an Everlasting Roof
The Gambrels of the Sky--

Of Visitors--the fairest--
For Occupation--This--
The spreading wide my narrow Hands
To gather Paradise—

Pray: Turn Me, O God

God,
come to me,
be near me,
with me.

Come
as water
and cleanse me.

Come
as fire
and refine me.

Come
as a spring
and refresh me.

Confront me.
Convert me.
Consecrate me.

Turn my heart,
and my life,
toward Your greater good.

Day 28

Your World

Georgia Douglas Johnson

Your world is as big as you make it
I know, for I used to abide

in the narrowest nest in a corner,
my wings pressing close to my side.

But I sighted the distant horizon
where the skyline encircles the sea
and I throbbed with a burning desire
to travel this immensity.

I battered the cordons around me
and cradled my wings on the breeze
then soared to the uttermost reaches
with rapture, with power, with ease.

Pray: Have Thine Own Way

Adelaide A. Pollard 1880

Have Thine own way Lord!
Have Thine own way!

You are the potter
I am the clay.

Mold me and make me
after Thy will
while I am waiting
yielded and still.

Have Thine own way Lord!
Have Thine own way!

Wounded and weary
help me I pray!

Power all power
surely is Thine!
Touch me and heal me
Savior divine!

Have Thine own way Lord!
Have Thine own way!

Day 29

Hope is the thing with feathers

Emily Dickinson

Hope is the thing with feathers
That perches in the soul,
And sings the tune without the words,
And never stops at all,

And sweetest in the gale is heard;
And sore must be the storm
That could abash the little bird
That kept so many warm.

I've heard it in the chilliest land,
And on the strangest sea;
Yet, never, in extremity,
It asked a crumb of me.

Pray: In You

Dietrich Bonhoeffer
(written while awaiting execution)

In me
there is darkness,
but with You
there is light.

I am lonely,
but You do not leave me.
I am feeble,
but You give me help.
I am restless,
but You give me peace.
In me there is bitterness,
but with You there is patience.

I do not understand Your ways.
but You are the way for me.

Restore me to liberty,
enable me to live free, now,
that I may answer before You,
and before me,
whatever this day may bring.

Your name be praised.

Day 30

Prayer

Galloway Kinnell

Whatever happens. Whatever
what is is what
I want. Only that. But that.

Yes

William Stafford.

It could happen any time, tornado,
earthquake, Armageddon. It could happen.
Or sunshine, love, salvation.

It could, you know. That's why we wake
and look out – no guarantees
in this life.

But some bonuses, like morning,
like right now, like noon,
like evening.

Pray: Matthew 6:9-13

My Father,
in heaven,
Hallowed is Your Name.

Your kingdom NOW.
Your will NOW.
in me
as in heaven,
in my home
as in heaven,
on earth
as in heaven,
in me
as in You.
NOW,
not tomorrow,
TODAY,
not later
NOW!

Day 31

Pax

D.H. Lawrence

All that matters is to be at one with the living God
to be a creature in the house of the God of Life.

Like a cat asleep on a chair
at peace, in peace
and at one with the master of the house, with the mistress,
at home, at home in the house of the living,
sleeping on the hearth, and yawning before the fire.

Sleeping on the hearth of the living world
yawning at home before the fire of life
feeling the presence of the living God
like a great reassurance
a deep calm in the heart
a presence
as of the master sitting at the board
in his own and greater being,
in the house of life.

Pray: Into Your Keeping

Margaret Cropper

Now, into Your keeping,
I give all doings of today.

All disappointments,
hindrances,
forgotten things,
negligences.

All gladness and beauty,
love,
delight,
achievement.

All that people
have done for me,
All that I have done for them,
All my work, and my prayers,

And I commit to You,
All the people I love,
to Your shepherding,
Your healing,
Your restoring,
Your calling,
Your making,
Your care.

Day 32

Paradise Lost

Erich Fried translated by Stuart Hood

When I had lost
my first country
and when in my second country
and in my place of refuge
and in my third country
and in my second place of refuge
I had lost everything
then I set out

to look for a land
that was not poisoned
by any memories
of irreplaceable losses

So I came to Paradise
there I found peace
Everything was whole and good
I lacked for nothing

Then a sentry
with a flaming sword
said: Pray: Get away
Here you have lost nothing'

Pray: Deliver Me

From the cowardice
that dare not face new truth,

From the laziness
that is contented with half truth,

From the arrogance

that thinks it knows all truth.

Good Lord,
deliver me!

Day 33

The Journey

Mary Oliver

One day you finally knew
what you had to do, and began,
though the voices around you
kept shouting
their bad advice--
though the whole house
began to tremble
and you felt the old tug
at your ankles.
"Mend my life!"
each voice cried.
But you didn't stop.
You knew what you had to do,
though the wind pried
with its stiff fingers
at the very foundations,
though their melancholy
was terrible.
It was already late
enough, and a wild night,
and the road full of fallen
branches and stones.
But little by little,
as you left their voices behind,
the stars began to burn
through the sheets of clouds,
and there was a new voice
which you slowly
recognized as your own,
that kept you company
as you strode deeper and deeper
into the world,
determined to do
the only thing you could do--
determined to save
the only life you could save.

Pray: Psalm 38

O Lord,
all my longing
is surely known to You,
all my sighing
cannot be hidden from You.

My heart throbs...
My strength fails...
The light of my eyes
is going out...

I am hurting,
and my pain is ever with me.

For You, O Lord,
I will wait.
In You, O Lord,
I will trust.

Do not forsake me,
Do not be so far from me,
Come closer to me,
Quickly!
Help me.
You, O Lord,
are my only hope.

Day 34

Search

Langston Hughes

All life is but the climbing of a hill
To seek the sun that ranges far beyond
Confused with stars and lesser lights anon,
And planets where the darkness reigneth still.

All life is but the seeking for that sun
That never lets one living atom die –
That flames beyond the circles of the eye
Where Never and Forever are as one.

And seeking always through this human span
That spreads its drift of years beneath the sky
Confused with living, goeth simple man
Unknowing and unknown into the Why –
The Why that flings itself beyond the Sun
And back in space to where Time was begun.

Pray: Precious Lord

Thomas A. Dorsey 1938

Precious Lord
take my hand
lead me on
help me stand.

I am tired.
I am weak.
I am worn.

Through the storm
through the night
lead me on
to the light.

When my way grows drear
precious Lord linger near.

When my life is almost gone...

hear my cry
hear my call
hold my hand
lest I fall.

Take my hand
precious Lord
lead me home.

Day 35

Riveted

Robyn Sarah

It is possible that things will not get better
than they are now, or have been known to be.

It is possible that we are past the middle now.
It is possible that we have crossed the great water
without knowing it, and stand now on the other side.
Yes: I think that we have crossed it. Now
we are being given tickets, and they are not
tickets to the show we had been thinking of,
but to a different show, clearly inferior.

Check again: it is our own name on the envelope.
The tickets are to that other show.

It is possible that we will walk out of the darkened hall
without waiting for the last act: people do.
Some people do. But it is probable
that we will stay seated in our narrow seats
all through the tedious dénouement
to the unsurprising end — riveted, as it were;
spellbound by our own imperfect lives
because they are lives,
and because they are ours.

Pray: As The Rain

Alistair MacLean

As the rain
hides the stars,
as the autumn mist
hides the hills,
as the clouds veil
the blue of the sky,
so the dark
happenings
of my life
hide the shining
of Your face
from me.

I am reaching out to You.

If You will let me
take hold of Your hand,
though I may stumble,
I will not fall,
because You,
unfailing,

never falter.

Day 36

A Great Pilgrimage

Kabir

I felt in need of a great pilgrimage
so I sat still for three
days

and God came
to me.

Pray: Guide Me

William Williams, 1745

Guide me
O Thou
Great Jehovah.

I am a pilgrim
in a barren land.

I am weak
but Thou art mighty.

Hold me

with Your
powerful hand.

Day 37

Lost

David Wagoner

Stand still. The trees ahead and bushes beside you
Are not lost. Wherever you are is called Here,
And you must treat it as a powerful stranger,
Must ask permission to know it and be known.
The forest breathes. Listen. It answers,
I have made this place around you.
If you leave it, you may come back again, saying Here.

No two trees are the same to Raven.
No two branches are the same to Wren.
If what a tree or a bush does is lost on you,
You are surely lost. Stand still. The forest knows
Where you are. You must let it find you.

Pray: Psalm 40

I waited for You,
and You heard my cry.
You picked me up
from the mire I was in,
from the bog that was my life.

You picked me up
and put me on solid ground.

You put a new song in my mouth,
a song of praise to You.

I will sing a new song,
for You,
to You,
because of You.

Day 38

Poem

Wendell Berry

Willing to die
you give up
your will, keep still
until, moved
by what moves
all else, you move.

Pray: John 12:27-28

Father,
my soul is troubled,
What shall I say?
“Save me from this hour?”

No.

Your purpose is lived out
in this moment.

For Your purpose,
I have come to this place,
this time,
this moment.

I,

Here,

Now,

for You.

Glorify Your Name
in me.

Day 39

Our journey had advanced

Emily Dickinson

Our journey had advanced.
Our feet were almost come
To that odd fork in Being's road
"Eternity" by term.

Our pace took sudden awe.
Our feet reluctant led.
Before were cities, but between
The forest of the dead.

Retreat was out of hope,
Behind, a sealed route,
"Eternity's" white flag before,
And God at every gate.

Pray: God Be With Me

God be with me,

before me,
behind me,
in me,
beneath me,
above me,
on my right,
on my left,
where I lie,
where I sit,
where I rise,
in my heart,
in my mouth,
in my ears,
in my eyes,

God be with me.

Day 40

I called through your door

Rumi

I called through your door,
“The prayerful ones
are gathering in the street.
Something huge is
happening.
Come out!”

You called back,
“Leave me alone.
I’m ill.”

I yell in return,
“I don’t care if you’re dead!
Come out!
Jesus is here.
And he wants
to resurrect somebody!”

Pray: How Great Thou Art

Carl Gustav Boberg 1885

English Version Stuart K. Hine 1953

O Lord my God
when I

in awesome wonder
consider
all the works
Thy hands have made

I see
the stars
I hear
the rolling thunder
Your power throughout
the universe displayed...

Then sings my soul
my Savior God
to Thee
how great Thou art!
how great Thou art!