# 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 Hammarskjold

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 occured 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 chillest 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

Gallaway Kinnell

Whatever happens. Whatever

what is 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!