

October 19, 2009

Bring us home

Bring us home, O Lord.

When our bodies ache, our minds fail, our cells turn against our very being—bring us home, O Lord, to your perfect healing of our mind, body and soul.

When we are angry and impatient with our brothers and sisters, when we are unfriendly to the stranger, when we harbor fears and resentments—bring us home, O Lord, to your perfect love.

When our money runs low, our homes are lost, our children go hungry—bring us home, O Lord, that we might have life and have it abundantly.

When we tolerate human suffering, ignore the plight of the foreigner, allow nation to rise up against nation—bring us home, O Lord, that we might live in your perfect peace.

There are sorrows we cannot speak, needs we cannot explain, and struggles we cannot admit. You who knit each one of us here into your divine image, you alone know those lonely quiet places in our soul where we long to know your grace. Bring us home, O Lord, that we might embrace your forgiveness to the depths of our being and live in the glory of your joy.

Eternal God, you created and formed us, breathed us into being, and sustain us with your love. So long as we have breath, let us give thanks to you.

Grant that we may lie down in peace and raise us up to life renewed, to friendship renewed, to one community in the Body of Christ—renewed.

Bring us home, O Lord. Bring us home.

Paul Mowry wrote this prayer for a worship service at First Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn Heights, New York.
