

Spring Prayer

Offered at a Sunday Potluck Gathering

Richard A. Rhem
May 4, 2008

Prepared text of the prayer

Let us be consciously in the Presence of that Holy Mystery
in which we live and move and have our being.
Source, Guide, and Goal of all that is,
Spirit enlivening the whole of the cosmic drama
in a gracious embrace,
we pause
in these moments, conscious that our lives are gift,
recognizing we are not
the authors of the amazing reality into which our lives are woven,
a tapestry of light and shadow,
of moving tenderness and unspeakable brutality.

In these uneven days of May—
storm and sun, chill and balmy breeze —
spring's beauty will not be denied;
The delicate dogwood of cascading whiteness;
Fruit trees a burst of blossom;
The brilliant splash of yellow from
sundrenched forsythia;
Dancing daffodils unfazed by
evening chill or morning frost;
The budding green of trees, so lately
but a network of
black, bony branches reaching heavenward,
pleading to be clothed.

We live with wonder before it all.
We think to ourselves — What a wonderful world!
Gratitude fills our being as we contemplate it all —
The mystery of life
The adventure of being,
The challenge of engaging in the creative process,
The joy of discovery, the thrill of awareness —
and a sense of a Presence, present to us
in the presence of another with human face;
Gratitude and joy well up within us.

Wonder, Mystery, all about us if we have
eyes to see, ears to hear;
if for a moment we pause, fully conscious, fully aware,
attentive to the Reality into which our lives are woven,
a marvel we can never fully take in.
Yet, now and then, O God, we get a glimpse of the grandeur of it all and
know ourselves to be a living part of the Whole,
bringing to the emerging wonder
a consciousness –
self-consciousness, consciousness of the other,
the dawning of communion, the foundation of community.
And still the mystery deepens;
in the consciousness of ourselves and of the other,
we find ourselves in the presence of Mystery –
indeed, in Your Presence, O God, Mystery of Being,
mystery of our being,
of our being together.

Eternal God, gathered as we are today,
we experience such a kaleidoscope of emotions:
the joy of being with friends with whom we have gathered
on the first day of the week for so many years;
the joy of experiencing for these moments community
as we have known it in days gone by;
and then, to be honest, a certain sadness
because we become acutely aware that, gathered as we are,
we yet sense we are misplaced persons.

As lovely as is this space,
It is not the sacred space we grew to love over all those years,
replete with cross and font and pulpit,
adorned with banner and hangings, telling us the
time on the calendar of sacred time.

Nonetheless, we are gathered and where your people gather,
there you are in the midst of them and we know your Presence
in the presence of one another.

Deep Source of our lives and mystery of our being,
gathered as we are,
heal our hurt, assuage our grief, and fill us with grace –
grace to bless and affirm and wish well
that community of which we were once a part;
a community to which some here still belong,
a community of some with whom we gathered over long years,
a community growing with many whose names and faces

are unfamiliar to us –

Continue to make Christ Community a place of integrity, freedom, courage
and spiritual adventure. Bless those who lead in their respective roles;
make them instruments of your peace and prosper them in their ongoing journey.

And for ourselves we pray –
grateful for the richness of experience of the community we have shared,
we celebrate all we have known together;
we celebrate your abundant Grace that together we have tasted –

And now, Liberating God, free us from all negativity, any remaining
remnant of anger, all holding on to what is no more –
Grace us, O good and gracious God –
With fresh experience, hope reborn and love abounding.
We know afresh, we believe anew –
All will be well
All will be well
All manner of things will be well –
O Lord, hear our prayer
In the name of the One who taught us to pray....