Opening Prayers

Beloved God, source of all life, of all that is good and beautiful, we are in awe of your absolute steadfastness, your unmoveable constancy in our world, of you being God, being Love, yesterday, today and always. You are alpha and omega, beginning and end, and everything in between. Just as you put every puzzle piece of our universe together to create a perfect masterpiece, the intricate and intimate workings of your fingers put each one of us together. You know us, so deeply. You feel with us, so deeply. You see us, so so deeply.

You see our woundedness, our broken hearts, our grief and loss. You see our fears and anxieties. You see the suffering and injustices in the world. You see the blindness of too many to this suffering and injustice. You see each one of us as son and daughter.

God the Healer, we thank you that that deep seeing of us translates into transformation, albeit sometimes slow, as we realise you are on the journey with us. Your tenderness gives us the space to strip ourselves bare, to then allow you to wrap your cloak of restoration around us. You free us from the demons inside us- the ones that tell us we are not enough, that we are not loved, that we are not worthy, that we are not sacred, that we are just a blind beggar sitting on the roadside- and instead you give us a divine vision of our wholeness. You fill our empty cups with an overflowing from your fountain of Love, and you infiltrate our loneliness with an inescapable nearness and a closeness that extends from the depths of the oceans, to the heights of the heavens.

We thank you that you walk with us, as we navigate the wreckage that is so much of the world today, and allow us to be broken and confused, unwhole and wounded, and to not have all the answers. Thank you that in the times we experience the dark night of the soul, you are there to restore, and cleanse, and bring light to our deadened souls.
We acknowledge our need for mercy. Perhaps if we truly linger in Silence, we might hear the footsteps of Jesus, and call out to him, and connect with the Mystery of the Beloved. We might abandon ourselves into the ever-waiting arms of Love, surrendering to Love's healing grace. We might feel the touch of Love on our eyes and see again. We might delight in your perfect Divine gaze, and as you make all things new, reflect your gaze of mercy and love onto others.

God the Healer, may it be so! Amen.