Opening Prayers

In the stillness of the early morning, as the darkness of night makes way for the rays of a new dawn as the birds call us to the start of another day as the flowers unfurl their petals and stretch their necks out to the glow of the sun after a night's rest, we breathe in the crisp freshness of Life. We marvel that the tiniest of insects to the most majestic of mountains are a gift from your creative hands of Love. No words are needed, as the oceans, the skies, the rocks and the plains silently, and yet not silently, declare your abundant glory and grace. Everything, you composed in perfect harmony with each other, to create the great incomprehensible and delightful symphony that is our universe. And into this beautiful symphony of shalom, you birthed us to be your instruments, living and moving and having our being as One, with you the great Conductor, and with each other, and with every living thing Whilst you knit us together with the deepest of care and tenderness, you also threaded us together with each and every other person around us, with all parts of creation, and you stitched us tightly into the depths of your ever loving heart.

Remind us of our oneness. Of our interconnectedness. That if one thread between us comes undone, we will all start to unravel. That without one another, we will, in fact, be incomplete. Open our eyes, again and again, to your infinite Flow of Love in all. Not just those we deem deserving of it, but in all- the wounded, the bitter, the power-hungry, the angry, the bigoted, the doubting, the unforgiving. Forgive us for when we have tried to hoard your grace and mercy for ourselves, rather than being your vessels in sharing the good news of your overflowing abundance of love and forgiveness. Forgive us when our own hidden faults, our own illusions, insecurities and fears have blinded us from seeing you in others. Seeing you in your creation. Seeing you, at all. Forgive us when we have not been willing to hear. Teach us to listen deeply to each other. To the unspoken words of your creation crying out in pain. For your still, small, guiding voice. In the silence of that deep listening, may we freely and fully surrender to Love. Perfect Love that restores the soul. Love that endures forever. And as we are being held by the eternal arms of Love, perhaps, by your grace, we may realise that you are hidden in us, every single one of us, and us in you, and that it has always been so. We have always been One, with you, with one another, with the soil, the air, the waters, with all. What an indescribable gift. May this awaken in us a new compassion and transform us to a different way of living that is lifegiving and is not deathly. May we embrace our oneness and interconnectedness. May we hold onto the threads that beautifully intertwine us, and may we, your instruments, make eternal music in your ears. Amen.