

The background features a delicate, watercolor-style illustration of various plants. At the top, there are sprigs of leaves and a fluffy, seed-like plant. On the left, a single white flower with a yellow center is prominent, along with several fern fronds. On the right, more leafy sprigs are visible. The bottom of the page is filled with a dense arrangement of ferns and other foliage. A light beige rectangular box is centered on the page, containing the main text.

welcome to the prayer walk

We pray your time here is meaningful and life-giving. Over the course of the prayer stations you'll read some prayers to help you practice the presence of God throughout your day and even in the quiet, mundane ordinary moments. Please allow these words to lead you to a deeper communion with your Creator who sees you, who knows you, and who loves you deeply.

*These prayers are adapted from "Every Moment Holy"
by Douglas Kaine McKelvey*



*As children of the Living God,
we know our Father's greatest desire for us today.
That we would love our eternal King
with all our hearts,
with all our souls,
with all our minds
and with all our strength.*

*We desire to show you this love by
remembering you at all times,
by cultivating thankfulness for Your many blessings,
and trusting Your good providence
for the meeting of our needs.
By loving all whose lives intersect with our own.
By choosing to serve rather than to be served,
to be wounded rather than to wound,
and by bearing patiently with the failings of others,
extending the same kindness, mercy, and compassion
that God in Christ has so graciously offered us.*

*We open our hearts anew to you this day.
O Lord, that the love of the Father
and the life of Christ
and the breath of the Spirit
would quicken within us a greater affection
for your ways.*

Work your will within us, Lord Christ.

A PRAYER FOR OUR DAY



A PRAYER

*O Christ who made Himself the
Servant of all,*

*I would set my heart and my affections upon you -
and upon you alone - for I can only serve others rightly
when such service is undertaken from first to last
as an act of devotion offered to you.*

*In serving you, I am freed from my need for the praise of
others, for I know that you have received and remembered
each act of sacrifice, and reckoned it as a love rendered to You.*


*So let my love be sincere,
and let my service be fearless, O Lord.*

*I would serve in imitation of you, who poured out your life for
me. I would serve knowing that your spirit is ever at work in
the lives of those I serve, ever calling, ever drawing,
ever seeking to soften hearts encased in fear and
disappointment and anger and idolatry.*

*I cannot know the end of another's story.
Our lives so often only briefly intersect.
So let me be content to minister regardless of
visible outcomes, trusting that the small mercies I extend
will be woven into the larger theme of redemption at work in
the lives of others as you woo them to yourself,
and shaping my own heart too in this process of learning to
serve well and to love well.*

Amen.

FOR SERVING



*In a world so wired and interconnected,
our anxious hearts are pummeled by an endless barrage
of troubling news. We are daily aware of more grief, O
Lord, than we can rightly consider, of more suffering and
scandal than we can respond to, of more hostility, hatred,
horror, and injustice than we can engage with compassion.*

*When the cacophony of universal distress unsettles us,
remind us that we are but small and finite creatures,
never designed to carry the vast abstractions of great
burdens, for our arms are too short and our strength is
too small. Justice and mercy, healing and redemption, are
YOUR great labors.*

*Guard us then from shutting down our empathy or
walling off our hearts because of the surplus of misery
that floods our awareness. Move each of our hearts to
compassionately respond to those needs that intersect
our actual lives. Grant us discernment to know when to
pray, when to speak out, when to act, and when to simply
shut off our screens, and to sit quietly in your presence.*

*We cast the burdens of this world
upon the strong shoulders of the
One who alone is able to bear them.*

Amen.

WHEN WE KNOW TOO MUCH

A PRAYER FOR

OUR DOUBTS

*I pray that my heart was ever strong, O Lord,
my faith always firm and unwavering,
my thoughts unclouded,
my devotion sincere,
my vision clear.*

But it is not always so.


*There are those moments, as now, when I cannot sense
you near, cannot hear you, see you, touch you -
times when fear or frustration or depression overwhelm,
and I find no help or consolation, when the seawalls of my
faith crumble and give way to intruding tides of doubt.*

And so, Jesus, I do now the only thing I know to do.

*Here I drag my heavy heart again into this cleared and
desolate space, to see if you will meet me in my place of
doubt. To seek your face, knowing that when I plead for
proof, what I most need is your presence.*

*O Chnst, let my doubts never compel me to hide my
face from you. Let them rather arise as questions
to begin holy conversations. Invert these doubts,
turning them to be invitations to be present,
to be honest, to seek you, to cry out to you,
to bring my heart fully into the struggle rather
than seek to numb it.*

WHEN OUR DESIRES ARE DISORDERED




*Jesus, here I am again,
desiring a thing
that were I to indulge in it
would war against my own heart,
and the hearts of those I love.*

*O Chnst, rather let my life be thine!
Take my desires. Let them be subsumed in still greater desire for
you, until there remains no room for these lesser cravings.*

*In this moment I might choose to indulge a fleeting hunger, or I
might choose to love you more. Refashion my desires according to
the better designs of your love.*

*Given the choice of shame or glory,
let me choose glory.
Given the choice of this moment or eternity
let me choose in this moment what is eternal
Given the choice of this easy pleasure or the harder way of the cross,
give me the grace to choose to follow you,
knowing there is nowhere apart from your presence
where I might find the peace I long for,
no lasting satisfaction apart from your reclamation of my heart.*



A PRAYER

O Great Architect of These Intricate Heavens,

*How limitless the creative power of the One
who first scattered the starfields
as a sower flinging bright seeds.*

*How fathomless the thoughts of the One
who named and remembers each burning star,
and who also names and remembers each of us.*

*In such holy wonders,
baptize our imaginations,
that we might be a people shaped
by awe at your eternal power,
and a people moved to worship
by revelations of your divine nature.*

*Awaken our hearts now to beat
in rhythm to the dance of your creation.
Tune our ears to hear the songs
of stars in their trillion-fold choruses
bearing witness to your glory, your power.*

*So let us be stirred, O Lord, by the beauty of your creation,
lifting our thoughts to you, our Maker,
and to the vast and beautiful infinitude of your designs.*

*Awaken our adoration in this place
Where we are so very small -
and yet so greatly loved.*

OF AWE + WONDER

A PRAYER FOR WEeping

*There is so much lost in this world, O Lord,
so much that aches and groans and shivers
for want of redemption, so much that seems
dislocated, unhinged - even in our own hearts.*

*Is it any wonder we should weep sometimes?
For we feel this.*

*We who are your children feel this empty space where
some lost thing should have rested in its perfection.*

*O Lord, how can we not weep,
when waking each day in this vale of tears?
How can we not feel those pangs, when we,
wounded by others, so soon learn to wound as well,
and in the end wound ourselves?
We grieve what we cannot heal and
we grieve our half-belief.*

*And yet,
there is somewhere in our tears,
a hope still kept.*

*Let our tears anoint those broken things,
and let our grief be as their consecration -
a preparation for their promised redemption,
our sorrow sealing them for that day
when you will take the ache of all creation,
and turn it inside out.*

