

We come to you in prayer on this January day, our God, and acknowledge that sometimes we let our hearts grow cold and dark.

In the cold, dim winter, your light is hard to see. But we long to hear your message and to unfold our hearts.

So come like the wind through our lives. Brush away the clutter that keeps us from reaching out to meet you.

O God, in this season that seems, to our eyes, full of illness and uncertainty, worry and darkness, we long for your presence. We long for our hearts to be awakened to hope and passion, like new shoots that are waiting to break forth in spring.

We remember the times you have come and found us before, the times you have taken the ordinary moments in our lives and made them extraordinary.

When our souls were dry, you were there.

You said come to the water,  
and there it was, the water that baptized and renewed us.

When there was no bread, you were there.  
You said feed one another, and there it was, enough, filling and strong.

And when there was no love, you were there.  
You said touch, and there we were, our hands looking like yours.

Let us remember these moments often enough and deeply enough to remind those who are ill, to comfort those who grieve, to offer one another signs of hope.

Re-fill our energy for your work of compassion, and for your love of this world.

Come among us as you have so many times before, like the wind that moves among us,  
Bending us until we are bowed down, swept clean.

Until we are fully yours, transformed so that this world may also be transformed.

We pray in the name of the one who came so that we might see you clearly, and in the words he taught us to speak together:

Our Father...