

..a prayer of longing to open to the Earth-maker, Pain-bearer, Life-giver ..

God of little buds now wearing green sleeves,
God of lilac limbs all full with signs of flowering,
God of fields plowed and black with turned-over earth,
God of screeching baby bird mouths widely awaiting food,

God of openness, of life, and of resurrection,
Come into this season and bless me.
Look around the tight, dead spaces of my heart
That still refuse to give you an entrance.

Bring your gentle but firm love.
Begin to lift the layers of resistance
That hang on tightly deep inside of me.

Open, one by one, those places in my life
Where I refuse to be overcome by surprise.
Open, one by one, those places in my heart
Where I fight the entrance of real growth.
Open, one by one, those aspects of my spirit
Where my security struggles with the truth.

Keep me open to the different and the strange;
Help me to accept the unusual and also the ordinary;
Never allow me to tread on others' dreams
By shutting them out, closing them up,
By turning them off or pushing them away.

God of the Resurrection, God of the living,
Untomb and uncover all that needs to live in me.
Take me to people, events and situations
And stretch me into much greater openness.

Open me. Open me. Open me.
For it is only then that I will grow and change.
For it is only then that I will be transformed.
For it is only then that I will know how it is
To be in the moment of rising from the dead.

~ Joyce Rupp in *May I have this dance?*

