

Mystic Britain Prayers and Reflection - Week 9

Ask, and it will be given you; search and you will find; knock and the door will be opened for you.

Matt. 7:7

Walking in Devon and Cornwall will bring us to historic places, from villages featured in Agatha Christie novels, to ancient churches, to even more ancient Tintagel, pausing to linger at each place, feeling the sacredness there, listening in silence and remembering that God is with us every step of the way.

Give thanks to God who brings us to each point in our lives, to where we are now, knowing that we are loved just as we are.

This is the day the Lord has made. Let us rejoice and be glad in it!

God of faithful surprises, throughout the ages you have made known your love and power in unexpected ways and places: May we daily perceive the joy and wonder of your abiding presence and offer our lives to you in gratitude. Amen.

Psalm 139:1-18

Lord, you have searched me out and known me.
You know my sitting down and my rising up; you discern my thoughts from afar.
You trace my journeys and my resting-places and are acquainted with all my ways.
Indeed, there is not a word on my lips, but you, O Lord, know it altogether.
You press upon me behind and before and lay your hand upon me.
Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is so high that I cannot attain to it.
Where can I go then from your Spirit?
Where can I flee from your presence?
If I climb up to heaven, you are there; if I make the grave my bed, you are there also.
If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea,
even there your hand will lead me and your mighty hand hold me fast.
If I say, "Surely the darkness will cover me, and the light around me turn to night."
Darkness is not dark to you; the night is as bright as the day;
darkness and light to you are both alike.
For you yourself created my inmost parts; you knit me together in my mother's womb.
I will thank you because I am marvellously made; your works are wonderful, and I know it well.
My body was not hidden from you,
while I was being made in secret and woven in the depths of the earth.
Your eyes beheld my limbs, yet unfinished in the womb;
all of them were written in your book;
they were fashioned day by day, when as yet there was none of them.
How deep I find your thoughts, O God!
How great is the sum of them!
If I were to count them, they would be more in number than the sand;

to count them all, my life span would need to be like yours.

silence

Creating God, you looked at everything you made and called it good.
Give me eyes to see the world as you see it – with delight and love and compassion.

offers your thanksgivings and intercessions.

I pray in the name of Jesus, with the words he gave us:

Our Father in heaven, hallowed by your name,
your kingdom come, your will be done, on earth as in heaven.
Give us today our daily bread.
Forgive us our sins as we forgive those who sin against us.
Save us from the time of trial, and deliver us from evil.
For the kingdom, the power, and the glory are yours,
now and forever. Amen.