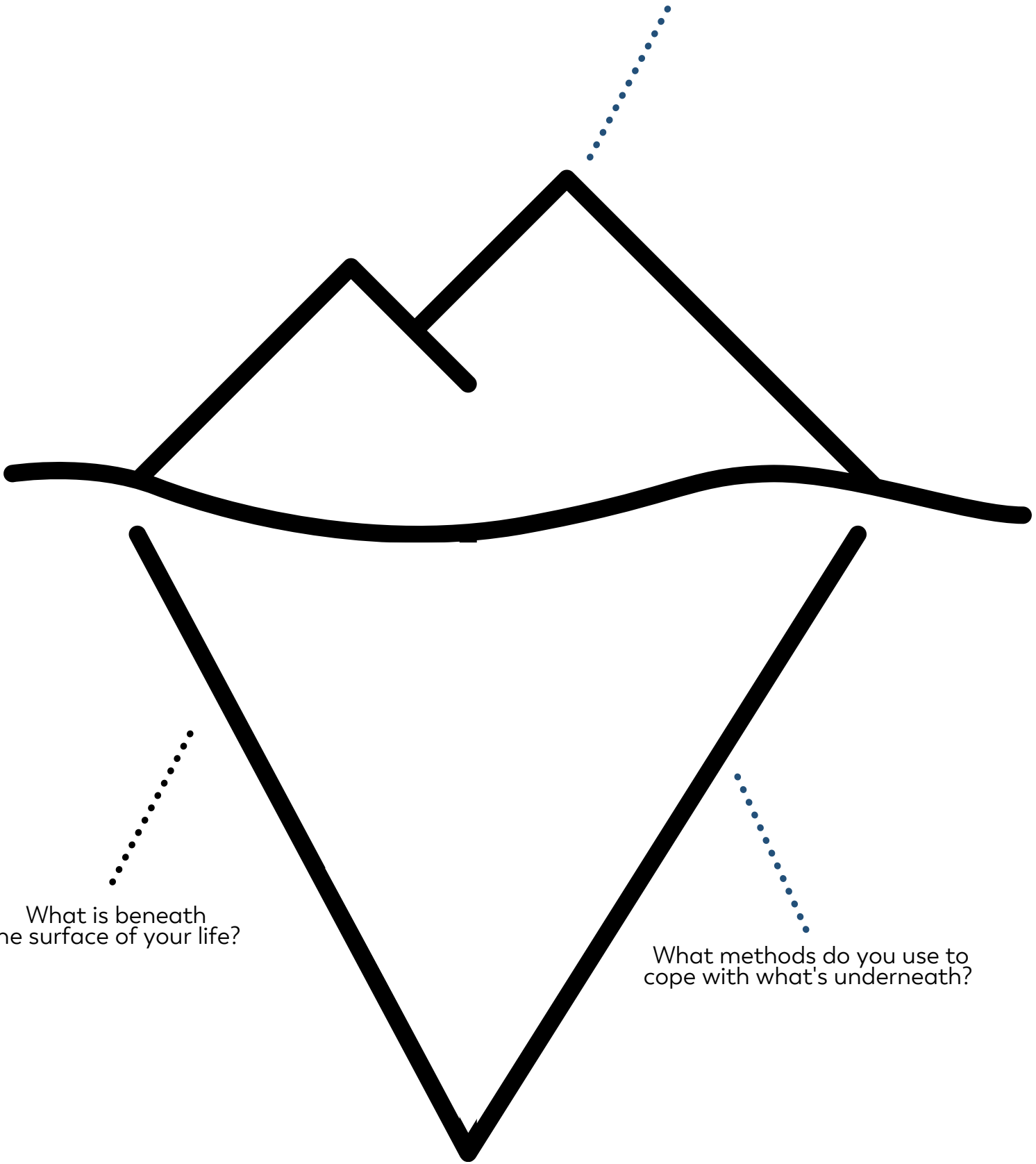


How do things appear on the surface?



What is beneath the surface of your life?

What methods do you use to cope with what's underneath?

Holy One,
there is something I wanted to tell you
but there have been errands to run
bills to pay, meetings to attend,
friends to entertain,
washing to do...
and I forget what it is I wanted to say to you,
and mostly I forget what I'm about,
or why.
O God, don't forget me, please, for the sake of
Jesus Christ."

O Father in Heaven, perhaps you've already heard
what I wanted to tell you,
What I wanted to ask is, forgive me, heal me,
increase my courage, please.
Renew in me a little of love and faith, and a sense
of confidence, and a vision of what it might mean
to live as though you were real, and I mattered, and
everyone was sister and brother

What I wanted to ask in my blundering way is
don't give up on me,
don't become too sad about me,
but laugh with me,
and try again with me,
and I will with you, too.

Ted Loder, Guerillas of Grace