Singing Soul

God of all –

Our days are short, 
the hours, brief. 
The world is fast, loud, and shifting.

Time whirls and celebrations arise. 
Crisis’s too, bubble up into endless hours. 
Our pressing call, to help and calm. 
Time is what God gives.

As the days and months churn, 
new events burst on the scene, 
need for help is present, beckoning, and persisting.

May we, with our perspective and behaviors, 
gifts and experience, 
turn our eyes, ears, and hearts to you 
as we care for the infirm and ill.

As the days emerge, 
fresh and new 
may our efforts be that of Your hands, 
Your heart, and intention.

Your depth and meaning we cannot ignore, 
giving breath to our past, and allowing 
each new hour, Our soul to sing.

Amen.

By Debby Bradley