

Prayers for Weekdays

Sunday

Lord of the morning, I awake to this new day with all of its possibilities, its uncertainties, its many faces, and its underlying mystery. May your strength enable me to move through this day free of anger or bitterness, so that when I meet my neighbour or encounter the stranger, I may recognize your face.

Monday

Thanks be to you, O God, for the sun's rising on this day.
May the sun shine bright on my road, that I may step over the mud, the trap and the pit.
May the sun shine bright on my neighbour, that I may see how to help.
May the sun shine bright on my field, that I may have abundance to share.
May the sun shine bright on my feet, that I may dance for joy to your music.

Tuesday

God the true Healer, as the day opens, open me to your healing
As I open my eyes, O God, heal my blindness
As I open my ears, O God, heal my deafness
As I open my hands, O God, heal my grasping
As I open my stride, O God, heal my lameness
As I open my mind, O God, heal my captivity
As I open my mouth, O God, heal my hunger with true bread,
my thirst with living water, my need with your flesh and blood
As I open my heart, O God, heal me with your deepest wound

Wednesday

Lord, may I walk with a high heart, always delighting in where I am, yet always willing to move forward to greater joys.

Thursday

Lord Jesus, whose power ruled over the Sea of Galilee,
Teach me to trust in your power not only when the wind is fierce
and the seas are high and my boat is being driven beyond my
control,
But also when the wind is calm and the seas are dead and my boat
is drifting uselessly.

Friday

Morning has broken,
like morning in Eden, when the stars sang;
like morning at Bethel, on a dreaming exile;
like morning in Bethlehem, woken by a baby;
like morning at the empty tomb, as a stone rolls aside;
For the morning star rises, day dawns, and God's light shines
in the dark places of my heart
in the dark places of my life
in the dark places of this world
For ever.

Saturday

O God, Father, Son, Spirit, ever One, May I hear your voice
In the crashing of the wave, In the rippling of the stream, In the
rustling of the leaf
In the screaming of the gull, In the barking of the dog, In the
laughing of the child
In the weeping of the mother, In the chattering of the lonely, In the
silence of the empty chair
In the quiet of the growing grass, In the shadow of the moon, In the
sunrise of the future
In the yearning of all life, all love,
Of all that God, Father Son and Spirit, creates.
May I hear the Spirit and the Bride say, Come!
May I answer, I come, Lord Jesus!