

a prayer by Margaret Reeson

*Lord, I have never travelled this way before.
I don't recognise this track at all.
Road signs are twisted and unreadable.
I have no idea where it is leading.
Please shine some light on my path and if that is not possible just now, please hold my hand
in the dark.*

*Lord, my friends have never travelled this way before.
They are stumbling along just as I am.
They ask a neighbour for directions, but
'Sorry, I am a stranger here myself', they say.
Please hold my friends and this community in your safe embrace, even when I cannot offer a
hug.*

*Lord, our church leaders have never travelled this way before.
There is no simple roadmap, no precedent to follow.
They long to give reassurance and a word from you
But the familiar ways of connecting are being taken away each day.
Please give our church leaders hearts of love, spirits of grace and minds of deep wisdom.*

*Lord, our national leaders and decision makers have never travelled this way before.
Crushing responsibilities have suddenly landed on them without warning.
Everywhere they turn they are faced with another crisis, another catastrophe.
They are isolated from international support as every nation is struggling.
Please give all those in authority the wisdom to listen to the very best advice and to act
responsibly for the wellbeing of this whole besieged nation.*

*Lord, as we all blunder along in uncertainty and anxiety,
We give thanks for beautiful autumn weather, for clean air, for water in our taps, a roof over
our head, the benefits of electricity, telephones and the internet, for food on our table.
We give thanks for time to read, and listen to music, and create craft and quilts and books
and photography, and to make art.
Speak to our hearts in this strangest Lenten period we have ever lived.*

Amen