

Pastoral Prayer  
April 28, 2019

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Gracious and Revealing God,

Though the hills are humming with swelling buds and the fields and lawns have greened, the cold of spring can be more chilling than the storms of winter. For weeks it seems we have awakened hopeful yet again and the jacket on the peg-- only to shiver through the day and turn our backs to the wind. One sunny day thrown in teases our spirits alive only to be dashed by rain at dawn.

Still strong in spirit--undefeated and even defiant--some part the cold, damp earth and plant a row of spinach, peas or lettuce and blow a hot blessing on such a foolish act. Others, seasoned by experience and past failures, chide those who sow and warn that nothing will come of planting early, that only warm soil frees the seeds.

Here is what we are thankful for today, dear God, that even when our hearts are cold and tight, clamped shut like clam shells beneath the sand of sorry circumstance and turbulent seas, even then--mostly then--you too plant seeds of hope. So that when all seems lost, when storms do not abate and hardship persists day after day, you call us out of ourselves, out of our shells to feel warmth in the gentle touch of someone's hand on our cheek, to know joy in child's embrace, to find you alive in the world, preparing a place for us. But you call us not only to receive but to give; you call us with birdsong and flowers, with spring fever and lengthening days, with music and stars and rushing streams, you try so hard to stir our souls, we cannot help but be thankful.

And so we venture forth to find you, sprung from the tomb, working miracles in simple lives day after day. Amen.