

Psalm 23 Redux

This I know:
My life is in your hands.
I have nothing to fear.

I stop,
breathe,
listen.

Beneath the whirl of what is
Is a deep down quiet place.
You beckon me to tarry there.

This is the place
where unnamed hungers
are fed, the place
of clear water,
refreshment.

My senses stilled,
I drink deeply,
at home
in timeless territory.

In peril, I remember:
Death's dark vale holds no menace.
I lean into You;
Your eternal presence comforts me.
I am held tenderly.

In the midst of all that troubles,
That threatens and diminishes,
You set abundance before me.
You lift my head; my vision clears.
The blessing cup overflows.

This I know:
You are my home and my hope,
my strength and my solace,
and so shall You ever be.

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Sometimes Pain sweeps over me

Lord
Sometimes pain sweeps over me-
pain of limbs, pain of heart.
There is heaviness in movement and thought.
But why am I telling you this?
You already know and are bearing it with me-
Enabling me to carry on-
Blessing me with you strength and love.

Joyce Clarke in
A Book of Blessings Ruth Burgess 2001 Wild
Goose Worship