Prayers in dark times





Prayers in dark times

blessed are you who walk the scorching beaches and shelter in the ocean brushing burning embers God beside you

blessed are you who weep with grief and sorrow and bear an ashen image of a life of green and growing God beside you

blessed are you
who face the firestorm's fury
and volunteer for danger
companions in the battle
God beside you

blessed are you who work to bring together the rallied deeds of angels and shape a place of respite God beside you

blessed are you
who set a bowl of water
in the wilderness of burning
to care for little creatures
God beside you

who wait with calm and coping engage in patient listening approach with wine and welcome cook for crowds of strangers clothe and house your neighbours pray for rest and rainfall God beside you

Rev Jennie Gordon





God of darkness You must be the god of darkness Because if you are not, who else can we turn to? Turn to us now. Turn to us. Turn your face to us. Because it is dark here. And we are in need. We are people in need. We can barely remember our own truth, and if you too have forgotten, then we are without a hope of a map. Turn to us now. Turn to us. Turn your face to us. Because you turned towards us in the dark and beautiful body of incarnation. You turned towards us. Amen.

Pádraig Ó Tuama





Prayers in dark times

This blackness of landscape

as if a fire had passed through

with no echo of water in the dumb silence

there is though the fear a sun, a ball of glow

just above a horizon waiting for a breath

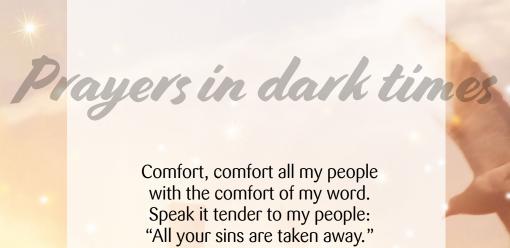
waiting for a change of wind waiting for a cool voice

just to say something

Rory Harris







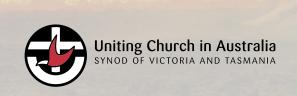
Though our land is burned and blackened, rooves & walls beyond repair Animals are lost or homeless comfort, comfort!

Volunteers throughout the country serving, weary, giving all helping strangers, friends & neighbours comfort, comfort!

Though our houses have been taken memories, treasures lost & gone one destroyed but one is standing comfort, comfort!

Still so much has been defended next-door-heroes risk their lives every deed will be remembered comfort, comfort!

Robin Mann





Prayers in dark times

The wound so deep
- a grey-green jagged shard of pain
rips through my soul,
my heart,
my very brain.

The world stands still
-so much unreal
imagination;
I crumple
on a desert isle of disbelief
spinning wildly
powerless desperation;
I wonder weakly
'Where is God in this
-in this insane configuration?
My God, can I believe
you know,
or care at all?'

A cloud of silence
-mother's milk of love
descends,
permeates and stills my soul.
"My child,
I share your pain
and weep beside you.
I am your comfort,
ever-present strength
in all of this.
"Lean on me now
-release your burden
and I will hold you
lest you fall."

Written by Jean Mayers during the 2009 Victorian bushfires.



