

As the Mist

(Emily Walker)

As the mist in cooler season
makes a threshold out of dawn,
stretching into deeper silence
midst the fog through which we're drawn
out into the morning sunlight,
there it calls our hearts to pray
for the hope of peace and freedom
leading to a better day.

For God's people all are welcome
here to touch the verdant green,
even if from where they've travelled
and they're going is not seen;
liminal and spacious doorways
where there's no condition giv'n
make for prayerful, honest living,
pointing all the way to heav'n.

Prayer has risen in this chapel
out of silence, out of song.
For where two or three are gathered
honest prayer can speak no wrong.
Jesus calls us to be truthful
in our hearts and in our words,
in our silence, and our actions,
for in all this we are heard.

If we cannot see tomorrow
and the past has come and gone,
there is light here in the present,
light enough for everyone.
And we need not come expectant
of an answer to our prayer.
But to breathe our deepest yearnings
is to meet God everywhere.