



Theme artwork by
LaCount Anderson

Lent at Lakeside:
My Heart as Sanctuary
My Life as Prayer
Devotion for
Holy Saturday,
March 31, 2018

My Life as Prayer
By Jody Wright

It was a Prayer they nailed to the cross,
a living,
breathing,
bleeding,
dying Prayer.

It was a Prayer
that spoke honestly
the fear of abandonment
and the doubt of Fatherly commitment.

It was a Prayer that winced
at the thrust of a spear.
It wept
at the brokenness of a mother's heart.
It rallied because of a brother's love.

Though mocked as vain and empty,
the Prayer breathed forgiveness
to the soldiers dividing its clothes
and hope
to the thief on his right.

It was a Prayer that sighed
beneath the weight of the world
and became silence.

Long ago the Prayer had breathed
over the warm vapors
of a yet-unborn world.
Happy, hopeful, creative sighs became
light and darkness,
day and night,
seasons and sand dollars,
pines and petunias,
robins and raptors,
dogs and donkeys,
fish and farmers,
wanderers and wonderers.

The Prayer tickled
the hearts and minds
of the farmers and wanderers and wonderers
who searched for the source of the words.
"Yahweh, Elohim,"
the Prayer whispered:
The Lord God.

For years and years and more and more years,
the Prayer danced around campfires,
cried at weddings,
sang at funerals,
laughed at sunshine
and embraced the rain.

But the farmers and soldiers
and carpenters and weavers
sometimes ignored the Prayer.
The wanderers and the wonderers
sometimes listened to other whispers.
The Prayer did not always give what they asked.
It often asked more than they would give.

So the Prayer said a single,
simple word:
Jesus.
And the ones who listened heard, "He saves!"

Now the Prayer had form and function.
It looked like the farmers and soldiers
and carpenters and weavers.
It understood
the wanderers and wonderers.
The Prayer sounded
like the women at the well,
the children in the street,
the priests in the temple,
the ladies of the night,
the lepers in the camp,
and the robbers around the corner.

The Prayer was hugs of welcome
and touches of healing.
It was songs of mercy
and u-turns of repentance.
It was eating and sleeping
and loving and working.
It was more doing than speaking,
more action than words.
The Prayer was more being
than talking,
more truth than lies.

Some of the farmers and soldiers
and carpenters and weavers
heard the Prayer.
Some of the wanderers and wonderers
understood at last.
Some of the children and ladies
and priests and lepers
memorized the words.
But not everyone listened.
Not everyone cared.
Not everyone payed attention
when the Prayer spoke without words.

On a solemn night of memory,
much like this night tonight,
the Prayer bowed to the feet of friends.
With water slipping between fingers to toes,
the Prayer washed away grit and grime,
shame and fear, ignorance and apathy,
despair and grief.

In the splash of the water
and the rustle of the cloth,
They heard clearly,
"Do as I do.
Be as I am."

Words no longer necessary,
The heart of the Prayer opened wide
to lament and grieve,
to accept and then rejoice.

When the Prayer spoke again,
it was in many tongues.
And myriads of hearts
heard the same simple word:
Love,
for the Prayer had a new name.

It was a Prayer they nailed to the cross,
a living,
breathing,
bleeding,
dying,
living-again Prayer.

And if we
farmers and soldiers and carpenters and
weavers,
children and ladies and priests and lepers,
wanderers and wonderers all will listen,
we will hear the Prayer
whispered in our own hearts:
"Love one another.
Just as I have loved you,
you also should love one another.
For your life is prayer,
and my prayer is love."

Matthew 27:57-66

When it was evening, there came a rich man from Arimathea, named Joseph, who was also a disciple of Jesus. He went to Pilate and asked for the body of Jesus; then Pilate ordered it to be given to him. So Joseph took the body and wrapped it in a clean linen cloth and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn in the rock. He then rolled a great stone to the door of the tomb and went away. Mary Magdalene and the other Mary were there, sitting opposite the tomb.

The next day, that is, after the day of Preparation, the chief priests and the Pharisees gathered before Pilate and said, "Sir, we remember what that impostor said while he was still alive, 'After three days I will rise again.' Therefore command that the tomb be made secure until the third day; otherwise his disciples may go and steal him away, and tell the people, 'He has been raised from the dead,' and the last deception would be worse than the first." Pilate said to them, "You have a guard of soldiers; go, make it as secure as you can." So they went with the guard and made the tomb secure by sealing the stone.

Prayer:

We remember, O God, the grief of the disciples when Jesus died. Lead us beyond our fear of death to the joyful knowledge of eternal life in the One who lives forever.
Amen. From *A New Zealand Prayer Book*

**Join us for worship on
Resurrection Sunday:**
9:45 a.m. - Sunday School
11:00 a.m. - Worship

