



# *Leaning into the Heart of the Holy*

*2016 Lenten Devotions*

The Fifth Sunday in Lent

March 13, 2016

## ***Take My Life and Let It Be***

**By Frances R Havergal**

1 Take my life and let it be  
consecrated, Lord, to thee.  
Take my moments and my days;  
let them flow in endless praise,  
let them flow in endless praise.

2 Take my hands and let them move  
at the impulse of thy love.  
Take my feet and let them be  
swift and beautiful for thee,  
swift and beautiful for thee.

3 Take my voice and let me sing  
always, only, for my King.  
Take my lips and let them be  
filled with messages from thee,  
filled with messages from thee.

4 Take my silver and my gold;  
not a mite would I withhold.  
Take my intellect and use  
every power as thou shalt choose,  
every power as thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will and make it thine;  
it shall be no longer mine.  
Take my heart it is thine own;  
it shall be thy royal throne,  
it shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour  
at thy feet its treasure store.  
Take myself, and I will be  
ever, only, all for thee,  
ever, only, all for thee.

Audio of this hymn can be heard at

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GYTSZ2IS15c>

You may need to cut and paste the link into your web browser.

## **Prayer:**

Show me the way in which I should walk.

For to you, O God, I lift up my soul. — Psalm 25

Dear God,

why do I keep fighting you off?

One part of me wants you desperately,

another part of me unknowingly

pushes you back and runs away.

What is there in me that

so contradicts my desire for you?

These transition days, these passage ways,

are calling me to let go of old securities,

to give myself over into your hands.

Like Jesus who struggled with the pain

I, too, fight the “let it all be done.”

Loneliness, lostness, non-belonging,

all these hurts strike out at me,

leaving me pained with this present goodbye.

I want to be more, but I fight the growing.

I want to be new, but I hang onto the old.

I want to live, but I won't face the dying.

I want to be whole, but I cannot bear

to gather up the pieces into one.

Is it that I refuse to be out of control,

to let the tears take their humbling journey,

to allow my spirit to feel its depression,

to stay with the insecurity of “no home”?

Now is the time. You call to me,

begging me to let you have my life,

inviting me to taste the darkness

so I can be filled with the light,

allowing me to lose my direction

so that I will find my way home to you.

—Joyce Rupp

## **Romans 12:1-2**

I appeal to you therefore, brothers and sisters, by the mercies of God, to present your bodies as a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God, which is your spiritual worship. Do not be conformed to this world, but be transformed by the renewing of your minds, so that you may discern what is the will of God—what is good and acceptable and perfect.