

# THOSE WHO DREAM

## POETRY PRAYERS

Written by Sarah Are

There are a number of ways to utilize poetry in your ministry. You might print and distribute these prayers to members in your community, or read them aloud to open and close study sessions. In worship, you could offer a poem as an opening reflection, a meditation during the sermon, a moment of reflection after the sermon, or as a written prayer printed in the bulletin. However you utilize these poems, please include credit as follows: Prayer by Sarah Are | A Sanctified Art LLC | sanctifiedart.org

### *All in All*

It takes strength to dream.  
I imagine it's that same strength that leads  
people to say, "I love you" first,  
Those three vulnerable words,  
Wrapped in heart strings,  
Whispered,  
Because what could be  
Is too good to keep quiet about.

It takes strength to choose joy.  
It takes strength to push the covers  
Off our weary bodies morning after morning,  
To plant weary feet on solid ground,  
And look for signs of beauty.

It takes strength to remember that  
we are not alone,  
But the story starts with bone of bone and  
flesh of flesh.  
That feels like so long ago.

Oh yes,  
It takes strength to dream.  
I imagine that's why many choose not to,  
For it would be far easier to simply sleep.  
But there are always those who dream,  
Those who are up at night picturing  
what could be,  
Because this world is too good not to.

So we say, "I love you."  
We push the covers off.  
We find solid ground.  
We look for beauty.  
And we dream.  
We dare to dream.



The Fourth Week of Advent  
THOSE WHO DREAM... *are not alone* (love)

*Joy Like Water* / Luke 1:26-45

Mary went to Elizabeth's house,  
Because that's what we do when the world falls apart.  
That's what we do when the script is flipped,  
When the rug is pulled,  
When it rains inside.  
We go home.  
We find friends.  
We find love.

So Mary went to Elizabeth's house,  
Harboring good news that must have felt like water—  
Something capable of helping her float or pulling her under.  
And only then,  
Only there,  
In the presence of a face that looked like love,  
Does the word "joy" appear.

Mary said, "How can this be?"  
The angel said, "Do not be afraid."  
Mary said, "May it be so."  
But when Mary went to Elizabeth's house  
And Elizabeth opened the door,  
Joy—like a tipped cup of water—  
Spilled out everywhere.

I imagine that Elizabeth laughed.  
I imagine that Mary framed her growing belly.  
I imagine that both women pressed palms to stomach  
When that baby began to kick,  
A holy ritual as old as time.  
I imagine that God smiled.  
And I imagine, that for the first time,  
Mary could float.

Isn't it always that way?  
I could harbor joy to myself.  
I could tuck joyful moments deep into pockets,  
Saving memories of better days for long nights.  
But when I share my joy with you,  
When you open the door,  
Joy spills out everywhere,  
And it is love that helps me float.

