



How does a weary world rejoice?

Poems for Advent & Christmas

Written by Rev. Sarah (Are) Speed

There are a number of ways to utilize poetry in your ministry. You might print and distribute these poems 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 Rev. Sarah Speed | A Sanctified Art LLC | sanctifiedart.org

A Poem for the Theme | How does a weary world rejoice?

The Last Time I Saw God

The last time I saw God face to face
I was looking at a bed of tulips.
God was every color of red.
I was merely a mortal,
in awe of it all.

The time before that,
we were tying back the curtains,
looking for stars.
God was the deepest purple
and the brightest light.

The time before that,
the city was soft with snow.
God was the quiet
that tucked us all in.

And in between these small gifts there were
newborn babies,
and sapling trees,
homemade bread,
the sound of a church
singing on Sunday.

...

Why, yes, we are lucky.
We are more than lucky
for the moments when
delight and awe
unzip the weight
we carry around.

The First Sunday of Advent | How does a weary world rejoice?

We acknowledge our weariness

Wade In

Over time
wind and water
will sand down the edges of a stone.
For humans,
our wind and water
is the grief of the world.

Stay here long enough
and pieces of you
will be pressed upon
by life's never-ending stream.
It's enough to make you weary.
It's enough to make you question.
It's enough to make you quiet.
And yet, the stream continues.

So do not be afraid to stand in that water.
Wade in. Soak the hem of your jeans.
Drip wet footprints through every room in your house.
Let the water stains tell your story.
And when your body grows weary of swimming,
name the stream.
Acknowledge your weariness.
For eventually,
you will pick flowers from
the opposite bank.
And over and over again, we'll tell this story.
And over and over again,
a weary world will rejoice.