

Wilderness

POETRY PRAYERS 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

Ash Wednesday | THE WILDERNESS IS SOMEWHERE WE'VE BEEN BEFORE

I'm not the first.
That's what I tell myself when I wake up in
the wilderness—
Big sky, worried heart, wondering which way
to start.
I have been here before.
We have been here before.
For as long as there has been creation,
There has been wilderness.
First it was an endless void,
Until God and God's paintbrush painted the
sky gold.
And then it was all that lies east of Eden,
Which is everywhere that our story unfolds.
So like a child memorizing their home address,
You'd think I'd learn my way out of
this wilderness.
But like the Israelites who wandered for forty
plus years,
I think I'll spend most of my day to day here.
For the wilderness is everywhere that I start
to grow.

Cracks in the sidewalk, daisies take hold.
And the wilderness is every single place
of unknown,
Or when shame and fear move into my home.
And the wilderness is where dusty feet tread,
Familiar with the truth that we have days left.

So where is God, you ask?

God is in the big sky and in my worried heart.
God is the sidewalk cracks where new
life starts.
God is in the realization that I am not the first.
So may we take these limited days left
And remember that we've been here before—
God and I and this untamed world.
God and the Israelites and the
gathered assembly.
God and the horizon and the new
day beginning.

Wilderness

POETRY PRAYERS BY SARAH ARE

The Second Week of Lent | THE WILDERNESS IS A PLACE OF
MYSTERY & THE UNKNOWN

It's only in the wilderness that you can see the stars.
That's what city living has taught me.
We can shine a light on the things we want to see—
Fluorescent and bright, lighting up dark alleys.
However, it's only in the wilderness that you can see the stars.

And it's only in the dark of night that the questions come.
What is my purpose here? What does God have to say to me?
What does God have to say to suffering?
The sun falls and my doubt rises,
For it's only in the dark that the questions come.

So like Nicodemus in the night,
I will throw my big questions at the sky.
And my voice will reverberate among the stars,
And my questions will echo throughout the dark.
For there in the night, my words form constellations.
And there in the wilderness, my prayers form galaxies.
So even there in the unknown, I trust that I am found.

A light shines in the darkness, friend.
So if ever you're in the wilderness,
Look up and find the stars.