

LET MINE BE PRAYER

Lord, I see the *pleasures* your creation offers:

The sights, the sounds,
The thrills, and passions,
Calling to me as I pass by,
“Come spend some time with me;
Come give yourself to me.”
I’m drawn, and yet I turn away,
Having in times past exhausted myself in pleasure
Until it could not be found for all the frantic seeking.

Lord, of all the *pleasures* I could choose,

Let mine be prayer.

Lord, I look at the *plans* that men have built;

Brick by careful brick in order laid,
Laid to do the job, to get things done.
Whether to honor You or not,
They advertise,
“Come join us; we need someone like you.
See what we, with your help, can do!”
Excited, I step to the brink of involvement,
Looking for that fellowship, that identity.
Then I stop and look to see if You are with me.

Lord, of all the *plans* I could choose,

Let mine be prayer.

Lord, I see *purposes* laid out like lines in the dust:

A place to walk, a destiny to seek,
A goal of life held before heart’s eyes.
“Walk this way; take this path.
Here you will find what you were made for.”
I gravitate towards a purpose that
Seems so high and noble,
But higher and nobler, I see
You seated, looking intensely and longingly in my direc-
tion

Lord, of all the *purposes* I could choose,

Let mine be prayer.

Lord, I look for *times* spent in Your presence,

Pursuing Your beauty,
Bathing in Your glory,
Feeding on Your love,
Releasing to You my concerns.
Your word becomes our shared secret,
The fount of pleasures,
Your plan for me,
The very heart of Your wisdom, joy, and mercy.
You receive my praise and thanks and all my asking.

Lord, of all the *pastimes* I could choose,

Let mine be prayer.

R., Georgia

