

A Prayer for Use in Time of Pandemic

Almighty and eternal God, our refuge in every danger,
to whom we turn prayer distress;
in faith we pray: look with compassion on the afflicted,
grant eternal rest to the dead, comfort to mourners,
healing to the sick, peace to the dying,
strength to healthcare workers, wisdom to our leaders
and the courage to reach out to all in love,
so that together we may give glory to your holy name.
Through our Lord Jesus Christ, your Son,
who lives and reigns with you in the unity of the Holy Spirit,
God, for ever and ever. Amen

The Lord is My Shepherd

The Lord is my shepherd; there is nothing I shall want.
Fresh and green are the pastures where he gives me repose.
Near restful waters he leads me, to revive my drooping spirit.
He guides me along the right path; he is true to his name.
If I should walk in the valley of darkness, no evil would I fear.
You are there with your crook and your staff; with these you give me comfort.
You have prepared a banquet for me in the sight of my foes.
My head you have anointed with oil; my cup is overflowing.
Surely goodness and kindness shall follow me all the days of my life.
In the Lord's own house shall I dwell for ever and ever.

And the People Stayed at Home...

And people stayed home
and read books and listened
and rested and exercised
and made art and played

and learned new ways of being
and were still
and listened more deeply
someone meditated
someone prayed
someone danced
someone met their own shadow
and people started thinking differently----
And people healed...
And in the absence of people who lived in ignorant ways dangerous, mindless, and heartless....
The earth began to heal---
And when the danger ended
and people found themselves...
They grieved for the dead
and they made new choices
and dreamed of new visions
and created new ways to live
and heal the earth fully
just as they had been healed.

Kitty O ' Meara

Down in the Mouse...

A mouse looked through a crack in the wall to see the farmer and his wife opening a package. He was aghast to discover that it was a mousetrap!



Retreating to the farmyard, the mouse shouted:
“There’s a mouse trap in the house, there’s a mouse trap in the house!”
The chicken clucked and scratched, raised her head and said, “Mr Mouse, I can tell you this is a grave concern to you, but it is of no consequence to me. I cannot be bothered by it.”
The mouse turned to the pig and told him, “There’s a mouse trap in the house.”
“I am very sorry Mr Mouse, “sympathised the pig, “but there’s nothing I can do about it but pray. Be assured that you are in my prayers.”
The mouse turned to the cow who said, “What, Mr Mouse, a mouse trap? I am in grave danger? I don’t think so.”
So the mouse dejectedly returned to the house to face the farmer’s mouse trap alone.

That night a sound was heard like the sound of a mouse trap catching its prey. The farmer's wife rushed to see what was caught. In the darkness, she didn't see that it was a venomous snake which had been caught. The snake bit her. The farmer rushed her to the hospital. She returned home, but developed a fever. Everyone knows you treat a fever with fresh chicken soup, so the farmer took his hatchet to the farmyard for the soup's main ingredient. His wife's sickness continued and friends and neighbours came to sit with her around the clock. To feed them, the farmer butchered the pig. The farmer's wife didn't get well. She died, and so many people came to her funeral that the farmer had the cow slaughtered to provide for all of them to eat. So the next time you hear that someone is facing a problem and you think it doesn't concern you, remember that when any of us is threatened, we are all at risk. Let us help and encourage each other!

Roll Back the Stone

When we are all despairing
when the world is full of grief,
when we see no way ahead,
and hope has gone away;
Roll back the stone.

Although we fear change:
although we are not ready:
although we'd rather weep
and run away,
Roll back the stone.

Because we're coming
with the women;
because we hope
where hope is vain;
because you call us from
the grave
and show the way
Roll back the stone.

Hope

We need hope for the future
in our nostalgia
for half forgotten summer days
long past

We need hope of pardon
in our regrets
which drift through our minds
like autumn clouds of dying leaves.

We need hope of comfort
in our fears and anxieties
fed by the long hours of darkness
in winter.

Hope of the world,
born in midwinter
give us hope
at your coming
so that we may be newly created
with you on Easter Day.