



God's Gentle Gaze of Love

God of Light, from Whom nothing is hidden,
Lover of my soul, Who desires only what is good,
Draw me into Your healing gaze,
For I squirm before the fear of facing You, of hearing You,
Of being seen and known such as I am.

Speak, Lord, when Your servant is too busy to listen!

For I cannot stop - No, I refuse to stop my commotion
In motion wrought by an overly busy brain.
Yes, my eternal soul longs to rest in Your radiance,
And yet I resist You, Lord of my longing,
Choosing familiar habits, well trod paths,
Short cut choices that wed me to perpetual pain.

Please speak, Lord, Your servant must learn to listen!

Stop me grace-fully, Lord!
Open my ears to the song of Your Voice,
Redirect my gaze from myself to Yourself,
From my thieftom to Your kingdom,
From who I am to who You create me to become.

Please speak, Lord, Your servant is praying to listen!

Bend my will away from my rejections and projections
To Your oh-so- gentle persuasions.
Draw me to rest in Your gaze, naked without shame,
To trust in Your call and accept my wholly imperfection,
Being seen - known - called gently by my name,
Forever loved - by You!

Speak, Lord, Your servant is listening!

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