

maranatha

A Prayer

*Come
Lord
Jesus*



Dennis Wrigley

You are the God
who comes,
You do not
stay away,
You are not
afar off.
You come to me
often unawares
gently entering
my life
to share
my joys, my pains.
You come
as an unseen guest
at every meal,
You come
my companion
on every journey,
You come
watching over me
in sleep at night.
You come
to share my life,
not to intrude
nor to impose Your will.
You come
with tenderness
and love
to share
and care
and listen,
to assure me
that I am not
alone,
living my life
in isolation.
You come,
the mighty one
and knock
on the poor door
of my heart
persistently
patiently
lovingly.
You will not force
Your entrance
or batter down
the door of
my stubborn
resistance.
You stand
You wait
at the door
You have chosen.

You have come
that I might have
life
in all its
abundance.
You have taken
the initiative,
You have drawn
close,
You come
calling my name
seeking
to touch me
seeking
to breathe on me
seeking
to give me
Your Spirit
that I might be
healed.
You come
to share
my life
and being,
You come
in silence,
yearning
for my response,
waiting
for my 'Yes'.
Almighty God
beyond my grasp
towering high
in all infinity
You do not always come
in grandeur
pomp and
glorious splendour.
You come
as a little child
helpless
poor
and weak,
sharing my
humanity
in Jesus.
You come
speaking
my language,
You come
sharing
my pain,
You come
with arms
stretched out

to heal
and save,
with arms
stretched out
upon a cross
and in the
darkest hour
You come
to bear
my burdens
and
the heavy load
of an agonising world
crushed
with anguish
guilt and grief.
Thank you
for coming, Lord
and in your mercy
keep coming, Lord
come and
tread the streets
of cruel cities,
come and
share the pain
of bloody
battlefields,
come and
cry out for food
with those who
starve,
come and
weep with all the
little ones
abused, rejected
and alone.
Come, our Lord
and lead us
out of darkness
into light.
Come, my Lord
and walk
with me
and reign
in me
and over all
the earth.
Come Lord Jesus.
Come.
Amen.