

Spirit of the Living God



Here we are Lord
Gathered in Your presence in this quiet place
Our heads are bowed
Our eyes are closed
Our hearts yearning for stillness

Our worlds are so busy and so noisy
And those worlds follow us even into quiet places like this
We struggle against the thoughts flitting through our minds
Filling up our insides
Vying for our attention, demanding to be heard

We are tired and weary
We are frightened
We long for rest, we long for peace
Come, Holy Spirit
Come

Come, melt our feverish attempts to be in control
Come, mold us – You the potter, We the clay
Come, fill us with Your grace and mercy
Come, use us – Your vessels, for Your purpose
Come

Come, Spirit of the Living God
Fall fresh on us
Even as we sing . . .

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