

Facing the ocean

Lord, I'm standing on the shore beyond the harbour,
Belittled by the hugeness and depth, the swelling crash,
The current, the spray, the ripple playing catch at my feet.
The majestic sea, the sight, sound, smell of it.
I'm exhilarated and also humbled, but that's ok right?

I guess for me it represents all the situations and emotions
Way too big and wild for me to hope to fully understand,
Much less control. Big stuff,
Like life and love, and what I'm supposed to do next;
And you. Immense. Terrifying. Faithful, like these tides.

I praise you who created the ocean,
Who set its boundaries, and rule over
The multitudinous life and wonder it contains.

And I pray your mercy and favour on those
Travelling on, in or above this sea today,
And for those known or unknown
Who live on the far side of it, so far away from here,
But not from you.

I'm praying for us all in the name of One
Who could calm the storm-tossed Sea of Galilee with a word,
Yet walked across the waves in the dark, in sandals,
To comfort his troubled friends.

Amen