

An Act of Contrition

O God. You, the lover who embraces me each morning as I waken.

You who know the rich complexity of who I am, and who I was meant to be.

You must laugh at me sometimes (not the cynical, condescending snarl, but the gentle “What am I gonna do with you?” exhaling chortle that slips through your smiling mouth) seeing how I have such wonderful intentions, but, shall I say, less than impressive follow through.

I want to live in integrity.

I want to be courageous. I want to love well.

I want to truly see the Other. But I’m lazy, too.

I want to live conveniently, easily, safely, the center of my universe.

I know I’ve gone that route today. I’ll slide into it tomorrow too if I don’t listen to your calling me out of it.

Help me hear, see you, sense you calling me to my best self. The Self you created, yet gave me the free will to embrace or reject.

Today, and tomorrow, let me chose the embrace. Your embrace.

Amen. So may it be.