Prayer of Dedication

We want to hold on.
We open our hands.
We want to hold back.
We open our hearts.

Patient God,
The stone of the altar seems hard and unyielding. How do we know our gifts are received?
We hesitate to bring them - we hesitate to think we have something worthy of bringing.
You know our hesitations and our faltering steps.
We hesitate to bring:

Our comforts - the things that shelter our hearts from difficulty.
Our pleasures - the things that distract us from the darkness.
Our achievements - the things that push down the hollowness.

We hesitate to bring the best we have - the firstfruits feels like a tall ask - what if we never see them again?

We want to hold on.
We open our hands.
We want to hold back.
We open our hearts.

But your story whispers to us something different:

of laying our lives down, so we might find life anew;
of a sharing of our harvest that your harvest might be shared;
of coming with open hands that you might take our hands in Yours.

Help us walk, bring, and open ourselves to you and walk with us to the altar.

We want to hold on.
We open our hands.
We want to hold back.
We open our hearts.

Amen.

Written for the Worship for Workers Project of Fuller Seminary by Matt Timms from Granite Springs Church