A Prayer of Embodied Surrender

Great Father, Compassionate Son, Inspiring Spirit,

whose marvelous work is so different from our own and yet—by your mercy—akin to ours. You have made all things, you have redeemed us, you direct our ways. These truths turn our entire selves to worship, but they also call us to work—creating, redeeming, transforming.

Indeed, "You know what's best for us." James reminds us that our bodies—our tongues—both praise and curse, which he tells us should not be.

May our hands, which handle your body and blood, but also grasp at so many distractions, be sanctified for our daily work.

May our feet, which seek your paths but also wander, be equipped to support the daily tasks put before us, sustaining us in our work and in our pathways of compassion and relationship.

May our eyes and ears, which see your body and hear your word, but which habitually turn us from you, help us to see and hear the needs of those around us. Preserve our sight and hearing—all our senses, really—so that they may teach us about your world and enable our worship and work.

And may our tongues, which taste your fruit, not only remind us of the bitter fruit of your passion but be touched, like Isaiah's, to speak your gospel, especially in the everyday words that are our daily tasks.

Let us rest in the truth that "whatever comes today" already belongs to you—to your hands and feet and heart.

In the name of our Triune God, Amen.

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