

## A Love Affair with God

Prayers, poems and Songs to God

### Introduction

This book of prayers, poems and songs to God was inspired mainly by an increased awareness of the need for the study and practice of contemplative prayer in the life of any committed Christian. Living, as I did in the peace and quiet of the countryside helped to provide the right conditions in which I could do this, apart from the busyness of life. Also, being free to be on my own enabled me to find the time. My daily prayer-time always included some intercessory prayers for the work of the Church and for anyone who needed my prayers.

The word 'charismatic' means a gift of the Spirit. These poems were a gift in the sense that they came into my mind during my times of prayer and meditations and I wrote down what I remembered on scraps of paper and kept them, later making a collection for my book.

The love of God is that He created human beings in his own image so that they could communicate with Him and have friendship with Him

The love of God is that He sent his Son Jesus Christ into the world to show us what God is like and through Him to bring us into a closer relationship with the Father. And many other wonderful truths He has shown us through his Son.

Dalston, Carlisle. 1975

God of mirrors, reflect in us  
Some share of the love  
We often deny ourselves.

Whenever we doubt our worth  
Let us look into our lives  
For what in ourselves we may share.

Teach us to learn to give  
As in giving we share your love  
And thus learn to value ourselves.

*Anon*

### Seeking

There are no words to express –  
And in expressing it is lost.  
Can words take wing  
And free the soul's yearning?  
Fantasy is more real warmth,  
Reality is stark cold,  
But Lord, it is blessed to belong.

Love

Love is a gift  
 But there are many pitfalls,  
 Love is joy and pain.  
 Love is giving, but not possessing,  
 Love is never demanding  
 But demands all of the giver.  
 Love is passion and compassion,  
 Lover is light and flame,  
 Love is the many-sided face of God,  
 Lord, teach me to love the right way!

The Intruder

Withdraw – withdraw  
 Before the soul's searing agony  
 Tips you over the brink!  
 You have entered too many  
 Of my secret places,  
 But I gave you, lovingly, generously,  
 But you do not love me.  
 I am but the extension  
 Of your own soul's strivings.  
 There is only One who really loves.  
 One who comes in the cool of the evening  
 And walks in the garden of my soul.

Petition

The Inner light  
 Does it dwell in me,  
 Will you put it there, dear Lord?  
 Will you come yourself  
 And light the flame  
 And stay forever there?  
 No passion meet can e'er compare  
 With yours in Gesthemane,  
 No compassion e'er so great  
 As on the Cross divine,  
 Where flow the precious streams  
 Of water and of wine,  
 Water to quench the fire  
 In harmony sublime

Romance

Passion and Compassion  
 Walked together hand-in-hand,  
 Passion the inspiration,  
 Compassion slave divine,  
 Compassion is Passion's hand-maiden  
 And should serve Him so.

Solace

When sick and weary of life's drudge  
 Feed me with the food of love,  
 Seen in a child's tender smile  
 Tiny hand slipped into mine,  
 Seen in a gesture warm and kind  
 From an unknown friend sent from God.  
 Life eternal shines all around us  
 If only we lift our souls to God!

Rest in Jesus

Rest in Jesus,  
 Now the loving arms hold you,  
 All the pain and tears are left behind,  
 The shadows of the dark have fled  
 And left you whole in body and in mind.  
 Now may He in his grace maintain you  
 Until you reach your journey's end.

Cradle Song

Abandon yourself  
 O lover intent  
 To God the Almighty  
 In tender assent.

Be cradled in goodness  
 And folded in love  
 And wrapped in a mantle  
 Like heaven above.

Follow the angels  
 Who fly to His side  
 Where all of God's treasures  
 Your needs will provide.

*(dedicated to the Sisters of  
 St Katherine's Foundation CR)*

Supplication

Lord, break me  
 And make me.

In your loving hands  
 The soul suppliant stands  
 The only pride  
 To be by your side  
 The only joy to belong.

Communion

"I am your daily bread",  
 Says the Lord.  
 "I am the life,  
 The wine of love,  
 Come and eat and drink of me,  
 And I would do the same with you, dear soul",  
 Says the Lord.

I looked at my sinful body,  
 "Not in the flesh" he said,  
 "Which corruption shall be changed  
 In the Resurrection day,  
 In your work and all you do for me,  
 This shall be my daily bread;  
 In your life, your pains, your joys  
 Given to me,  
 This shall be the wine I drink.  
 Come dine with me  
 Dear soul of mine."

And Union

When I was kneeling before the Lord  
 I felt the caress  
 Of a gentle wind blown from heaven  
 And knew the touch of him  
 Who comes to claim his own.

I plumbed the silence in its depths  
 And knew the love  
 That overcomes seperatedness  
 And makes us one  
 All in All.

Vulnerable to Love

"I love you, Lord Jesus"  
 To say it  
 Means naught  
 For by love  
 Were we sought  
 And bought  
 At a cost.  
 In living it  
 Love renews  
 And endures.

## Prayers

Lord Jesus,  
 Bless the work we do.

May it always be worthy of you Name,  
 May it always be worthy of your Life,  
 Your living and giving,  
 Your love and understanding,  
 Your knowing and seeing,  
 In your most perfect life and death given for us.

May my daily life be consecrated, Lord, to Thee,  
 In all I do and see,  
 In all I think and feel,  
 In great simplicity,  
 The more to live with Thee  
 And taste the joys of heaven thereby

I want only what my Lord wants,  
 Only in Him can I find my ease from pain.  
 Only in Him most perfect peace,  
 Only in Him can the wounds of love rest  
 And find complete annihilation.

Dear Lord,  
 Give me words to express your truth, beauty and love.  
 Pour into my heart and mind  
 The knowledge that only you can give.  
 Take this hampered, striving flesh  
 And breathe your renewing life spirit through it.  
 Kindle the fires within  
 Endow us with your life-giving Word,  
 Strengthen us by the might of your Holy Spirit.  
 May your guardian angels protect us.  
 You created me and gave me a will of my own  
 But you called me back to you for your own possession  
 In love you called me, and in love I plead for re-creation.

Give me a dancing spirit, Lord,  
 Give me a soul filled with joy  
 Not for strength in our weakness  
 That is rigid and unyielding,  
 But in love and joy in the knowledge  
 Of your complete acceptance of our being.

**Harvest Carol**

Refrain:

Shout, clap and sing  
 Let the harvest bells ring.  
 Jesus is King  
 He is Lord over all.

Verse:

Power to the Lord  
 Who created the earth  
 The sun, moon and stars  
 And to all life gave birth.

Glory to the Lord  
 Who sends the sunshine and the rain  
 To ripen buds and berries  
 And to swell up the grain.

Praise to the Lord  
 For the glory of the trees  
 The red, brown, green and yellow  
 Of the fast-falling leaves.

**A Christmas Poem**

I carved some figures out of clay  
 The ox and ass and a few little sheep  
 And Joseph and Mary in the hay.  
 I took them down to the Church  
 To place in the Christmas crib.  
 But someone had got there first.

I fashioned a silver star  
 And the angels with golden wings  
 And covered them all with glitter  
 To hang on the Christmas tree.  
 But when I arrived at my friend's house  
 He said he'd no room for my things.

I took up my pen  
 To write a poem  
 And thought of all the Christmas things  
 The manger, the shepherds, the three wise Kings  
 But I could not think of anything new  
 It had all been said before.

I went to the Church alone  
 And knelt at the altar rail  
 And knew as I prayed  
 That I'd nothing to bring  
 To the Lord my King  
 But myself.

And the angels sang  
 And the stars shone bright  
 And the candle flames  
 Glowed in the night  
 And Christ came down and entered in  
 And turned my darkness into light.  
*(Sussex Poet of the Year Award 1984)*

### **Mary – a Ballade**

I loved a lady  
 A long time ago  
 She was so kind and gentle  
 And had a heart of gold,  
 She held her Son Jesus  
 Cradled close in her arm  
 And she loved the Lord Jesus  
 To keep him from harm.

She went to a wedding  
 With her son tall and fine  
 In the midst of celebrating  
 They ran out of wine.  
 She looked to her son  
 To see what could be done  
 But he said to his mother  
 My time has not yet come

She looked at him pleading  
 With eyes so pure and gentle  
 So he prayed to God his Father  
 He might hearken to her pleas  
 He bade her tell the servants  
 Fill the jars up with water  
 He blessed them in his Father's name  
 And turned the water into wine.

There came a day,  
 So cruel and grey  
 When Jesus Christ  
 Was taken away  
 And hung on a cross  
 For all to see  
 With a crown on his head  
 And a wound in his side.

His mother nearby  
 Gazed on her son  
 Her heart pierced with pain  
 Like the wound in his side,  
 But she now knew for sure  
 That the son that she bore  
 Was God come to earth,  
 God with us evermore.

*Written for the Carlisle Music Festival – 1977  
 With Guitar accompaniment.*

### **A Prayer**

Lord,

We remember with thankfulness, those who in the past have built your Churches as an offering of loving care, and as an expression of the gifts and talents of creative beauty, where you may be worshipped and glorified

But above all, let us remember that it is in our hearts and with our minds and bodies that you are to be worshipped. Let us offer ourselves daily, in your service, that we may be continually renewed by the power of your Spirit, now and for evermore.

### **The Journey of Life**

If only I could spend all day  
 And kneel and pray  
 What magic words I would essay  
 My Lord's commands to portray.

But I must needs press on  
 My allotted tasks to fulfil,  
 And trust that in the doing of them  
 I may be doing your will.

And wheresoever I may go  
 Or whomsoever I may meet  
 May ask a blessing from on high,  
 Or shed a sacrificial tear.



For all our days we journey on  
Sharing our lot with friend or foe,  
Sometimes climb the dizzy heights  
Or plumb the depths below.

If our estate be high or low  
Or merely in the 'plain' between  
It matters not, so long as we  
Have God beside us on the scene

### **A Commentary**

All prayer is a 'love affair with God'. It is difficult to capture the ineffable experience of love between God and human beings. Love only appears to blossom when life is against it. This is why the Cross of Jesus Christ communicates the height of love between God and man/woman, and yet communicates failure, loneliness, darkness and dereliction.

In these poems, Beryl attempts to tell us some of the truths she has perceived and in the telling she helps us to catch some of the glory shining through. This is the Road to the City of Jerusalem.

*N.W.G Liverpool 1982*