



A Pilgrim’s Prayer at Midday

Opening: (Psalm 70:1)
Oh God, come to my assistance.
Oh Lord, make haste to help me!

Scripture: John 13 NRSV (selected verses)
John 13:1 Now before the festival of the Passover, Jesus knew that his hour had come to depart from this world and go to the Father. Having loved his own who were in the world, he loved them to the end. 2 The devil had already put it into the heart of Judas son of Simon Iscariot to betray him. And during supper 3 Jesus, knowing that the Father had given all things into his hands, and that he had come from God and was going to God, 4 got up from the table, took



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off his outer robe, and tied a towel around himself. 5 Then he poured water into a basin and began to wash the disciples’ feet and to wipe them with the towel that was tied around him. 6 He came to Simon Peter, who said to him, “Lord, are you going to wash my feet?” 7 Jesus answered, “You do not know now what I am doing, but later you will understand.” 8 Peter said to him, “You will never wash my feet.” Jesus answered, “Unless I wash you, you have no share with me.” 9 Simon Peter said to him, “Lord, not my feet only but also my hands and my head!” ... After he had washed their feet, had put on his robe, and had returned to the table, he said to them, “Do you know what I have done to you? 13 You call me Teacher and Lord—and you are right, for that is what I am. 14 So if I, your Lord and Teacher, have washed your feet, you also ought to wash one another’s feet. 15 For I have set you an example, that you also should do as I have done to you. 16 Very truly, I tell you, servants are not greater than their master, nor are messengers greater than the one who sent them. 17 If you know these things, you are blessed if you do them.

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Laudation: *Wind* © Paul H. Lang 2009

Wind. The veil of heaven here is thin.
So blow into me, let the Spirit renew me.
Fill the sails of my heart. Wind.

Wind. In times of *tôhû wabôhû**,
Come and rest upon the waters bringing life to your sons and daughters.
Be our God within the storms. Wind.

Refrain:
So descend like a dove and alight as a fire,
touch my weary heart, lift my spirit higher.
Let the breezes blow, and the breath bring life.
Let the Spirit grow and direct my life,
and restore me by your love. Wind.

Wind. The prophet called upon the Wind,
and the bones came together to the glory of God forever, in the valley of dry bones. Wind.

Wind. Disciples in Jerusalem.
They were touched with power, and the church was born that hour.
Where two or more are gathered. Wind.

R

* = Hebrew describing the chaos which is the background to God’s creation. NRSV trans. “without form and void.”

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MIDDAY COLLECT (1 Cor. 4:5; Rom 12:1-2; Rom 13:12; Col. 1:11; Matt. 5:16.)

Risen Lord, whose triumph over sin and death shows the tenacity and power of love, fill me by that power to live as your faithful disciple.
Inspire my visions, encourage me in doubt, renew me when weary, and call me out to live and serve as obediently as my Lord, Jesus.

Now, with the sun high in the sky and the world brightly illuminated, I am mindful that my life is revealed to you always. I know that you Lord bring to light the things now hidden in darkness and disclose the purposes of the heart. So enlighten me with self-awareness, Lord, and with a knowledge of your will so that my faults can be easily discerned and I can repent and rededicate myself to your way. Urged by your apostle to "lay aside the works of darkness and live honorably as in the day," I confess my sins and seek your forgiveness:

- † For words ill-considered and rashly spoken . . .
- † For thoughts inconsistent with the heart of Christ . . .
- † For actions which have brought shame on me or pain to others . . .
- † For emotional, physical, and intellectual laziness which looks on the needs of others in indifference . . .
- † For all of the ways I fall short of being your faithful disciple . . .

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Lord, accept the offering of my very self as a living and holy sacrifice to you. I thank you for the example given to me in Jesus, the Christ, which teaches me to endure everything with patience, while joyfully giving thanks to the Father, who has enabled me to share in the inheritance of the saints in the light. I feel your pleasure in my successes and rededicate my labors for the remainder of this day to your glory. Make me courageous in acts of compassion, sagacious in words of encouragement, faithful in my friendships, and toward all cultivate in me a holy love which shines forth like a beacon in this darkened world. Amen.

Final Blessing (Luke 11:4; Matt. 6:13; Psalm 136.)

Lord, save me from the time of trial,
and deliver me from evil.
I give thanks to the Lord, who is good,
whose steadfast love endures forever.

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