

Mothering Sunday prayers of approach

by Cara Heafey, UK

<http://worshipwords.co.uk/mothering-sunday-prayers-of-approach-cara-heafey-uk/>

*For Mothering Sunday – (for 1 or 2 voices)
Inspired by Julian of Norwich*

Mothering God, you birthed the universe into being.
Home-maker, your creation is habitat and sustenance to all that lives.
How costly for you our freedom must be.
How painful the separation
From the parent who has numbered the hairs on our head
And written our names on her heart.

Mothering Jesus, you shed your blood to give us life.
Of your own flesh, you fed us, saying “this is my body, broken for you.”
You taught us with authority and endless patience, how to live and how to love.
You beheld your lost and wandering children
And longed to gather us in
As a hen sheltering her brood beneath her wings.

Mothering Spirit, you dance and weave in the spaces between us.
We hear you in the echoes of the stories our mothers told us
And in the songs their voices sang.
You pull the threads that connect us to one another
And to those who have gone ahead of us.
Yours is the deep wisdom beyond words, the love that calls us home.

Mothering Sunday prayers of approach

by Cara Heafey, UK

<http://worshipwords.co.uk/mothering-sunday-prayers-of-approach-cara-heafey-uk/>

*For Mothering Sunday – (for 1 or 2 voices)
Inspired by Julian of Norwich*

Mothering God, you birthed the universe into being.
Home-maker, your creation is habitat and sustenance to all that lives.
How costly for you our freedom must be.
How painful the separation
From the parent who has numbered the hairs on our head
And written our names on her heart.

Mothering Jesus, you shed your blood to give us life.
Of your own flesh, you fed us, saying “this is my body, broken for you.”
You taught us with authority and endless patience, how to live and how to love.
You beheld your lost and wandering children
And longed to gather us in
As a hen sheltering her brood beneath her wings.

Mothering Spirit, you dance and weave in the spaces between us.
We hear you in the echoes of the stories our mothers told us
And in the songs their voices sang.
You pull the threads that connect us to one another
And to those who have gone ahead of us.
Yours is the deep wisdom beyond words, the love that calls us home.