

Poems for Advent - Epiphany

Written by Rev. Sarah (Are) Speed



FROM
GENERATION
TO GENERATION...

There are a number of ways to utilize poetry in your ministry. You might print and distribute these prayers to members in your community, or read them aloud to open and close study sessions. In worship, you could offer a poem as an opening reflection, a meditation during the sermon, a moment of reflection after the sermon, or as a written prayer printed in the bulletin. However you utilize these poems, please include credit as follows: Prayer by Rev. Sarah Speed | A Sanctified Art LLC | sanctifiedart.org

The First Sunday of Advent | FROM GENERATION
TO GENERATION...

There's room for every story

ROOM

I asked God—
what about my
fingernail-biting habit
or the way I leave all the cabinets
open in the kitchen?

What about the way I can be dramatic,
drumming up a fight, only to
hand out apologies like souvenirs?

What about the way I second-guess myself,
let shame drive, or stay quiet when I
have something to say?

What about the way I chase accomplishments
like a dog with a bone?

What about the doubt, or the fact
that I'm terrible at prayer and
cannot help but yawn during church?

What about
What about
What about?

My baggage might be too big for the van.

But then
God called me by my first and middle name,
which always means business,
and said:

Who told you that you were too much?
Sugar, there is so much room for you here.

So that's when I grabbed a seat
and we hit the road
and I knew right then
that the rumors were true.

There is room.
There is room.
There is room.

Christmastide | FROM GENERATION
TO GENERATION

God dwells with us

EVERYWHERE AND ALWAYS

Right here.

That's where God is.

In the sun that turns our bedroom gold,
in the creaks of this old house, and in birthday candles on the cake;
in clean sheets, sock feet, and porch-sitting;
in pancakes for breakfast and pancakes for dinner;
in the swell of a lit candle, in fireplace conversations;
in your grandmother's carrot cake, and the smell of evergreen.

God is in the seed-starters on the porch,
and the space between my bones;

in garlic butter, early mornings, and twinkle lights.

Certainly in dancing and laughing, in cups of coffee,
in the art hung on the fridge, snail mail, long phone calls,
and *oh how I love you*. God is right here.

God pulled up a seat. God has traveled all the way to the heart.

Tell the next generation.



SAMPLE