

WE ARE BREATHLESS, LORD

We are breathless, Lord,
But you come to us
In all your strength, in all your fervour
In all your burning Breath...
Help us to uncover your glowing trace
On the face of the stranger
Tell us how to welcome others in their truth
In their words and in their language
In their darkness or their faith,
To welcome them into Your silent presence!
Teach us to tend this flame in us
which comes to us from above
During each Pentecost of our lives,
How to allow the inner tenderness to bloom
That galvanizes us to engage in the bravest acts
And the most courageous intercessions
In the narrowness of our homes,
In between the most sacred barricades,
May Pentecost burst through, may it give us a second breath!
Come thyself to intercede for us and for all those who suffer...
For those who hurt and destroy...
For those whose humanity is in danger...
Ô God, give life to our prayer!

Lytta Basset, a Swiss Protestant theologian