

DAY 1

MY DAY BEGINS

I clearly hear your voice saying,
“Come to me you who labor and are overburdened . . .
for I am gentle and humble in heart,”
and yet I run off in other directions
as if I did not trust you and feel somehow safer
in the company of people whose hearts are divided and
often confused. . . .

Your heart is so full of the desire to love me,
so aflame with a fire to warm me.
You so much want to give me a home,
a sense of belonging, a place to dwell,
a shelter where I feel protected
and a refuge in which I feel safe.
You stand at so many squares and corners of my life
and say with so much tenderness,
“Come and see, come and stay with me.

When you are thirsty, come to me . . .
you who put your trust in me, come and drink.
Come, you who are tired, exhausted,

depressed, discouraged and dispirited.
Come, you who feel pain in your body,
fatigue in your anxious mind
and doubt and anguish in the depth of your heart.
Come and know that I have come to give you
a new heart and a new spirit,
yes, even a new body
in which the struggles of your life
can be seen as signs of beauty and hope.”
(*Heart Speaks to Heart*, pp. 22, 25–27)

ALL THROUGH THE DAY

I so want to come to you, O Lord. Help me!

MY DAY IS ENDING

Dear Lord Jesus,
I hear your words,
I want to hear them with my whole being
so that your words can become flesh in me
and form a dwelling place for you.
Help me to close the many doors and windows
of my heart
through which I flee from you
or through which I give entry to words and sounds
coming not from you

but from a raging, screaming world
that wants to pull me away from you. . . .

Please, Lord, keep calling me back to you,
by day and by night, in joy and in sadness,
during moments of success and moments of failure.

Never let me leave you.

I know you walk with me.

Help me walk with you today, tomorrow, and always.

(Heart Speaks to Heart, pp. 27, 30)

DAY 2

MY DAY BEGINS

Jesus says, "Anyone who loves me
will keep my word
and my Father will love him,
and we shall come to him
and make our home in him."

These words have always impressed me deeply.

I am God's home!

But it had always been very hard
to experience the truth of these words.
Yes, God dwells in my innermost being,
but how could I accept Jesus' call:
"Make your home in me
as I make mine in you"?

The invitation is clear and unambiguous.

To make my home
where God has made his,
this is the great spiritual challenge.

It seemed an impossible task.
With my thoughts, feelings,
emotions, and passions,

I was constantly away
from the place where God had chosen
to make his home.
Coming home and staying there
where God dwells,
listening to the voice of truth and love,
that was, indeed, the journey I most feared
because I knew that God was a jealous lover
who wanted every part of me,
all the time.

When would I be ready to accept that kind of love?

God himself showed me the way.

(The Return of the Prodigal Son, pp. 16–17)

ALL THROUGH THE DAY

You are my home. I dwell in you.

MY DAY IS ENDING

Lord Jesus,
as this day comes to an end,
let me be at home in you
as you are at home in me.
This day, like every day,
I have been busy about many things,
attending to my many responsibilities and obligations.

I have been rushing around, worrying about what
comes next,
forgetting the one thing that is necessary—
your sustaining presence.

Remind me that, if I want to find you
in the midst of my haste and activity,
I must first remember that you are already here
within me.

Thank you, Lord, for your loving patience
and your tender care.

DAY 3

MY DAY BEGINS

Augustine said: “My soul is restless
until it rests in you, O God,”
but when I examine
the tortuous story of our own salvation,
I see not only
that we are yearning to belong to God,
but that God is yearning to belong to us.

It seems as if God is crying out to us,
“My heart is restless until I may rest in you,
my beloved creation.”

From Adam and Eve to Abraham and Sarah,
from Abraham and Sarah to David and Bathsheba
to Jesus and ever since,
God cries out to be received by his own.

“I created you,
I gave you all my love,
I guided you, offered you my support,
promised you the fulfillment of your hearts' desires:
where are you, where is your response,
where is your love?”

What else must I do to make you love me?

I won't give up. I will keep trying.

One day you will discover

how I long for your love!"

(With Burning Hearts, pp. 69–70)

ALL THROUGH THE DAY

My restless heart longs for you.

MY DAY IS ENDING

My soul is indeed restless, O Lord,
yearning for a peace that only you can give.

You are, in truth, my heart's deepest desire,
though I continually seek fulfillment elsewhere.

Let me hear your voice crying out to me,

In each act of kindness,

each caring touch,

each personal word

that I have received or exchanged with others today.

Let them not be merely passing moments

that get me through the day,

but invitations to make me love you.

Help me remember how much you long for my love.

Let me never forget that my longing for you

is but a shadow of your longing for me.

DAY 4

MY DAY BEGINS

Jesus is a very interesting person.

His words are full of wisdom.

His presence is heartwarming.

His gentleness and kindness are deeply moving.

His message is very challenging.

But do we invite him into our home?

Do we want him to come to know us
behind the walls of our most intimate life?

Do we want to introduce him
to all the people we live with?

Do we want him to see us in our everyday lives?

Do we want him to touch us
where we are most vulnerable?

Do we want him to enter
into the back rooms of our homes,
rooms that we ourselves
prefer to keep safely locked?

Do we truly want him
to stay with us when it is nearly evening
and the day is almost over? . . .

Jesus reveals himself as the Good Shepherd
who knows us intimately and loves us.

But do we want to be known by him?

Do we want him to walk freely
in every room of our inner lives?

Do we want him to see our bad side

as well as our good,

our shadow as well as our light?

Or do we prefer him to go on
without entering our home?

In the end the question is:

“Do we really trust him
and entrust every part of ourselves to him?”

(With Burning Hearts, pp. 57–58)

ALL THROUGH THE DAY

Jesus, gentle shepherd, you know me and love me.

MY DAY IS ENDING

It is true, Lord,

that sometimes I keep you at a distance.

There are parts of me that I do not want to show you,
relationships that I want to keep separate from you,
ambitions and goals into which I don't want to invite you.

How foolish I am, how childish,