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**Psalm of a Sanctuary Sleeper**

God of Refuge,

You are my hiding place.

When I have nowhere to call home,

pews become my furniture,

church bells, my alarm clock,

and potluck, my manna.

Old and elaborate,

young and modern,

or plain and practical,

your home is a sacred space,

A thin but sturdy tent of grace

I zip myself into as a veil of protection

from the mosquitos of malevolence

and cold carriers of xenophobia.

Stir up within me forgiveness, for they know not what they do.

Drive away all fear and place within me a new heart.

Oh, Lord, you hem me in with your constant love.

Under a quilt sewn by church ladies,

I rest in peace,

Under the roof raised together

by men long ago,

before they had forgotten that their fathers,

and their grandfathers,

were also pioneers and strangers in a strange land.

Behind these four walls and before your altar,

Constrain me with your love,

fill me with faith,

keep me safe,

heal my heart with hope,

and grant me peace.

Amen.

***Rev. Jack Amick, April 21, 2021***