



An Autumn Prayer

Abba, Father, the trees are ablaze with your glory.
The seasons change, but you never do.
You are always beautiful,
in the green and freshness of spring
as in the golds and reds and chills of autumn.

Make me like you.
Let my life reflect your beauty,
season after season,
as the calendar of my life turns and turns and turns.
The trees are letting go of this year's foliage.

Help me let go of both blessings and burdens,
and surrender them both to your loving care.
Fallen leaves pattern the ground with variety.
So design my own fallings and failings
into whatever design will please you most.
In Jesus' name, I pray,

Amen.