

*A Prayer for Each Moment
Of the Day*



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Prayer at Dawn

With the opening of the
earliest dawn and the lotus buds,
my Soul softly opens in prayer
to receive Thy Light.

Bathe each petal of my mind
with Thy radiant rays.
I saturate myself
with the perfume of Thy Presence,
and I wait to waft with the breeze
the aroma of Thy message of love to all.

Bless me, that with the spreading dawn
I may spread Thy love everywhere.

Bless me, that with the awakening dawn
I may awaken all Souls with my own
and bring them to Thee.

Prayer at Noon

The sun shines high in the heavens:
everything is fully awake.
Awaken Thou me, likewise!

Thou art invisible, yet Thine energy
flows through the rays of sunshine.
Fill my veins with Thine invisible rays,
making me strong and tireless.

As the sun shines in the busiest streets,
may I behold Thy rays of protecting love
in the crowded places
of my life's activities.

As the light shines steadily,
undisturbed, on the street,
whether crowded or empty,
so may I hold my calmness
and my strength steadily,
while I move through the crowded
or empty streets of life.

Give me strength;
and what I receive,
teach me to share with others.

Prayer at Eventide

*The day is done.
Refreshed and sanctified
with the sunshine of the day,
I pass through the portals of evening,
dimly adorned with faint stars,
to enter into the temple of silence
and worship Thee.*

*I worship Thy Spirit
of approaching calmness.
What prayers shall I offer,
for I have no words to offer Thee?
I shall light a little fire of devotion
on the altar of my soul.
Will that light suffice to bring Thee
into my dark temple -
my dimly lighted temple,
dark with my ignorance?*

*Come! I crave,
I yearn for Thee!*

Prayer at Night

With closed eyes, I sit in the temple of night
and worship Thee.

The sunlight, revealing a million alluring things,
has vanished.

One by one, I have closed the doors of my senses,
lest the fragrance of the rose,
or the song of the nightingale,
distract my love from Thee.

I am alone in this dark, dark temple.

I have left everything, but where art Thou?
Darkness is haunting; but, unafraid, I am groping,
seeking, crying for Thee.

Wilt Thou leave me alone? Come, show Thyself!

The door of my memory swings open.

Throbbingly thrilled, my heart looks for Thee,
but I find Thee not.

Halt! Ye throng of a million thoughts
and experiences past!

Come not into my sacred temple.

I close the bursting, thought-pressed door and run
everywhere to find Thee.

Where art Thou?

Darkness deepens, and as I sit still,
in anguish of despair,

I behold a little taper of concentration
burning within me.

I stand up, and madly rush
through the dimly lighted temple.

The farther I go, the deeper grows the gloom.

I clasp the empty darkness in hope of seizing Thee.
Finding Thee not, I return again,
and see the taper dimly burning.

I sing outwardly a loud prayer.
My large teardrops, and my strong gusts of prayer
almost extinguish the taper.
I will pray no more with words nor rush or run about
in the temple of Stygian darkness,
nor drown the taper with my tears.
I will sit still, and command my breath
to make no sound.
I rebuke my boisterous love for Thee.

The taper of meditation burns brighter now.
O, how maddening!
I cannot worship Thee with words,
but only with wistful yearning.
Brighter the light grows: I behold Thee now.
Thou art I. I worship Thee.
As night hides everything, I will worship Thee
in hidden silence.
I am glad with the joy of all minds.
I will use the screen of the night
to hide myself from the tempting things of the day.

O Night, when I am worried,
throw thy veil of silent darkness around me.
Create a dark temple for me wherever I go,
that I may invoke and call Him,
whom I love, at any time, anywhere,
everywhere.