



## **And those whom I have forgotten, do thou, O Lord, remember**

**Moments of Grace**

**April 26, 2015**

Sundays are often long days for me. Today I began in Hodges Cove and finished in Topsail. At Hodge's Cove eight young persons from the Parish of the Holy Spirit received the Sacrament of Confirmation at St. Mary's Church. At Topsail there were 16 more confirmed at the Church of St. John the Evangelist. Both services were magnificent events with full churches and many family members and friends out to support the young persons as they remembered their Baptisms and made new commitments in faith. Following the celebrations there were many pictures taken and new plans made for the days ahead.

Sundays are not just long days for me with parish visits morning and evening; Sundays are also my most public days with big church services to lead and hundreds of people to meet. In spite of that, Sundays are my most predictable days, as I always know in advance where I am to be and what is expected when I arrive. It's the rest of my week that's not always quite so predictable.

But there is one thing about Sundays that I can never predict. And that is what happens after my services (and sometimes before) when people quietly approach me and guide me to a quiet corner of the parish hall or church and ask me to pray for someone they care for. The person I am asked to pray for is often a son or daughter, father or mother, brother or sister, husband or wife. Sometimes they are a friend or colleague. I confess that with my travels and the hustle and bustle of Sunday crowds I do not always remember names well or even all of the circumstances of the requests. But I never fail to honor the commitment to pray for the person, knowing that God understands their needs better than I ever will.

I guess there are many ways to look at those spontaneous requests but what most stands out for me is that such appeals are almost totally for others and not for the person asking. The needs of others are considered greater than the needs of the

person before me when they seek me out. I am not surprised. When the community of the church gathers we often pray for our world more than we do for ourselves. It is when the church truly prays that it becomes least focused upon its own needs and most focused upon the needs of others. It is when the church prays that it becomes most generous. Even if we cannot change our world as quickly as we want through prayer, prayer does have a way of changing us.

It's getting late now and I am growing tired. Soon I will offer to God my final prayer for this long day. And tonight, as I often do, I will end with words from the General Intercession in the Book of Common Prayer ... *And those whom I have forgotten, do thou, O Lord, remember ...*

***May the Lord Almighty grant us all a quiet night and a perfect rest. Amen.***

With my every blessing,  
**+Geoff**