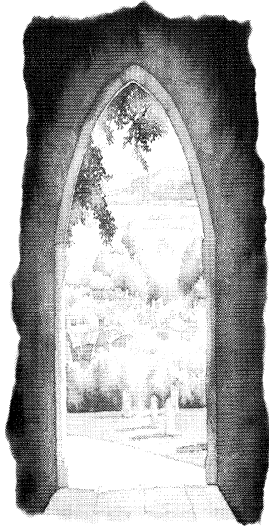


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Talking to Jesus

From "Renewing your prayer life"
..... 'Lord, teach me to pray', I started to see the ridiculous quality of a relationship based on an hour or so, one day a week. A few reluctant snatched minutes of parrot-fashion prayer. Cries for help, and shallow thank-yous. I became more aware of how God felt in this relationship. This letter, by an anonymous writer, captures a fraction of the ache in God's heart.

Dear Friend,

How are you? I just had to send a note to tell you how much I care for you. I saw you yesterday as you were talking with your friends. I waited all day hoping you would want to talk with me too. I gave you a sunset to close your day and a cool breeze to rest you . . . and I waited. You never came. It hurt me. But I still love you because I am your friend.

I saw you sleeping last night and longed to touch your brow, so I spilled moonlight upon your face. Again I waited, wanting to rush down so we could talk. I have so many gifts for you. You awoke and rushed off to work. My tears were in the rain. If you would only listen to me! I love you. I tried to tell you in blue skies, and in the quiet green grass. I whisper it in leaves on the trees and breathe it in the colour of the flowers. I shout it to you in mountain streams; give the birds love songs to sing. I clothe you with warm sunshine and perfume the air with nature's scents. My love for you is deeper than the ocean and bigger than the biggest need in your heart.

Ask me! Talk with me! Please don't forget me. I have so much to share with you. I won't hassle you any further. It is your decision. I have chosen you and I still wait - because I love you.

*Your friend
Jesus.*

From: Alison Hodson