

BY SHEILA LUTZ

OFFERED **AFTER** READING

Lord of my life,

I often sit in quiet time with You, totally in an attitude of awe, ascribing, listing, all the glories that I see around me: the deer running through my back yard, the pinks and oranges of sunset, the purples and blues of dusk, Your majestic mountains and their powerful presence, or oceanside, hearing the waters ebb and flow. All praise, honor, and glory is due Your name.

On Sundays, I worship with Your people in song and praise and prayer. On "ordinary" days, my heart is filled when I see a mother tending her child, I shed a tear at the son caring for his aged mother, and I laugh at the antics of my family and all the unique blessings You have given each one. My heart leaps for joy when You touch a life with Your miracles.

You, O Lord, are a great God, and it is marvelous to behold what You have done in the whole world. It's not just my little corner of the world that You hold precious. You are the Lord of the nations — the nations that cling to each other and the ones who are far from that — the peoples who understand each other's native tongue and the ones who speak differently — the communities who are united by custom and tradition and the megalopolises where it's difficult to know and love one's neighbor.

Still, we are all Your people, a part of Your body. We can come together. We can sing to You, O God of the nations. We will sing the old songs to tell the world, "Jesus loves me. This I know, for the Bible tells me so," or rejoice in learning a new song of praise that declares that we want to be Your voice, to run to the needy, to give our lives to You — all in the name of Jesus.

> Lord of the nations, we worship You in the beauty of Your holiness, lifting

> > our voices to bless Your holy name. And, when we leave that sacred altar and go into the world, Your mission field, let us tell of Your marvelous works and spread the story of Your salvation as we sing to You a new song in every corner of the earth! Amen. Q