
The Prayer of Surrender

I am yours—
Not by command,
But by surrender.

What I have is yours.
What I withhold, break open.
What I forget, remind me.
What I cling to, let fall.

Lift me not, if lifting crowns the dust.
Spare me not, if sparing dulls the blade.
Comfort me not, if comfort costs the calling.

Let your truth shape my thoughts.
Let your patience shape my pace.
Let your name be spoken through my living.

I offer no defense.
Only this:
I am yours.

The Prayer for Illumination

Give me the lamp that casts no shadow.
Let it light the path ahead—
Not far, just enough for the next step.

Let my eyes see the truth that endures,
Not the truth that flatters.
Let me not turn away when the way narrows.
Let me not look back when the light moves forward.

Silence the hunger for praise.
Still the need to be admired.
Replace it with hunger for what is good,
And longing for what is real.

You are the fire that does not consume,
The light that does not boast.
Let your flame steady my steps,
And guide me without spectacle.

Let me walk by your light—
And never again be lost in the dark.

The Prayer for Mercy

I ask for mercy—
Not as the worthy,
But as the one who knows his ruin.

You have seen what I would not face.
You have watched me break what I was meant to protect.
You have known every excuse before I gave it.

Yet you do not close your hand.
You do not recoil from the dust.
You do not forget your image in me.

I come without defense.
Let your mercy make me new—
And let that be enough.
