All Desires Known
by Janet Morely

My heart was wilderness
    I heard your voice;
My grief divided me
    You held me close;
Bitterness consumed me
    You overflowed with trust;
I longed to be with you
    You let me stay.

You are home to the exile
Touch to the frozen
Daylight to the prisoner
Authority to the silent
Anger to the helpless
Laughter to the weary
Direction to the joyful:
Come, our God, come.

Christ our victim,
    Whose beauty was disfigured
And whose body torn upon the cross;
Open wide your arms
    To embrace our tortured world,
That we may not turn away our eyes,
    But abandon ourselves to your mercy,
Amen.

Christ, whose bitter agony
    Was watched from afar by women:
Enable us to follow the example of their persistent love;
That, being steadfast in the face of horror,
    We may also know the place of resurrection,
In your name, Amen.

From All Desires Known © the Church Pension Fund. All rights reserved.
Used by permission of Church Publishing Incorporated, New York, NY.