

**Week Beginning 4th October –
The Child – A contemplative prayer**

A little boy goes out walking, holding his father's hand. He is confident and secure; he is brave and smiling. Through the touch of the father, he can feel the strength flow into his own body and heart. O God, you are my father. I am the little boy. You are holding my hand. And that is everything. Your power is mine. I become more aware of your vision. I am flesh of your flesh, bone of your bone. As the acorn seed becomes the oak, with nothing added but time, so do I grow more closely into you. I do not have to try. You long to pour your precious and lovely treasure into my life. All I have to do is keep holding your hand, to keep looking at your face. All that I searched so desperately for, all that I urgently achieved and clung to, all that intense effort, I tried to master, have lost their attraction for me. It is you alone who now fills my heart, mind and body. All I have to do is get out of my own way and let you be you. 'It is enough simply to be,' I hear you say, 'You are home at last.' For this hour today, we are each other's gracious guests as we honour each other in silence. May it remain this way all of my life.

(Travelling Light p 206)