

**Week beginning 27th September –  
The Sponge – A contemplative prayer**

Like the dry sponge that falls into the ocean, I too immerse myself silently in you, my God of abundance. I let the transformation happen to me. You ask for nothing from me only to let myself be filled with you. I swing and sway and flow on the waves of your supporting richness. You hold me in your great mercy; you embrace me with unutterable tenderness. I have no fear. Your overwhelming delight in me has taken it all away. I am happy just to be. I no longer try to make headway, force myself to be better, striving to please you and to win your graces. All of my striving, in fact, only prevented you from blessing me with the very beauty I longed for. I now surrender to your rhythm and timing. I hand my soul itself, without any anxiety, over to you. And in giving over my life to you, my heart will be washed into its true colours, and my soul burnished to reflect your gold. Only close to the cross does this purifying take place. But then O Wounded Healer, in the desert, you and the cross throw the same shadow. This morning, I place no more obstacles in your path. For the next hour and always, I am yours to do with me as you want to. Here I am Lord, just me before you.

(Travelling Light p 205-206)