

DAY ONE

.....

MY DAY BEGINS

GOD SPEAKS . . .

I wish for you to know me, love me, and rejoice in me.
And, if you cannot do these perfectly in your earthly
life, fear not:

I invite you to advance to higher degrees every day,
until you can come closer to doing them in perfection.

Let the knowledge of me increase in you here,
that it may be full hereafter.

Let your love grow every day more and more here,
that it may be perfect hereafter;
that your joy may be full in me.

You know that I am a God of truth.
I make good gracious promises to you,
that your joy may be full;
to my honor and glory,
as the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit
I live and reign,
one God, now and forever.

ALL THROUGH THE DAY

Advance to higher degrees every day.

MY DAY IS ENDING

I RESPOND . . .

Watch, O Lord, with those who wake, or watch, or
weep tonight,
and give your angels charge over those who sleep.

As this day comes to a close, O God,
I know that I have not done my best—
to know you, love you, and rejoice in you
as you desire of me.
But I take comfort that you are perfect where I am not,
and that, despite my failures, your loving hand is
always there
to draw me closer through each hour of every day.

Teach me to be glad
that my time here is short,
that the hour that I come to know you more perfectly
draws near.
You have promised me that I can rest assured that this
is true,

because you are a God of truth.

Amen.

DAY TWO

MY DAY BEGINS

GOD SPEAKS . . .

O let my light,
my truth,
speak to the light of your heart,
not your own darkness.

You fall into sin,
and become dark;
but even then,
even then I love you.

You went astray, but I remembered you.
You heard my voice behind you,
calling you to return,
but scarcely heard it,
through the raging of the enemies of peace.

See now,
you return in distress and pant after my fountain.
Let no one forbid you!
You will drink of this and live.
Do not regard your life as your own.

For you have lived ill.

You were death to yourself,
but I revive you.
I speak to you,
do you speak with me?

ALL THROUGH THE DAY

Do not regard your life as your own.

MY DAY IS ENDING

I RESPOND . . .

Watch, O Lord, with those who wake, or watch, or
weep tonight,
and give your angels charge over those who sleep.

Do not let the light of my heart grow as dark
as the night that draws near.
Even when I go astray, I know that you will never
forsake me.

I know that you will call to me and
remind me to listen and heed your voice.
I know that you will remind me of your love,
and that my life is not my own.

I will always return to you, O God,
and die to sin and revive in you.
Let no enemy stand in my way
as I journey back to you.
Amen.

DAY THREE

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MY DAY BEGINS

GOD SPEAKS . . .

I pour out my grace,
and descend plentifully into your heart.
I enlighten the dark corners of this neglected dwelling,
and, there, I scatter cheerful beams of light.

I dwell in the soul that longs to be my temple.
I water the barren soil, overrun with weeds and briars,
and lost for lack of cultivating,
and I make it fruitful with dew from heaven.

I come with refreshment
for those who languish and faint.
I guide those who sail in the tempestuous sea of the
world. I am the only haven of the shipwrecked.
I come in glory as the crown of the living and the
safeguard of the dying.
I come with great mercy and make you fit to receive
my grace.

ALL THROUGH THE DAY

Make me fit to receive God's grace.

MY DAY IS ENDING

I RESPOND . . .

Watch, O Lord, with those who wake, or watch, or
weep tonight,
and give your angels charge over those who sleep.

O Lord, teach me to tend to the fields of my heart.
You've given me an excess of all that I need to flourish
and grow.

You have planted seeds of grace, watered with love,
and provided sunlight through your glory.

Despite this, my harvest is often barren because
I have squandered your gifts or failed to use them as
you have asked me.

Yet, in your mercy, I do not go without.
O God, you always provide.

Through this day, give me courage to not give up—
even when I feel as though I have been shipwrecked in
my faith.

Renew my strength and make me fit to glorify you
through my labors in this life.

Amen.

DAY FOUR

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MY DAY BEGINS

GOD SPEAKS . . .

O how do you call on me, your God and Lord,
since when you call for me,
you are calling me into yourself?
What room have you made there within you,
where I, who made heaven and earth,
can come into you?

Do heaven and earth, which I have made,
and in which I have made you, contain me?
Nothing which exists could exist without me,
so whatever does exist contains me.

Since you too exist,
why do you seek to know if I am also in you?
You would not be if I were not in you.
I am found in all things: the heavens, the earth,
and you.

Though you are broken through sin,
do not think I have been poured out.

I am not dismayed, I will uplift you.
I am not scattered, I will gather you.

ALL THROUGH THE DAY

Whatever exists contains God.

MY DAY IS ENDING

I RESPOND . . .

Watch, O Lord, with those who wake, or watch, or
weep tonight,
and give your angels charge over those who sleep.

O God, I know that I am fearfully and
wonderfully made.

All of creation declares and sings of your glory.
In spite of this, I sometimes doubt that your goodness
is within me
because I have filled my heart with things
other than you.

Never cease to remind me that you are in all things—
even me.

When I fail to see this because of the darkness of sin,
help me know that hell has not won.
Your love abounds, you have not abandoned me.