

Trinity United Methodist Church
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Prayer Ministries of TUMC
offers this monthly brochure
to provide members of TUMC
and a circle of interested others
a compact source of meditations
as an aid
to their ongoing spiritual development,
in a way that provides the reader with
grace-full, image-evoking language that fosters
appreciation for our faith tradition,
so that we may be strengthened
to carry out our church's mission statement:

Know God. Be transformed. Love.



February 2017

A Plenitude of Color

Wednesday, February 1

Within the grip of winter, it is almost impossible to imagine the spring. The gray perished landscape is shorn of color. Only bleakness meets the eye; everything seems severe and edged. Winter is the oldest season; it has some quality of the absolute. Yet beneath the surface of winter, the miracle of spring is already in preparation; the cold is relenting; seeds are waking up. Colors are beginning to imagine how they will return.

John O'Donohue, *To Bless the Space Between Us*

Thursday, February 2

Then, imperceptibly, somewhere one bud opens and the symphony of renewal is no longer reversible.

From the black heart of winter a miraculous, breathing plenitude of color emerges.

John O'Donohue, *To Bless the Space Between Us*

Friday, February 3

As the breath of light awakens color, may the dawn anoint your eyes with wonder.

John O'Donohue, *To Bless the Space Between Us*

Saturday, February 4

Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things.

Isaiah 40:26

Sunday, February 5

The very nature of God, therefore, is to seek out the deepest possible communion and friendship with every last creature on this earth.

Catherine Mowry Laguna,
God For Us: The Trinity and Christian Life

Monday, February 6

Lord, you are more precious than silver.

Lord, you are more costly than gold.

Lord, you are more beautiful than diamonds, and nothing I desire compares with you.

UM *The Faith We Sing* #2065, Lynn DeShazo

Tuesday, February 7

Along both banks of the River, fruit trees of every kind shall grow; their leaves shall not fade, nor their fruit fail. Every month they shall bear fresh fruit, for they shall be watered by the flow from the sanctuary. Their fruit shall serve for food, and their leaves for medicine.

Ezekiel 47

Wednesday, February 8

As spring rain softens the earth with surprise, May your winter places be kissed by light.

John O'Donohue, *To Bless the Space Between Us*

Thursday, February 9

Oh, how I cherish the ever-emerging poem of my back yard. Each season brings joy. Right now it's the spring-green of Chinese elm, snow-white of wild pear (flurries and drifts in the driveway—as leaves arrive, the petals are going), the splash of azaleas, the careening of those small charioteers the lizards, and of course, the lively singing of the birds.

P. Dishman, *Evangeline and the Mysterious Strangers*

Friday, February 10

Remember Whose you are and Whom you serve. Provoke yourself by recollection, and your affection for God will increase tenfold; your imagination will not be starved any longer, but will be quick and enthusiastic, and your hope will be inexpressibly bright.

Oswald Chambers, *My Utmost for His Highest*

Saturday, February 11

Surely, even if we sang a hymn with new imagery every day for the rest of eternity, we could not exhaust the many facets of the One who is the very source of all our creative imagining!

Mary Louise Bingle, hymn writer

Sunday, February 12

Those planted in the house of the Eternal will thrive in the courts of our God.

They will bear fruit into old age; even in winter, they will be green, and full of sap.

Psalms 92:13-14

Monday, February 13

Charming people live up to the very edge of their charm, and behave as outrageously as the world lets them.

Logan Pearsall Smith, essayist

Tuesday, February 14

Freedom is what beauty feels like when it can most express itself.

Jacqueline Novogratz

Wednesday, February 15

She's a Chinese elm, thirty-five years old,
arms outflung in wide embrace, to the fullness
of her height. Springtime drops over those arms
a shimmering frock of palest green, by which
she captures hearts as surely as any Southern
belle. In summer her greenery darkens.
Her trunk and branches swell with vitality,
flinging off gray curls of bark to reveal
mahogany smoothness beneath.
In the fall she sets seeds; they fly from her
hands on brown-paper wings. In winter she
composes herself to rest. Her poise
is a dancer's, balanced, strong, her inclined
stillness enlivened by the supple turn where
she widens to meet the earth. A bonsai master
could not have posed her more charmingly.

P. Dishman, *Evangeline and the Mysterious Strangers*

Thursday, February 16

In a flower bed, at the foot of a crape myrtle,
stands a shrub with an interesting name:
Duranta repens. Sky-flower. This dazzling
creature is dressed, at the moment,
in rich green. And she is graced
with masses of the most exquisite flowers—
deep purple, edged in white.
The brightness of her beauty draws me close.
I'm not the only one. As I approach,
what should I see on *Duranta*
but a host of butterflies.

P. Dishman, *Evangeline and the Mysterious Strangers*

Friday, February 17

It doesn't have to be the blue iris,
it could be weeds in a vacant lot,
or a few small stones; just pay attention,
then patch a few words together
and don't try to make them elaborate,
this isn't a contest
but the doorway into thanks, and a silence
in which another voice may speak.

Mary Oliver, poet; "Praying"

Saturday, February 18

Who is she that shines through like the dawn,
beautiful as the moon, radiant as the sun,
awesome as the bannered hosts?

Song of Solomon 6:10

Sunday, February 19

My work is loving the world. Here the
sunflowers, there the hummingbird—equal
seekers of sweetness. Here the quickening
yeast; there the blue plums. Here the clam
deep in the speckled sand. Are my boots old?
Is my coat torn? Am I no longer young, and still
not half-perfect? Let me keep my mind on what
matters, which is my work, which is mostly
standing still and learning to be astonished.

Mary Oliver, poet, "Messenger"

Monday, February 20

Moses' face was radiant
because he had spoken with the Lord.

Exodus 34:29

Tuesday, February 21

Spirit people: Their presence is contagious.
Their very inner freedom calls you
to match its frequency within yourself. Thus,
the Spirit is mostly an energetic presence;
you can often tell when a person is in the Spirit
because they are simultaneously
unself-conscious and radiant,
connected to their own inner circuit.
It allows them to be spontaneous
and quietly original.

Richard Rohr, *The Divine Dance*

Wednesday, February 22

The Lord, the Lord is my strength and my song.

Isaiah 12:2

Thursday, February 23

And they saw the God of Israel; and under his
feet there appeared to be a pavement of
sapphire as clear as the sky itself.

Exodus 24:10

Friday, February 24

Your job is simply to exemplify heaven now.
God will take it from there.

Richard Rohr, *The Divine Dance*

Saturday, February 25

The physicality of the religious poets
should not be taken idly.
He or she, who loves God,
will look most deeply into His works.

Mary Oliver, poet

Sunday, February 26

I make pleasant songs, and weave verses,
because my soul long for You. To know Your
deepest secret, to be in Your hand's shade,
is my soul's strongest wish. My heart yearns for
Your love, whenever I speak of Your glory.
So may my thought be sweet to You, for whom
my soul longs.

Gates of Prayer

Monday, February 27

I thought there could be no brighter red
than a northern cardinal. But then, in a
sanctuary near the sea, I saw a scarlet tanager.
Those who know describe the red of a male
scarlet tanager as "brilliant." The sunlit glory of
this one certainly rendered our little knot of
birders speechless. And some of them
had seen a thing or two.

P. Dishman, *Evangeline and the Mysterious Strangers*,
"Colors of Heaven"

Tuesday, February 28

Another moment and our quiet watching was
rewarded by the appearance of a prothonotary
warbler, who flirted his lemon yellow up, down,
and all around, seeming to relish our
admiration. And then, oh tiny Star,
a ruby-throated hummingbird. He commenced
such an extended display of hovering up and
down the narrow ribbon of water, sipping and
splashing, iridescence flashing in the sun,
as to gladden the weariest of hearts.

P. Dishman, *Evangeline and the Mysterious Strangers*,
"Colors of Heaven"