

Year A, Sunday between 18 September and 24 September

Proper 20, OT-25c - Psalm 145:1-8

$\text{♩} = 104$

You call us to the heal - ing balm of for - give - ness.

My soul yearns for You, E-**ter**nal Flame of Love,  
longing to recon-**nect** to the Great **Mystery**!  
Every day I will bless You as I **follow** the Voice of **Truth**.  
Great are You, who call us to childlike wonder, to the healing **balm** of for-**give**ness.

Each generation must learn anew the **efficacy** of **silence**,  
the wisdom of **turning inward**,  
That your Light might be their **guide** to **holiness**,  
and your Love nurture them to-**ward wholeness**.

Yet, many there are who **turn** from You in **fear**,  
denying **their birthright**.  
Their denials will lead them **further** into alien-**ation**;  
loneliness **will** com-**panion** them.

The Beloved is **gracious** and **merciful**,  
allowing every soul free will to follow the ego's il-**lusions** or to choose **Life**.  
Gratitude and quiet **joy** over-**flow**  
as I recall the abundant **blessings** of your **grace**!