

The Covenant

A poem based on John Wesley's prayer for the Methodist Covenant Service

I no longer belong solely for myself, but to you, entirely.
Set your will alight in me; may it illumine my way,
Place me amongst whoever you desire;
Set my head and heart and hands to doing;
Set me to compassion; to suffer alongside the contemporary crucified;
Let me be immersed in your word and work and mission, for you;
Or let me be passed by, marginalised and maligned, for you;
Approved and admired for you or abused and abased, for you;
Let me be overflowing the brim, let me be exhausting the dregs,
Let me have all that I desire, let me be no-thing;
To be emptied of all possessiveness and earthly acclamations, for you;
With an unshackled and Godward-looking heart I surrender all that I have, to you
To choose your delight or disapproval, of me.
And now, most glorious and blessed God,
Creator, Redeemer and much-needed Sustainer,
You belong to me and I belong to you.
Let it be.
And the covenant now consented aloud on earth,
Confirm it sealed in heaven.
Amen.

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