

## Thought for the Day - Friday 19<sup>th</sup> February 2021

By Maggie Marshall

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### The Sea

While looking back in Michel's book 'Prayers of Life', I remembered other meditations I liked. Having come from the West Country I have a strong liking for the power of the sea, having spent hours of my life just sitting beside the coast watching the waves at work. In London we have the River Thames but there is a strong connection underground of the hidden underground rivers of London. They appear in different places, the River Effra flows under Holy Trinity School as we discovered when a large hole appeared in the staff car park and a colleague's car began to move into it.

### The Sea

Lord, I saw the sea attacking the rocks, sombre and raging.  
From afar the waves gained momentum.  
High and proud, they leapt, jostling one another to be first to strike.  
When the white foam drew back, leaving the rock clear, they gathered themselves to rush forward again.

The other day I saw the sea, calm and serene.  
The waves came from afar, creeping not to draw attention.  
Quietly holding hands, they slipped noiselessly and stretched at full length on the sand, to touch the shore with the tips of their beautiful, soft fingers.  
The sun gently caressed them, and they generously returned streams of light

Lord, grant that I may avoid useless quarrels that tire and wound without achieving results.  
Keep me from these angry outbursts that draw attention but leave one uselessly weakened.  
Keep me from wanting always to outstrip others in my conceit, crushing those in my way.  
Wipe from my face the look of dark, dominating anger.  
Rather, Lord, grant that I may live my days calmly and fully, as the sea slowly covers the whole shore.  
Make me humble like the sea, as, silently and gently, it spreads out, unnoticed.  
May I wait for my brothers and match my pace to theirs that I may move upward with them.  
Grant me the triumphant perseverance of the waters.  
May each of my retreats turn into an advance.  
Give my face the light of clear waters.  
Give my soul the whiteness of foam.  
Illuminate my life that it might sing like sunbeams on the surface of the sea.  
But above all, Lord, may I not keep this light for myself, and may all those who come near me return home eager to bathe in your eternal grace.

More than the sounds of many waters,  
Than the mighty breakers of the sea,  
The Lord on high is mighty. Psalm 93:4

There is the sea, great and broad,  
In which are swarms without number,  
Animals both small and great. Psalm 104:25