

The Surrendering Heart

I sense You, O Sacred Heart of my Lord, drawing me to You. I feel Your hand reaching for mine; you beckon me to Your path and Your Heart. You wish to love me and to be loved in return. Although I feel so unworthy, I respond to Your desire and Your call. Help me to reach out for Your hand, my Lord. Help me to open to Your Will and to the Love of Your Sacred Heart. Show me how to surrender to your Perfect Plan for me. Teach me to love You, my Lord, as You desire to be loved.

Readings: (Pick from) John 12:24-26, Luke 9:23-26, Matthew 11:25-30; 16:24-28, John 15:1-17. Psalm 62

Response: Choose a prayer poem from the Surrendering Heart selections.

Reflection: As I learn to trust You, my Lord, I learn to give over more of myself to you. As I learn to love You, most Sacred Heart of my Lord, I learn to give my heart to You more and more. As You accept my heart into Yours, You love me into loving. I surrender to you all I am, O Lord. Teach me to be what You desire.

(Opt. a prayer of consecration is an excellent choice here.)

PRAYER POEMS FOR "THE SURRENDERING HEART"

I am Here

O Lord of Life,
I have heard You crying day and night
Outside the hearts of Your people.
You call out to them and wait for their answer!
"See my love for you?" You cry.
"Hear my love for you?" You moan.
"Open the doors of your hearts to Me," You beg.
"Without Me you are lost.
Within Me you are found."
I feel Your pain echoed in my heart
And my heart cries out for You.
I am here for You, my Lord.
Take me!

As You enter my heart
My soul is flooded with Your Life.
The deep waters of my love stir
And as fountains, spring forth.
Your Life, once again, pours forth
in Joy and Peace and Longing.
"Where are my people?" You cry to me.
"Can they not hear my cries?"
I am here, I whisper.

"My Love brings them Life," You tenderly cry.
"Why is this so hard?"
As Your Heart is pierced once again
Your tears wash through my soul
And spring forth fertile ground.
You hand me the keys.
"Open their hearts for Me,"
Your Sacred Heart sighs.
I am here, I whisper.

Make Me Your Furnace

Heart of Love,
Cast out fear and doubt,
Pour in love and joy in sacrifice.
Take every atom of my body,
Every part of my soul
And make it yours.
Fill me so completely
That You spill out

Into Your people through me.
Oh Fire of Love, burn in my heart
Casting Your love out and
Catching hold in the hearts of others.
Let me burn with Your Love,
Kindled by sacrifice and
Kept aflame by Your Word and Your Life,
Your Body and Your Blood.
Help me to carry my crosses
Diligently yet peacefully.
Let me find joy in sharing Your Cross.
Let my love for You bathe Your wounds
And numb Your Sacred Heart
From the pain of indifference.
Take away anything lukewarm
And replace it with Your Fire.
May my tears of repentance
Lift the weight of our sins
That tears at Your hands and feet on Your Cross.
May the breath of my prayers soothe,
May the drops of my love
Quench Your thirst
As You have mine
And may my heart mingle with Yours
In joy and sorrow
And in love eternal.

The Vine

“I am the Vine, you are the branches. Whoever remains in Me
and I in him bears much fruit for without me you are nothing.”
John 15:5

I wince at the clips and the cuts, at first,
As You prune and trim to make me strong.
But as You cut away at the dead wood,
The wild growth, the weak branches,
I feel the surge of Life within
As You direct my Life, my flow,
To the straight branch of Your Will for me
That leads most directly, most swiftly,
To You, my Vine.

The sweet nectar of Your Love
Pours out to me,
My Strength, my Hope.
Take away the dead wood from my life, my Lord!
The more You prune, the more fervent I grow

In my love for You
In my desire for Your Will.

Your Heart, O Sacred One, draws close
As You make me Yours.
My heart cleaves to Yours
No longer desiring the freedom of the world
But the gentleness of Your Heart.
The sprouts of new growth in You
Burst forth
As I dream of the Fruit,
In You.

The Better Portion

His words move her.
She draws nearer to His feet
As others gradually move away,
On to other pursuits,
Tiring easily.
But her heart burns with His words
As He takes ahold of the heart
That has been waiting for Him.
Entranced by His words of love
She is blind to all but Him
As He begins to speak to only her.

Love, He says, with heart open
With no thought of the pain,
The humiliation it will surely bring.
Love, He says, deeply, profoundly
With no thought of the price it will take.
Love, He says, as if it were
The only thing real in life,
To not would be to die.
Love, He says, as I love
As He pours the treasures of His Heart
Into her waiting and willing soul.

Deep into her soul
She is transformed by His Love.
Deeply the rivers from His Sacred Heart
Flood her heart whose gates are
Opened wide for Him.
Deeply her heart and soul tremble with
The power of His transforming Love.

Unable to move, unable to speak,
She is all His,
Overcome with the gifts of His Heart
As she listens to every Word.
Though the room bustles with the activity of others,
There is nothing but their two hearts
Joined in a communion of Love.
For them, the world fades, the sounds dull,
And there is only a profound joy,
An unearthly silent Peace
As they are consumed in the
Power of His Love.

“Lord,” her sister cries, “ Are you not concerned
My sister has left me to do the household tasks alone?
Tell her to help me.”

Surrounding her with His Love,
He longs to protect her
From the attacks to her heart
That have begun so soon,
As she has accepted
His Sacred Heart into hers.

“You are concerned and upset
About many things.
One thing only is required.
She has chosen the better portion and
She shall not be deprived of it,”

He returns
As He sees in her eyes
The pain and the joy to come
Immersed in His Sacred Heart of Love

Straw into Gold

Struggling to find You in my heart
I wade through pain and confusion,
Impatience and isolation;
I wade through what I think should be;
I wade through judgments and anger;
I wade through what I wish could be.
How did these things I loathe get in my heart again?
How do I find You in this dark, painful heart?

Yet You are always here
And You are always near
Though sometimes hard for me to find.
I beg You to help me lose
These pains and distractions.
I surrender all I am to Your Will,
To Your Sacred Heart, once again.
And then I wait, on You my Lord.
You do not lift this pain right away.
But still I wait.
The stone on this tomb is too heavy for me, my Lord.
Please help soon!

As I struggle to prepare a place for You,
I encounter my fears, my pains,
My total dependence on You.
I look to You, Lord, for only You
Can strengthen and heal me.
"I am not worthy to receive You,
But only say the word and I shall be healed,"
I chant as I clean house in my heart.

Emptying my chalice, I wait for You to fill.
I will not move until You come.
Day after day, hour after hour,
I wait, I pray, I dig, I prepare.
My heart reaches for Your Sacred Heart.
I call for You, I open the doors wider.

Contemplating Your Sacred Heart,
I remember the Thorns, the Wound, the Cross.
You know the constant pain.
You know the rejection and isolation.
You know the desire for Your people
Burning in Your Heart, a Love unrequited.
And I have asked for Your Heart!
What did I expect?

Contemplating Your abandonment
To us on Your Cross,
I draw near to Your Altar of Sacrifice;
Accepting Your Pain in mine, I let Peace in.
As Your Peace enters my heart,
Your Light overcomes the shadows
And the straw of the place I prepared
For You to rest Your head
Is turned to Gold as Your Presence
Touches it and comes to rest.

As I receive Your Body and Blood,
Our Communion, our Covenant of Love, is completed.
As I become one with Your pain,
So I become one with Your Peace.
I receive You, Jesus, into my heart once again
As You are born anew in me.

Please make me a willing carrier
Of the desire of Your Sacred Heart.
Please make me a willing example
Of Your Love through pain.
O Sacred Heart inspire me
With Your Love that knows no bounds!
And turn the unworthy straw of my heart
Into the Gold of Your Presence!

A Resting Place

Let me be Your Tabernacle, Lord.
Let me hold You in my heart.
Let me protect Your Heart from the attacks,
The sneers, the iciness and apathy.
Let me be a resting place
For Your weary head and ravaged Heart.

Let me build this tabernacle with love.
Let me hold it up with service.
Let me warm it with my heart.
Let me make it soft with my tears
That You may find some comfort,
However small and weak, in me.

Lord, if I could just be what You desire!
If I could just love You as You wish!
If I could blind Your eyes to the indifference
And soften the blows of rejection.
Lord, I will love You thus, always.

Like the manger, humble and weak,
That became Your earthly throne,
Will You allow my heart to be a resting place
For Your most Sacred Heart of Love?

Prayer at Journey's End

There was a time
When I would have wanted to know
All the Secrets of Your Mind,
All the intricacies of Your Thoughts.
But now what I desire is to be held
Deep within Your Sacred Heart.

There was a time
I sought to find Your Truth.
I sought to taste Your Wisdom.
I sought to see Your Face.
But now what I desire
Is to touch Your Pure Heart.

You, Heart of my Lord, are all that I desire.
Your Love is all the Wisdom I can know.
Your Love is all the Peace I can feel.
Your Love brings all the Joy my soul desires.

You, O Sacred Heart, are every Treasure's Source.
Your touch is ever healing to my soul.
Your pain is ever grieving to my heart.
Your desire is ever calling me to You.

"Come deeper," You call.
"Come deeper in Me.
Release your hold
On everything else.
Sink into the depths
Of My Eternal Heart,
To where you find all you desire,
All Wisdom, all Truth, all Peace
Wrapped in My Eternal Love.
Come deeper," You call.
"Come deeper as you bring
All that I desire
Wrapped in the tender embrace
Of My trusting child."

For Your Heart

In the warmth of Your Sacred Heart,
That Love that eternally emanates,
More constant than the sun,
From the ever-sweet, ever-warming
Treasures of Your Heart,

I find myself basking,
Desiring every ray;
Wanting all You have to give,
I open every part of me
To Your Light and Love.

Come, pour Your Light
On all my darkness!
Brighten my soul,
Enlighten my mind,
Melt my heart,
And make it just for You!

I soak You in like the sun's rays.
Your Love heals,
Your Joy transforms.
Your Sacrifice brings pain
And yet still joy!
That You would love so much
That You would speak Your Love
In a language I could never forget.

I draw to Your Cross,
Intent on every gesture,
Every word of Your love.
I take You in
And make even Your suffering
Part of my soul.
Your wounds sear my heart
But the joy of Your forgiveness,
Of Your love that burns through all pain,
Through all abandonment,
Opens my heart to Your Ways.

Longing for Your Heart of Love,
I will not be satisfied:
I will open my heart to Yours,
I will expose my soul to Your Light.
I lay all I am out
On the Sands of Penitence.
Body, mind, soul, heart, spirit,
All there ready for Your Rays
Of Light, Love and Truth.

Come to me, Lord of my heart,
Sanctify me,
And satisfy my longing soul
With Your Sacred Heart
Of Pure Love,

Undiluted by my lack of faith,
By my feeble attempts at Love,
By my imperfect joy.
Come and let me soak You in
That I may be filled with Your Perfect Grace,
That I may reflect Your Perfect Love.

Ash

Dust, ash,
So easily stirred by the least movement,
Scatter, swirl,
Then come to rest again.
Such little flecks of a big universe,
Discarded, unappreciated,
So like weeds, often us.

It is You, my Lord,
Who takes our dust,
So plain, so humble,
And forms us in Your image.
It is only You, O Lord,
Who takes our ash
After we have burnt ourselves out,
And forms us into Your image again.

You, whose thoughts, whose Heart
Can birth a universe,
You take our clay
And make us Your own.
You, whose most Sacred Heart,
Whose most pure Spirit,
Stirs to Life our souls,
Stir our hearts in Your Heart,
Our souls in You,
And bring us home to You.

As dust returns to the earth
After a disturbance,
Open Your Sacred Heart
For our return.
Take us, O Lord, O Master of Love,
And let us cling to You again,
Your dust, yet Your jewel in Your eyes.

You, who counts each fleck,
Each grain of sand,
Each hair on our heads,

Count our hearts, touch our souls,
Bring them into Your Heart
And like the ore of the earth,
Make them Your gold.

Though I am simple, though common, though dust,
You, my Lord, with Your Presence and Your Love,
Transform me, draw me to You
And in Your most Sacred Heart,
You make me feel precious to You.

Not with carbon, but Love
You formed Your universe;
Carbon is but the ash
Of Your Furnace of Love.
Touch my ash with Your Fire, O Lord,
And bring me to Life, once again, in You.
Take me to You and quench my thirst for Your Love.
Take my ash in Your hands
And breathe in me
Life in You.

Because I ask...

You give and keep giving.
There is no bottom to this
Well of Your love and tenderness.
There is no retaining wall
As Your Precious Lava of Love
Moves to every gesture,
Every thought, every emotion,
Every ache, every longing;
Moves so tenderly,
Moves so willingly,
Moves to engulf the willing soul
That surrenders
In Your ever-present, ever-willing,
Ever-attentive Heart of Love.

Come to me, Lord, I pray,
As I surrender to You
All I am to Your Sacred Heart of Love
And Your plan for me.
Let me be carried away
In the Lava of Your Love
Succumbing to every movement,
Every whisper, every nudge,
Every touch, every longing,

Every desire of Your Most Precious Heart.

Heart of Love, Most Sacred Heart,
Move in me as day by day
You teach me Your Ways
And engulf me in Your Love
With no desire of escape.

Do You Love Me?

Do you love me? You ask,
Cutting me to the quick.
Lord, You know I love You! I reply.
My heart grows heavy from Your question.
How often have I tried with
Everything I am
To love You, my Lord.
But how often I come away
Confused by Your higher ways.

Do you love Me? You ask again.
My heart aches to answer:
Lord, You know I love You!
Can You not see my love for You, Lord?
Is it because I find myself
So often confused by Your Love?
Is it because of
My impetuosity and impatience
That cannot wait for Your timing?
Is it because I just don't understand
Your plan for me?
But I give myself to You and Your plan
Regardless of my inability to understand
What I am getting myself into!

Do you love me? You ask again.
Tears flow, my throat chokes.
What do You want from me? I ask.
My heart aches as I struggle to whisper
These words one more time:

Lord, You know I love You.
I am weak.
I am confused.
What, Lord, do You need?
Speak clearly, I beg,
Because You know I am simple.
In Your eyes I know I am small.

But, dear Lord, You are
Everything to me.
Your Sacred Heart is my Life, my desire.
Teach me to love You
As You desire to be loved,
My Lord, my God.
Come to my heart
And bring me peace
As I love You the only way
I know how,
With everything I am.
Lord, take my heart into Yours
Where I may love You always.
Feed My sheep, You reply.

Rest Your Head in Our Hearts

O Lamb of God,
So gentle, so pure,
The Unblemished One,
You, who brought us life,
You, who brought us Hope,
You who brought us Love,
A love so immense
Even the universe and eternity
Cannot contain it.
You ask so little in return.
You, who gave until every precious drop of Blood
Drained from Your Body,
Breathing words of love and mercy until the end,
Have mercy on us!

Most Holy One,
Behind Your gentle eyes lies an
Eternity wrapped within
Your Sacred Heart of Love.
Receive our hearts into Yours!

You, Lord, could have been anything,
But You chose to be Love:
Pure, unblemished,
Unaffected by time and neglect,
Ever-hoping, ever-waiting
For a small return of our love.
Ever knocking at the cold door
Of our hardened hearts,
You whisper through the
Cracks in our hearts.

You weep in the cold,
The wounds in Your hands and feet aching,
Your pierced side seeping still
The precious Blood of Life Eternal,
The water of forgiveness.
But You die on that Cross alone, again,
In a world
That seldom hears You
That seldom sees You,
That turns away from Your precious gift of Yourself.
Forgive us for we know not what we do!

“The foxes have their lairs
The birds of the sky have their nests,
But the Son of Man
Has no where to lay His head.” (Luke 9:58)

The world of sin and weakness
Could never be home
To a love as pure as Yours.
Lord, we throw open the doors
Of our hardened hearts for You, our Perfect Lord!
Take comfort in our imperfect love
And find in our hearts a place
Washed clean by Your Sacrifice,
Made whole in Your Love,
A place of comfort to lay Your head and heart!
Teach us to love You, O Lord.
Teach us to love You as You desire, O Lord!
May You find Your rest in us,
May we find our rest in You.

The War Zone

You stand beside me, yet within me,
Quieting me, focusing me on You
And Your Heart of Pure Peace.

Here in the “war zone,” as bombs explode,
Arrows fly daily, sometimes hourly,
Your Words draw me inward to Your Sacred Heart.

You offer Your Gifts of Peace
With the Flames of Your Heart
That rather than destroy, heal, make whole,
Immerse me in Your sheltering Love.

Your Words grow stronger, clearer
The closer I come to true surrender.
I see You and Your messages
Everywhere I look, listen, feel,
All leading me deeper, trusting wholly,
Becoming a vessel for Your Power.
As I bow to You, falling to Your Will,
You stand in me.

Your gentle, silent strength consumes my fears.
My fears, crushed under Your feet,
Become the springboard for Your Coup.
You, O Lord of Eternal Love, have won my heart.
Here in the "war zone"
My heart belongs entirely to You.
My dying is Your Rising
And I am safe in Your Heart.

Though my shell may die,
Though they may pound me to the ground,
O happy death, for I will rise in You!
Like a mountain rising out of the sea,
The waves toss and crash against it,
But are powerless against its strength.
I have already given to death all that is not in You.
So what can they take from me now?
You have won, My Lord.
Take Your willing prisoner to Your Heart.

The Groom Awaits

I entered Your throne room
To find You honored there.
Looking around, I found myself
At a masquerade.

I looked for You in the Bridal chamber.
Surely there You would be loved and cherished.
But I found Your Spouse neither hot nor cold,
Nor even attentive to You.

I looked for You in the Garden
And found You there, weeping.
Stay awake with Me, You cried again.
Pray with Me, You mourned.
But the Garden was empty,
The voices quiet and
You wept alone.

I came to them, yet they turn away.
I gave up my higher Throne
To make their world and hearts my throne.
But they have no room for Me.
They are filled with other things.
They choose the jester over the King.

Your hands were shaking,
Your voice full of tears.
You reached for Your Bride
But she was not there.

Your Love is so poignant, so true.
Could the Bride truly sleep?
Will she refuse Your embrace?

Can we begin again, one heart at a time?
I ask the sorrowing King.
His eyes close, a tear drops
Into my waiting hand.

Follow

Follow My lead, You beckon,
Leaving Your footprints for me.
Place yours in Mine.
They are made for you, You invite.
I slip my bare foot into the print
You have left for me.
Mine is so small in Your soft, perfect one,
Yet feels so comfortable, so real,
It feels like where I belong.

Follow my lead, You call.
I move within Your footprints
Exploring what You call me to be.
I find as I follow,
Your steps are sometimes close
Like baby steps,
Yet are sometimes wide,
Like a giant leap.
I find sometimes those leaps,
And even those baby steps, hurt,
But move me where I wish to be.

Follow my lead, You call.
I look up from the footprints to see

Your Sacred Heart burning with love,
To see Your Heart shedding Blood.
Bring your heart to Mine, You invite.
As I open my heart to You,
Trying to follow Your lead,
My heart presses to Yours,
Soaking Your graces in like a sponge.
The sweet wine of Your Heart,
So Sacred, so Divine,
Mixes with the bitter taste of Sorrow.
My heart pressing to Yours weeps
As the thorns of Your Sacred Heart
Meet my heart.
Yet their piercing
Bears a fullness and a
Sweetness of its own.

Mold my heart to Yours, my Lord,
And let me pierce with Your piercing.
Yet let my heart overflow
With Your gifts and graces
Wrapped in Your sacred, unearthly love.
As I stretch to fit my footsteps to Yours,
Steady me in Your love.
Teach me the ways of Your Heart, O Lord,
So sacred, yet so soft,
So sorrowful, yet so merciful,
So strong, yet so vulnerable,
So uncompromisingly hopeful,
So eternally faithful.

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