**Acts 16:9-15**

During the night Paul had a vision: there stood a man of Macedonia pleading with him and saying, "Come over to Macedonia and help us." When he had seen the vision, we immediately tried to cross over to Macedonia, being convinced that God had called us to proclaim the good news to them.

We set sail from Troas and took a straight course to Samothrace, the following day to Neapolis, and from there to Philippi, which is a leading city of the district of Macedonia and a Roman colony. We remained in this city for some days. On the Sabbath day we went outside the gate by the river, where we supposed there was a place of prayer; and we sat down and spoke to the women who had gathered there.

A certain woman named Lydia, a worshiper of God, was listening to us; she was from the city of Thyatira and a dealer in purple cloth. The Lord opened her heart to listen eagerly to what was said by Paul. When she and her household were baptized, she urged us, saying, "If you have judged me to be faithful to the Lord, come and stay at my home." And she prevailed upon us.

**Psalm 67**

May God be merciful to us and bless us,
show us the light of his countenance and come to us.

Let your ways be known upon earth,
your saving health among all nations.

Let the peoples praise you, O God;
let all the peoples praise you.

Let the nations be glad and sing for joy,
for you judge the peoples with equity
and guide all the nations upon earth.

Let the peoples praise you, O God;
let all the peoples praise you.

The earth has brought forth her increase;
may God, our own God, give us his blessing.

May God give us his blessing,
and may all the ends of the earth stand in awe of him.

#### [Revelation 21:10-14, 22-23](http://www.usccb.org/bible/readings/bible/revelation/21%3A10)

The angel took me in spirit to a great, high mountain and showed me the holy city Jerusalem coming down out of heaven from God.

It gleamed with the splendor of God.
Its radiance was like that of a precious stone,
like jasper, clear as crystal. It had a massive, high wall, with twelve gates where twelve angels were stationed and on which names were inscribed, the names of the twelve tribes of the Israelites.

There were three gates facing east, three north, three south, and three west. The wall of the city had twelve courses of stones as its foundation, on which were inscribed the twelve names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb.

I saw no temple in the city for its temple is the Lord God almighty and the Lamb.

The city had no need of sun or moon to shine on it, for the glory of God gave it light, and its lamp was the Lamb.

#### [John 14:23-29](http://www.usccb.org/bible/readings/bible/john/14%3A23)

Jesus said to his disciples:
“Whoever loves me will keep my word, and my Father will love him, and we will come to him and make our dwelling with him. Whoever does not love me does not keep my words; yet the word you hear is not mine but that of the Father who sent me.

I have told you this while I am with you. The Advocate, the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in my name, will teach you everything and remind you of all that I told you.

Peace I leave with you; my peace I give to you. Not as the world gives do I give it to you. Do not let your hearts be troubled or afraid. You heard me tell you, ‘I am going away and I will come back to you.’ If you loved me, you would rejoice that I am going to the Father; for the Father is greater than I. And now I have told you this before it happens, so that when it happens you may believe.”

**A recent post in Caring Bridge from Gwen Neufeld, a former SSU student whose husband Don died of brain cancer in March:**

*The purpose of living is not to learn*

*to make prayer*

*but to become prayer;*

*to live in and for God*

*according to the divine call,*

*wholly surrendered to*

*the Spirit’s activity in the soul*

*for the glory of God*

                     --Fr. Gilbert Shaw

I have more than once asked God to make my life a prayer. So that even without words, my life would be a petition for the needs of others--that how I live would BE worship.

How does one’s life *become* prayer--or worship?

Here in the echo of this room I find myself asking, *did God think that He could best answer that request by taking my beloved Don out of the picture??*

Mostly I try to avoid the *why*’s because that question does not add to my peace. Instead I read my HEAVEN book, and am blessed again by John O’Donahue’s words that remind me;

*When we love another heart*

*And allow it to love us,*

*We journey deep below time*

*Into that eternal weave*

*Where nothing unravels. . .*