



Around here school's out and kids are beginning their summer vacation. I remember childhood summers that seemed to have no horizon: a time and place as close to heaven as any young heart might ever dream. A child's summer joy comes as a gift from God: a taste of timelessness, a promise of perpetual play, a season of sun and unending fun. But where have our childhood summers gone? Have we lost our hope in summer's promise? If we don't believe in summer, how will we believe in heaven where summer's joy must surely never end, where summer's timeless stillness calms with peace all other seasons' grief? Let's pause and pray...

Come summer with me, Lord, come summer deep down in my soul... Restore my faith in summer's time, in rest, in joy, in play, in you... Summer in my heart, Lord, and dwell there as if the summertime would never end, as if all time were a child's time, eternal time, when school is always out and joy is ever in...

Come summer with me, Lord, come summer deep down in my soul... In these long-awaited days, Lord, slow me down and give me time for nothing to do but to be with you and to know again that you're with me. Help me put the brakes to my merry-go-round-go-nowhere pace... Slow me down... Let any summer doldrums lull, calm and call me to a place of peace, of prayer, of meeting you again -- as if bumping into an old friend, on the streets of my vacation...

Come summer with me, Lord, come summer deep down in my soul... Help me relax, Lord, and find a peaceful pace and place where I can meet you face to face. Remind me of the times you took your own rest, Lord: leaving the city and crowds behind, going out into the desert, up the mountain, across to the opposite shore and off by yourself - or away with just a few friends, to pray...

Come summer with me, Lord, come summer deep down in my soul... Slow me down, Lord, and let the busyness that runs me and the work that runs me down settle to a pace and peace that lets me be, just be with you, in a quiet shade where my heart speaks to yours and yours to mine and I can hear your word.

Come summer with me, Lord, come summer deep down in my soul... Even if my summer time is crowded with work and things to do, even if vacation time is short or not at all in sight, even if responsibilities burden me as the summer's heat - even then... Come summer with me, Lord, come summer deep down in my soul every day: as the sun comes up at morning and disappears at night... As the stars shine bright by the moonlight and soft rains fall upon me - come summer with me, Lord, come summer deep down in my soul... Amen.

(From my blog at ConcordPastor.blogspot.com)