



A Trail of the Year

This trail is a prayer space for an individual to wander through.
In the busy-ness of the season to reflect your reality.

This is taken from various writings from Advent services and collated as a much more led liturgy than we normally follow.

I hope this offers you a space to reflect, to hold and to be held.
To be aware of coming close to God and knowing God come near.

God, in all the busyness of the season,

We give you thanks for time apart:

Time to be in peace, time to search for quiet

Time to wander with thoughts and feelings

Time to let our masks slip and own the hurt and pain that is ours
today.

In this space there is no need to pretend, no need to put on a brave
face, to wear a smile that does not reach our eyes or hearts.

Here you welcome us as we are in all our brokenness and vulnerability

In all our grief and sorrow, in all that we long for and all that we miss.

Your welcome holds out the promise of healing.

May we know your love holding me close as we feel your nearness
here in this place. Amen



Can you find a stone?



The first stone we hold to redeem the pain of loss; the loss of relationships, the loss of jobs, the loss of health.



Bring your stone as you wander forwards



Pause and see the trees that have lost their leaves- they stand naked, bare, their colour and decoration dropped.

Notice how the tree stands, does it hide in shame or does it remain? Is there a beauty in the bare tree? Is there an honesty in it's vulnerability

Ask God to give you the strength of the tree, to know your beauty despite the decoration.

Can you find another stone?



This second stone we hold to remember those whom we have loved and lost. We pause to remember their name, their face, their voice, the memory that binds them to us in this season.

(You are encouraged to name them).

Bring your stone as we journey ahead.



Can you see leaves on the ground that have turned from their colours to brown?

They do not face an end but continue to have a purpose, what they have been they now share to the future.

Their colours fade but their gift does not.

Can you find a stone
in this place?

This third
stone we hold
to remember
ourselves.



We pause and remember these past weeks and months; the disbelief, the anger, the down times, the poignancy of reminiscing, the hugs and handshakes of family and friends, all those who stood with us. We give thanks for all the support we have known.

We acknowledge the pain of the loneliness we have felt, the touch we have missed and the friendships we have forsaken as we have struggled to be.

Carry your stone as you move on.

Can you see a broken branch or twig?

Where did it come from?
Is it from one of the nearby trees?
What caused it to fall?

Is it useless now it is broken? Is it without worth because it is not connected?
What could you do with it? Have others noticed it, held it, walked with it?

Can you find
another stone
The fourth stone
we hold to
remember our
faith and the gift
of hope which
the Christmas
story offers to us.

We remember
that God, who
shares our life,
promises us a
place and time
of no more pain
and suffering.



Where do you see hope around you?

Place your stones down, or create a pile with them. Feel the earth as you place them.
Notice each one as you lay it down.
Leave your stones.

Come, God-with-us: who braves our rejection and hurt,
who holds us in acceptance and love.

Come God-for-us: who whispers in our ears
that each of us are beloved children.

Come God-under-us: who cradles us in arms that never grow weary;
whose lap has room for all.

Come, God-over-us: who watches in the long silence of the night,
that we might rest in peace.

Come, God-beside-us: who steadies us when we falter,
who lifts us up when we fall.

Come, God-behind-us: who picks up all the faded dreams we drop along the
way, and patchworks them into hope.

Come, God-with-us, Emmanuel,
let your light shine in our darkness. Amen.

