

GO!

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GO  
Creative  
Communications  
Sample



*A Book of*  
VACATION PRAYERS

## VACATION PRAYER OPPORTUNITIES

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# Amusement Park

They've worked so hard to make it all so nice, O Lord.

It's a shame that it's not *real*.

They've planned it carefully to be  
the kind of place I want to come to—  
clean and colorful, exciting and relaxing,  
welcoming diversion from reality.

As nearly as they can, they've made  
a perfect little scrubbed and smiling world  
where fantasy, excitement, pleasure,  
entertainment, wide-eyed wonder,  
join with food and drink and trinkets  
(even handy restrooms everywhere)  
to serve up life the way I'd like it,  
the way the world would be if I myself  
could make it over in a better way.

Oh, no offense intended, Lord! The world You made  
of course is wonderful, the way You made it, too.

But ... well, You know,

**it isn't perfect anymore.**

It's not the kind of place where everything is *right*.  
There's sin in it, and that unfortunately is all too real.

That's not Your fault, I understand, but mine;  
and in that understanding I begin to see  
the shame of what I've done (and do!)  
to undo what You made so good,  
and then the agony through which You went  
to make things new and right for me again,  
by suffering the wrong that I had done.

**Now, that was real!—**

**Your love for me, Your dying on the cross,  
Your resurrection victory,  
and now whatever is in store  
in the new earth and heaven  
You have guaranteed me by Your blood.**

What will that be like, O Lord?

Like an amusement park? (without the lines, of course)

Or something even better yet?

*Something really real!*

# Cooking Out

How good it tastes when cooked here out of doors, O Lord;  
how good it smells and feels, doing it this way—  
so rustic, woody, sort of primitive ...  
but only “sort of,”  
and maybe that’s the finest thing of all:  
that I may cook my sustenance this earthy way  
not because I **must**  
(as though no other option were available  
and all I ever had for cooking  
were this kindled open flame),  
but because I **may**,  
enjoying the variety for now  
of what is not a day-by-day necessity  
but a change of pace,  
and so enjoyable.

I know that at the seaside once, arisen from the dead,  
You also cooked an outdoor meal, Lord Christ.  
As your disciples struggled with  
their over-burdened nets,  
You had their breakfast waiting for them,  
charcoal broiled fish.

*Did You enjoy that day, O Lord*, the smokey smell,  
the robust flavor, and the laughing sense of fun  
that seems to come with outdoor flames?  
Having been dead—really, truly, deathly dead—  
and now alive—really, truly living once again—  
did you appreciate, as I do now,  
how good this life You give  
can really, truly be?

How good it is for me, O Lord, to smell and taste  
and to enjoy such simple, unnecessary goodnesses  
and in such pleasure to acknowledge  
not only Your greatest and eternal gifts  
(like sins forgiven, life renewed, and hope  
that reaches even past the grave),  
but even Your vast love for me  
which permits “primitive” to be a pleasure,  
food cooked thus a rustic luxury.



# Disappointing Weather

I always feel a little guilty (or is it more like *fearful*?)  
complaining about the weather, which, after all,  
is Your particular concern, O Lord, not mine,  
and I'm sure You have Your reasons  
for sending rain or heat or cold  
precisely when You do.

But my vacation is so short (and so expensive, too!)  
I'd really like to make the most of every day  
and every opportunity. **And now ... this!**

At least it made me think of You  
(something I don't always do  
when everything is going well,  
and I can think about myself alone),  
and wonder whether You aren't disappointed, too,  
when things don't go the way You know  
they ought to go.

How often is the reason for Your disappointment  
that I want things to benefit and please myself,  
no matter how that course of mine  
might interfere with someone else's welfare  
or Your own great plan?

**Forgive me, Lord!**  
And lead me, even in my disappointment,  
to trust Your will for me,  
which You have promised faithfully  
(and shown me once, at Calvary)  
is always for my good.

Help me to praise Your goodness, too,  
not only when things go my way,  
but even when they don't.

# Exercise

Some muscles I didn't know I had may be aching soon!

I am determined, Lord of life, not to complain  
but to enjoy the ache, this opportunity  
to exercise not only limbs and tendons  
but the stewardship of my body,  
that grand and wondrous gift of Yours  
which has been mine all of my life,  
a fact that seems so obvious  
that I don't always appreciate  
how wonderfully made I am.

And now, through unaccustomed pains,

You kindly let me know again  
that all my parts and members  
are of Your divine design, undeserved,  
unasked-for, sometimes unappreciated.

**Thank You for my body, Lord!**

And for this opportunity to try its limits,  
rejoice in its diversity,  
provide it with the use it needs  
to reach toward the potential  
You created here.

**And thank You for the pain which You endured—**

pain of body and soul which I can never comprehend  
and need not, since for me on Calvary,  
You suffered once what I could not endure.

And thank You, too, for that bright Easter hope

assuring me that even when this body, wasted, done,  
is laid to rest,

it still has not outrun its use,  
but You will call it forth again—call me, myself,  
to take up in a new and glorious way  
what now is still beyond my weak ability—  
renewed, refreshed,

*and never to know pain again!*

As in each area of my life, O Lord, here too

make me wise and responsible—and thankful—  
in doing what I have the strength to do.

# Exhausted!

There are times when “tired” simply means “worn out”  
“exhausted” is a word that says  
that I have worked so hard, so long,  
that I can hardly stand.

But there’s another kind of “tired”  
which by Your goodness, Lord my God,  
I’m feeling now, and relish in,  
acknowledging that Your gracious hand has given me  
so much right now of all Your daily goodness  
that I have reached the limit  
of being able to handle it all.

It’s like the feeling when a surprise party  
contained too many surprises  
and I experienced a kind of “overload”  
of goodness.

As such, I will admit, O Lord,  
my feeling of “exhausted”  
is not so much a burden as a  
what someone once called “*a good tired*”  
(rather than a bad one),  
and for everything that brought me to this state  
I give You thanks. I don’t deserve it all.

What kind of “tired” did You feel, O Christ,  
on Your great journey for the souls of all,  
when healing all the multitudes  
and feeding them and raising their dead,  
while preaching, teaching, praying, seeking,  
suffering and dying on the cross?

*Was that a “good” tired or a bad one, Lord?*

How did You feel on Easter night  
or after You ascended to Your throne?

How will I feel when not only this particular trip  
but life’s whole journey leads at last to home?

**Exhausted?** Or invigorated? *Thankful*, that’s for sure  
for Your untiring gifts to me my whole life through!



# Family

It's good to be together like this, O Lord,  
to share again in ways like these same things  
we don't always take the time (or make the time) to do.  
I tend to forget (or maybe simply take for granted)  
the gifts You have given me  
by making me part of a family—  
a circle of loved ones who truly care  
as few others can, or do:  
about whom I care, too,  
more deeply than I usually find the words,  
or ways, to say.

**In being close to them again,**

**I begin to understand once more  
the great love with which You love me, too.**

You bid me call You "Father," and You say  
Your love for me is even stronger,  
longer lasting, than a mother's love.  
And you call me your child—with all the love  
and tender warmth and deep concern  
(and also self-sacrifice)  
that wondrous name implies.

There are times, to be sure, when they grind on my nerves.

Does that happen to You, as well?

Of course it does. I know what *sin* is,  
from unfortunate, first-hand experience,  
and so I know of disappointment, anger,  
shattered hopes, and unkept promises.

I know what *forgiveness* is, too, for I have done it ...  
and had it done to me, right here  
in the circle of those I love so much  
and therefore hurt so deeply.

Your Son, my Savior Jesus Christ, was sent  
into a home, a family very much like mine,  
to know there (and to show there) human love—  
but more than that: *divine love*,

Your unique, forgiving, seeking, open-handed love  
that makes us a family, one with You  
and with each other, even still!





# Go! *with* God

GOD NEVER TAKES A VACATION.

Even when “God rested” on the seventh day, He was still busy—upholding and preserving all that He made.

But in that sacred rest, His Word informs us, God has given us not only an example but also a solemn directive: that *we* should take the time to rest as well, at His command ... and that in that rest, we should acknowledge anew our relationship with Him.

This little booklet is offered to help you to relate some of the different experiences of your vacation with your constant experience of the grace and love of God in Jesus Christ. Each of the short devotions offered here is in the form of a prayer—a “heart to heart talk with God”—but usually only the beginning of such a conversation. Please feel free to continue talking after the printed words have run out.

You will also notice that **the devotions are listed alphabetically by topic**, rather than in some kind of chronological order. Not every prayer will apply to everyone’s vacation, certainly. You will have to pick out the ones that do apply, when they happen to occur. The table of contents will give you some idea of the range of topics.

And then have a wonderful vacation! Relish the rest and refreshment the Lord provides, and rejoice in all the wonders He has for you to experience. And as you do, *be sure to tell God how you feel*, with confident anticipation and happy thankfulness.

Maybe these prayers can help.



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