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Dry Bones

by Joyce Rupp

Tiredness grounds me
Into a quiet stupor
of the spirit.

I yearn to be inspired,
to be lifted up, set free
beyond the place of deadness.

the struggle goes on,
however,
and you and I, God,
we exist together
with seemingly
little communion.

yet in the deepest part of me,
I believe in you,
perhaps more strongly than ever.

I am learning you
as a God of silence,
of darkness, deep and strong.

I do not wrestle anymore,
only wait, only wait,
for you to bring my dry bones

into dancing once again.

*Our bones are dry,
Our hope has gone;
We are done for*

-- Ezekiel 37:11

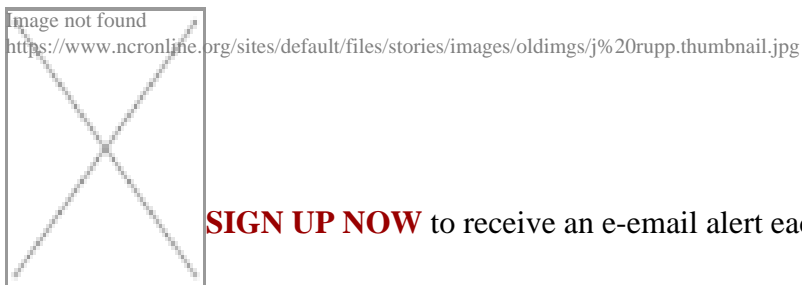
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**Prayer action suggestion:**

Divide a piece of paper in half. On the one side list people, events, situations and things that take your energy away. On the other side list people events, situations and things that give you energy. Look at your lists. How much energy is being taken from you? How much do you willingly give away? What can you do to have more balance in your life?

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This meditation is reprinted from Joyce Rupp's book *May I Have This Dance?*

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