

# *Carry Me* to This *Enchanted Shore*



ANNAGRAMMATICA'S Little Book of PRAYER ~ Book 2  
by Mary Campbell

# *Carry Me to This Enchanted Shore*

To \_ \_ \_ \_ \_

From \_ \_ \_ \_ \_

With LOVE



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by Mary Campbell

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*For Cookie, Eli, Tracy, Ryder, and Adalyn*



*N*ow before the morning light appears;  
now in calm anticipation...



now this sacred, still, unmeasured interval  
I dedicate to thee.



Wherever are revived the dying,  
comforted the grieving...



given hope the flagging spirits,  
raised the fallen...



fed the hungry souls...



Where nothing is impossible...



and what was old is young again...



Where the eternal mysteries are sung,  
their secrets carried on the wind,  
confided to the sky...



Where angels from their rest arise...



and where the very sun is robed and vested...

Where all are  
baptized in  
the freshet,  
pure  
emerging...



venom banished in ignominy  
and washed away...



Where common  
things become a  
garden, radiant  
with color, light,  
and form...



Where  
light is  
born...





Where all the universe  
declares benevolent intent...

Where  
music  
out of  
silence  
grows...



Where  
all from  
nothing  
comes  
and all  
that  
ends  
begins...





Carry me, O Father-Mother God,  
to this enchanted shore...



that I as well may be reborn...



and dwell in  
innocence again.





Thine angels send among the suffering...

Where they are  
fragile, make  
them strong;  
where broken,  
make them  
sound...





their pain assuage, evaporate, distill.

Thine all-  
annealing  
love  
bestow...





and where it finds a cold, unyielding heart,  
thy shining grace impart...



to melt the stones  
that guard the hermit's door...



so light may enter and embrace.



God, where glory lives, accept our weary selves,  
complete us.

Open our insensate eyes, that we might  
recognize the riches we possess...





and the provision we require—

before us now, already ours;  
all beauty at our feet...





all sound by heaven's choir made  
crystalline...

all that is lovely, seen, recalled...



and all  
abundance—  
everything we  
need and more...





beyond the sum of ancient dreams...



and unfulfilled desires.

Amen.

## *Carry Me to This Enchanted Shore*

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now in calm anticipation,  
now this sacred, still, unmeasured interval

I dedicate to thee.

Wherever are revived the dying,  
comforted the grieving,  
given hope the flagging spirits,  
raised the fallen, fed the hungry souls;  
Where nothing is impossible  
and what was old is young again;  
Where the eternal mysteries are sung,  
their secrets carried on the wind,  
confided to the sky;  
Where angels from their rest arise,  
and where the very sun is robed and vested;  
Where all are baptized in the freshet, pure emerging,  
venom banished in ignominy and washed away;  
Where common things become a garden,  
radiant with color, light, and form;  
Where light is born;  
Where all the universe declares benevolent intent;  
Where music out of silence grows,  
Where all from nothing comes and all that ends begins:

*C*arry me, O Father-Mother God, to this  
enchanted shore,  
that I as well may be reborn and dwell in  
innocence again.

Thine angels send among the suffering.  
Where they are fragile, make them strong;  
where broken, make them sound;  
their pain assuage, evaporate, distill.  
Thine all-annealing love bestow,  
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all sound by heaven's choir made crystalline;  
all that is lovely, seen, recalled;  
and all abundance—everything we need and more,  
beyond the sum of ancient dreams and unfulfilled desires.

Amen

*by Mary Campbell  
March 2007*

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