

“Take my life, and let it be”

I've loved you the way my Father has loved me. Make yourself at home in my love. Love one another the way I loved you. This is the best way to love. Put your life on the line for your friends. {John 15: 9,13}

One of my favourite hymns is “Take my life and let it be” by Frances Ridley Havergal. {1836-1879} Her words immerse us in a prayer that asks for our attention. Look beyond the naked eye and what a camera captures.

Frances was a daughter of a clergyman who himself wrote and composed hymns. It seems she had a simple faith starting with reciting scripture at the age of 4. Her first poem was written at 7 years. Every piece of writing was prayed over. When you read these delights it becomes no surprise how she transformed her poems into hymns.

Two verses from her poem “Be Not Weary.”

Yes! He knows the way is dreary,
Knows the weakness of our frame,
Knows the hand and heart are weary:
He “in all points” felt the same.
He is near to help and bless;
Be not weary, onward press.



Look to Him who once was willing
All His glory to resign,
That, for thee the law fulfilling,
All his merit might be thine.
Strive to follow day by day
Where His footsteps mark the way.

In the sure presence Christ stays with us in all walks of life, we pray:

Take my life and let it be consecrated, Lord to thee; take my moments and my days, let them flow in ceaseless praise.





Take my hands and let them move at the impulse of thy love; take my feet and let them be swift and beautiful for thee.

Take my voice and let me sing always, only, for my King; take my lips and let them be filled with messages from thee.



Take my silver and my gold; not a mite would I withhold; take my intellect and use ev'ry pow'r as thou shalt choose.

*Take my will and make it
it shall be no longer
take my heart: it is
it shall be thy
Take my love;
feet its
be ever,*



*thine:
mine;
thine own;
royal throne.
my Lord, I pour at thy
treasure-store; take myself and I will
only all for thee.*

{Hymns Old & New, Kevin Mayhew}

The story behind this hymn is that she went to stay with friends for 10 days. Some had a faith while others claimed to have none. On arrival her prayer began "Lord, give me all this house" Day by day this prayer expanded into the versus we sing today. By the time she left each one had been blessed.



Imagine the impact of individual prayers becoming a new horizon for just one person.

Countless experiences of lives being blessed with God's love.

A love like a warm sunlight day wrapping around lives within a world singing joyous alleluias.