



Father God,  
Thank you that I'm never out of your sight,  
You know when I leave and when I get back;  
I look behind me and you're there,  
    then up ahead and you're there, too—  
    your reassuring presence, coming and going.  
Is there any place I can go to avoid you God?  
    to be out of your sight?  
If I climb to the sky, you're there!  
    If I go underground, you're there!  
If I flew on morning's wings  
    to the far western horizon,  
You'd find me in a minute—  
    you're already there waiting!  
My life is an open book to you,  
you know everything about me and in this knowledge I  
rest wherever I go.

### **Irish Blessing**

May the road rise to meet you,  
May the wind be always at your back,  
May the sun shine warm upon your face,  
The rains fall soft upon your fields and,  
Until we meet again, (at Messy Church!)  
May God hold you in the palm of His hand.