



Lord, you and I both know that there's more to life than running around with my nose close to the ground, chasing after this or that goal, racing to beat yet another deadline. It's so easy to get lost in the narrow streets amid the stifling skyscrapers, the hot air pumped on us by passing trains or the sticky heat reflected and multiplied by the pavement and the tar. You made us for more!

When I think about how you might see the world, I usually think of a bird's eye view. In the heights, the air is fresher, cleaner, and I can put things into perspective: my little problems aren't nearly as important as I'd like to think. In the chaos and mess below, you can trace out the pattern, see how everything fits. There's a beauty there that goes far beyond me and my plans—or all of humanity's plans put together. We are a part of something bigger. We are yours.

So, **Jesus, give me the wings of a bird because I know I was made to fly—to break out of my narrow vision into yours.** I need wings: the grace of prayer, of transcendence. I'm not asking for the soaring strength of an eagle, Lord, with eyes strong enough to look directly into the sun of your glory. A sparrow's wings are enough, so long as I can climb as high and as close to you as you will. You invite me into the open sky so I can dance and sing your praises, so I can learn your wisdom and come to see all things through your eyes and love all things through your heart. Lord, give me wings! Amen.