

# Alone with GOD..

## Prayer for a Visit to the Blessed Sacrament

Help a friend Share a Prayer

I humbly kneel in silence before You, O my God, present on this altar. I thank You for inviting me into Your house. Lord, it is good to be here.

During this visit, O my Saviour, I want to isolate myself with You, think of no one but You, love no one but You, with my mind and senses silent, contact with the world of business and war and community troubles severed - not solicitous for anything, high or low, near or far.

Alone with You, O my God, let me honor You with all my heart and mind, and with my body too.

I AM ON MY KNEES... Let me realize that. I am on my knees because I believe in the reality of Your presence on this altar... I believe You are my God, my all... I am a creature and I'm on my knees to acknowledge it... I want to show outwardly that I belong to You, that I owe You worship, adoration and submission...

MY HANDS ARE FOLDED...in supplication.  
I need Your help...  
I need to relax...  
I need calm, rest, light, peace, courage, forgiveness...

From You, O Lord, I can expect these things because You said "Ask and you shall receive, seek and you shall find, knock and it shall be opened to you."

My hands are folded because You are my Saviour, my only hope, my anchor of safety, my harbour of protection, my haven of peace.

Save me, O Lord,  
when I am tempted...  
when I have sinned...  
when I am tired of the struggle...  
when I am hurt, misunderstood...  
when I am out of work and the house is cold  
and debts are many and money is scarce...

Save me, then, from discouragement, and above all, from rancour and bitterness.

MY EYES LOOK UP TO YOU...with confidence, with filial trust, because You said "Come to me all you who labour and are heavily burdened, and I will refresh you and you will find rest."

I come, O Lord, as one sick to the physician...  
as one poor and needy to the Lord of heaven and earth...

Deign to cure my sickness...  
enrich my poverty...  
clothe my nakedness...

To You I come for mercy...  
To You I uncover my wounds...  
To You I bear my shame...

GRANT THAT I MAY WALK...  
walk and not falter...  
walk and not give up when I am weary...

GRANT THAT I MAY SEE...  
Grant that I may see you in all things...  
in good and in ill health, in joy and in sorrow...  
in the thorn as in the rose...

Grant that I may see the value of suffering...  
how it tries my virtue...  
how it moulds my character...  
how it checks the fire of temptation...  
how it makes me conscious of my weakness...  
how it leads me to You, Your Passion, Your Death for all...

Grant me, O Lord, the grace to accept with patience the monotony of daily tasks... to embrace with resignation, the fatigue and exhaustion of days too long and too full for my physical strength.

Grant me the ability to relax and be calm in the thought of Your love... to find rest in the assurance that You are with me and in me.