

# Prayer Corner 42

## Come, Lord Jesus

By Angie Rebert



*Image by Karen .t from Pixabay*

*Then Jesus said, “Come to me, all of you who are weary and carry heavy burdens, and I will give you rest.”*

Matthew 11:28 ~ New Living Translation

Most often, it is when I am troubled, very sad, or in conflict that I think of turning to Jesus in prayer with my list of personal needs:

- Give me wisdom.
- Guide my decisions.
- Give me courage.
- Enable and equip me.
- Please change my heart.
- Bless me and bless all.
- Protect and heal loved ones.

These prayers are usually my agenda, one-sided.

Lately I have been returning to contemplative prayer, a type of quiet, non-verbal prayer that connects me with God. I picture Jesus sitting outside in a sanctuary of lush greenery with birds chirping and squirrels scampering about. Jesus looks very comfortable sitting on a bench facing another empty bench. He appears to be waiting, expecting, and perhaps a little sad.

I am feeling convicted. I have been so preoccupied with the busyness of my life. I have been forgetful even ignoring, an inner invitation from Jesus. I lean into my imagining and hear a gentle welcoming voice:

“Come. Come; I am waiting.  
Come dear one, I am here.  
My door is always open.  
My arms will hug you close.  
I have been expecting you.  
I have been missing you.  
Come, You will find peace here with me.”

I let go of clinging onto my anxieties, and I am there sitting close to Jesus. We are talking, yet not talking. Already Jesus seems to know my thoughts, my anxieties, my confusion, my hurt, even my anger. There are no words, but Jesus understands.

Just sitting there with Him, my heart grows calm and I feel lighter, more peaceful. His love creeps in bringing a warm glow. An overwhelming gratitude surrounds me; I slide to my knees before Him.

“Oh, dear Jesus! I’m sorry I have been so distant from you. I’m here now. Just as I am. I come before you. I love you. I want to stay awhile.”

I lose sense of time. I am feeling a warm, glowing sense of love and peace within me and between us. Then, I notice busy sounds upstairs as I shift a little in my chair. I hear the ongoing chirping of the birds flitting about. I know I have answered the call of Jesus.

“Come to me; I will give you rest.”

I sigh and spirit whisper. “Thank you Jesus. Thank you for being here for me.”

I linger in the sanctuary of this moment, and I hear His gentle voice reply:

“Come again dear one. Come often. Come as often as you desire. I’m always here waiting for you. Your presence gives me great joy. Let us abide together, you in me and I in you.”

Reluctantly, I move about in my chair and let myself become fully aware that I need to embrace this new day with its challenges. I am ready. I stand and move ahead with a quiet expectation.

### **Imagine**

I invite you to sit quietly and imagine that you and Jesus are talking together. What would you like to share with him? Imagine what Jesus might say to you, or just enjoy sitting together. Words are not needed.

Abide in Peace.

Enjoy the hymn, *Come Lord Jesus*, created by Veliko Lee Bekir and related to this Prayer Corner. The lyrics appear below.

Version 1. Song with lyrics. [Listen](#)

Version 2. YouTube with scrolling text. [View and Listen](#)

## **Come, Lord Jesus**

When I am worn with grief and care,  
And burdens press beyond my strength,  
I come to Thee with troubled prayer,  
My restless thoughts at length.  
I ask for wisdom, ask for grace,  
For strength to meet the day;  
Yet Thou art waiting face to face,  
And gently sayest, "Stay."

Come, Lord Jesus, I draw near.  
Come, Lord Jesus, calm my fear.  
Come, Lord Jesus, let me rest.  
Come, Lord Jesus, here I rest.

In morning's hush before the noise,  
Before the world begins to call,  
I see Thee seated, still and poised,  
With open arms for all.  
No harsh rebuke, no stern demand,  
No record of my haste—  
Only mercy, outstretched hand,  
And love I have misplaced.

Come, Lord Jesus, I draw near.  
Come, Lord Jesus, Thou art here.  
Come, Lord Jesus, let me rest.  
Come, Lord Jesus, here I rest.

No many words need now be said,  
For Thou dost know my mind;  
Each anxious thought within my head,  
Each sorrow left behind.  
So when the day calls me away,  
And labors fill my sight,  
I rise with peace that does not sway,

For Thou hast been my light.

Come, Lord Jesus, I draw near.

Come, Lord Jesus, ever near.

Come, Lord Jesus, let me rest.

Come, Lord Jesus, here I rest.

I am feeling convicted. I have been so preoccupied with the busyness of my life. I have been forgetful even ignoring, an inner invitation from Jesus. I lean into my imagining and hear a gentle welcoming voice:

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