

A Prayer for Those Who Pray and Live in Exmoor Deanery

God of heathered moorland and sweeping sky,
of ancient stone and wandering river,

We praise You for the beauty of this place.

For the mist that rolls across Dunkery Beacon,
for the red deer moving at dawn,
for the steady rhythm of the Bristol Channel tides,

We thank You for this holy ground.

For farmers and foresters,
for coastguard and craftworker,
for those born here and those newly come,

May we live gently and gratefully upon this land.

For those who pray beneath open skies,
on windswept paths and quiet hilltops;
for those who whisper psalms beside running streams,

Lord, hear the prayers of this place.

For those who gather in our ancient churches —
within thick stone walls and under weathered towers;
where generations have knelt before You,

Bless all who seek You here.

For every candle lit in hope,
for every bell that calls Your people,
for every hymn that rises over moor and valley,

May prayer rise like incense before You.

When the winter winds batter our homes,
and the rain sweeps in from the sea,

Be our shelter and our strength.

When summer light stretches long over the combes,
and skylarks rise in song,

Open our hearts in joy and praise.

In the quiet of starlit skies,
where dark heavens speak of Your glory,

Teach us wonder, and keep us humble.

Where paths are steep and footing unsure,

Guide our steps, O Lord.

Where communities feel fragile or divided,

Sow peace as wide as the moor.

May we care for soil and stream,

for creature and coastline,

As faithful stewards of Your creation.

Root us deeply as the old oak,
make us steadfast as the cliffs on our coast,
and generous as the rivers that run to the sea.

That our lives may reflect Your love.

God of Exmoor — of past and future,
of wild beauty and quiet faith —

**Dwell with us, walk with us,
and make this place a blessing for all;
through Jesus Christ our Lord.**

Amen.