

In the year that King Uzziah died, I saw the Lord seated on a throne, high and exalted, and the train of his robe filled the temple. Above him were seraphs, each with six wings: With two wings they covered their faces, with two they covered their feet, and with two they were flying. And they were calling to one another: "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord Almighty; the whole earth is full of his glory." At the sound of their voices the doorposts and thresholds shook and the temple was filled with smoke. "Woe to me!" I cried. "I am ruined! For I am a man of unclean lips, and I live among a people of unclean lips, and my eyes have seen the King, the Lord Almighty." Then one of the seraphs flew to me with a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with tongs from the altar. With it he touched my mouth and said, "See, this has touched your lips; your guilt is taken away and your sin atoned for." Then I heard the voice of the Lord saying, "Whom shall I send? And who will go for us?" And I said, "Here am I. Send me!"

—Isaiah 6:1-8

This we pray...

Like Isaiah, I feel so unworthy and unclean. Thank you for Calvary. Thank you for washing me in the blood of Jesus and forgiving my many sins. It is awe inspiring to think that you might invite us to bring hope and healing to your people. It is humbling to think that you might actually pick me to play a part in freeing the captives, healing the sick, and restoring sight to the blind. Here am I, God. Please, hear my prayers and speak to this child of yours. Though my sins are like scarlet, you tell me in your Word I can be cleansed, white as snow (Isaiah 1:18). Here am I, Jesus. Open my heart to feel as you do for the lost. Open my mind to think of the possibilities of serving you with the totality of my being. Give me strength, God, to act on your calling in my life. I am yours Lord, send me!
