



Doors of Hope (Leader's copy)

A journey of hope, shadows stretch long,
Two tired travellers, their worries so strong.

Mary and Joseph, just looking for a place,
A simple spot, to feel God's grace.

No fancy entrances, no golden gate,
Just a simple inn door, where their future
waits.

Desperate for rest, they knock for some
shelter,
Could what lies beyond bring them a helper?

This door, a barrier, yet hope inside,
Behind it, safety, away from dark skies.

Each knock is an echo, a prayer in the night,
For a place to rest, for a guiding light.

Across the world, so many doors stand,
Each one can be holy, where God can be
found.

For it's not the beauty, the size, or the glow,
But the path the door opens, where we all
can go.

A heavy wooden door, creaking on its hinge,
Solid and sturdy, protecting within.

A glass door, so clear, revealing the view,
Of life passing by, everchanging and new.

A jolly doorbell, ringing with cheer,
Welcoming friends and loved ones near.

Old doors, worn by the years,
Echoing laughter, remembering tears.

Each scratch and dent, a mark of
the past,
Through every doorway, the
memories last.

In a Jubilee year, holy doors are
expected.
Flung wide open, to keep us
connected.

It's for us to decide, a chance to
learn,
How the door we might open could
ease a concern.

Not always big, not always grand,
Small acts of kindness, a reach for
God's hand.

Each door to safety, each door to
peace,
Brings us closer to God, worries
released.

As we gather together, let's reflect
and pray,
On the holy doors, guiding our way.

May our hearts be open, our spirits
on fire,
knowing that God's love will never
tire.

A pilgrimage of hope, we're
journeying on, spreading God's love,
wherever we're from.





| | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. A journey of hope, shadows stretch long, Two tired travellers, their worries so strong.</p> | <p>11. A jolly doorbell, ringing with cheer, Welcoming friends and loved ones near.</p> |
| <p>2. Mary and Joseph, just looking for a place, A simple spot, to feel God's grace.</p> | <p>12. Old doors, worn by the years, Echoing laughter, remembering tears.</p> |
| <p>3. No fancy entrances, no golden gate, Just a simple inn door, where their future waits.</p> | <p>13. Each scratch and dent, a mark of the past, Through every doorway, the memories last.</p> |
| <p>4. Desperate for rest, they knock for some shelter, Could what lies beyond bring them a helper?</p> | <p>14. In a Jubilee year, holy doors are expected. Flung wide open, to keep us connected.</p> |
| <p>5. This door, a barrier, yet hope inside, Behind it, safety, away from dark skies.</p> | <p>15. It's for us to decide, a chance to learn, How the door we might open could ease a concern.</p> |
| <p>6. Each knock is an echo, a prayer in the night, For a place to rest, for a guiding light.</p> | <p>16. Not always big, not always grand, Small acts of kindness, a reach for God's hand.</p> |
| <p>7. Across the world, so many doors stand, Each one can be holy, where God can be found.</p> | <p>17. Each door to safety, each door to peace, Brings us closer to God, worries released.</p> |
| <p>8. For it's not the beauty, the size, or the glow, But the path the door opens, where we all can go.</p> | <p>18. As we gather together, let's reflect and pray On the holy doors, guiding our way.</p> |
| <p>9. A heavy wooden door, creaking on its hinge, Solid and sturdy, protecting within.</p> | <p>19. May our hearts be open, our spirits on fire, knowing that God's love will never tire.</p> |
| <p>10. A glass door, so clear, revealing the view, Of life passing by, everchanging and new.</p> | <p>20. A pilgrimage of hope, we're journeying on, spreading God's love, wherever we're from.</p> |

