

A Sensory Pilgrimage

St Giles, Stoke Poges, Buckinghamshire



Dear God, help me to sense you
and worship you,
in the quiet church of St Giles.
To hear your voice,
to feel the Holy Spirit,
to see Jesus in the prayers.
To touch the building and know how much love is here.
Dear God, hear my unspoken prayers
...of sadness when I get things wrong
...of the need to do better
.....of hope that you will forgive my failings
...of concern for those in my life who are struggling
...of joy for all the good things around us
...of happiness that you are always at our side.
Help me to love people with all my strength
and to feel peace in this holy place.



This sensory pilgrimage is just one example. It can be changed to suit the person who is trying it.
Each person who visits any church can invent their own if they would like to.



God of beauty...in the sight and fragrance of flowers in and around the church, help us to find joy in each place we visit.



We will pass through the great doorway into your peace and love, and into this holy place.
Jesus, our shepherd and gatekeeper, as we reach out and touch the wood, help us to feel the strength of your presence, keeping us from harm.



In the quiet, help me see the warmth and light from the windows and imagine your arms offering that gentle hug if we choose it – safe, comforting, healing.



God of music, lively or peaceful, help me to imagine the beautiful sound of praise and worship in heaven and here on earth.



Jesus, you knew how to make your words into pictures for us to see in our minds.
Help me to cope with long words, and with sentences or ideas that are sometimes just a puzzle.

Help me to reach over barriers, so I can read and understand the wonderful things you want to share with all of us.

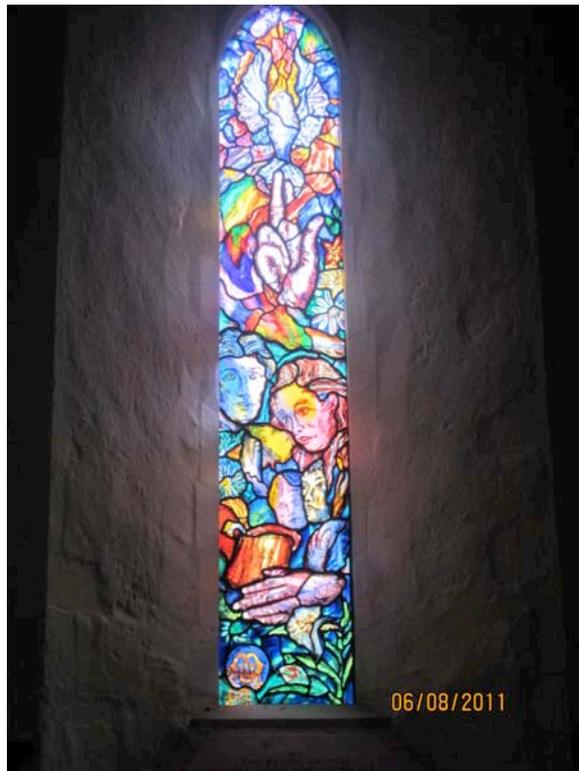


When I pause to count the things around me and notice their pattern, help me to remember that you know our pattern too. You know me better than I know myself, and you love me just as I am.



Dear Lord Jesus, if I hear birds singing outside the church, help me to remember that you told us that we are worth more than many birds.

Great God, sometimes I seem to be the only one doing something differently, and I get embarrassed or worried that I'm not good enough for you. Help me to know that my way of doing things can be OK too.



Holy Spirit, sometimes pictures are a mystery. Guide my senses to see
beyond the patterns,
to search for how it makes me feel about God and about Jesus.
Help me to know God's plans for each of us.
They are plans for safety, justice, for love, and for acceptance of all.



As my fingers touch rough stone and I want to move away from it, Jesus, help
me to remember that your life wasn't smooth and easy.
I pray for courage, for myself and for others.



When I look at the reflections in smooth metal, running my hands across it...



...or touch the red velvet of the seats, help me to remember the promise of good things in heaven. Help me to know there will be warmth and comfort in your love.

God of sight, sound, touch and taste, God of perfume and heat and cold, I pray for our journey with you.

You are always there with us in a pilgrimage, walking by our side, feeling what we feel.

Help us to know that you are there, our comfort and our much loved creator.

By Ann Memmott, who is autistic and works as an adviser on autism to the Church of England

This sensory pilgrimage is available in different formats from Ann at 7 Chalfont Court, Earley, Reading
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The church used in this example is St Giles which is on Church Lane, Stoke Poges, Buckinghamshire SL2 4NZ

or see <http://www.stokepogeschurch.org/>