Dear Lord,

We live in a city where it is hard to tell the story of your love. So often it feels irrelevant in the midst of other stories of accidental beauty and incidental significance, where the wonder of human progress and the exaltation of freedom have become the creed of conversation.

Father, we confess, that, in our devotion to opening night, Instagram and the next episode, our hearts are also gripped.  Lord we confess that serials and subplots have distracted us from caring about real people that live or work right next door.

And we confess that our heroes aren’t men and women who tell your story, but shining stars in a *very* temporary realm.

But Father we do thank you that you have us made us to be storytellers in such expressive and artistic ways. And that life is so rich because of this.

So we pray for those in this city who map their life by culture. That they might see **your** beauty in Art, **your** glory in Music and **your** story of love in the Theatre.

And Lord, we pray for key grips and runners, producers and marketers...  We pray for musicians and artists, and for writers, photographers and editors.And we pray for those who control their canvas entirely… that even as these masters of alternate reality decide their light and mood, that they would still love truth.

But if any be enemies of your Son, then Lord we pray their stories would not be closed to the message of the cross or the place of your people amongst the facts of history and in the life of this great city.

Finally Lord, we pray for every Storyteller… and for those who gather round, that there would be a great miracle.  That, by the power of your Spirit, your ancient story might become true in their lives - gripping and convicting.

And from their lives, ‘made new’, praise might flow to you – in paint and pixel from every part of creation.

We pray these things for your glory.  Through Jesus Christ

Amen