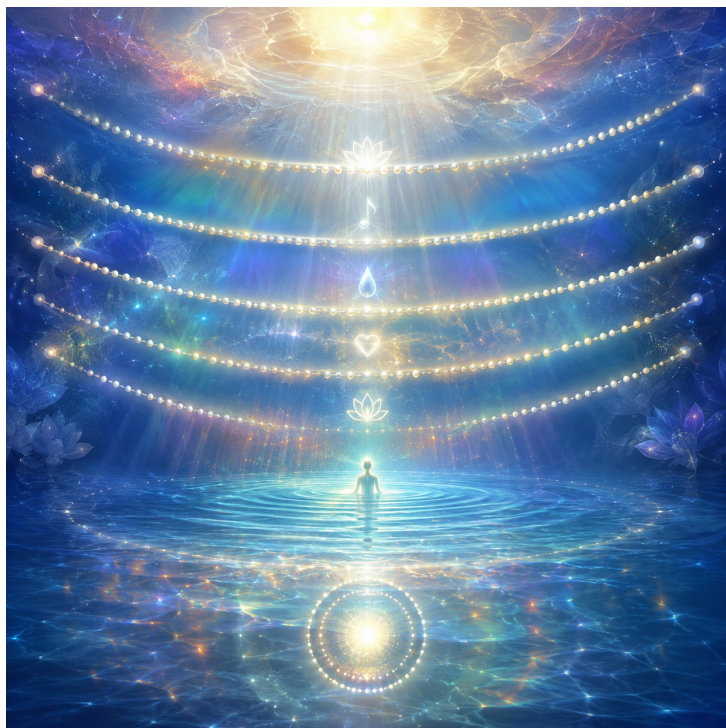


Why I Pray as I Swim (As posted on SwimAndPray.com)



I pray as I swim because prayer is easier for me when my whole body is involved, and swimming is easier when my whole mind is engaged beyond the merely physical.

At the UNLV Rec Center, I move through the five Mystery Prayer Rows of The Holy Rosary — Glimmering (my own invention for remembering the Hebrew roots of the faith tradition the Rosary reminds us), Joyful, Luminous, Sorrowful, and Glorious—that also form the structure of the fabulous Las Vegas floor show for which I’m constantly seeking a live, brunch-inclusive, production-oriented, theatrical outlet (<https://grantshull.com/4ever-the-prayer>)—using the simple rhythm of prayer, stroke, song, and silence.

Each 50-yard length gives one prayer cycle a place to live in the body.

For each of the Glimmering, Joyful, Luminous, Sorrowful, and Glorious Mystery Rows I pray through, I follow a consistent pattern...

For each of the Glimmering, Joyful, Luminous, Sorrowful, and Glorious Mystery Rows I pray through, I follow a consistent pattern...

Lap 1. Credo... Our Father... Hail Mary x 1... Glory Be... O My Jesus. Breaststroke. 50 yd.

Laps 2–6. Credo... Our Father... Hail Mary x 1... Glory Be... O My Jesus. Back-Free-Free-Back-Breast. 50 yd each.

Lap 7. Hail Holy Queen + Song of Same. Back. (Can’t sing face down in water. 🙄) 50 yd.

<https://open.spotify.com/track/7sebGGaTnAyb7RbJDMHTwv>

After the end of the Glorious Mystery Row, I make room for growth...

One Space 27 Lap — for infinite growth. Back. 50 yd. In silence (celebrating the practice of The Prayer of Unknowing). ∞

Then it’s definitely time for a **GRAND AMEN.**

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This structure matters to me... not as a hard-and-fast rule to rigidly follow, but as a weight-bearing practice that helps me cope with life as it is—rather than life as I may have wished it to be.

This gives my memory somewhere to settle.
My grief somewhere to move.
My gratitude a cadence.
And my hope—a horizon.

And, perhaps, if we would all join in the practice of this prayerful exercise...

We could give our collective hope a horizon of peace and pursue it together... unto the hope that we were always meant to have—**4EVER!**

Across the five rows, I swim 1,750 yards. Then I add one final 50-yard backstroke in silence:

@ Space 27.

This last down and back is intentionally wordless.

After all the Cremos, the Our Fathers, the Hail Marys, the Glory Bes, the Mysteries, and the songs, I simply float beneath the ceiling... the sky above... and the Heavens above that... so that I can move through the water doing nothing more than practicing:

The Art of Unknowing.

For me, that final silence is indicative of infinite growth—not becoming bigger or louder for the sake of being bigger and louder, but becoming deeper, richer, more connected, and more reachable for those who need to reach me—at every joyful return of the various Divine Now moments we may share.

So the whole practice becomes:

Mirror light.

Make music.

Emanate joy.

Repeat.

And, perhaps... be transformed—together.

Some days I can swim the full 1,800 yards. Some days nothing more than a single row plus the final silent length is enough for me to maintain my balance through consistent practice.

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Grace, after all, is not much interested in whether my yardage conforms perfectly to somebody else's ruler. Grace is more interested in me attempting to gather up only the manna I need for the day ahead... or at least for the rest of it, depending on when I actually get my swim in.

And let me be perfectly clear on this point...

I'm not swimming to earn anything from God.

I'm swimming to offer up my thanksgiving to God, because this is one way I know how to join my body, memory, imagination, faith, and hope together **FOR NOW**—right here in the life I actually have been given to live... right in the pool whose waters ripple rainbows right on the streets where we live.

And most of all, I do this—**BECAUSE...**

Repeated practice of a very good thing has a way of turning memory sandcastles into edifices that are made to become just a little more eternally crystalline over time—each and every day that we actually show up—IRL.

If this kind of embodied prayer speaks to you, you are welcome to swim it with me at the UNLV Rec Center... or whatever center you inhabit (or not)... and in whatever modified form you may find useful.

You do not need to pray exactly as I pray.
You do not need to pray exactly when I pray.
You do not need to believe exactly as I believe.
You do not even need to swim particularly well.
Or swim at all—for that matter.

You simply are invited to...

Come as you are.

Pray as you feel led.

Take a row.

Take a length.

Make the words and the songs—and the silence—count for eternity.

And perhaps...

Somewhere between the water, the breath, the words, and the quiet of The Unknowing, we may each become a little more reachable:

**To God, to one another, and to the rest of our human family—as one—TOGETHER
4EVER @ PEACE—as the family we were always meant to be.**

Why I Pray as I Swim (As posted on SwimAndPray.com)

Optimizing for now.

Loving for now.

Reaching out and becoming ever-more reachable for now.

Helping for now.

Hoping the best for the future.

And continually grokking in the spirit of my benediction found at:

KeepGroking.com.

So that in the end, we can all say we did our very best to...

Help Mercy Abound... right on the streets where we live—4EVER!

Forever and Ever... AMEN!



Perhaps you'll join me in a swim and pray hour someday soon per the invitation you can find at...

SwimAndPray.com