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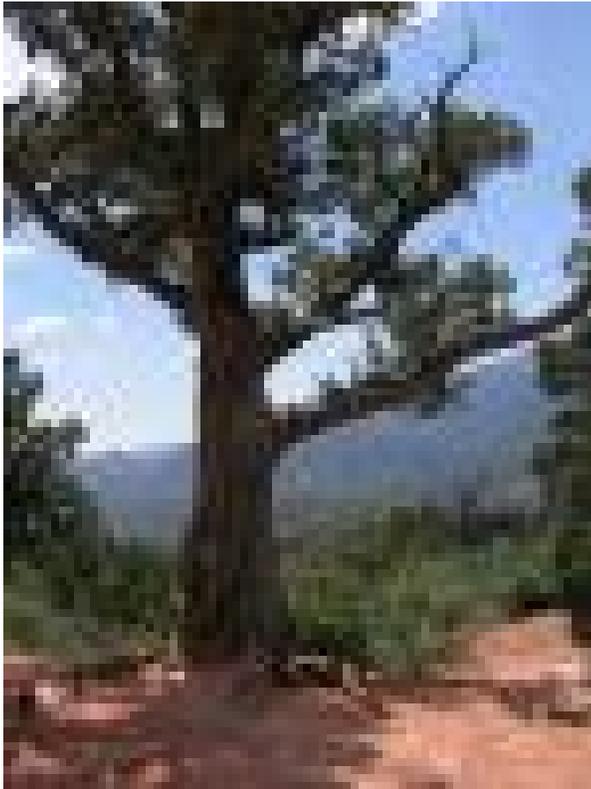
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Canticle of Creation

by Ed Hays

In the beginning, Lord God,
You alone existed: eternally one
yet pregnant in the fullness of unity.

Full to overflowing,
You, Father of All Life, exploded outward
in a billion bits and pieces.



Your Words became flesh,

whirling in shining stars, shimmering suns
and in genesis glimmering galaxies.

You, my God, spoke,
and Your Words became flesh:
in sun and moon, earth and seas,
mountains and gentle hills,
rolling rivers and silent streams.

You, my God, spoke,
and Your Words became flesh:
in winged bird, in deer and elephant,
in grazing cow, racing horse and fish of the deep.

Your Words, so unique and so varied,
filled the earth also with rabbit, squirrel and ant.

And all Your Words were beautiful,
and all were good.

From each of these holy Words
arose a prayer of praise and adoration
to You, their creator
and wondrous womb.

?Praise You,? rang out the redwood,
?Blessed be You,? chimed in the cedar,
?Holy are You,? prayed the prairie grasses.

From all four corners of this earth,

rose up a chorus of perpetual adoration.

O Sacred Spirit, O Divine Breath of Life,
unseal my ears that they may ever listen
to Your continuous canticle of creation;
open my heart and my whole self,
to sing in harmony with all its many voices.

Teach me to commune with Your first Word made flesh,
Your Creation,
that I may be able to unravel the wondrous words
of Your second Word made flesh,
Jesus,
through whom, with whom and in whom,
I may see myself as another Word of Yours made flesh,
to Your glory and honor.

Amen

From *Prayers for the Domestic Church* by Ed Hays

Advertisement

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*We are born gentle and weak. At death we are hard and stiff. Green plants are tender and filled with sap. When they die they are withered and dry. therefore the stiff and unbending are the disciples of death. The gentle and yielding are the disciples of life.*

Lao Tzu

from the *Tao Te Ching*

Save your servant, O Sustainer of Life,  
from too early a death.

Free me of that affliction of believers  
who so easily become rigid of heart  
in their journeys to you.

Make my heart like the green willow tree  
that easily bends in the wind,  
that bows gracefully before the storm  
only to raise its head again with renewed life  
when the angry clouds have moved on.

Fill me this day, I pray,  
with the strength of your Spirit,  
the strength to be flexible and ever-green.

Create within me the heart  
of a disciple of life,

a heart that is gentle and meek.

Let me learn a lesson from your daughter water  
who seeks the lowest path,  
ever yielding and humble,  
yet wears down the strongest stones into sand.

In her I see the wisdom of the Tao:  
?The hard and strong will fall;  
the soft and meek shall overcome.?

From *Prayers for a Planetary Pilgrim* by Ed Hays

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Prayer action suggestion:
Take a walk through a park, forest or mountain trail.
Be fully present to the beauty of creation that surrounds you.
Be grateful.

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