

## Fr. Charles Morris: Song of praise to the Creator

Rich Heffern | Dec. 10, 2010 Eco Catholic

*Inspired by Tobit 13 (Blessed be God who lives forever...")*

O Most blessed One!  
Before the first spark of the Big Bang  
You are there!

In the smallest quark and meson



You are there!

In the singing of the string to the 10th dimension  
and in multiverses beyond imagining  
You are there!

Behind the mysterious flow of dark energy and dark matter,  
in the dance of nebulae and in the power of pulsars  
You are there!

You are there when the earth was a boiling cauldron yet  
You are also there when the first single celled amoeba were formed from the ocean's soup of amino acids.

You have been there throughout this great cosmic dance  
-- both the without and the within of things!

You are there when the first primate's gaze heavenward brought the birth of wonder and when the first tools  
were forged and the fire found.

You are the Mystery beyond thought! You are the spark of artistic creativity. You are the Tao, the Spirit, Prana,  
the One beyond all names  
Who Is love's face incarnate!

In the face of fear and separation  
You lead back in a communion of bliss toward unity!

All that is, both on the earth, under the earth,  
in the mighty oceans and cosmos beyond reflect your glory!

You call us to a grand purpose, to share in the Divine Dance and in the Symphony of the Song of the Stars!

You call in the depths of my heart -- to dream, to risk as did You and do You always in Incarnation!

To that grand purpose of blessing, of joy, of exploration of new horizons of the Great Mystery You continue to inspire!

This Grand Adventure calls to me even in the midst of my fears of the future and fixation on the past.

In this wondrous weave I have been given choices of dyes and thread.

O let me sing this song anew! Let me weave with you your tapestry with its cornucopia of colors!

For there are many discordant, cacophonous ones who would dare dash that dream, Who would reflect the venal smallness and deadened entropy of their own damaged spirits.

Let not the reified stiffened voices of institutions drunk on their own pretensions of power drown out the song of the soul!

Let not those ancient voices of fear, whether echoed in family memories or the pronouncements of peers quiet Your Voice!

Let not the distractions of the day and the ministrations of ministry lead me down dull dead end pathways.

Let me recognize Your Voice and behold your handiwork in Creation's mysteries, in the stories of Your Visitation, in the babbling of a baby, in the warble of a robin, and in the incarnated graces found in the faces of those sent as guiding angels who open eyes to Reality's wonders!

Yes, all is in your hands!

Oh, to be a note in that grand concert of creation!

Thank you, Most Holy, that I exist!

Thank you, Most Holy, for Your revelation at this privileged Moment!

Thank You, Most Holy, for I have been chosen to hearken to Creation's ongoing call!

May I sing and dance to Creation's Concerto!

May my heart, where Love's Mystery dwells, direct me toward the future you choose for us, free from fear and want, fertile and fecund found in the Foundation of Resurrection's Face.

And I may dance in the depth of desire's dream.

Amen! Amen!

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