

Whenever the church gathers around the communion table, our prayers remind us that creation is always singing praise to God. We enjoin ourselves to this continuous song of thanksgiving in our communion meal.

God named creation good from the first and gave us the joyful responsibility to care for creation.

May these prayers help us get in touch with our Creator and creation when we forget or are distracted by “our problems” (Denise Levertov) or when we simply want to spend time enjoying the earth and her creatures.

May they help us reconnect with the Source of Life and inspire us to find ways to care for our little plot of ground, however we can.

Above all, may we find space to listen to the voice of the Sacred One deep down and all around, and discover again we are part of all that is.

O Love, my Beloved,
How powerful is your Name
in all the earth!

When I look up at the heavens,
at the work of Love’s creation,
at the infinite variety of your Plan,
what is woman that You rejoice in her,
and man that You do delight in him?
You have made us in your image,
You fill us with your Love;
You have made us
co-creators of the earth!
Guardians of the planet!
to care for all your creatures,
to tend the land, the sea,
and the air we breathe;
all that You have made,
You have placed in our hands.

O Love, my Beloved,
How powerful is your Name
in all the earth!

—verses from Psalm 8
(*Psalms for Praying* by Nan Merrill)



Praying with and for Creation



When despair for the world grows in me
and I wake in the night at the least sound
in fear of what my life and my children’s lives
may be,

...I come into the peace of wild things
who do not tax their lives with forethought
of grief. I come into the presence of still water.
And I feel above me the day-blind stars
waiting with their light. For a time
I rest in the grace of the world, and am free.

—Wendell Berry

O God, you are on the sandbanks
As well as in the midst of the current;
I bow to Thee.

You are in the little pebbles
As well as in the expanse of the sea;
I bow to Thee.

O all-pervading Creator,
You are in the barren soil
And in the crowded places;
I bow to Thee.

—Sukla Yajur

Days pass when I forget the mystery.
Problems insoluble and problems offering
their own ignored solutions
jostle for my attention, they crowd its
 antechamber
along with a host of diversions, my courtiers,
wearing their coloured clothes; caps and bells.

And then
once more the quiet mystery
is present to me, the throng's clamour
recedes: the mystery
that there is anything, anything at all,
let alone cosmos, joy, memory, everything,
rather than void: and that, O Lord,
Creator, Hallowed one, You still,
hour by hour sustain it.

—Denise Levertov

O God, how manifold are your works!
In wisdom you have made them all;
the earth is full of your creatures.
Yonder is the sea, great and wide,
creeping things innumerable are there,
living things both small and great.
 These all look to you
to give them their food in due season;
 when you give to them,
 they gather it up;
 when you open your hand,
they are filled with good things.
 When you hide your face,
 they are dismayed;
when you take away their breath
they die and return to their dust.
 When you send forth your spirit,
 they are created;
and you renew the face of the ground.

—verses from Psalm 104



Dear God,

We give thanks for places of simplicity
and peace. Let us find such a place
within ourselves. We give thanks for
places of refuge and beauty. Let us find
such a place within ourselves. We give
thanks for places of nature's truth and
freedom, of joy, inspiration and renewal,
places where all creatures may find
acceptance and belonging. Let us
search for these places: in the world, in
ourselves and in others. Let us restore
them. Let us strengthen and protect
them and let us create them.

May we mend this outer world according
to the truth of our inner life and may our
souls be shaped and nourished by
nature's eternal wisdom.

Amen.

—Michael Leunig

