

With Water, Wind, and Whisper You Called the World to Be

THAXTED - 13.13.13.13.13.13

With water, wind, and whisper you called the world to be—
a world of endless wonder in earth and sky and sea.
Bold Painter of the prairies, wise Poet of the breeze,
Composer of creation in all its harmonies:
you breathed this world to being; you hold it in your care;
you call us as its stewards, your gifts to serve and share.

You give to us, your children, such good, creative pow'rs;
yet, God, how we abuse them and horde your works as ours!
Strong Tender of the vineyard, good Shepherd of the sheep,
firm Rock amidst our fault lines, our Guide through shadows deep:
you lift us from the brambles; you mend what we have torn;
you groan for our renewal—that earth may be reborn.

The waters roar for justice; the winds resound release;
each whisper of the dove's wing sends out a prayer for peace.
Great Giver of tomorrow, kind Sower of the seeds,
Rebuilder from our ruins, Provider for our needs:
you plant in us your promise that earth shall be your home,
sustain us till that New Day when all shall be *shalom*.

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