

A NEW LITURGY
No 4: Creation

A Creation Reading

Holy Holy
The earth is filled with Your glory
Holy Holy
The earth is filled with Your glory

Almighty and everlasting God, You made the universe with all its marvelous order, its atoms, worlds, and galaxies, and the infinite complexity of living creatures:

Holy Holy
The earth is filled with Your glory

Grant that, as we probe the mysteries of Your creation, we may come to know You more truly, and more surely fulfill our role in Your eternal purpose; in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Holy Holy
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For the Beauty of the Earth

Folliot S. Pierpoint

For the beauty of the earth
For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies.

Lord of all, to Thee we raise,
This our hymn of grateful praise.
Lord of all, to Thee we raise,
This our hymn of grateful praise.

The earth is filled with Your glory
The earth is filled with Your glory

For the wonder of each hour,
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light.

Lord of all, to Thee we raise,
This our hymn of grateful praise.
Lord of all, to Thee we raise,
This our hymn of grateful praise.

The earth is filled with Your glory
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"...all the beauty of the world, the beauty that calls our admiration, our gratitude, our worship at the earthly level, is meant as a set of hints, of conspiratorial whispers, of clues and suggestions and flickers of light, all nudging us into believing that behind the beautiful world is not random chance but the loving God." (N.T. Wright, For All God's Worth)

For each perfect gift of Thine,
To our world so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth and buds of Heaven.

Lord of all, to Thee we raise,
This our hymn of grateful praise.
Lord of all, to Thee we raise,
This our hymn of grateful praise.

The earth is filled with Your glory
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"If we are created in the image and likeness of God, then whatever good, true, or beautiful things we can say about humanity or creation we can say of God exponentially. God is the beauty of creation and humanity multiplied to the infinite power." (Fr Richard Rohr)

The earth is filled with Your glory
The earth is filled with Your glory
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“The thing I mean can be seen, for instance, in children, when they find some game that they specially enjoy. A child kicks his legs rhythmically through excess, not absence, of life. Because children have abounding vitality, because they are in spirit fierce and free, therefore they want things repeated and unchanged. They always say, “Do it again”; and the grownup person does it again until he is nearly dead. For grown-up people are not strong enough to exult in monotony.

But perhaps God is strong enough to exult in monotony. It is possible that God says every morning, “Do it again” to the sun; and every evening, “Do it again” to the moon. It may not be automatic necessity that makes all daisies alike; it may be that God makes every daisy separately, but has never got tired of making them. It may be that He has the eternal appetite of infancy; for we have sinned and grown old, and our Father is younger than we.”
(G.K. Chesterton, Orthodoxy)

Enchanted

Aaron Niequist

This world is enchanted
Lean closer to see it
This world is enchanted
Dare to breathe it in
Dare to breathe it in

O God. . .
Give us new eyes to see
Give us new skin to feel
Give us new lungs to breathe
The wonder underneath

Faith like a mustard seed
Holy naivete'
To swim in Your mystery
We need to be free
Free to breathe it in
Free to breathe it in
Born and born again

“ . . . much of nature seemed to be an excited repetition, like that of an excited schoolmaster saying the same thing over and over again. The grass seemed signaling to me with all its fingers at once; the crowded stars seemed bent upon being understood. The sun would make me see him if he rose a thousand times. The recurrences of the universe rose to the maddening rhythm of an incantation, and I began to see an idea.” (G.K. Chesterton, Orthodoxy)

This world is transcendent
Lean closer to see it
This world is resplendent
Dare to breathe it in
Dare to breathe it in

O God. . .
Give us new eyes to see
Give us new skin to feel
Give us new lungs to breathe
The wonder underneath

Faith like a mustard seed
Holy naivete'
To swim in Your mystery
We need to be free
Free to breathe it in
Free to breathe it in
Born and born again
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“In short, I had always believed that the world involved magic; now I thought that perhaps it involved a magician. And this pointed a profound emotion always present and subconscious; that this world of ours has some purpose; and if there is a purpose, there is a person. I had always felt life first as a story: and if there is a story there is a Storyteller.” (G.K. Chesterton, Orthodoxy)

Psalm 8

Translation by Deirdre JVR

All of creation beckons me to worship You.
The grandeur of the universe, echoes Your Glory!
More than spectacular is the work of Your hands!

Who can match Your brilliance and authority?
You set boundaries for the ocean,
You raise majestic mountains to touch the sky
Sunrise and sunset happens on Your watch

Holy Holy
The earth is filled with Your glory

Who is humankind that You are mindful of us,
the frail sons and daughters that You would
entrust us rule over all you've made?
Who are the peoples of the earth that we get to bare your image?

Holy Holy
The earth is filled with Your glory

Who am I that you even notice me?
How can it be that my tears and dreams matter to you?
Eternal God -beyond time and space,
Who am I that you lean in when I draw near?

Wind and sea obey at your command,
yet you invite me to follow You with a whisper.
Holy God - you know my hidden sin,
yet you offer me new mercies every morning.

The earth is filled with Your glory
(Lean closer to see it)
The earth is filled with Your glory
(Lean closer to see it)

Reflection: The Creator of the entire universe knows my name.

This Is My Father's World

Maltbie D. Babcock

This is my Father's world,
and to my listening ears
all nature sings, and round me rings
the music of the spheres.
This is my Father's world:
I rest me in the thought
of rocks and trees, of skies and seas;
his hand the wonders wrought.

This is my Father's world,
the birds their carols raise,
the morning light, the lily white,
declare their maker's praise.
This is my Father's world:
he shines in all that's fair;
in the rustling grass I hear him pass;
he speaks to me everywhere.

This is my Father's world.
O let me ne'er forget
that though the wrong seems oft so strong,

God is the ruler yet.
This is my father's world!
The battle is not done;
Jesus who died,
shall be satisfied,
And earth and heav'n be one.

This is my Father's world:
why should my heart be sad?
The Lord is King; let the heavens ring!
God reigns; let the earth be glad!

Almighty and everlasting God, you made the universe with all its marvelous order, its atoms, worlds, and galaxies, and the infinite complexity of living creatures: Grant that, as we probe the mysteries of your creation, we may come to know you more truly, and more surely fulfill our role in your eternal purpose; in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord.
Amen.