**THE CREATION LITURGY**

Adapted from “The Advent Creation Liturgy” first used at St George’s Chapel, Windsor, 1987

1. Listen now,

Be still and hear.

For Creation takes up its Maker’s call.

All Creation draws near to God,

Seeking refuge,

Seeking light and warmth to dispel

The winter of our destruction.

Hear the voices of the world speaking

2. Lord, I, the Air speaks.

Breath of life,

Wind that moves over the face of the deep,

Bearing rain,

I speak.

Now, the breath of life

Blows death

As I pass over the land

The broken soil follows me:

A billowing shroud of dust.

I speak, my Lord.

Of what your people have made of me,

But a shadow,

Of my God-given glory.

Breathe on your people,

Breath of God.

3. Now, the Waters speak,

Flowing to meet you, O Lord,

As we have flowed

Through time,

Sustaining the life of all creation.

Water speaks,

From our river and lakes

Our seas and oceans

We speak, O Lord,

of our dead

Borne upon our waves.

Our living

Struggle against creeping filth and plastic tides.

Our mighty creatures

Flee before the fury

Of your people.

4. Mountain and valley,

Hill and plain,

The Land turns to you, our Lord,

Ground of your ground

Upon us you set your world,

From us called forth life in many forms.

In our richness,

You set the forests.

On our fields

You sowed the seeds

Of life

Gone are the forests,

Worn is the earth.

Silent in their graves

Lie the riches of your creation, O Lord.

5. From water,

Air

And land,

The creatures came forth

At thy command.

From dust you raised us

And in us

You planted your life.

Through the ways

of Time

you brought us

To Be.

Called forth again,

The Creatures answer their Maker’s call

But so much has gone

And

What remains is so frail.

Free your people, Lord,

From their ignorance

and selfishness

6. We are the people.

Who crucify this world,

Stripping bare its soil,

Crowning it with a wreath of broken trees.

Its air breathes painfully

Its waters weep for the folly that poisons them,

Its creatures bleed.

We have eaten and drunk of life’s body.

We have feasted until there is little left.

Heirs of all

The wonder of creation,

Have we sold our world

For thirty pieces of silver

While all the time

Loudly declaring our love?

Have we denied our Lord?

7. O Lord,

In your Love we find forgiveness;

In your Word we find acceptance,

Through your Coming we have hope,

Through your actions we are challenged;

And in your light we find life.