

Holy God,  
God who spins the planets,  
and sings the stars to shine,  
God of all we praise you and pray to you,  
for all of creation *glistens* with your glory.  
We praise you, even for these days covered in ice  
that caution us to move more slowly,  
and for temperatures,  
too cold to maintain the busy-ness  
that keeps us from looking up towards you.  
Even in the midst of winter, God,  
there is so much that summons us to marvel,  
so open our eyes and fill our hearts,  
that we might see you in what surrounds us,  
and remember to offer our praise.  
Lord in your mercy, **hear our prayer.**

God of all creation,  
we praise you and we pray to you,  
for all creation glistens with your glory,  
and all creation *groans* at our indifference.  
For your children continue to fear poisoned water in Flint,  
and the scorched earth of Syria continues to summon war.  
Our cities are quaking as seas are rising,  
while we continue to debate about a reality  
we have the privilege to not *yet* endure.  
God, how you must despise our worship of convenience  
that floats as plastic islands in your oceans,  
and how offended must you be? As we erase the colors  
of your great barrier reef, before our children get to see.  
God, all creation groans under the weight of our indifference,  
and *we need so badly* for you to help us *hear it*.  
So help us lament, Holy God,  
help us to mourn like you do,

for what we've done to your earth.  
Lord in your mercy, **hear our prayer.**

God of all creation,  
we strive to see your glory, we need to hear the groaning,  
but to be honest, God,  
all of it is hard, for our hearts are as broken as this earth.  
We're so easily overwhelmed by what we should do,  
frozen by the enormity of all that is wrong,  
distracted by our own things, big things, that consume our being.  
We've misappropriated our hope,  
shrinking it, to what we can "see,"  
delegating it to those profit on you creation's peril,  
forgetting, that you are the God of *all* creation,  
that it was you who *breathed us* into being,  
you who created us, and calls us to create like you.  
So God, if you could do, what only you can do,  
if you could take what is broken,  
our hearts, our priorities, this earth,  
and hold us, change us, *love us into* something new.  
If you could just do what you do God,  
and create again,  
breathe life into our dusty souls again...  
Use our broken hearts and our willing but weary hands  
and call beauty out of what is broken,  
make us to be creators of healing and wholeness,  
for we want, to want with you, to work with you, for a better day.  
Lord in your mercy, **hear our prayer.**

So God of all creation,  
We lift our voices to you, as your one body, committed to being  
creators of your goodness, as we pray the prayer you taught us  
for this and every day....Our Father...