

Opening Prayers

All-infusing, ever present, eternal God, too often we seem to let you slip by, without even realising it. We miss the subtle artistry, or the bold creativity. We miss the gentle touches of your hand, and the beauty of you in those around us. We can't stop ourselves from rushing, we feel validated by busyness, we cannot be still. Or perhaps we get too caught up in the joys and pleasures in our world; or perhaps our hearts have become overburdened with sorrow. And so, we fail to see you, fail to recognise you. And then we may wonder where you've been.

By your grace, we are reminded.

In the sunrise, and in the sunset, there you are.

In the blaze of a lightning bolt, and in the crash of thunder, there you are.

In the push and pull of the tides, in the force behind the breaking waves, there you are.

In the flitting dance of the butterfly, there you are.

In the high humming of the frogs after the rain, there you are.

In the soaring of the eagle high in the heavens, and in the stop-start flight of the small, hardly noticed birds, there you are.

In the majesty of the lioness, and in the meekness of her putting a tender, protective paw around her cub, there you are.

In the diving of the kingfisher into the waters, and in the fish darting away to evade it, there you are.

In the bright red flowers adorning the coral tree, and in the purple-petalled home of the bumble bee, there you are.

In the lazy sunbathing of the lizard on a rock, there you are.

In the small seed that grows into a magnificent tree, and in that which grows into a nuisance weed, there you are.

In the docile mother cow, and in the clumsiness of her young calf, there you are.

In the awakening of the arum lilies at the seasonal call of your voice, there you are.

In the blanket of winter leaves, warming the ground below them, there you are.

In the moon, watching over a sleeping world, there you are.

In the cool mist, hovering over fields of green as morning breaks, there you are.

In the moodiness of the rain cloud, and the playfulness of the light puffy cloud, there you are.

In the sprinkling glitter of the shooting star, there you are.

In the contented dog, lying at our feet, there you are.

In the delighted laughter of a child, and in the wise and wizened wrinkles of the elderly, there you are.

In the man at the robot who hasn't washed for weeks or eaten for days, there you are.

In the person sitting next to us, there you are.

In the passing of time, in the past, in the present, in the future, there you are.