

Lord God, in Charge of Time and Space

Lord God, in charge of time and space,
you made this jewel, this blessed place.
We cherish light, use land and seas,
eat grains and fruit, construct with trees.
Our lives are helped by creatures, too—
each different, fitted, fed by you.
Lord, both in world and neighborhood,
help us to tend what you called, “Good.”

You gave to us this earth so full,
and set for us your principles,
like: Land should rest each seventh year,
leave fruits for poor and creatures here,
-or- Do not keep (against a loan)
a person’s cloak or milling stone.
So you declared what you hold right:
to share and safeguard means of life.

Now it’s a truth—not great to tell—
that your beloved often dwell
where waters, lands, have been abused
or fouled by what they did not choose.
Yet, it’s still true: Creation sings,
inspires our thanks for all you bring.
Where beauty is, we sense you there,
and where injustice clings, you care.

This earth will sometime pass away,
but help us, as we live today
to love earth’s gifts and yet restrain,
if comforts cause another’s pain.
For to promote Creation’s health
is love for neighbor *and* ourself.
This blessed earth affirms your name.
Its use, our witness, do the same.

Text: Constance Morgenstern, ©2018 WordSown.com
Suggested tune: YE BANKS AND BRAES, traditional Scottish melody

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