Holy Cross Lutheran Church
Our Mission

We gather as an open community of Christians, responding to God’s call. We welcome all people as members of our extended family. We gather to support and nourish one another in the faith, equipping people to live the Gospel in the world. Our purpose is to encounter the Gospel in worship, play, study, music, work, prayer, and activism. We provide worship that is diverse, flexible, thought provoking and relevant to our challenging times. We are a voice for compassion and actively seek justice and peace in the world. We identify and serve our neighbors in need. We offer programs that encourage spiritual growth by teaching the Gospel in the Lutheran tradition. We provide opportunities to work, play, and pray together.

Everyone Is Welcome!

In response to the overwhelming love of God we stand in awe of the wideness of God’s mercy. In faithfulness to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, mindful of our Lutheran emphasis on grace, and rejoicing in the celebration of our shared baptismal journey, we welcome as members of our extended family, all those who have ever felt excluded by the Church because of their race, gender, sexual orientation, age, physical or mental challenges, financial resources, or family status.

As followers of Christ, all members of Holy Cross Lutheran Church are compelled by the Gospel to seek reconciliation and wholeness in a world that is all too often an unloving place. Therefore, rejoicing in God's abundant grace, we extend a special welcome to all. Whether you are gay, straight, lesbian, bisexual, or transgender; whatever your country of origin or ancestry; whether you are a believer, a doubter or a seeker; in Christ's love, we welcome you, so that by the power of the Holy Spirit we can work together to usher in God's Reign of justice, peace, and mercy.

Earth Sunday
April 21, 2013

Welcome to Worship

Holy Cross is a Christ-centered, open-minded, inclusive compassionate, justice-seeking community. Everyone is welcome at Christ’s table, so please join us for Holy Communion! Relax and open yourself to the power of God in our midst!

Children in Worship: The sound of children breathes life into our community, so we encourage parents to use the activity centre to help their children focus. But from time to time, even the best of children might need the Cry-Room which is available downstairs. Our Ushers don’t bite so feel free to ask questions!
We pray for those in special need of God’s care: John Bradford, Terry & Phyllis Hutchings, Daniel Smyth (Sharon’s son), David Applegate (Kate’s husband), Nora & Dave Curran (Gary’s Parents), Fred Bell (Karen McIntyre’s father) June Phillips (Madeline Montpool’s extended family), Katherine Nesbitt (Jackie Nesbitt (Fleming)’s mother), Barb Green (friend of the congregation) Max Glass (friend of Jackie Nesbitt & Scott Fleming), Beverly (Sharon Smyth’s sister-in-law) Joe & Fran Martin (Marney Curran’s family), Cheryl Mandel (friend of Janice Wiehe), and Shellie Broddy (friend of Chris & Rick Payne).

MINISTERS TODAY Next Sunday April 28th 2013

Worship Assistant Cherilyn Spraakman Pat Lovell
Communion Assistant Petra Vollmerhausen Carol Wegford
Sylvia McCutcheon Vreny Mathis
Pat Lovell Laura Lawrence
Lector Cherilyn Spraakman Michael Smith
Ushers Neil Nauman Jeremy Heinze
Terry Hutching’s Bob Fleming
Coffee Hosts Barb Weber Sylvia McCutcheon
Counters Neil Nauman Jeremy Heinze
Michael Smith Rick Michel
Altar Care Linda Fleming Linda Fleming
Greeter Lawrence McCutcheon Rose Orfanakos
Cleaners Neil Nauman Neil Nauman

THIS WEEK AT HOLY CROSS

Monday Cinemania: Middle of Nowhere & KEG conversations 7:00pm
Tuesday Seekers’ Group @ Sharon Euler’s 2:00pm
Wednesday Choir 7:00 pm
Thursday Meditation Space 5:30pm
Sunday Adult Education: Living the Questions 9:30 am
WORSHIP: Communion 10:45 am

Giant Indoor Garage Sale

Friday & Saturday May 17 & 18
Proceeds to Holy Cross Lutheran Church
Save Your Stuff!
We need Your Donations!
remember all proceeds go to Holy Cross Lutheran Church
Volunteer to help!
Talk to Rose Orfanakos

Living the Questions

Marcus Borg has described this new book as “virtually a manifesto of Progressive Christianity.” Using this book by the authors of the dvd series, we will explore the Wisdom of Progressive Christianity as part of our ongoing journey ReThinking Christianity.

Adult Education Class:
Sunday mornings @ 9:30am
coffee will be waiting
Middle of Nowhere
7:00pm – Tickets $10.00
following the Cinemania movie at SilverCity
we’ll head to the KEG for conversation
Winner of the Best Director Award at the 2012 Sundance Film Festival. When her husband is sentenced to 8 years in prison, Rudy drops out of med school in order to focus on her husband’s well being while he’s incarcerated - leading her on a journey of self-discovery in the process.
Come out early to make sure you get a seat!

Community Meal
Holy Cross will host a Community Meal on
Friday May 24th
Volunteers are needed to help with preparation, serving and cleanup.
Add your name to the list in the narthex.
MATTHEW FOX: “Honoring all of creation as Original Blessing, Creation Spirituality integrates the wisdom of Eastern and Western spirituality and global indigenous cultures, with the emerging scientific understanding of the universe, and the passion of creativity. It is both a tradition and a movement, celebrated by mystics and agents of social change from every age and culture. It is also a tradition of the historical Jesus himself since it is the wisdom tradition of Israel.”

**VIA POSITIVA – Falling in Love With Creation**

Befriending Creation via the way of awe, delight and amazement. Just to be is a blessing. Creation is inherently good. “We are fearfully and wonderfully made. Our bodies have the capacity to open us to a sensuality grounded in the earth. Our passions are an expression of the Spirit that breathes in all of creation. Awe is the beginning of wisdom. Gratitude and reverence open us to intimacy, intensity, and immensity. The Via Positiva is a way of tasting the beauties and cosmic depths of creation.

**VIA NEGATIVA – Letting the Dark Be Dark**

Befriending the darkness, letting go and letting be. In darkness and nothingness, in the silence and emptying, in the letting go and letting be, and the pain and suffering that constitute and equally real part of our spiritual journey. The via Negativa is a way of emptying oneself and befriending the darkness. Language cannot do everything.

**VIA CREATIVA – Befriending Our Divinity**

The Via Creativa is a way of expressing the marriage between the via positiva and the via negative. Just when we think new life will never come again the path of giving birth, creating, imagination and passion opens us to new possibilities of our own divine nature. God is not out there somewhere, but right here in our midst and within.

**VIA TRANSFORMATIVA – Befriending a New Creation**

Humans a capable of great creativity and great destruction discerning between the two requires justice and compassion. As we become more just and compassionate, we become more fully human.
Call to Worship

P: Christ is Risen!

C: Christ is Risen Indeed! Alleluia!

P: We gather in the midst of God to express our gratitude for creation. Let us joyfully embrace the Mystery that is the source of creation.

C: Our gratitude for the beauty of the Earth is beyond measure. We revere the intricate design of creation, the splendid symmetry of the cosmos and the delightful dance of our fellow creatures.

P: Let us open ourselves to the wonder of all that is.

C: We look with awe upon the intimate details of love’s embraces and marvel at the abundance of grace.

P: Let us sing our praise to the ONE WHO IS, WAS, and EVERMORE SHALL BE God our LOVER, LOVE and BELOVED! Christ is Risen!

C: Christ is Risen Indeed! Alleluia!

Bidding

#736 God the Sculptor of the Mountains verses 1 & 4

Opening Prayer

P: Let us continue in prayer:

P: We gather now, eyes wide open to wonder. As Moses turned aside to see the bush ablaze with eternal Presence, so in this sacred gathering, let us turn aside to see the world charged with the grandeur and the glory of indescribable MYSTERY.

C: We turn aside to see the beauty of one another, the goodness of this life, and the wisdom that lies within. We pause to revere the holiness of the Earth, the beauty of life, and the complexity of the web that holds us in LOVE. In the magnitude of the flames that burn brightly, we give thanks for the passions that stir in, with and through us.

P: Let us walk with reverence upon the holy grounds of Earth, trusting that the one who is the Ground of Our Being will uphold us in LOVE.

C: Amen.

VIA NEGATIVA – Letting the Dark Be Dark

Song of Lament

Even the Stones verses 1, 3, and 4
Chief Seattle’s response to a request to sell the land. (1894)

This translation of Chief Seattle’s 1894 Treaty Oration appeared in the Seattle Sunday Star on Oct. 29, 1887.

Yonder sky that has wept tears of compassion upon my people for centuries untold, and which to us appears changeless and eternal, may change. Today is fair. Tomorrow it may be overcast with clouds. My words are like the stars that never change. Whatever Seattle says, the great chief at Washington can rely upon with as much certainty as he can upon the return of the sun or the seasons. The white chief says that Big Chief at Washington sends us greetings of friendship and goodwill. This is kind of him for we know he has little need of our friendship in return. His people are many. They are like the grass that covers vast prairies. My people are few. They resemble the scattering trees of a storm-swept plain. Today is fair. Tomorrow it may be overcast with clouds. My words are like the stars that never change. Whatever Seattle says, the great chief at Washington can rely upon with as much certainty as he can upon the return of the sun or the seasons. The white chief says that Big Chief at Washington sends us greetings of friendship and goodwill. This is kind of him for we know he has little need of our friendship in return. His people are many. They are like the grass that covers vast prairies. My people are few. They resemble the scattering trees of a storm-swept plain. The great, and I presume -- good, White Chief sends us word that he wishes to buy our land but is willing to allow us enough to live comfortably. This indeed appears just, even generous, for the Red Man no longer has rights that he need respect, and the offer may be wise, also, as we are no longer in need of an extensive country.

There was a time when our people covered the land as the waves of a wind-ruffled sea cover its shell-paved floor, but that time long since passed away with the greatness of tribes that are now but a mournful memory. I will not dwell on, nor mourn over, our untimely decay, nor reproach my paleface brothers with hastening it, as we too may have been somewhat to blame.

Youth is impulsive. When our young men grow angry at some real or imaginary wrong, and disfigure their faces with black paint, it denotes that their hearts are black, and that they are often cruel and relentless, and our old men and old women are unable to restrain them. Thus it has ever been. Thus it was when the white man began to push our forefathers ever westward. But let us hope that the hostilities between us may never return. We would have everything to lose and nothing to gain. Revenge by young men is considered gain, even at the cost of their own lives, but old men who stay at home in times of war, and mothers who have sons to lose, know better.

Our good father in Washington—for I presume he is now our father as well as yours, since King George has moved his boundaries further north—our great and good father, I say, sends us word that if we do as he desires he will protect us. His brave warriors will be to us a bristling wall of strength, and his wonderful ships of war will fill our harbors, so that our ancient enemies far to the northward—the Haidas and Tsimshians—will cease to frighten our women, children, and old men. Then in reality he will be our father and we his children. But can that ever be? Your God is not our God! Your God loves your people and hates mine! He folds his strong protecting arms lovingly about the paleface and leads him by the hand as a father leads an infant son. But, He has forsaken His Red children, if they really are His. Our God, the Great Spirit, seems also to have forsaken us. Your God makes your people wax stronger every day. Soon they will fill all the land.
Our people are ebbing away like a rapidly receding tide that will never return. The white man's God cannot love our people or He would protect them. They seem to be orphans who can look nowhere for help. How then can we be brothers? How can your God become our God for He came to His paleface children. We never saw Him. He gave you laws but had no word for His red children whose teeming multitudes once filled this vast continent as stars fill the firmament. No; we are two distinct races with separate origins and separate destinies. There is little in common between us.

To us the ashes of our ancestors are sacred and their resting place is hallowed ground. You wander far from the graves of your ancestors and seemingly without regret. Your religion was written upon tablets of stone by the iron finger of your God so that you could not forget. The Red Man could never comprehend or remember it. Our religion is the traditions of our ancestors -- the dreams of our old men, given them in solemn hours of the night by the Great Spirit; and the visions of our sachems, and is written in the hearts of our people.

Your dead cease to love you and the land of their nativity as soon as they pass the portals of the tomb and wander away beyond the stars. They are soon forgotten and never return. Our dead never forget this beautiful world that gave them being. They still love its verdant valleys, its murmuring rivers, its magnificent mountains, sequestered vales and verdant lined lakes and bays, and ever yearn in tender fond affection over the lonely hearted living, and often return from the happy hunting ground to visit, guide, console, and comfort them.

Day and night cannot dwell together. The Red Man has ever fled the approach of the White Man, as the morning mist flees before the morning sun. However, your proposition seems fair and I think that my people will accept it and will retire to the reservation you offer them. Then we will dwell apart in peace, for the words of the Great White Chief seem to be the words of nature speaking to my people out of dense darkness.

It matters little where we pass the remnant of our days. They will not be many. The Indian's night promises to be dark. Not a single star of hope hovers above his horizon. Sad-voiced winds moan in the distance. Grim fate seems to be on the Red Man's trail, and wherever he will hear the approaching footsteps of his fell destroyer and prepare stolidly to meet his doom, as does the wounded doe that hears the approaching footsteps of the hunter.

A few more moons, a few more winters, and not one of the descendants of the mighty hosts that once moved over this broad land or lived in happy homes, protected by the Great Spirit, will remain to mourn over the graves of a people once more powerful and hopeful than yours. But why should I mourn at the untimely fate of my people? Tribe follows tribe, and nation follows nation, like the waves of the sea. It is the order of nature, and regret is useless. Your time of decay may be distant, but it will surely come, for even the White Man whose God walked and talked with him as friend to friend, cannot be exempt from the common destiny. We may be brothers after all. We will see.

We will ponder your proposition and when we decide we will let you know. But should we accept it, I here and now make this condition that we will not be denied the privilege without molestation of visiting at any time the tombs of our ancestors, friends, and children. Every part of this soil is sacred in the estimation of my people. Every hillside, every valley, every plain and grove, has been hallowed by some sad or happy event in days long vanished. Even the rocks, which seem to be dumb and dead as the swelter in the sun along the silent shore, thrill with memories of stirring events connected with the lives of my people, and the very dust upon which you now stand responds more lovingly to their footsteps than yours, because it is rich with the blood of our ancestors, and our bare feet are conscious of the sympathetic touch. Our departed brave's, fond mothers, glad, happy hearted maidens, and even the little children who lived here and rejoiced here for a brief season, will love these somber solitudes and at eventide they greet shadowy returning spirits. And when the last Red Man shall have perished, and the memory of my tribe shall have become a myth among the White Men, these shores will swarm with the invisible dead of my tribe, and when your children's children think themselves --"Noah of 1850." Baptized Noah by Catholic missionaries, Seattle was regarded as a "firm friend of the Whites," who named the region's future central city in his honor. He was a respected leader among Salish tribes, signing the Point Elliott (Mukilteo) Treaty of 1855, which relinquished tribal claims to most of the area, and opposing Native American attempts to dislodge settlers during the "Indian Wars" of 1855-1856. Chief Seattle retired to the Suquamish Reservation at Port Madison, and died there on June 7, 1866.
VIA CREATIVA – Befriending Our Divinity

Epistle Reading
Romans 8:18-24

Acclamation
Christ Above Me

Gospel
Exodus 3:1-22

Sermon

Song of the Day
Holy the Whole Earth printed on the following pages
Copyright 1996 by Medical Mission Sisters (Permission granted for on-site use of words and music for prayer and praise in churches and religious communities)

Text: Sacred Manner

VIN SACRED MANNER

1 In sacred manner may we walk up-
2 In sacred manner may we see the
3 In sacred manner may we touch the
4 In sacred manner may we hear the
5 In sacred manner may we live a-
6 In sacred manner may we walk up-

on the fair and loving earth, in beauty move, in
luminous and loving stars, with wonder and with
sprit ant and loving green, give hon or and give
among the wise and loving ones, sit humbly, as at
on the fair and loving earth, in beauty move, in

beauty love the living round that brought us birth. We
awe behold their ever new creative pow’rs. The
sing night, the forest hymn, the loving choir. The
beauty love the living round that brought us birth. We

stand on holy ground. We stand on holy ground.
heav’ns show us God. The heav’ns show us God.
trees shall shout for joy. The trees shall shout for joy.
morning stars shall sing. The morning stars shall sing.
animals will teach. The animals will teach.
stand on holy ground. We stand on holy ground.

Text: Sacred Manner

Music: Robert Buckley Feiler
Text © 1996 Sacred Manner, 360 Asparagus Road
Music © 1997 Asparagus Road

Wildlife is Sacred

Protect Our Wild Places!
Amin

1 Holy the whole earth, and hallowed be the name of God, from Whom the uni-
2 Sacred the water, the rivers and the source of God, which wash our wounds and guar-
3 Virgin the forest, the valley and the field, when planet earth could heal us all and an-
4 Creator God, You are making all things the new. For give our greed, our failure to work the de-

verse came. The memory of Eden, re-
good grain. When waters of the womb be-
be healed. Our vanishing re source, our
with You. Our planet now is poised to un-

Amin

Dmin

Dmin

Dmin

Dmin

Dmin

Amin

Amin

Amin

Amin

Amin

Dmin

Amin

© Mardel Music Services 1995

WORDS: Miriam Therese Winter
MUSIC: Miriam Therese Winter

WHOLE EARTH
Prayers of the Body
You are invited to respond to the words:
“Spirit of the Risen Christ...
with the words: “Let us be LOVE in the world!”

Peace
P: The peace of Christ, which surpasses all our understanding, is with you all.
C: And also with you.

We greet each other with a sign of God’s peace.
Early Christians used a kiss to symbolize the peace.
Hugs and handshakes are also appropriate.
As we greet one another with a sign of the peace we say:
“Peace be with you.”

Offering
Offertory Hymn: #837 Many and Great verse 1

Prayer

Great Thanksgiving
P: God is with you.
C: And also with you.
P: Open your hearts.
C: We open our hearts to God.
P: Let us give thanks to our God Most Holy
C: It is right to give God thanks and praise.

Holy God in whom all of creation thrives, we stand in awe of the whirling, expanding, living, dying, yearning, groaning, abundant majesty of the cosmos. We come to this table, awe-struck creatures, conscious that as we approach Christ’s table to receive the gifts of the Earth, the whole cosmos—gathered up in us—journeys with us, and in us, into the sanctifying heart and mind of Christ. As we are recreated by the grace which comes to us in the receiving of Christ’s life poured out for all, we rejoice in memory of Jesus who lived fully, completely and lovingly.

Together with all those who have gone before us, we bring to this table our kin: the bacteria and the lichen, the moss of the forest floors, the flora and fauna, the gilled ones of the sea, and the feathered ones of the air; we bring the crawling creatures and the furry mammals. On their behalf, imbued by their natural wisdom, we come to the table of Christ, the one who was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be the Love that fills the cosmos and allures us into the dream of the future. And so with our sisters and brothers of every times and place, we join our voices to the canticle of the cosmos:

By the sacrifice of a supernova Earth was planted with the seeds of her future; by the sacrifice of our sun, earth flowered forth. By the sacrifice of Jesus—star-child, Earth’s progeny, child of Mary and Joseph—a new creation was born. In Christ incarnate a second fireball flared forth, the radiant potential of love, forgiveness, and compassion. We are carried in the draft of this explosive event toward a future that needs us in order to emerge the Kin-dom of God. Remembering the stories of our ancestors, we join with the confused, flawed and glorious disciples who ate with your child Jesus the Christ in that upper room, where on the night when Jesus was betrayed he had supper with his friends. At that supper Jesus took bread, gave thanks, broke it, and gave it to his friends saying: “Take and eat this is my body, given for you. Do this to remember me.”
After supper, Jesus took the cup of wine, gave thanks and gave it to his friends, saying, “Drink this all of you. This cup is the new covenant poured out for you and for all people. Drink this in remembrance of me.”

So here in this place, standing on the shoulders of those who have gone before us, we remember the mystery of Christ’s resurrection that enables us all to dance and sing in life eternal. And we await Christ coming again and again to bring peace and justice to all the earth and we proclaim the mystery of our faith:

C: Christ has died. Christ is risen. Christ will come again and again.

Spirit of God you are here, You have come to us again. Let the bread that we eat bind us across the world with those who have nothing to eat. Let the wine we drink fortify our resolve to share with those who thirst for justice. Let the power of love move us to work with those who long for love. Let the justice of Jesus become a reality that all people can taste, drink, savour and be sustained by. Let the reality of justice and peace come, and may we be a part of its coming.

C: Through Christ, with Christ, in Christ, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, all honour and glory are yours, O God of love, now and forever. Amen.

Abba Prayer - a translation from the Aramaic prayer that Jesus taught

Loving Presence, luminous in all creation, hallowed be your name. Thy Kin-dom come.

May we reflect on Earth the yielding perfection of the heavens. Help us to receive an illumined measure from the Earth this day. Forgive us when we trespass against others, human and other-than-human, as we forgive others who trespass against us. Keep us on the path of wisdom when we are tempted to take the selfish path.

May it be your rule we follow, your power we exercise, and our radiance that allures. May this be the truth that guides our lives, the ground from which our future will grow until we meet again. Amen.

Distribution by continuous Communion.

You may choose to take the wine from the Common Cup or the individual glasses. For those who are accustomed to intinction:
in compliance with public health recommendations, we do not offer intinction and so we would encourage you to use the individual glasses.

Grape-Juice Option: is served in the individual glasses – white juice

Everyone is welcome to participate in Communion!

Communion Hymns: #556 Morning Has Broken sing a cappella
#740 God of the Sparrow
#739 Touch the Earth Lightly
After Communion  

**Rise Up Rejoicing**

*Refrain (twice each time)*

Rise up, re-joicing!  Rise up, re-joicing!

Verse

Rise up, re-joicing, O people of God!

Rise up, re-joicing from the dead, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-

Rise up, re-joicing!  Rise up, re-joicing!

Rise up, re-joicing, O people of God!

Rise up, re-joicing from the dead, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-


Permission is given to photocopy the words to God’s Wisdom Calls to Us for use in worship.


**Benediction**

**Announcements**

**Sending Song  

God’s Wisdom Calls to Us**


Permission is given to photocopy the words to God’s Wisdom Calls to Us for use in worship.

In the hovering of the Spirit o’er the formless watery deep  
In the Word the split the darkness, giving night and day their keep  
In the ocean tides and valleys low and mountain ranges steep  
God’s wisdom calls to us ...

Through the teeming of the waters where the fish and dolphin dine  
Through the greening of the forest where the winding ivies vine  
Through the plants that in their goodness bear both fruit and flower fine  
God’s wisdom calls to us ... / Refrain

Sacred is the earth created; sacred are the creatures also  
Sacred are all peoples even; this wisdom be our cry.

Now the fragile planet cries for help; the creatures loud lament  
The flora and the fauna fade; the web of life is rent  
The waters bleed with oil as their salty spray is spent  
God’s wisdom calls to us ...

Comes today the clarion call to claim our kinship with the earth  
And to stem the rising poverty that marks too many—a birth  
And to tell the monied forces of creation’s priceless worth  
With wisdom let us stand ... / Refrain

Sacred is the earth created; sacred are the creatures also  
Sacred are all peoples even; this wisdom be our cry.

**Commissioning**

A:  Go in peace. Restore creation and tread lightly upon the earth!
C:  Thanks be to God!

On the breezes where the wing-ed birds with gracious joy do soar  
On the grassland where the lions sound their regal mighty roar  
In the musty mossy bear cave—in it’s hibernating snore  
God’s wisdom calls to us ...

In the whispered word of hope that dared to kiss the earthen clay  
In the Breath that filled the lungs where our first kin in waiting lay  
In the mys’try of our destiny to be imago Dei  
God’s wisdom calls to us ... / Refrain

Sacred is the earth created; sacred are the creatures also  
Sacred are all peoples even; this wisdom be our cry.

On the breezes where the wing-ed birds with gracious joy do soar  
On the grassland where the lions sound their regal mighty roar  
In the musty mossy bear cave—in it’s hibernating snore  
God’s wisdom calls to us ...

In the whispered word of hope that dared to kiss the earthen clay  
In the Breath that filled the lungs where our first kin in waiting lay  
In the mys’try of our destiny to be imago Dei  
God’s wisdom calls to us ... / Refrain

Sacred is the earth created; sacred are the creatures also  
Sacred are all peoples even; this wisdom be our cry.

On the breezes where the wing-ed birds with gracious joy do soar  
On the grassland where the lions sound their regal mighty roar  
In the musty mossy bear cave—in it’s hibernating snore  
God’s wisdom calls to us ...

In the whispered word of hope that dared to kiss the earthen clay  
In the Breath that filled the lungs where our first kin in waiting lay  
In the mys’try of our destiny to be imago Dei  
God’s wisdom calls to us ... / Refrain

Sacred is the earth created; sacred are the creatures also  
Sacred are all peoples even; this wisdom be our cry.

On the breezes where the wing-ed birds with gracious joy do soar  
On the grassland where the lions sound their regal mighty roar  
In the musty mossy bear cave—in it’s hibernating snore  
God’s wisdom calls to us ...

In the whispered word of hope that dared to kiss the earthen clay  
In the Breath that filled the lungs where our first kin in waiting lay  
In the mys’try of our destiny to be imago Dei  
God’s wisdom calls to us ... / Refrain

Sacred is the earth created; sacred are the creatures also  
Sacred are all peoples even; this wisdom be our cry.

On the breezes where the wing-ed birds with gracious joy do soar  
On the grassland where the lions sound their regal mighty roar  
In the musty mossy bear cave—in it’s hibernating snore  
God’s wisdom calls to us ...

In the whispered word of hope that dared to kiss the earthen clay  
In the Breath that filled the lungs where our first kin in waiting lay  
In the mys’try of our destiny to be imago Dei  
God’s wisdom calls to us ... / Refrain

Sacred is the earth created; sacred are the creatures also  
Sacred are all peoples even; this wisdom be our cry.

On the breezes where the wing-ed birds with gracious joy do soar  
On the grassland where the lions sound their regal mighty roar  
In the musty mossy bear cave—in it’s hibernating snore  
God’s wisdom calls to us ...

In the whispered word of hope that dared to kiss the earthen clay  
In the Breath that filled the lungs where our first kin in waiting lay  
In the mys’try of our destiny to be imago Dei  
God’s wisdom calls to us ... / Refrain

Sacred is the earth created; sacred are the creatures also  
Sacred are all peoples even; this wisdom be our cry.