

Scripture Reading Psalm 104:1-25, 31-33

Read aloud and meditate on this beautiful song of praise for God's creation.

If you enjoy journaling, write additional verses describing something you see or experience in nature that inspires your praise and gratitude.

- ¹ Bless the LORD, O my soul.
O LORD my God, you are very great.
You are clothed with honor and majesty,
² wrapped in light as with a garment.
You stretch out the heavens like a tent,
³ you set the beams of your chambers on the waters,
you make the clouds your chariot,
you ride on the wings of the wind,
⁴ you make the winds your messengers,
fire and flame your ministers.
⁵ You set the earth on its foundations,
so that it shall never be shaken.
⁶ You cover it with the deep as with a garment;
the waters stood above the mountains.
⁷ At your rebuke they flee;
at the sound of your thunder they take to flight.
⁸ They rose up to the mountains, ran down to the valleys
to the place that you appointed for them.
⁹ You set a boundary that they may not pass,
so that they might not again cover the earth.
¹⁰ You make springs gush forth in the valleys;
they flow between the hills,
¹¹ giving drink to every wild animal;
the wild asses quench their thirst.
¹² By the streams the birds of the air have their habitation;
they sing among the branches.
¹³ From your lofty abode you water the mountains;
the earth is satisfied with the fruit of your work.
¹⁴ You cause the grass to grow for the cattle,
and plants for people to use,
to bring forth food from the earth,
¹⁵ and wine to gladden the human heart,
oil to make the face shine,
and bread to strengthen the human heart.
¹⁶ The trees of the LORD are watered abundantly,
the cedars of Lebanon that he planted.
¹⁷ In them the birds build their nests;
the stork has its home in the fir trees.
¹⁸ The high mountains are for the wild goats;
the rocks are a refuge for the badgers.
¹⁹ You have made the moon to mark the seasons;
the sun knows its time for setting.
²⁰ You make darkness, and it is night,
when all the animals of the forest come creeping out.

²¹The young lions roar for their prey,
seeking their food from God.
²²When the sun rises, they withdraw
and lie down in their dens.
²³People go out to their work
and to their labor until the evening.
²⁴O LORD, how manifold are your works!
In wisdom you have made them all;
the earth is full of your creatures.
²⁵Yonder is the sea, great and wide,
creeping things innumerable are there,
living things both small and great.
³¹May the glory of the LORD endure forever;
may the LORD rejoice in his works—
³²who looks on the earth and it trembles,
who touches the mountains and they smoke.
³³I will sing to the LORD as long as I live;
I will sing praise to my God while I have being.

Pray this Prayer

God of all seasons, we are exhilarated by the sweet fragrance of spring.
The land is coming up green again.
The willows are dripping honey colour into the rivers.
The sun coaxes a collage of colour from budding shrubs and flowers.
The birds sing their songs of thanksgiving.
The beauty of your created world surrounds us from daybreak to sunset.
We praise you for the blossoming earth,
rising from the silence and rest of winter,
yielding its dormant treasures.

In the freshness of this day,
in our meditative walking,
in the laughter of family or friends with whom we isolate,
in the beauty of creation awakening around us,
we open our eyes to see Your presence,
our ears to listen to Your presence,
our souls to sense Your presence,
and our hearts to love Your presence,
ever here in your creation, endlessly declaring your divine care for us.

Breathe life into our tired and isolated spirits.
Breathe hope into our fear or despair.
Breathe comfort and strength into the lives of those
who seek the refreshment of your healing grace.
God of life, breath of love, cause the newness of spring to unfold in our lives as well. Amen

--*Renee Sauder*

Reflect on this Poem

Peace of Wild Things

When despair grows in me
and I wake in the night at the least sound
in fear of what my life and my children's lives may be,
I go and lie down where the wood drake
rests in his beauty on the water, and the great heron feeds.
I come into the peace of wild things
who do not tax their lives with forethought of grief.
I come into the presence of still water.
And I feel above me the day-blind stars
waiting for their light.
For a time I rest in the grace of the world,
and am free.

--Wendell Berry

