

Lament & Hope

Prayers for the Climate and Ecological Emergency

Rev'd Jon Swales MBE
2026

For those who grieve
the wounds of the world,
and follow the Crucified One
into hope.

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Endorsements

"I have been impressed with Jon Swales' leadership and prophetic voice in our city of Leeds as we both lament the ecological crisis our world is in and call for urgent action. In this anthology of poems, which Jon has written, you will find a range of resources which are able to prompt us all into adoration, confession, thanksgiving and urgent supplication. I commend it to you."

- The Rt Rev'd Paul Slater
Former Bishop of Kirkstall

Climate crisis is here now, destroying and threatening all life, in all parts of the world. Urgent action is required to ensure a safe and healthy future, and sustainable peace for all. I as a Christian have been motivated with this prophetic voice of Rev. Jon Swales's prayers for the Climate and Ecological Emergency. I really support this project. God the Creator of all, who is in control will move many hearts to ponder and to act. These prayers call all of us to take urgent action. I have already made a commitment to take action in my surroundings and I commend it to you.

-Naureen Aktar, Human Rights Activist in Pakistan

"We live in a very beautiful but broken world. Rampant consumerism is devastating God's world. It is vital to rediscover the biblical teaching that humans are called to care for this amazing creation project. The coming of the Lord Jesus offers us not only individual salvation but the restoration and healing of this groaning world. One day the whole earth will be full of the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea (Isaiah 11:9). Jon Swales' poignant anthology of poems will both inspire and challenge you."

-Mark Roques, Director of RealityBites

'If we love the natural world, of which we are part, it must hurt when we face what is happening to this earth. Can we keep the flame of hope alight, that all will not be lost, and that a new balance will

eventually be secured? Surely it takes faith to hold love and hope together? This is what Jon Swales can help us to do with his valuable anthology of prayers for the climate and ecological emergency. To pray in this world is to be open to God's gifts of faith, hope and love – despite everything. '

–Andrew Norman, Co-Chaplain of Green Christian

'This poetic and modest collection of prayers brims with hope and wonder at the beauty, as well as the fragility, of creation. Extended reflection on the meaning of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures for this time of environmental and climate crisis clearly stand behind the prayers included in this collection. I have no doubt that they will helpfully supply words to many of us who seek to offer lament, repentance and hopeful trust to the Creator God in these days of crisis and action.

–Rev'd Dr. Darrell D. Hannah , Chair of Operation Noah

Jon Swales has written a series of unflinchingly honest, yet hopeful prayers, addressed to the loving Creator and Redeemer of our broken world. These robustly Trinitarian prayers follow the biblical pattern of praise, confession, and petition, and may be used in personal devotion or communal liturgy. When read meditatively, as a means of Christian formation, these articulations of trust and pain, hope and grief, have the potential to align us with the heart of God.

–Dr J. Richard Middleton, Ph.D. Professor of Biblical Worldview and Exegesis, North Eastern Seminary

"We need Jon Swales at this time – pastor, servant, prophet, provocateur. Jon has the kind of gifts that can stir us out of complacency and paralysis on this defining issue of early 21st century discipleship – climate change. Class after class of our students have found Jon's Old Testament teaching nothing short of inspirational, and his insistence on reclaiming the language of lament to be an epiphany. In these contemporary Psalms, Jon enables us to

connect our deep fears and anxieties about the environment with the loving and listening presence of God. They are born out of a deep conviction that the Living God can hear and will act, but they also call us to a lifestyle of ongoing repentance which we are only just beginning to scope out. It's important that these prayers are now getting an increasingly wider hearing."

-Rev'd Canon Dr Mark Powley, Former Principal, St Hild College

"These prayers are not to be read on paper. They are not for a dusty shelves nor to sit in a library. These prayers are to be lived. These words are to be embodied. These prayers are to be chanted on the streets. Sung while locked-on, glued-on, or sitting-in. Whispered while on trial. These prayers are to put our bodies where Christ is found so we might be Christ's body in ways that move the mountains of injustice and usher in the beauty of God's healing reign on earth. These prayers should come with a warning, they won't leave our world the same."

-Jarrod McKenna, Pastor and Activist

Before We Begin

Before We Begin

We are living through a time of ecological unraveling. The climate is changing. Seas are rising. Forests are burning. Rivers and soils are being damaged. Species are disappearing. Communities are being displaced. And again and again, it is the poorest and most vulnerable who carry the heaviest burden of a crisis they did little to create. We know more than we want to know. We know that the world is warming, that human activity is driving much of that warming, and that some changes are already locked in. We also know that the choices we make now matter. But knowing is not the same as grieving, and grieving is not the same as knowing what to do.

These prayers have been written somewhere in that gap. I don't write them as someone who has worked everything out. I don't always know what faithfulness looks like in the face of ecological crisis. I don't know how much difference any one of us can make. I don't know how to hold together the beauty of the world we have been given with the knowledge of what we are doing to it. But I have become increasingly convinced that this is not simply a scientific, political or economic crisis. It is also a spiritual crisis. It asks us what we love, what we worship, how we understand ourselves and what kind of people we are becoming. It asks what it means to be human in a world that is not ours to possess, but ours to tend and keep.

And so we need to pray. Not because prayer allows us to escape the world, but because, at its best, prayer brings us more deeply into it. Prayer teaches us to pay attention. It gives us language for grief when ordinary language fails. It brings our complicity into the light. It turns our faces towards the wounded and sends us back into the world to live differently. The Bible gives us this language. The Psalms cry out when the world is not as it should be. The prophets refuse to look away from injustice. Jesus weeps over Jerusalem and at the tomb of Lazarus. On the cross he cries out in abandonment. Lament is not a failure of faith. It is one of the ways faith tells the truth. We lament because creation matters. We grieve because life is precious. We rage because death is an enemy. We cry because the world is not what it was meant to be.

But lament must not become despair. Christian hope is not pretending everything will be fine, and it does not ask us to look away from reality. Hope can look directly into darkness, name what has been lost and acknowledge what may yet

be lost, and still hope. That is the hope I am trying to hold onto in these prayers: not optimism dressed up in religious language, and not what I sometimes call hopium, but hope-filled realism. The willingness to face the truth about the world while trusting that God is still at work within it.

At the centre of that hope stands Jesus. The Christian response to ecological crisis is not simply about changing our consumption, important though that is. It is about formation. What kind of people are we becoming? What kind of Church are we becoming? Jesus shows us another way of being human. He does not grasp power but lays it down. He welcomes the marginalised, feeds the hungry, speaks truth to power, washes feet, takes up the cross and loves to the end. He dies. And he rises. The cross reveals a different kind of power: self-giving sacrificial love. A love that does something. A love that costs us. A love that participates in the reconciliation of all things.

These prayers return again and again to creation because the world is not simply the backdrop to the human story. The earth is the Lord's. The oceans, rivers, forests and soil belong within the story of God. The birds and animals are fellow creatures, non-human worshippers participating in the great symphony of praise. Creation is gift, creation is home, and creation is responsibility. We have been given a calling to tend and keep, to guard and protect, to participate in the flourishing of the world God has made. Yet we have also been given enormous power. We can tend and keep. We can also plunder and pillage.

The phrase East of Eden appears throughout these prayers because it captures something of our condition. We are homesick exiles. Creation groans. We have betrayed our vocation. But the story does not end East of Eden. It moves towards resurrection, reconciliation and the renewal of all things. The prayers do not move through that story in a neat sequence, because neither lament nor hope works that way. We circle back. We remember. We grieve again. We discover beauty in the middle of brokenness. We find ourselves challenged, comforted, convicted and called again.

Some of these prayers are angry. Some are sorrowful. Some are playful. Some are deliberately uncomfortable. Some are simply an attempt to stand still long enough to notice the wonder of a tree, a river, an ocean or a bird. Together they are an attempt to pray our way into a different imagination: one in which creation is not a commodity, the vulnerable are not disposable, power is not measured by domination, and hope is not the denial of reality.

These prayers are not an attempt to solve the ecological crisis. They are an attempt to become different people within it: people who can tell the truth without surrendering to despair, grieve without becoming paralysed, and hope without denying reality. People who can look at what we have done and say, This is not the way it was meant to be, and then, by the grace of God, begin to live differently.

These are prayers for a wounded world and for a wounded Church. Prayers of lament, confession, love, anger, repentance and hope. Prayers for those who are frightened about what is coming, those who are grieving what has already been lost, and those who are simply trying to work out what faithfulness looks like now.

Above all, they are prayers offered to the God who has not abandoned his creation: the God who enters our dust, takes up a cross, defeats death and promises to make all things new.

Maranatha.

Come, Lord Jesus.

1: Come Holy Spirit

Father of Creation,
God of Soil and Stars,

We thank you that we gather together
as your sons and daughters.

We thank you for the world
that you have made:

Soil and streams,
mountains and music,
flowers and fauna,
laughter and love,
dancing and daffodils,
flamingos and food.

We thank you that we inhabit this world
with non-human worshippers:

Elephants and eagles,
red kites and raccoons,
monkeys and macaws.

To you be all honour, glory and praise.

Father of Creation,

God of Soil and Stars,

We are troubled by this world of yours,
and this world of ours.

It is our home.

In the face of climate breakdown,
our hearts are restless
and our souls are sad.

Draw near to us
as the healer of all hurts.

Father, lead and guide us
by the power and compassion of your Holy Spirit.

In these strange and difficult days,
mould us and shape us
into the image
of your Son and our Saviour, Jesus.

May we, like him,
be people of justice.

Come, Holy Spirit.
We need you.

Come, Holy Spirit.

Fill us afresh.

Come, Holy Spirit.

Empower us.

In Jesus' name we pray.

Amen.

2: Wake Us From Our Slumber

Father of Creation,
God of Compassion,

You created a world of wonder,
of possibility and potential.
You declared it to be good.

For this we give thanks.
To you be praise, honour and glory.

And yet this world is no longer
as you intended it to be.

Humanity has betrayed its calling
to tend and keep.
Creation groans.

For this we weep,
Lord, have mercy.

For this we mourn,
Christ, have mercy.

On our watch,
we reap what we have sown.

On our watch,
sea levels rise.

For this we weep,
Lord, have mercy.

For this we mourn,
Christ, have mercy.

On our watch,
forests are destroyed.

On our watch,
locusts swarm.

For this we weep,
Lord, have mercy.

For this we mourn,
Christ, have mercy.

And so now, with tears in our eyes,
we look to you,
with regret
and repentance,
knowing the difficult decades that we face.

As temperatures rise,

as extinctions increase,
as we come to terms
with our existential plight,

for our children,
Lord, have mercy.

For our grandchildren,
Christ, have mercy.

For the world's most vulnerable,
Christ, have mercy.

Father of Creation,
God of Compassion,

Wake us from our slumber.

Wake us from the comfort
that allows us to look away.

Wake us from the habits
that keep us asleep.

Wake us to the cries
of those already suffering.

Wake us to the groaning

of your creation.

Equip us afresh
to be the justice-shaped people of God.

Give us courage
to see what we would rather not see,
to grieve what we have helped to destroy,
and to live differently
because we have seen it.

Father of Creation,
God of Compassion,

wake us from our slumber.

And teach us again
to tend and keep
the world you have declared good.

For this we give thanks.

To you be praise, honour and glory.

Amen.

3: Darkest Hour

God of Justice,
God who calls us to courage,

You created a world of wonder,
of possibility and potential.

You declared it to be good.

And yet we find ourselves
in a time of climate breakdown,
facing humanity's darkest hour.

Wake us from our slumber.

Equip us afresh
for our priestly and prophetic calling.

Make us people who speak truth
in a culture of denial,
who enact hope
in a culture of despair,
and who face what is coming
with love-filled action.

Make us those
who bandage the wounds

of people caught beneath
the wheels of climate injustice.

But do not let us stop there.

Give us courage
to drive a spoke
into the wheel of climate injustice itself.

Make us willing to challenge
the systems and structures
that keep people trapped in poverty,
that exploit the vulnerable,
and that treat your creation
as something to be consumed
rather than cherished.

When the scale of the crisis
leaves us overwhelmed,
keep us from paralysis.

When the darkness feels too great,
give us courage to light a candle.

When despair tells us
that nothing we do will matter,
remind us that faithfulness
is not measured by success.

Teach us to be a people
who pray and act,
who grieve and resist,
who love and speak,

trusting that even in humanity's darkest hour
your light has not gone out.

To you be praise, honour and glory.

Amen.

4: Trinity of Love

Holy Trinity of Love,
Father, Son and Holy Spirit,

You are not a God of domination
but of self-giving love.
Love poured out.
Love that makes room for the other.
Love that does not grasp or consume
but gives itself away.

In this time of climate breakdown,
teach us to love like this.

Teach us that love is not simply
something we feel or say.
It has to become something we do.

Give us love for those already living
with the consequences of a warming world:
for people forced from their homes,
for communities facing drought and hunger,
for those caught up in climate-related conflict,
and for those who suffer
when extreme weather strikes.

Give us a holy anger

at the things that destroy life.

Not anger born of hatred,
but the anger that comes
when we love something enough
to refuse to watch it being destroyed.

Like Jesus,
teach us to be angry
at what is wrong,
without becoming what we oppose.

Give us courage to speak truth
when silence is more comfortable.
Courage to challenge systems
that put profit before people,
endless consumption before enough,
and economic growth before the flourishing
of your creation.

Teach us to hunger and thirst for justice.

Teach us to become peacemakers.

And when our words are not enough,
teach us to act.

Let our love be seen

in what we buy,
what we consume,
what we support,
what we resist,
and in the way we live.

Holy Trinity of Love,

make us people
whose love has skin on it.

People who love the vulnerable
because you love them.

People who love your creation
because it is yours.

People who love their enemies
because Jesus taught us another way.

And people who love enough
to tell the truth
and do something about it.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

Amen.

5: Corporate Confession

Lamentations 5:15–22

The joy of our hearts has ceased;
our dancing has been turned to mourning.

**The crown has fallen from our head;
woe to us, for we have sinned.**

For this our heart has become sick,
for these things our eyes have grown dim,

for Mount Zion which lies desolate;
jackals prowl over it.

But you, O Lord, reign forever;
your throne endures to all generations.

**Why do you forget us forever?
Why do you forsake us for so many days?**

**Restore us to yourself, O Lord,
that we may be restored.**

A Prayer of Confession

Climate breakdown is real.

Desmond Tutu said:

“Twenty-five years ago people could be excused
for not knowing much, or doing much,
about climate change.
Today we have no excuse.”

Lord, have mercy.

Christ, have mercy.

Climate breakdown is happening now.

The poorest countries
are among the most vulnerable.

Lord, have mercy.

Christ, have mercy.

Climate change requires extensive
and sustained action
to prevent the unfolding
of a disaster of apocalyptic proportions.

Lord, have mercy.

Christ, have mercy.

Almighty God,

we have sinned against you
and against our neighbour

in thought and word and deed,

through negligence,
through consumerism,

by being caught up and complicit
in economic systems and lifestyles
which bring destruction.

In your mercy,
forgive what we have been.

Help us to amend what we are,
and direct what we shall be;

that we may do justly,
love mercy,
tread lightly upon the earth,
and walk humbly with you, our God.

Amen.

For I am convinced that neither death nor life,
neither angels nor demons,
neither the present nor the future,
nor any powers,
neither height nor depth,
nor anything else in all creation,

will be able to separate us
from the love of God
that is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

6: World on Fire

God of Creation,
God of Compassion,

Your world is on fire.
Our home is on fire.

Our hearts ache.

We struggle to take in
what is happening,
to comprehend the scale of it,
and to know what faithfulness looks like
when the crisis is so much bigger than us.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

Your world is groaning.
Our hearts are groaning.

We know the science.
We hear the warnings.
We see the fires,
the floods,
the droughts
and the storms.

And yet sometimes
all this knowledge leaves us paralysed,
not knowing where to begin.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

God of Peace,

still our restless souls.
Calm our frantic thoughts.

Keep us from despair,
but also from the false peace
that comes from looking away.

Give us wisdom
to know what is ours to do,
courage to do it,
and humility to recognise
what we cannot control.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

God who calls your Church,

empower us afresh
with the gift of your Spirit.

Equip us for our priestly
and prophetic calling.

Help us discern
what faithfulness requires:

to raise the alarm,
to speak of the urgency,
and to refuse the temptation
to look away.

We pray for pastors,
protesters, prophets and poets,

for all who are trying to find
a fresh imagination
beyond grief and despair.

For those who have faced arrest
or imprisonment
for peaceful civil disobedience,
seeking to bring change
to governments and corporations,

we pray for courage

and protection.

In prayer we stand with these,
our courageous brothers and sisters.

Lord, send your peace and hope.

God of Creation,
God who called the world good,

remind us that beneath
all our fear and grief
is something worth fighting for.

You created a world of wonder,
of possibility and potential.

You declared it to be good.

Help us to see that goodness again,
even now.

Help us to grieve
what is being lost
without giving up
on what remains.

Help us become people

who can lament and act,
who can pray and protest,
who can face the fire
without surrendering to despair.

In our grief and mourning,
teach us again to hope.

To you be praise, honour and glory.

Amen.

7: Extinction

God of Creation,
God of Mercy,

You made a beautiful world,
full of awe and wonder,
full of possibility and potential.

You declared it to be good.

To you be all praise,
honour and glory.

You gave humanity a calling
to tend and keep,

yet we have sinned
in thought and word and deed.

Through consumerism and exploitation,
we have acted like parasites
instead of gardeners.

We have acted like ecological vandals
instead of caretakers.

Have mercy on us.

We pause to remember
and grieve the loss from this world
of non-human worshippers
who are no longer with us.

Bramble Cay melomys.

What have we done?
Have mercy on us.

Yangtze River dolphin.

What have we done?
Have mercy on us.

Northern white rhinoceros.

What have we done?
Have mercy on us.

West African black rhinoceros.

What have we done?
Have mercy on us.

Spix's macaw.

What have we done?

Have mercy on us.

Golden toad.

What have we done?

Have mercy on us.

Zanzibar leopard.

What have we done?

Have mercy on us.

These are but a few
of the creatures you have made
who are no longer with us.

You declared them to be good,
but we have played our part
in their disappearance.

Have mercy on us.

Jesus,
our brother, king and friend,

in you we see
justice embodied

and entwined with extravagant mercy.

You welcomed the weak,
gathered the oppressed
and challenged the unjust structures
and systems of your day.

Embolden us with your Spirit,

that we may rise
from the ashes of our lament
into the prophetic waters of justice.

Restore us,
that we may be restored,

that your Church may arise
with healing in its wings.

Set us on fire
with a love for all your creation,

that we, your covenant people,
might shake off our parasitical past

and become instead
the stewards,
caretakers

and love-filled creatures
you have called us to be.

Let your Church be so empowered
that we would peacefully
and publicly
join with others
in resisting extinction.

God of Justice,

make us people
who do not simply mourn
what has been lost,

but who learn again
how to tend and keep
what remains.

To you be all praise,
honour and glory,
now and forever.

Amen.

8: Do Not Romanticise Reality

God who sees what we would rather hide,
God of truth and mercy,

help us not to romanticise reality,
but to look it straight in the eye,

so that we may behold
the hell of climate breakdown
that many now endure
and many more will endure.

Help us not to retreat into denial,
living in our panelled houses
whilst the temple of your world
is in ruins.

Help us to see
that climate breakdown
acts as a threat multiplier.

As conflicts increase,
food supplies fail,
climate grief increases,

locusts swarm,
icebergs melt,

seas acidify,
extinctions multiply,

children go hungry,
floods and fires wreck the land,

and humanity faces
an existential threat.

This is not the way
it was meant to be.

Lord, have mercy.

God of Compassion,

let us not look away.

Help us to lament.

Help us to grieve.

And help us to hear
that the Kingdom of your Son
is calling.

God and Father
of our Lord Jesus Christ,

help us not to romanticise reality,
but to look it in the eye,

that we would be people
committed to justice and peace.

Like your Son,
teach us to speak truth
to those corrupted by power.

Like your Son,
teach us to stand up
for the oppressed.

God of Compassion,

help us not to romanticise reality.

As our hearts break,
teach us to rest
in your extravagant love
and holy embrace.

Whatever befalls,
remind us that we can bathe
in your kindness
and receive your healing.

God of Compassion,
help us not to romanticise reality.

But let us also know
that hope is coming.

Your Son will transform reality.

There is not a hurt
he will not heal.

Maranatha.
Come, Lord Jesus.

Amen.

9: Woe to the Unholy Trinity

God of Justice,
Lord of all powers,

You made a world
full of possibility and potential.

You declared it to be good.
For this we give you thanks.
To you be all honour and glory.

There are strange,
dehumanising and destructive forces
at work in this world of yours,
this world of ours.

Creation groans.
Creation cries.

Lord, have mercy.

Your Church too
has bowed the knee
and benefited from these
demanding and destructive powers.

We have become entranced

and enticed.

We are compromised
and we have colluded.

We have grown rich;
our hearts have grown heavy.

Lord, have mercy.

These dehumanising
and destructive forces
help to maintain our status quo,

and we have stood silent
at the butchery of your world.

At first unaware,
but then deliberately,

we have walked down
the other side of the road.

And then, at times,
we have acted as cheerleaders
and chaplains
to this unholy trinity.

Lord, have mercy.

And so we name the beast.

We renounce it.

We repent of it.

Unrestrained capitalism.

Consumerism.

Individualism.

Your days are numbered.

This unholy trinity
oppresses the poor,
ransacks the earth,
dehumanises.

Your days are numbered.

This unholy trinity
offers entertainment,
distraction,
denial.

Your days are numbered.

Woe to the unholy trinity.

Justice and mercy will kiss.
The Kingdom will come.
Blessed are the peacemakers.

And so we pledge allegiance afresh
to Jesus, the butchered Lamb,

and ask that,
in this time of climate breakdown,
we would be faithful to him.

To him who sits on the throne,
and to the Lamb,

be all praise,
honour and blessing.

Amen.

10: Cosmic Temple

God of Earth and Heaven,
God of all praise,

The earth as a cosmic temple
becomes a symphony of praise:

a rich diversity
of song and dance,

from a whole range of creatures
who inhabit,
perform
and point to you
as the giver of gifts.

From mountain heights
to ocean depths,
across the seasons,

non-human worshippers worship
with a stunning array
of unique characteristics
and colours.

The willow tree bows
in reverent praise,

whilst birds in flight
perform a waltz of wonder.

Since creation's dawn,
you, O Lord,
have opened their lips:

a hiss,
a screech,
a bark,
a purr,

a tweet,
a song,
a howl,
a caw,

a neigh,
a bleat,
a cuckoo,
a buzz,
a roar.

You have filled their beaks,
their wings,
their lips,
their mouths with praise.

And we join with them in saying:

What you have made is good.

To you we give praise,
honour and glory.

But now the cosmic temple
has begun to sing
a different song:

a lament for what has changed,
a requiem for what has been lost,
a lament for what will be.

God of Justice,

from mountain heights
to ocean depths,
the impact of humanity
has been made known.

Instead of worshipping,
tending
and keeping,

we have forsaken,

betrayed
and plundered.

Have mercy on us,
according to your steadfast love.

Have mercy on us,
according to your steadfast love.

God and Father
of our Lord Jesus Christ,

we live within
both the beauty
and the brokenness.

Give us a melody of praise
to join with creation's
cosmic song and dance.

Give us a lament
that grieves for what we have lost
and what will be.

May the melody
of our humble existence
take up afresh
our priestly calling

to tend and keep
your cosmic temple

until the redemption
and restoration of all things.

God of all creation,

to him who sits on the throne
and to the Lamb,

be praise,
glory
and honour.

Amen.

11: Take Up the Cross, Lay Down the Sword

Father of Creation,
God of Peace,

We praise you for your Son Jesus,
the Lamb upon the throne.
We praise you that your Son said,
'Blessed are the peacemakers'
and called us to love our enemies.
We thank you that your Son rules and reigns
through self-giving sacrificial love.

We thank you that Jesus took up
the violent symbol of empire
and, in his death,
transformed it into a symbol of hope restored
and sins forgiven.

We thank you that your Son,
in his dying breath, said,
'Father, forgive them,
for they know not what they do.'

We praise you that, in his death,
his bloody execution,
he dragged the forces of sin,
death, empire and violence
into the grave,

offering us an alternative kingdom.
We thank you that your Son's glorious resurrection
demonstrated that death
will not have the last word
and love itself wins.

He reigns victorious,
forever glorious.

He is the Lamb.

Father of Creation,
God of Peace,

we stand on the brink of climate breakdown,
which will lead to an increase in conflict and war.
Humanity will reap what it sows.
Those who live by the sword
will die by the sword.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

As temperatures rise,
tensions arise.
As food shortages and malnutrition increase,
conflicts follow.
As refugees flee flooded lands,

wars will follow.
Tribal conflicts,
local conflicts,
regional pressures,
battles for resources.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

And so, in the coming months
and through whatever follows,
we commit ourselves afresh
to Kingdom peacemaking.

In our homes,
Blessed are the peacemakers.

In our churches,
Blessed are the peacemakers.

In our cities,
Blessed are the peacemakers.

For our nation's leadership,
Blessed are the peacemakers.

For global leaders,
Blessed are the peacemakers.

Father of Creation,
God of Peace,

grant us the courage
to speak out against increased militarism
and the arms trade,
against increased nuclear capability
and the forces that profit from war.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

Grant us the courage,
in a world of increasing violence,
to stand fast
to the peaceable kingdom
and the peaceable King.

Grant us the courage
to seek the path of peace
until that day when all weapons of war
are turned into ploughshares,
and war will be no more.

We lay down the sword.
We take up our cross.

Blessed are the peacemakers.

Those who live by the sword
will die by the sword.

Those who live by the Spirit
will walk in the Spirit.

Blessed are the peacemakers.

To him who sits upon the throne,
and to the Lamb,
be praise, honour and glory.

Amen.

12: How Long, O Lord?

How long, O Lord,
will sea levels rise?

How high, O Lord,
will sea levels rise?

Before you step in
and save and rescue?

How long, O Lord,
will temperatures rise?

How much drought?
How many famines?

Before you step in
to save and rescue?

How long, O Lord,
'till extinctions cease?

How many will be lost?
How many species?

Before you step in
to save and rescue?

Will Bangladesh be no more?

Or will Doha,
Abu Dhabi
and Bandar Abbas
become uninhabitable
due to extreme heat?

Will the Amazon rainforest be lost?

Will the oceans be unable
to sustain life?

How long, O Lord,
will unrestrained capitalism
rampage and pillage your good world?

How long, O Lord,
before you step in
and bring it to its knees?

Must we wait 'til mass starvation?
Must we wait 'til mass migration?
Must we wait 'til societal collapse?

When will justice rise up
and sweep away oppression?

When will love triumph
over selfish individualism?

When will healing spring forth
for the nations?

How long, O Lord?

How long?

And yet, O Lord,
in our lament,
we hear a cry.

We hear a cry from the forests,
from the oceans and the Arctic.

We hear a cry from the vulnerable
and the endlings,
from the hungry and the refugee.

The cry began as a whisper,
falling silent in a sleepy church.

The cry turned into an echo,
reverberating through the walls
of empty churches.

The cry gains strength,
joining the cry
of a myriad of angels.

Come, Lord Jesus.
Let your kingdom come.

Come, Lord Jesus.
Drive back the darkness.

I hear a reply from heaven,
from the throne room of the great King.

I hear a reply from heaven,
from the one whose hands were pierced.

I hear a reply from heaven,
from the Wild Goose of Love.

Awake, O Church!

Let my world be blessed.

Awake, O Church!

Swing wide the doors.

He speaks:

'You are my hands and feet,
my covenantal kingdom community.

You are called to be salt and light.

Execute justice.
Stand up for the rights of the oppressed.
Afflict not the stranger.

Blessed are the peacemakers.'

And the crucified and risen King says,

'Lo, I am with you always,
even to the end of the age.'

Amen.

Amen.

Amen.

13: Fast Fashion & Finance

Holy Trinity,
Father, Son and Holy Spirit,

In the face of climate breakdown,
of extreme weather,
rising seas
and rising temperatures,

we humble ourselves before you

and confess,
announce
and proclaim your love,

and ask that we would enact,
embody
and execute your kingdom:

a kingdom of justice,
a kingdom of love,
a kingdom of peace
and joy in the Holy Spirit.

We renounce the unholy trinity
of unrestrained capitalism,
consumerism

and individualism,

which ransacks and pillages
the world that you made.

We weep and wail
for what we have done.

Remove from us our idolatrous hearts,
which have been seduced
and, at times, overwhelmed
by these hostile forces.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

Our hearts are heavy.
Our hands are unclean.

Forgive our foolish ways.

We are caught up and complicit
in systems that silence the voice of justice,
that reward exploitation,
and that place profit before people
and convenience before creation.

Lord, have mercy.

Christ, have mercy.

Holy Trinity,

we remember your Son
entering the temple
and overturning the tables.

'My house shall be a house of prayer
for all nations,
but you have made it
a den of robbers.'

In the name of your Son,
give us courage to overturn
the tables of injustice,

to challenge an economic system
that exploits the poor,
damages your creation
and steals from future generations.

Let us not become
a den of robbers,

stealing from those yet to come
and from the world's most vulnerable,

creating short-term profits
while forfeiting our souls.

For shareholders at Shell,

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

For Church Commissioners,

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

For pension funds
and investment companies,

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

For governments
that subsidise destruction,

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

For corporations
that put profit before people,

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

And for ourselves,

when our own comfort
matters more than justice,

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

Holy Trinity,

teach us a better way.

Teach us to invest
in what gives life.

Teach us to measure wealth
not simply by what we possess
but by the flourishing of people,
communities
and creation.

Teach us to seek
the common good,

to love our neighbour,

to protect the vulnerable
and to tend and keep
the world you have entrusted to us.

May our money
serve your kingdom.

May our choices
reflect your love.

May our lives
become an alternative
to the economy of death.

To you be praise,
honour and glory,

Father, Son and Holy Spirit,

now and forever.

Amen.

14: Diversity & Endlings

Father of Creation,
God of Grace,
We thank you for the gift of this world.

For beauty,
for the gift of life and love.

We thank you for the stunning diversity
found within creation:

mountains, streams
and the changing of the seasons.

You declared it to be good,
and it is good.

It is beautiful.

We thank you for our capacity
to behold the mystery of wonder,
for those moments
when our breath is taken away
by what we behold.

You declared it to be good,
and it is good.

It is beautiful.

We thank you that we share this world
with non-human worshippers,
a diverse choir
that proclaims your praise.

The sunset moth of Madagascar
worships you with each beat of its wings.

The swallow-tailed hummingbird
honours you as it hovers.

The candy crab
proclaims your praise
as it turns yellow, white and pink.

The Zanzibar red colobus,
with its unusual smell.

The black-backed kingfisher,
small and precious in your sight.

The fennec fox,
the smallest fox
with the biggest ears.

And yet we recognise
that your world is grieving,
as the diversity of your world
becomes less diverse.

Instead of acting as gardeners,
we have plundered Eden.

We have misused our power.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

We live in a world
of endlings and extinctions.

We have misused our power
and unleashed the gates of hell
through consumerism
and unrestrained capitalism.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

And yet we hear your call afresh.

You have not abandoned us.
You have shown your love to us

in Jesus.

You are the healer of all hurts.

You will make all things new.

Equip us anew

so that we would turn away
from our parasitical tendencies,

and instead be reinvigorated

by your Spirit,

so that we, your Church,

can look and love like Jesus.

So that we too can partake

in the holy kingdom rebellion
for all that is good, true and beautiful.

Call us afresh

to our priestly and prophetic calling,

so that we can discern

and speak truth

to the reality in which we find ourselves.

Call us afresh

to this priestly and prophetic calling,

so that we can offer
a fresh imagination
and a fresh story.

Father of Creation,
God of Grace,

wake us up.

Equip us afresh.

The world is in peril.

Let us be your hands and feet.

You declared it to be good,
and it is good.

It is beautiful.

Amen.

15: Resurrection

Father of Creation,
God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,

We know that when your Son entered Jerusalem,
he wept.

He wept because he knew
what would befall it.

When we look at this world of yours,
this world of ours,
we weep.

We weep because we know
what has befallen it.

Violence.
Lord, have mercy.

Consumerism.
Lord, have mercy.

Unrestrained capitalism.
Lord, have mercy.

Your Son announced
a different kingdom,

an alternative reality
for an alternative community.

And then he demonstrated
what this looked like,

by healing the sick,
welcoming the outcast,
overturning tables of injustice,

and living a life,
and dying a death,
of self-giving sacrificial love.

May we too dream
of a different kingdom,
an alternative reality
for an alternative community.

May your Church demonstrate
what this looks like:

by bringing healing to the world,
welcoming the stranger,
challenging injustice,

and living lives full
of self-giving sacrificial love.

God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,

You raised your Son
on the third day,

showing that a new day has dawned.

Violence,
evil and death
will not have the last word.

Oppressive empires
will not have the last word.

May we too be resurrection people,

demonstrating that violence,
evil and destruction
will not have the last word.

That empires of exploitation
will not have the last word.

Your Son came to his disciples
in an upper room.

They were scared,

and he spoke, saying:

‘Peace to you.

As the Father has sent me,
so I am sending you.’

He calls,
commissions
and equips.

And then he breathed upon his disciples
and said,

‘Receive the Holy Spirit.’

God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,

Your Son comes to us
in a world of climate breakdown.
We are scared.

And he speaks, saying:
‘Peace to you.
As the Father has sent me,
so I am sending you.’

He calls,

commissions
and equips.

Empower your Church afresh
with the presence
of the Holy Spirit.

Empower us to be faithful
to your Son,

Until that day
when the Kingdom of your Son,
now inaugurated,
is consummated.

Until that day
when swords of ecological violence
are turned into ploughshares.

Until that day
when empires of exploitation
are no more.

To him who sits on the throne,
and to the Lamb,
be praise, honour and glory.

Amen.

16: Exodus & Empire

Father of Creation,
God of Redemption,

We have heard it said of old
that you acted in history
to redeem your people from tyranny,
from slavery in the empire of Egypt
to a land flowing with milk and honey.

You saw the affliction of your people.
You heard the cries of the oppressed
and the groans of the enslaved,
and you delivered them
with a strong and mighty hand.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

Father of Creation,
God of Redemption,

we desperately need your help
to redeem us from beastly forces,
from slavery in the empire
of unrestrained capitalism,

to a land flowing
with biodiversity and justice.

Do you hear the groaning
of your creation?

Do you hear the cries
of the hungry?

Do you hear the groans
of refugees?

Deliver us from our greed
with a strong and gracious hand.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

Father of Creation,
God of Redemption,

in the death of your Son,
you disarmed the powers of empire.

In the resurrection of your Son,
a new way has become possible,

for he rules and reigns

with self-giving sacrificial love.

You have called us to be faithful,
whatever befalls.

You have empowered us
with your life-giving Spirit.

Help us to tend and keep
with self-giving sacrificial love.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

And so we speak
and name our captors.

We renounce their power and sway.

We will not yield
nor bow the knee.

Unrestrained capitalism —
your days are numbered.

Consumerism —
your days are numbered.

Individualism —
your days are numbered.

They bring death,
but you, O Lord, bring life.

They bring destruction,
but you, O Lord, bring restoration.

They bring slavery,
but you, O Lord, are the God of freedom.

They bring sorrow,
but in you, O Lord,
is fullness of joy.

They build walls,
but you, O Lord,
extend the table.

In your kingdom,
a new way is possible.

In your kingdom,
justice flows.

In your kingdom,
Jesus is Lord.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

Father of Creation,
God of Redemption,

to you be all praise,
honour and glory,

now and forever.

Amen.

17: Symphony of Praise

God of the Cosmic Choir,
God whose praise fills all creation,

You made a world of wonder,
a world that takes our breath away.
You declared it to be good.

We take our place
within the choir of creation,
within the dance of biodiversity,
the rich tapestry of life.

The Lord's name is to be praised.

Praise the Lord,
all his creatures!

From the rising of the sun
to the setting of the same,
the Lord's name is to be praised.

Praise the Lord,
all the earth!

From coral reefs to grasslands,
from temperate forests to savannahs,

from mountains high to oceans deep,

the Lord's name is to be praised.

Asian hornbills and hammerhead sharks
honour you.

Vervet monkeys and viperfish
venerate you.

Gazelles, gibbons and giraffes
glorify you.

Peacocks and pelicans
praise you.

Eagles and elephants
exalt you.

The Lord's name is to be praised.

And yet, O God,

we are killing the choir,
making silent the symphony of praise.

Our use of power
has become parasitical,

leading to endlings and extinctions.

Forgive our foolish ways.

Humanity has sinned
and has done what is wicked in your sight.

Christ, have mercy.

We have moved East of Eden.

Christ, have mercy.

We have built Babel
and made ourselves as gods.

Christ, have mercy.

Our exploitative economic systems
have encroached into holy habitats.

Forgive our foolish ways.

We lift up to you our oceans.

Christ, have mercy.

We lift up to you our rainforests.

Christ, have mercy.

We lift up to you
non-human worshippers
facing extinction.

Forgive our foolish ways.

Empower your Church
to execute justice
and speak truth to power.

Equip your Church
to work for the healing of the nations
and the flourishing of all.

Enable your Church
to recognise its priestly calling
to tend and keep.

And so, with all creation,
we praise you.

The Lord's name is to be praised.

Amen.

18: A Conspiracy of Compassion

Lord Jesus Christ,
Son of the Living God,

We praise you
that you proclaimed the Kingdom of God
and demonstrated what this looked like
by welcoming the outcast,
feeding the hungry,
healing the sick,
and speaking truth to power.

You laid down your life
as an act of self-giving sacrificial love.

You offer a revolution called Love,
a rebellion called Peace,
a conspiracy of Compassion
that seeks to set the world to rights.

We live in a world of climate breakdown.

A world of increased migration,
of refugees and those seeking asylum,
of food shortages,
malnutrition and starvation.

Climate breakdown acts
as a threat multiplier:

temperatures rise,
sea levels rise,
conflicts increase,
extreme weather events increase.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

We are vulnerable.

We need your Kingdom.
We need justice and peace.
We need you to act,
move,
inspire
and comfort.

In this storm of climate breakdown,
wake us up.

Wake your Church up.

That we would welcome the outcast,
feed the hungry,
heal the sick,

speak truth to power,

 and reign and rule
with self-giving sacrificial love.

 That we would resist
the works of the evil one,

 and challenge the powers
of unrestrained capitalism
 that destroy the world.

 Lord, have mercy.
 Christ, have mercy.

 You have called your Church
 to be your body.

 We are your hands and feet.

 If we ask why you are not awake,
 it is because we are asleep.

 If we ask why you do not speak,
 it is because we are silent.

 If we ask why oppression
rules and reigns as a king,

it is because we have not lived
with self-giving sacrificial love.

If we ask why the hungry starve
and the stranger feels cut off,
it is because our hearts, like stone,
have not shown compassion.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

In a world of climate breakdown,
call us afresh
to a kingdom conspiracy.

A conspiracy of Compassion.

A holy revolution.
A holy rebellion.

Against the anti-Kingdom forces
that come to steal, kill and destroy.

We conspire with Love,
for those who think they are forgotten.

We conspire with Peace,
for those in a world of escalating conflict.

We conspire with Truth,
for a world in denial.

We conspire with Hope,
for a world in despair.

Lord Jesus Christ,
Son of the Living God,

you are the butchered and risen Lamb
who rules and reigns.

We conspire with your compassionate Kingdom.

To you be all praise,
honour and glory.

Amen.

19: Turn Your Face

Father of Creation,

Turn your face to us.

Strengthen us,
so that we will face what we will face
with a firm heart,
a focused mind
and a resolute will.

Turn your face to us.

Strengthen us
so that we may embody and enact
your mercy and justice
to a dying world.

Turn your face to us.

Speak to us.

Strengthen us
so that we may raise a voice
for the world's most vulnerable,
who are crushed beneath the wheels
of climate injustice.

Your Son set his face towards Jerusalem
with self-giving sacrificial love.

So too,
let us set our faces towards injustice.

Let us not look away
from the world's most vulnerable.

Let us not look away
from sober scientific analysis.

Let us not look away
from the evil empires of exploitation.

The world is vulnerable,
and we are vulnerable.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

Have mercy upon us
according to your steadfast love.

Have mercy upon us
according to your Son
and our Saviour Jesus Christ.

We pray for the leaders of this world,
for corporations
and the mainstream media:

that they would tell the truth,
protect the vulnerable
and choose justice over profit.

We give thanks and pray blessing
upon those who enact justice,
upon those who speak truth,
upon those who bandage the wounds
of those caught beneath
the wheels of climate injustice.

And we pray for the transformation of society,
for repentance and recalibration,

in which unrestrained capitalism
and consumerism
will be exposed for what they are.

Instead,

bring about economic and political change
which aligns itself
with justice and righteousness.

As we face what we will face,
grant us peace,
love
and hope.

As we face what we will face,
grant us boldness,
courage
and compassion.

Father of Creation,
we will one day see our Saviour
face to face.

Tears will be wiped away.

Death will be no more.

And there will be a tree
for the healing of the nations.

Until that day,

turn your face to us.

Strengthen us so that we will face
what we will face

with a firm heart,
a focused mind
and a resolute will.

May the Lord bless you and keep you.
May his face shine upon you.

May you know,
in these difficult and strange days,
his hope,
his peace
and his joy.

And may the blessing of God Almighty,
Father, Son and Holy Spirit,
be with you
and remain with you,

now and always.

Amen.

20: Trees

Father of Creation,
God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,

You created a world of wonder.
You declared it to be good.

The world was formless and void,
and you spoke and breathed life into being.

On the third day,
you made trees.

You declared them to be good.

And we declare them to be good.

For our lives are inexplicably linked
with theirs.

For deciduous and evergreen,
we give thanks:

a stunning array of designs
that sustain life.

Fruit trees and fig trees,

ash and aspen,
willow and walnut,
cypress and cedar,

we declare them to be good.

O Lord, our Lord,
how majestic is your name
in all the earth.

The giant redwood,
the monkey puzzle,
the peppermint tree,

praise your name
through root, trunk, branch and leaves.

O Lord, our Lord,
how majestic is your name
in all the earth.

The sweetbay magnolia,
the coconut palm,
the flowering dogwood,

praise your name
through root, trunk, branch and leaves.

In this time of climate breakdown,
the trees are our allies,

forming habitats of hope.

The forest is our friend.
The woods our co-workers.
The jungles work for justice.

Father of Creation,
God of Compassion,

we have moved East of Eden.

We are homesick exiles.

Creation groans.

The Tree of Life is no more.

We have opened the door
to the sin of ecological violence,
and it has overwhelmed us.

Through the greed of exploitation,
slash and burn,
overconsumption,

unrestrained capitalism has turned
forests, woods and jungles
into commodities.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

We have sinned
and done evil in your sight.

As unrestrained capitalism,
fed by consumerism and profiteering,

plunders and pillages,
ransacks and rapes
the forests, woods and jungles.

What have we done?

Have mercy on us.

What have we done?

Have mercy on us.

Father of Creation,
God of Compassion,

we remember your Son
who was nailed to a tree,

whose blood was poured out
on the wood of the cross,

to remind us,
in bloody technicolour,
of the evil of empire and violence,

and the butchery
and barbarity of humanity.

It was our sin
that held him there.

We remember your Son
nailed to a tree,

whose blood poured out
on the wood of the cross,

to remind us
of self-giving sacrificial love.

In his glorious resurrection,
we are offered hope,

and called to a new way of being,

a priestly calling
to tend and keep.

Father of Creation,
God of Compassion,

you have not abandoned us,

but are working through us
and in us
to bring your kingdom.

A kingdom of justice and peace,

a kingdom in which is to be found
a tree for the healing of the nations.

We pray for the trees,
the forests, woods and jungles.

Call us afresh to tend and keep,
guard and protect,

until that day when
we shall go out with joy
and be led forth in peace,

the mountains and hills
shall burst into song,

and the trees of the field
shall clap their hands.

Amen.

21: Oceans

Father of Creation,
God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,

You created a world of wonder.
You declared it to be good.

You separated the waters
and gathered the seas.

You filled them with life:

from the smallest plankton
to the great whales,
from coral reefs
to the deepest oceans.

The seas declare your glory.

The oceans are full of your creatures,
and yet we have treated them
as somewhere to dump our waste,
somewhere to extract what we want,
somewhere to hide the consequences
of our consumption.

Lord, have mercy.

Christ, have mercy.

We have filled your oceans
with plastic.

We have emptied them of life
through overfishing
and destruction of habitats.

As temperatures rise,
the seas warm.

As the oceans warm,
coral reefs bleach
and ecosystems are disrupted.

As the seas become more acidic,
the creatures who depend upon them
struggle to survive.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

We remember the oceans
that surround us,

the Atlantic,
the Pacific,

the Indian Ocean,
the Arctic
and the Southern Ocean.

We remember the creatures
who inhabit them:

the whale,
the dolphin,
the turtle,
the albatross,
the shark,
the octopus,
the coral
and the countless creatures
whose names we do not know.

You know them all.

You declared them to be good.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

We confess that we have forgotten
that the oceans are not ours.

They belong to you.

The earth is yours
and everything in it.

Forgive us
for our arrogance,
our greed
and our carelessness.

Teach us again
to tend and keep
what you have entrusted to us.

Give us wisdom
to protect the seas.

Give us courage
to challenge the systems
that profit from their destruction.

Give us imagination
to live differently.

And give us hope
for the healing of the oceans.

For you have not abandoned
the world you made.

You are making all things new.

One day,
the sea will be no more,

and the river of the water of life
will flow from your throne,

with the tree of life
for the healing of the nations.

Until that day,

teach us to love the oceans,
to grieve what is being lost,
and to work for their flourishing.

Father of Creation,
God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,

to you be praise,
honour and glory,

now and forever.

Amen.

22. Soil

Father of Creation,
God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,

You created a world of wonder
and declared it to be good.

The earth was formless and void.

You spoke,
and life came into being.

Trees and plants were raised from the earth.

You formed humanity
from the dust of the ground.

The soil and mud
participate in your creative act.

And you declared it to be good.

And we declare it to be good.

For our lives are inexplicably linked
with the life of the soil.

From the riches of soil,
crops, vegetables and fruit grow,

sustaining the lives
of human and non-human worshippers.

Soil is our life-support system.
For this, we give you praise.

Soil provides anchorage for roots.
For this, we give you praise.

Soil holds water and nutrients.
For this, we give you praise.

Soil is home to a myriad of microorganisms
and an army of microscopic animals.
For this, we give you praise.

In this time of climate breakdown,
the soil is our ally.
Our friend.

A vital part
of the earth's interconnected ecosystem.

We praise you for fertile soil,

from which a symphony of praise
grows and is given voice.

Father of Creation,
God of Compassion,

We have moved East of Eden.
We are homesick exiles.
Creation groans.
The soil is dying.

We have betrayed our friend.

We may well reap
what we have sown.

We have opened the door
to the sin of ecological violence,
and it has overwhelmed us.

Through the greed of exploitation,
fertile earth is being

degraded,
polluted
and acidified.

We lament the loss

of fertile land.

We lament the degradation
of the soil.

We lament the times
when we have chosen quick profits
instead of sustainable agriculture.

We lament the use of pesticides
which may increase yields in the moment
but damage the soil
and its capacity to sustain life.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

Your Son walked this land
of soil and dust,

and dreamed a dream
of a different world,

a kingdom in which
the hungry are fed
and the humble are lifted high.

May we too,

who walk this earth,
tread lightly upon the soil.

May we, like your Son,
be kingdom people

who dream
and act,

who tend and keep,
guard and protect,
plant and harvest,
sustain and develop

this world that you have made.

May our hearts, like fertile soil,
be places from which
the fruits of the Spirit grow.

May we, like Jesus,
feed the hungry

and care about the soil
from which their food comes.

In all areas of life,
may we point to both the King

and the coming Kingdom.

Father of Creation,
God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,

You created a world of wonder
and declared it to be good.

To you be all praise,
honour and glory.

Amen.

23: Rivers

Father of Creation,
the first and the last,

You created a world of wonder,
full of possibility and potential.

You declared it to be good.

And it was good.
And it is good.

To you be all praise,
honour and glory.

A river flowed through Eden,
watering the garden of delight.

Creation flourished
in the blessing of biodiversity.

We praise you for the rivers.

A river flowed through Eden,

sustaining,
maintaining.

participating

in the cosmic dance of wonder.

We praise you for the rivers.

Streams, creeks, brooks and gills,

collecting,

gathering,

growing,

moving,

flowing,

still,

calm,

fast,

furious,

shallow,

deep,

from source to mouth.

We praise you for the rivers.

Amphibians, reptiles and fish,

birds and mammals,

sustained by flowing freshwater,
the river choir of non-human worshippers
joining a symphony of praise.

Beaver,
otter,
crocodile
and hippopotamus

open their lips
to sing your praise.

Kingfisher,
mallard,
heron
and swan

open their wings
to proclaim your praise.

Trout,
chub,
dace
and minnow

perform an underwater

waltz of wonder.

For the flow of the Yukon
and the life-giving Ganges,

for the Rio Grande
and the mighty Mekong,

we praise you for the rivers.

Closer to home,
we give thanks.

For local rivers, full of

life, love and laughter,
fishing and fun,
ducks and birds,
willows and waterfalls,

swimming,
stepping stones
and skipping stones.

Romantic walks
and peace of mind.

For the healing wisdom

of walking beside water.

In local rivers.

At local rivers.

A taste of Eden.

For the Tees, Wharfe and Aire,
the Ribble, Severn and Wye,

we praise you for the rivers.

For the Tyne, Thames and Tamar,
the Mersey, Avon and Ure,

we praise you for the rivers.

Father of Creation,
God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,

Your Son was plunged
into Jordan's flow,

and in the waters of baptism
you remind us

of waters that wash,

streams that sanctify,
rivers that rebirth.

We praise you for the rivers.

Father of Creation,
God of Justice,

the rivers of this world
are not as you intended them to be.

For we have sinned
and done evil in your sight.

The natural network
of wondrous watercourses
is now plagued with pollution.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

Industrial chemicals
and agricultural run-off
upset the balance of biodiversity.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

Our children swim in sewage.

Lord, have mercy.

Christ, have mercy.

Non-human worshippers face
population decline, decimation
and extinction.

Lord, have mercy.

Christ, have mercy.

Forgive us, Lord,
for what we have done.

We have poisoned our own wells.

We fear that we will reap
what we have sown.

Have mercy on us.

Rivers,
be restored.

In Jesus' name.

Rivers,

be renewed.

In Jesus' name.

Father of Creation,
God of restoration and renewal,

in you there is hope.

Hope for the human.
Hope for the rivers.

There is a river
which flows from the throne,

water of life,
bright as crystal,

a fountain of hope,
peace
and joy.

A symbol of your presence
and the flourishing of all creation.

Father of Creation,
the first and the last,

You created a world of wonder,
full of possibility and potential.

You declared it to be good.

And it was good.

And it is good.

To you be all praise,
honour and glory.

We praise you for the rivers.

Amen.

24: Birds

Father of Creation,
God of Beauty,

You created a world of wonder.

You declared it to be good.
And it is good.

To you be all praise and glory.

The earth was formless and void.

The Wild Goose of Love
hovered over the waters of the deep.

You spoke,
and light and life
came into being.

And on the fifth day,
you created every kind of bird
that flies in the sky.

To you be all praise and glory.

The birds join
the symphony of praise
that reaches your throne.

They open their beaks,
flap their wings,

and fill the air
with a wild song of praise.

The birds join
the symphony of praise
that reaches your throne,

singing:

'Holy, holy, holy
is the Lord God Almighty,
who was, and is,
and is to come.'

The swallow and the seagull,
the parrot and the peacock,

flap their wings
in reverent praise.

The heron and the hornbill,
the condor and the cuckoo,

open their beaks
to praise your name.

The dove and the duck,
the sparrow and the stork,

flap their wings
in reverent praise.

The nightingale and the nighthawk,
the flamingo and the falcon,

open their beaks
to praise your name.

Father of Creation,
God of Beauty,

we thank you for our feathered friends,

our co-worshippers,

for the joy and delight they bring,
for the role they play
in the balance of ecosystems.

To you be all praise and glory.

God of Mercy,

we have entered the Anthropocene,

in which human activity affects
global temperatures,
seasons
and weather systems.

We have betrayed our calling
to tend and keep.

In our arrogance and greed,
we have forsaken Eden
and built Babel.

We confess our failings.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

God of Justice,

our behaviour not only jeopardises
our futures
and the lives of the world's most vulnerable,

but also has devastating effects
on the birds,

our feathered co-worshippers.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

We lament and grieve
the loss of birdlife.

For those critically endangered,

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

For the many more
endangered and vulnerable,

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

Father of Creation,
God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,

your Spirit descended as a dove
to call and equip your Son
for his kingdom witness.

So may we too be filled
with your Spirit,

so that in these difficult and dark days
of climate breakdown,
ecological collapse
and existential threat,

we would support
the lives and wellbeing of creation,

the world's most vulnerable,

and the birds.

For this is their home.

This is our home.

An intricate web
of beautiful biodiversity.

Father of Creation,
God of Beauty,

you have created a world of wonder.

You declared it to be good.

And it is good.

To you be all praise and glory.

Amen.

25: Love, Joy & Peace

Father of Creation,
God of Justice,

Your kingdom is one
of love, joy and peace.

For this, we give you praise.

In this time of climate breakdown,
rising temperatures will act
as a threat multiplier
across the world.

Through food shortages
and extreme weather,
our neighbours will suffer.

Our neighbours in vulnerable nations.
Our neighbours in future generations.

This suffering may unfold
within a climate apartheid,

where we build walls,
prioritise the Western world,
and silence the voices of the oppressed,

whilst keeping ourselves busy
with consumeristic hedonism.

Lord, have mercy.

Christ, have mercy.

In this world of climate breakdown,
prepare your Church for love,

that we would be a community
which extends the table,
so that the marginalised
may find a place.

Prepare your Church for love,
that we would listen
to the voices of the oppressed,

that we would love the Lord our God
with all our heart, mind and soul,
and love our neighbours,
both global and future,
as ourselves.

Remove from us
our idolatrous hearts,

which consume more than we need
at the expense of the world's
most vulnerable.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

Your kingdom is one
of love, joy and peace.

For this, we give you praise.

In this time of climate grief,
prepare your Church
for hope and joy,

that we would speak truth
in a culture of despair,

that we would celebrate
the gift of life
with simplicity and gratitude,

and that we would be rooted
and grounded
in the hope and joy of Jesus.

Remove from us

the paths of denial and despair.

Make us, in Christ,
hope-filled
and joy-filled realists.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

Your kingdom is one
of love, joy and peace.

For this, we give you praise.

In this world of climate breakdown,
prepare your Church for peace.

Make us a community of shalom
that works for the healing
of the nations.

Prepare your Church for peace,
that we would take up the cross
and lay down the sword.

Prepare your Church for peace,
that we would move and act
with self-giving sacrificial love.

Prepare your Church for peace,
that we would become peacemakers
for the peaceable kingdom.

Remove from us
our idolatrous hearts
which bow the knee
to nationalism and militarism
at the expense of the world's
most vulnerable.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

Your kingdom is one
of love, joy and peace.

For this, we give you praise.

To you be all praise,
honour and glory.

Amen.

26: Prophetic Community

Praise be to you,

Father of Creation,

God of Justice,

who, in various and diverse ways,
raised up prophets

who gave voice to a new reality,

who spoke truth
in a culture of denial,

who enacted hope
in a culture of despair.

Praise be to you,

Father of Creation,

God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

You have spoken definitely
and decisively
in the God-Man, Jesus Christ.

He walked this earth

proclaiming and demonstrating
the Kingdom of God.

In his death,
he dealt the death-blow
to death itself.

In his resurrection,
he reigns and rules victorious,

and offers hope for
the individual,
the Church,
the nations
and the world.

Father of Creation,
God of Justice,

our world is in peril.

The boat of humanity
is cast adrift
upon the storms of exploitation
and extinction.

Many are in denial.
Many are in despair.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

Humanity faces
an existential threat.

What have we done?

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

Humanity has pillaged
and plundered your good creation.

What have we done?

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

Humanity faces difficult decades
as a consequence
of our ecological violence.

What have we done?

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

And so,
with sad hearts
and tears in our eyes,

we look to you,

recognising that you have spoken
and revealed yourself
most clearly in your Son.

Father of Creation,
God of Justice,

touch our lips.
Cleanse our hearts.

That your Church may once again
be a prophetic community.

That in our darkest hour,
we, like your Son,
would be a servant community

which moves and acts
with self-giving sacrificial love,

and a light to the nations,

working for the reconciliation
of all things.

May we, like the prophets of old,
speak truth
in a culture of denial.

May we, like the prophets of old,
enact hope
in a culture of despair.

Help us to tell stories,
sing songs,
love and be loved,

tend and keep,
guard and protect,

stand up
and speak out,

and live in such a way
that we provide
fresh imagination and hope

which can overcome
the myths and ideologies
that have brought us

to what seems like
the point of no return.

Father of Creation,
God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,

invigorate us afresh
by your Spirit,

with the hope
of the God-Man, Jesus.

Let us be conformed
to his image and likeness,

that we might proclaim
and demonstrate
the Kingdom of God.

In his death,
the death-blow has been dealt
to death itself.

So let us be filled
with self-giving sacrificial love
that reaches out
with resurrection hope

to a dying
and exiled world.

Inspire hope in us,
in our churches
and in the world,

until that day
when all tears
are wiped from our eyes.

Praise be to you,

God of Creation,
God of Justice,

and praise be to your Son
who rules and reigns
with self-giving sacrificial love.

To you be all praise,
honour and glory.

Amen.

27: Perform & Participate

Father of Creation,
God of Justice,

Your Son proclaimed
and enacted the reign of God.

He showed us what this looked like.

He healed the sick.
He welcomed the marginalised.
He treated the vulnerable with dignity.

To him be all praise.

Your Son performed
and participated in the reign of God.

He showed us
that love looks like something.

A self-giving sacrificial love.

That love is a verb.
That love makes a difference.

To him be all praise.

Your Son proclaimed
and enacted the reign of God.

He knew what would befall the city.

He wept.
He urged repentance.
He promoted peace
in a culture of violence.

To him be all praise.

Your Son performed
and participated in the reign of God,

speaking truth to power,

overturning tables,
extending tables,

and being nailed to a cross.

To him be all praise.

Father of Creation,
God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,

we too have heard the Kingdom call,

a stirring within us
to live authentically
in this culture of denial and despair.

We have wept
when we have seen
what is befalling the world.

As temperatures rise,
as sea levels rise,

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

As crop failures increase,
as conflicts over resources increase,

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

As anxiety increases,
as extinctions increase,

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

Yet we too have heard
the Kingdom call:

to proclaim and enact
the reign of God.

May we look to Jesus
so that we might look like Jesus,

bringing healing to the world,
welcoming the climate refugee,
and treating the world's most vulnerable
with dignity.

Equip and empower us, O Father,
for this Kingdom calling.

We have heard the Kingdom call
to perform and participate
in the reign of God.

May we look to Jesus
so that we might look like Jesus.

May we live lives
of self-giving sacrificial love,

showing that love is a verb,

a love that makes a difference.

Equip and empower us, O Father,
for this Kingdom calling.

We have heard the Kingdom call
to proclaim and enact
the reign of God,

to weep at what is befalling us,
to urge repentance and recalibration
from ecological violence,

and to be peacemakers
in a world of increased militarism
and climate conflict.

Equip and empower us, O Father,
for this Kingdom calling.

We have heard the Kingdom call
to speak truth to the powers and politics
that plunge us further into climate breakdown,

to have the courage and wisdom
to overturn the tables
of unrestrained capitalism
that oppress the poor,

to extend the tables
that bridge the walls
of climate apartheid,

and to take up our cross
and follow your Son.

Equip and empower us, O Father,
for this Kingdom calling.

Father of Creation,
God of Justice,

the miracle of divine grace
does not imply passivity.

Empower us by your Spirit
to a holy Kingdom rebellion

for all that is good,
true and beautiful.

Until that day when
unrestrained capitalism
and ecological violence
will be no more,

and the Kingdom comes in fullness
and all things are made new.

To him who sits on the throne,
and to the Lamb,

be all praise,
honour and glory.

Amen.

28: Community Lament

Father of Creation,
God of Compassion,

We gather with heavy hearts,

for a world we love
and a world we have wounded.

We bring before you
the forests and oceans,
the rivers and soil,
the creatures that are disappearing,

and the people
who bear the heaviest weight
of a crisis they did little to cause.

For this we lament.

All: Lord, have mercy.

For the places already changed
by fire, flood and drought,

for homes lost,
livelihoods broken,

communities displaced,

All: Lord, have mercy.

For those who face hunger,
who flee their homes,
who live with the anxiety
of an uncertain future,

All: Christ, have mercy.

For the species
that will never return,

for the endlings
who have no mate,

for the silent forests
and emptied seas,

All: Christ, have mercy.

For the times
we have looked away,

when we knew
but did not want to know,

when comfort mattered more
than justice,

when convenience mattered more
than love,

All: Lord, have mercy.

For the ways
we have benefited
from systems that wound the poor
and plunder the earth,

All: Lord, have mercy.

Father of Creation,
God of Compassion,

receive our lament.

Receive our tears.
Receive our anger.
Receive our grief.

Do not let our grief
become despair.

Do not let our anger

become hatred.

Do not let our sorrow
become paralysis.

Instead,

turn our lament
into love,

our grief
into compassion,

our anger
into courage,

our despair
into hope.

Father of Creation,

wake your Church.

Give us eyes to see,
ears to hear,
hearts to feel,

and hands willing to act.

Make us a people
who refuse to look away,

a people who speak truth
without losing love,

a people who pursue justice
without abandoning mercy,

a people who practise hope
without denying reality.

Make us, O Lord,

a community of lament,
a community of compassion,
a community of courage.

A people who weep
with those who weep,

who stand alongside
those who suffer,

and who refuse to surrender
to despair.

Until the day
when creation itself
is set free,

and every tear
is wiped away.

For the healing of the nations.

For the flourishing of all.

For the coming of your Kingdom.

Amen.

29: Fly Away

Father of Creation,
God of Faithfulness,

If we ascend into heaven,
you are there.

If we make our bed in hell,
you are there.

We have made our climate bed.
It is hell.
And we may well lie in it.

But you are there.
And you are here.

To you be all praise and glory.

As temperatures rise,
you are there.

As sea levels rise,
you are there.

Comforting.
Loving.

You offer proximity
and presence.

Challenging.
Beckoning.

You offer proximity
and presence.

Father of Creation,
God of Faithfulness,

If we were to take the wings
of the morning,
and dwell in the uttermost parts
of the sea,

even there your hand shall lead us,
and your right hand shall hold us.

To you be praise and glory.

We have travelled
to the uttermost part of the sea,

as sons and daughters
into the far country.

We have followed
the siren song
of consumerist delight,

and now we reap
what we have sown.

Without help,
we will be dashed against the rocks.

But even here,

you hold us.

To you be all praise and glory.

As temperatures rise,
you hold us.

As sea levels rise,
you hold us.

Comforting.
Loving.

Offering proximity
and presence.

Challenging.

Beckoning.

Offering proximity

and presence.

If we had the wings of a bird,

we would fly away,

away from the grief,

away from the hurt,

away from the existential threat

which humanity faces.

But we do not have wings.

We are bound to frail flesh.

And yet, in our grief,

hurt and danger,

you are there,

and your hand will guide us.

Loving.

Comforting.

Offering proximity

and presence.

Challenging.
Beckoning.

Offering proximity
and presence.

And so we lift up to you
the foolish decisions
of councils, corporations
and governments

to expand airports
and expand flights,

despite the sure and certain knowledge
that, as it currently stands,

such choices plunge us further
into the catastrophic
and choppy waters
of runaway climate breakdown.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

Bring repentance
and recalibration,

we pray.

In our foolishness,
love us and comfort us.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

Challenge and beckon us afresh
to the beautiful dream,
the better story,
in which our desire
for overseas holidays
does not outweigh
our commitment to justice,
peace
and the flourishing of all.

And so we lift up to you
our temptations and desires

to travel the world
and behold its wonder,

knowing that, as it stands,
our flights support an industry
that brings destruction.

When we did not know,
we could not act.

Now we know,

we must act.

We must perform
and participate
in a Kingdom manner

that does justice
and loves mercy.

In our foolishness,
love us and comfort us.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

And so we pray for those who fly,

for family reasons,
business
or recreation,

those who fly knowingly
or unknowingly

in the context of climate breakdown.

We ask that we would not judge,
lest we be judged.

We ask that we would be
peaceable and loving.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

For families torn
between affordable holidays abroad
and expensive holidays at home,

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

For families torn
between those who fly
and those who will not,

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

Father of Creation,
God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,

If we were to take the wings
of the morning,

and dwell in the uttermost parts
of the sea,
even there your hand shall lead us,
and your right hand shall hold us.

To you be praise and glory.

Amen.

30: I Can't Stop Climate Breakdown

I can't stop climate breakdown.

But I can play my part.

A small part.

So small

that it seems insignificant.

But I will try.

I can't stop climate breakdown.

But I can pray

and act.

So small

that it seems insignificant.

But I will try.

I can't stop climate breakdown.

But I can love

and be loved.

So beautiful

that my life has dignity.

But I will try.

I can't stop climate breakdown.

But I can rage against the machine

and say,

'Not in my name.'

So small.
But I will try.

I can't stop climate breakdown.
But I can hope,
dream
and participate
in a conspiracy of compassion,
a holy rebellion,
until that day
when all tears are wiped away.

Amen.

31: Concrete Reality

Do not run from concrete reality
into a world of romanticised abstractions.

Take courage.
The truth at times will hurt.

Do not romanticise reality,
but look it straight in the eye.

Behold the nightmarish evil
that many endure.

Don't dodge
or look away,

but lament
and grieve.

The Kingdom is calling.

Don't dodge
or look away,

but listen
and love.

The Kingdom is calling.

Do not romanticise reality,
but look it in the eye.

Commit yourself to justice and peace.

Hold the hands of the hurting.
Wrap your arms around the broken.
Hold their gaze and whisper,

'This is not the way
it was meant to be.'

Speak truth
to those corrupted by power.
Stand up for the oppressed.
Hold their gaze and whisper,

'This is not the way
it is meant to be.'

Do not romanticise reality,
but rest a while
in extravagant love.

Bathe in his kindness.
Receive his healing.

Do not romanticise reality,
but know that hope is on the way.

Reality will be redeemed.

There is not a hurt
he will not heal.

Maranatha.
Come, Lord Jesus.

Amen.

32: Investments and Extinctions

Father of Creation,
God of Justice,

You created a world
full of possibility and potential.

You declared it to be good.
And it is good.
To you be all honour and glory.

Into our hands, O Lord,
you have placed possibility and potential,

to fulfil a holy calling,
to pursue justice,
and align ourselves
with the Kingdom of Compassion.

Into our hands, O Lord,
you have also placed the possibility

to abandon our holy calling,
promote injustice,
and align ourselves
with forces that lead

to death and destruction.

In this context of climate breakdown,
in a world of endlings and extinctions,

grant us wisdom and courage

to invest in compassion
and pursue justice.

In this world of climate breakdown,
of increased malnutrition
and mass migration,

grant us wisdom and courage

to invest in compassion
and pursue justice.

In this world of climate breakdown,
of rising seas
and rising temperatures,

grant us wisdom and courage

to invest in compassion
and pursue justice.

Our hearts are heavy.
Our hands are unclean.
Forgive our foolish ways.

We are caught up
and complicit in systems
that silence the voice of justice.

Father of Creation,
God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,

your Son overturned tables
and said,

'My house shall be called
a house of prayer for all nations,
but you have made it
a den of robbers.'

In the name of your Son,
we too look to overturn
the tables of injustice,

by promoting an economic system
which seeks the flourishing
of all nations.

Let us not be a den of robbers,

stealing from future generations
and the world's most vulnerable,

creating short-term profits
yet forfeiting our souls.

For shareholders at Shell,

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

For Church Commissioners,

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

For investment strategies
of the Church of England,

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

Blessed are the peacemakers.

Let church investments
support shalom.

Blessed are those
who hunger and thirst for justice.

Let church investments
support shalom.

Father of Creation,
God of Justice,

you created a world
full of possibility and potential.

You declared it to be good.
And it is good.
To you be all honour and glory.

Amen.

33: Wild Goose of Love — A to Z

God of Creation,
Author of Life and Beauty,

The earth was formless and void.
The earth was drenched in darkness.

And the Wild Goose of Love
hovered over the waters of the deep.

You spoke
and breathed life into being.

A tapestry of textures,
displaying bountiful biodiversity,
an interconnected web of life,

formed and filled
as an act of creative love and power.

You declared it to be good.
And it is good.
It is our home.
To you be all praise and glory.

We share this home

with non-human worshippers.
To you be all praise and glory.

God of Creation,
creation sings your praise.

Non-human worshippers
partake in a litany of life,

a sweet song of praise,
a reverent dance,
a waltz of wonder.

Aardvarks and badgers,
cats and dogs,
elephants and flying foxes,

the sweet embrace of life.

Gorillas and hippos,
iguanas and jellyfish,
koalas and llamas,

the sweet embrace of life.

Meerkats and nightingales,
orangutans and polar bears,
quetzals and raccoons,

the sweet embrace of life.

Seals and tigers,
umbrella birds and voles,
walruses and Xantus leaf-toed geckos,

the sweet embrace of life.

Yellowfin tuna
and zebra finches,

the sweet embrace of life.

To you be all praise and glory.

And yet, O Father,

the song of praise
is being silenced
as humanity betrays
its calling to tend and keep.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

And yet, O Father,

creation's dance
turns towards a final waltz

as holy habitats
are plundered and pillaged.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

God of Creation,
Author of Life and Beauty,

at this late hour,

as the earth becomes
formless and void,

as the light of life
becomes drenched in darkness,

we thank you

that the Wild Goose of Love
still hovers.

Wild Goose of Love,
creation groans.

Wild Goose of Love,
creation groans.

In darkness, we wait.
In darkness, we hope.

These dry bones
may yet live.

God of Creation,
Author of Life and Beauty,

 speak your word afresh
and breathe life into being,

 so that creation's song
 may sing once more,

that out of the lament for loss
 may once again be found

 a litany of life,
 a sweet song of life,
 the sweet embrace of life.
To you be all praise and glory.

Amen.

34: Apocalypse

Father of Creation,
To the one who sits upon the throne,

the climate curtain
has been drawn back,
and we see things
as they really are.

An apocalypse.
An unveiling.

A revelation
of our existential threat.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

Narratives of empire
announce the news of endless growth,

whilst propaganda politics

distracts,
denies,

deludes.

Political propaganda
entertains and deceives,

keeping us marching
to the beat,
towards the cliff edge
of the ecological abyss.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

Father of Creation,
to the one who is,
who was
and who is to come,

at the centre stands
the butchered Lamb,
the centre of the cosmos.

We take our place
alongside non-human worshippers,
saying,

Praise, glory and honour.

We are not the centre.
The world does not revolve around us.
We are not on the throne.

To you,
and to your Son,
be all praise, glory and honour.

Violent power is not the centre.

That place is taken
by the butchered Lamb.

Violent power is not the centre.

That place is taken
by self-giving sacrificial love.

Father of Creation,
God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,

we march to the beat
of a different drum.

Instead of lust for power,
we love.

Instead of despair,

we hope.

Instead of lies,
we speak truth.

We pledge allegiance
to the butchered Lamb.

To him be all praise, glory and honour.

Father of Creation,
God of Justice,

the horsemen of the apocalypse
are at the gates.

The alarm has gone off.
The neighbours are awake.

Lord, have mercy.

Father of Creation,

famine,
sword
and pestilence

have been welcomed in.

We reap what we have sown.

As our addiction to fossil fuels
sets your world on fire,

as our addiction to fossil fuels
sets our home on fire.

We reap what we sow.
We sow what we desire.
We desire what we worship.

If we sow into the wind
of unrestrained capitalism,
we will reap a whirlwind.

If we sow into Love,
we reap a justice-shaped harvest.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

Father of Creation,
God of Compassion,

strange beasts stalk the land,

and we dare to name them:

Unrestrained Capitalism,
your days are numbered.

Consumerism,
your days are numbered.

Individualism,
your days are numbered.

You offer life,
yet you bring death.

You promise hope,
yet you bring despair.

You offer joy,
yet you bring grief.

Your days are numbered.

Father of Creation,
God of Justice,

you offer a fresh story.
You stir imaginations.

We march to the beat
of a different drum.

Hope is on the horizon.
Hope is in our hearts.
Hope has a name.

And we pledge allegiance
to your Son.

Father of Creation,
God of Justice,

in your new creation,
every tear is wiped away.
Death will be no more.

There is a tree
for the healing of the nations.

Hope is on the horizon.
Hope is in our hearts.
Hope has a name.

And we pledge allegiance
to your Son.

Father of Creation,

to the One who was,
and is,
and will be,

at the centre stands
the butchered Lamb,
the centre of the cosmos.

We take our place
alongside non-human worshippers,
saying:

Praise, glory and honour.

To the Lamb
who was slain,

be all praise,
glory and honour.

Amen.

35: New Year

Father of Creation,
God of Faithfulness,
the First and the Last,

you show your love to us through time.
Every moment of existence is a fragile gift,
a blessing in the beauty of biodiversity.

To you be all praise and glory.

Father of Creation,
God of Redemption,

in space and time,
frail flesh is blessed by you
to bear the image of the eternal.

Divine honour is bestowed upon us,
a commendation,
a benediction from on high.

To you be all praise and glory.

Father of Creation,
God of Participation,

you have called humanity
to tend and keep,
to love and serve,

through time and space,
through seasons, soil and sweat.

To you be all praise and glory.

The cosmic temple of your creation
takes our breath away.

We are called to worship
alongside non-human worshippers
who participate in a symphony of praise:

in soil and sky,
rainforests and rivers,
grasslands, oceans and savannah.

To you be all praise and glory.

Father of Creation,
God of Justice,

we all like sheep have gone astray
and wandered from your way.

We have betrayed our calling.

Instead of tending and keeping,
we have plundered and pillaged.
The soil and sky are dying.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

Instead of loving and serving,
we have devastated and despoiled.
The rainforests and rivers are dying.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

Instead of participating
in a symphony of praise,
our grasslands, oceans and savannahs
take up a lament,
a cry of extinction.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

Father of Creation,
God of Hope,

we look back at the beauty,
the brokenness, the joy and the sorrow
of our lives.

We give thanks for what has been.
We lament what has been lost.
We receive the grace
of this present moment.

Father of Creation,
God of Hope,

we look forward with anticipation and fear,
not knowing what the coming years will hold,
as we come to terms with our own existential threat.

Yet we do not face the future alone.

You are the First and the Last.
You are with us in time and beyond time.

So give us courage for what lies ahead,
wisdom for the choices we must make,
and hope for the world you have entrusted to us.

May this new year be a year of tending and keeping,
of loving and serving,
of justice and peace,

of lament and hope.

May we become more fully
the people you have called us to be:

priestly people,
prophetic people,
Kingdom people,

who participate in your work
of redemption and renewal.

Father of Creation,
God of Hope,

whatever this year may bring,
keep us faithful, loving and hopeful.

Until the day when time itself is redeemed,
creation is restored,
and all things are made new.

To you be all praise,
honour and glory,

now and forever.

Amen.

36: Advent One

Father of Creation,
God of Hope,

the prophets of old looked forward
with expectation and anticipation
to the arrival
of the coming King.

To him be all praise and glory.

Stirring imaginations
and articulating action,

they dreamed a dream
and hoped a hope
for the arrival
of the coming King.

To him be all praise and glory.

In the advent of your Son,
the darkest night
receives the dawn.

There is no darkness
so dark

that his light cannot shine.

To him be all praise and glory.

In the advent of your Son,

a wounded world
receives healing balm.

There is no hurt
that he will not heal.

To him be all praise and glory.

Father of Creation,
God of Hope,

the prophetic Church looks out
with sadness at the suffering,
with tears at the trauma,

in a world of climate breakdown,

waiting for the arrival
of the coming Kingdom.

As temperatures rise,

Maranatha.
Come, Lord Jesus.

As sea levels rise,

Maranatha.
Come, Lord Jesus.

For our children,
Lord, have mercy.

For our grandchildren,
Christ, have mercy.

For the world's most vulnerable,
Maranatha.
Come, Lord Jesus.

As we wait,
let us pray.

As we wait,
let us act.

As we wait,
let us love.

Maranatha.

Come, Lord Jesus.

With the coming of your Son,

a violent world
will be transformed.

In the presence of love,
there is always change.

To him be all praise and glory.

With the coming of your Son,

our aching hearts
will know close embrace.

There is not a tear
that he will not wipe away.

To him be all praise and glory.

Father of Creation,
God of Hope,

your covenant community looks forward
with expectation,
with anticipation,

to the arrival
of the coming King.

To him be all praise and glory.

Amen.

37. Advent Two

Father of Creation,
God of Hope,

the prophets speak,
and dream and hope
for a different world,
the age to come.

Maranatha.
Come, Lord Jesus.

We dwell in great darkness.
Our joy has been diminished.
Our garments are rolled
in the blood of ecological violence.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

The yoke of unrestrained capitalism
is placed upon the necks
of the Global South.

Consumerism delights
and shares the spoils.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.

And yet we wait,

knowing that once you
 heard,
 saw
 and responded
to the cries of your people.

On that day,
a child was born.

Wonderful Counsellor,
to him be all praise and glory.

Mighty God,
to him be all praise and glory.

Everlasting Father,
to him be all praise and glory.

Prince of Peace,
to him be all praise and glory.

He dreamed a dream
of a different Kingdom,

and showed us
what this looks like.

In a world of darkness,
he is the world's True Light.

In a world of spiritual hunger,
he is the Bread of Life.

In a world of violence,
he is the Blessed Peacemaker.

To him be all praise and glory.

And so now we wait,

in the storm of climate breakdown,
hungry,
scared,
in darkness,

and we pray for the advent,
the arrival,
of the Bread,
the Light
and the Blessed Peacemaker.

Maranatha.

Come, Lord Jesus.

Whilst we wait
and sea levels rise,
grant us strength
to face the day.

Whilst we wait
and temperatures rise,
grant us wisdom
to discern how we should live.

Whilst we wait,

grant us the courage
to pledge allegiance
to the world's True Light.

Grant us the courage
to resist the beasts
that destroy the world.

Grant us the courage
to articulate,
imagine
and embody
the Kingdom of your Son.

Let the present moment
of our existential threat
point to the presence
and person of your Son Jesus.

Maranatha.
Come, Lord Jesus.

The Church proclaims,
and dreams and hopes
for a different world,
the age to come.

Maranatha.
Come, Lord Jesus.

Amen.

38: Advent Three

Father of Creation,
in our bleak midwinter
we are confronted again

with something startling,
something shocking,
and something profoundly beautiful.

A holy mystery.

The story that the Mighty God
has revealed himself

in the babe born in Bethlehem.

To him be all praise and glory.

Father of Creation,
we remember that holy night
when the eternal Son of God
took up fragile flesh,

grew inside Mary's womb,
journeyed through the birth canal,
and was born
to a colonised

and oppressed people.

To him be all praise and glory.

In Jesus we see
a new power,
a new might
at work in the world.

A power so powerful,
yet so beautiful.

A power so powerful,
yet so loving.

A power so powerful,
yet
wrapped in swaddling clothes
and extravagant mercy.

And now,
right now,

as we stand within
the unfolding of the climate apocalypse,

as we lament
for what has already been lost,

as we grieve in anticipation
for what is already locked in,

we look to you
with Advent hope.

O come, O come, Emmanuel.
Comfort us with your presence.

O come, O come, Emmanuel.
Bind up the broken-hearted.

O come, O come, Emmanuel.
Restore unto us
the joy of our salvation.

And now,
right now,

as we stand between
the first and second coming
of your Son,

as we weep for a world
in the grip of beastly powers,

as we hope against hope

for the manifestation
of your cosmic shalom,

we look to you
with Advent expectation.

O come, thou Rod of Jesse, free
your world from Satan's tyranny.

O come, thou Rod of Jesse, come.

Deliver us from
climate breakdown hell.

O come, thou Rod of Jesse, free
your world from the tyranny
of the beast,

from the unholy trinity.

Deliver us, O Lord,
from unrestrained capitalism.

Deliver us, O Lord,
from consumerism.

Deliver us, O Lord,
from individualism.

Father of Creation,
God and Father of our Advent Hope,

we thank you that your Son
is Mighty God,

who binds up the wounds
of the broken-hearted.

We thank you that your Son
is Mighty God,

who stoops and serves
and washes feet.

We thank you that your Son
is Mighty God,

who holds the hands
of the leper,

who takes up his cross,

and receives a crown of thorns.

A Mighty God
who enters the grave,

and in doing so
deals the death-blow
to death itself.

A Mighty God,

crucified
and raised to life,

ascended to glory.

The servant King.
The butchered Lamb.
The Name above all names.

And he will be called

Wonderful Counsellor,
Mighty God,
Everlasting Father,
Prince of Peace.

And now,
right now,

as we stand within
the unfolding of the climate apocalypse,

we look to Jesus.
We confess him as Lord.

Maranatha.
Come, Lord Jesus.

Maranatha.
Come, Lord Jesus.

Maranatha.
Come, Lord Jesus.

Amen.

39: Advent Four

Father of Creation,
God of Hope,

we marvel at the sacred mystery of faith:
the incarnation,
the enfleshment of your Son,

fully God,
fully human,
Jesus.

To him be all praise and glory.

Father of Creation,
God of Hope,

we marvel at the sacred mystery of faith:

Word became flesh.
Love became dust.
Beauty revealed.

Jesus.

To him be all praise and glory.

Your life, O Lord,
which has bubbled up from eternity,
has now stepped into time.

Your love, O Lord,
which created a world of wonder,
pitched a tent
and took up the human cause.

And yet our Christmas carols,
our Advent anthems,
and our joyous celebration of the incarnation
is held alongside songs of lamentation

for a world plunging headlong
into climate devastation.

Lord Jesus Christ,

you took on flesh,
but we took up
the sword of ecological violence.

You sanctified dust
and walked this cosmic temple,
but we plundered and pillaged
your Father's world.

You welcomed the weak
and loved the lost,
but we turned our backs
on the world's most vulnerable.

Maranatha.
Come, Lord Jesus.

Bring your justice.
Set the world to rights.

But Lord,
remember mercy.

Maranatha.
Come, Lord Jesus.

We thank you that the birth of Jesus,
the incarnation,
shows that matter matters,
that creation matters.

To you be all praise and glory.

Father of Creation,
God of Hope,

equip your Church afresh

to behold the holy mystery.

May our wonder and our worship
of the enfleshment of God
lead to lives of care,
compassion
and service

for the world you came to save.

May we wait
for the return of your Son,
Jesus, the God-Man,

with embodied love,
embodied hope,
embodied peace.

Maranatha.
Come, Lord Jesus.

Maranatha.
Come, Lord Jesus.

Maranatha.
Come, Lord Jesus.

Amen.

40: Ash Wednesday

Almighty God,
the Creator of all that is,

you created us
from the dust of the earth,

and breathed upon us
and gave us the gift of life.

In our fragility and weakness,

we marvel at the precious gift of life,

and the calling you have placed upon us

to tend and keep
your cosmic temple.

Almighty God,
the Creator of all that is,

dust we are
and to dust we will return,

yet you dignified us
with the gift of love.

A love in which dust
is taken up in your divine embrace.

A love in which the Word
became flesh
and dust became divine.

A love in which the fire
of your presence
sanctifies dust.

Almighty God,

humanity, as dust,

has been granted
the possibility and potential
to reflect your glory.

But we embarked
upon the far country

and squandered our inheritance.

Lord, have mercy.

In our arrogance,

we erected Babel

and have forgotten
who we truly are

and what we are called to be.

Lord, have mercy.

Yet now we reap
what we have sown,

and find ourselves
cast adrift
as homesick exiles,
East of Eden,
lost in sin and shame.

Lord, have mercy.

Almighty God,
we have misused
our power and privilege,
and have plundered and pillaged
this world of yours,
this world of ours,
this world that we share
with a host of non-human worshippers.

Lord, have mercy.

And so, in this context
of rising temperatures,

as we face
our own existential threat,

knowing the gods
of consumerism and economic systems
will not save,

we remember,
we lament,
we repent.

Lord, have mercy.

And so, in the context
of rising seas,

as we face ecological ruin,

knowing the gods
of individualism and technology
will not save,

we remember,
we lament,
we repent.

Lord, have mercy.

We remember your great love.
We lament our prideful arrogance.
We repent
and turn to you,
the wellspring of love.

We receive ash upon our heads
as a reminder of our mortality,

shaped as a cross,

knowing that we are signed and sealed
in the self-giving love of Jesus.

We receive ash upon our heads
as a reminder of our mortality,

shaped as a cross,

knowing that we are called afresh
to embrace and enact
the self-giving love of Jesus.

Almighty God,

on this day when we are reminded
of our fragility,

we are also reminded
of your faithfulness.

On this day when we are reminded
of our mortality,

we are also reminded
of your grace.

Almighty God,
the Creator of all that is,

you created us
from the dust of the earth,
and breathed upon us
and gave us the gift of life.

In our fragility and weakness,
we marvel at the precious gift of life,
and the calling you have placed upon us
to tend and keep
your cosmic temple.

Almighty God,
the Creator of all that is,

dust we are
and to dust we will return,

yet you dignified us
with the gift of love.

A love in which dust
is taken up in your divine embrace.

A love in which the Word
became flesh
and dust became divine.

A love in which the fire
of your presence
sanctifies dust.

Almighty God,
grant that these ashes
may be to us a sign
of our mortality and penitence,
that we may remember,
in the context of climate breakdown,

that it is only by your gracious gift
that we are given everlasting life;
through Jesus Christ our Saviour.

Amen.