



SEASON OF
CREATION

**TO HOPE AND ACT
WITH CREATION**



Song: Lean In Toward The Light - Carrie Newcomer

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fxAUmNjWals>

Opening Prayer:

Laudate Deum, O God we praise you, for the world sings of your infinite love.
Forgive us our failure to agree to a way forward to protect this earth and our children's future,
for the way the powerful shelter behind their wealth,
while the poorest people are disregarded and the earth is at breaking point.

Guide our leaders to set aside their own interests in the interest of us all
and grant us all the courage to turn our concern into change.
Strengthen our faith and let us never lose hope, so together we may rise up
responding to the urgent call of your people and all creation. Amen. Catherine Gorman/CAFOD

Readings:

To hope and act with creation, then, means to live an incarnational faith, one that can enter into the suffering and hope-filled “flesh” of others, by sharing in the expectation of the bodily resurrection to which believers are predestined in Christ the Lord. In Jesus, the eternal Son who took on human flesh, we are truly children of the Father. Through faith and baptism, our life in the Spirit begins (Rom 8:2), a holy life, lived as children of the Father, like Jesus (Rom 8:14-17), since by the power of the Holy Spirit, Christ lives in us (Gal 2:20). In this way, our lives can become a song of love for God, for humanity, with and for creation, and find their fullness in holiness.

Pope Francis Message for Season of Creation, June 27, 2024

Let the globe, if nothing else, say this is true:
That even as we grieved, we grew
That even as we hurt, we hoped;
that even as we tired, we tried.
When day comes, we step out of the shade, aflame and
unafraid.
The new dawn blooms as we free it.
For there is always light,
if only we're brave enough to see it;
if only we're brave enough to be it.



Amanda Gorman, The Hill We Climb: An Inaugural Poem for the Country

We tune our lives to the wisdom of Earth
It is deep prayer, this listening to her cries, as Spirit's sighs, too deep for words

Unborn generations call to us from the future:
What did you do when the planet could no longer bear your foolishness and began to break?

The cardinal's whistle, once joy's message, is now a haunting lament
for the dwindling chorus of songbirds

The topsoil - living organism and not lowly dirt – clears its thinning, chemical-burned voice
And speaks out for the biotic kingdom teeming within this dark body

The willow drops her long arms around our shoulders and brushes us with grace,
whispering that it's not too late.

It falls to us, Wisdom's pupils, to turn this dirge into a dance of the cosmos.
Let those with ears to hear, rise up! Bruce Sanguin, *If Darwin Prayed*

Reflection: *How do we return to Earth the love, care and sustainment we receive from her?*



Blessing:

May God who can set Creation free, show us his glory.

Glory to God.

May God who knows our groaning and crying, bring about new life.

Now and always.

May God who helps us in our weakness, give us the first fruits of hope.

The Lord is our hope.

And may the Triune God sprinkle into our hearts the dew of his grace and bless us all.

Amen.