

Praise to You, O Lord



Let us imagine a world without color, without regal red or leafy green, a world that bores the eye with gray.

Praise to You, O Lord, for all the colors in the rainbow, for eyes that are made for seeing, and for beauty that "is its own excuse for being."

Let us imagine a world without sound, a world where deathly silence covers the earth like a shroud.

Praise to You, O Lord, for words that speak to our minds, for songs that lift our spirits, and for all those souls who know how to listen.

Let us imagine a world without order, where no one can predict the length of the day or the flow of the tide. Imagine a universe where planets leave their orbits and soar like meteors through the heavens and where the law of gravity is repealed at random.

Praise to You, O Lord, for the marvelous order of nature, from stars in the sky to particles in the atom.

Let us imagine a world without love, a world in which the human spirit, incapable of caring, is locked in the prison of the self.

Praise to You, O Lord, for the capacity to feel happiness in another's happiness and pain in another's pain.

As the universe whispers of a oneness behind all that is, so the love in the human heart calls on people everywhere to unite in pursuit of those ideals that make us human.

As we sing of One God, we rejoice in the wonder of the universe and we pray for that day when all humanity will be one.