

The Wind Whispers Our Name

How often do we stop and listen to the sounds around us? This prayer plays with the idea that God speaks to us in many different ways, sometimes as a whisper, sometimes loud and clear. For God's voice is heard in the sounds around us and in the deeper cries of humanity and the earth.

The wind whispers our name
unique individual
a gentle murmur
barely perceivable
and we turn away
thinking it was just a dream.

The spirit gently utters our name
unique individual
barely distinguishable
in the bustle of life
drowned out by higher priorities.

The voice of God calls out our name
unique individual
persistently demanding
and we turn our heads
listening for the voice of the divine.

And as we listen
we hear the groaning of creation
the rumble of thunder
and the crack of lightening
the splitting of rocks
and the gushing of water
trees rustling
and chain saws cutting
the cogs of industry turning
and the fumes belching.

And as we listen
we hear the cries of earth's people
we hear the plotting and scheming
and the attention grabbing headline
we hear the sound of tanks and gunfire
and the crackle of fire
we hear the machinery of harvest
and the hollow ring of empty cooking pots
we hear the new-born baby's cry
and the unquenching tears of mourning.

And as we listen
we hear the din of traffic on the old road
the occasional wail of police sirens
and the gossip on street corners
we hear the stories of our tradition

and the stories of our shared lives
we hear the noise of children playing,
and discussing ideas for themselves
we hear the adult's mumbled liturgy
and the words of much loved hymns.

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