

“Come, let me grow to know my Father’s business!
See how I yearn to learn of heav’n, and no less!
Share now my care, and dare to bear love’s true cross:
Bless God who comes to save.”

Come, let your child grow wild for peace and justice!
See how your youth learns truth that fruits in goodness!
Share in ripe age love’s rage at sin’s sick practice:
Bless God who dies to save.

Come, let your heart impart our Father’s business;
See life’s full worth, give birth to heav’n’s new witness;
Share every day love’s way that comes to fullness:
Bless God who lives to save.

Suggested tune: Christe Sanctorum

Doug Constable
Feast of the Epiphany 2012

Hymns by Andrew Pratt

Not conscious of our end or our beginning,
we cannot know the purpose of our lives,
yet God preceded all our breathing, living,
beyond our human span, our God survives.

Confounded by a love we cannot fathom,
enfolded in a love which from our birth:
God held, will hold, through all life has to offer
with love that nurtures us and all the earth.

God knows the very essence of creation,
the tumbling planets and unfathomed space,
the sub-atomic nuances of matter,
relationships we seek to sound and trace.

And yet within this complex of existence
each soul is precious, valued, meant to be,
and faith says God will hold beyond the present
till lost in wonder, held in love, we're free.

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