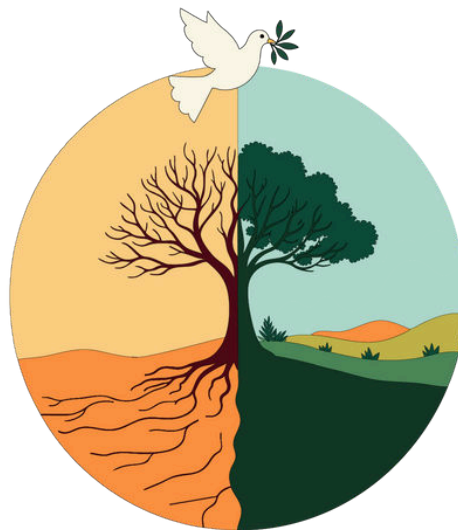




Poems and quotes for the
Season of Creation
2025

“Peace with Creation”



Garden of Peace

Isaiah 32:14-18



Isaiah 32:14-18

“The fortress will be abandoned,
the noisy city deserted;
citadel and watchtower will become a wasteland forever,
the delight of donkeys, a pasture for flocks,
till the Spirit is poured on us from on high,
and the desert becomes a fertile field,
and the fertile field seems like a forest.
The Lord’s justice will dwell in the desert,
his righteousness live in the fertile field.
The fruit of that righteousness will be peace;
its effect will be quietness and confidence forever.
My people will live in peaceful dwelling places,
in secure homes,
in undisturbed places of rest.”





Bell-birds

by Henry Kendall, 1869

By channels of coolness the echoes are calling,
And down the dim gorges I hear the creek falling;
It lives in the mountain, where moss and the sedges
Touch with their beauty the banks and the ledges;
Through brakes of the cedar and sycamore bowers
Struggles the light that is love to the flowers.
And, softer than slumber, and sweeter than singing,
The notes of the bell-birds are running and ringing.

The silver-voiced bell-birds, the darlings of day-time,
They sing in September their songs of the May-time.
When shadows wax strong and the thunder-bolts hurtle,
They hide with their fear in the leaves of the myrtle;
When rain and the sunbeams shine mingled together
They start up like fairies that follow fair weather,
And straightway the hues of their feathers unfolden
Are the green and the purple, the blue and the golden.

October, the maiden of bright yellow tresses,
Loiters for love in these cool wildernesses;
Loiters knee-deep in the grasses to listen,
Where dripping rocks gleam and the leafy pools glisten.
Then is the time when the water-moons splendid
Break with their gold, and are scattered or blended
Over the creeks, till the woodlands have warning
Of songs of the bell-bird and wings of the morning.

Welcome as waters unkissed by the summers
Are the voices of bell-birds to thirsty far-comers.
When fiery December sets foot in the forest,
And the need of the wayfarer presses the sorest,
Pent in the ridges for ever and ever.
The bell-birds direct him to spring and to river,
With ring and with ripple, like runnels whose torrents
Are toned by the pebbles and leaves in the currents.

Often I sit, looking back to a childhood
Mixt with the sights and the sounds of the wildwood,
Longing for power and the sweetness to fashion
Lyrics with beats like the heart-beats of passion--
Songs interwoven of lights and of laughers
Borrowed from bell-birds in far forest rafters;
So I might keep in the city and alleys
The beauty and strength of the deep mountain valleys,
Charming to slumber the pain of my losses
With glimpses of creeks and a vision of mosses.



Christina Rossetti, 1830-1894

What do the stars do

What do the stars do
Up in the sky,
Higher than the wind can blow,
Or the clouds can fly?
Each star in its own glory
Circles, circles still;
As it was lit to shine and set,
And do its Maker's will.

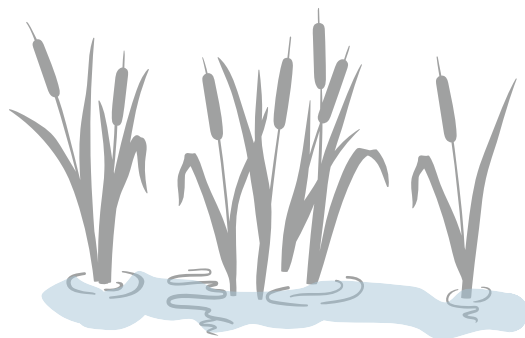


Who has seen the wind?

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you:
But when the leaves hang trembling
The wind is passing thro'.
Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I:
But when the trees bow down their heads
The wind is passing by.

Rushes in a watery place

Rushes in a watery place,
And reeds in a hollow;
A soaring skylark in the sky,
A darting swallow;
And where pale blossom used to hang
Ripe fruit to follow.



Winter Rain (extract from)
Christina Rossetti, 1830-1894

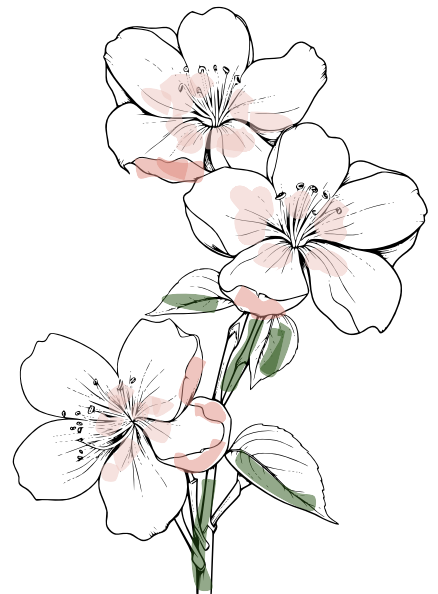
Every valley drinks,
Every dell and hollow:
Where the kind rain sinks and sinks,
Green of Spring will follow.

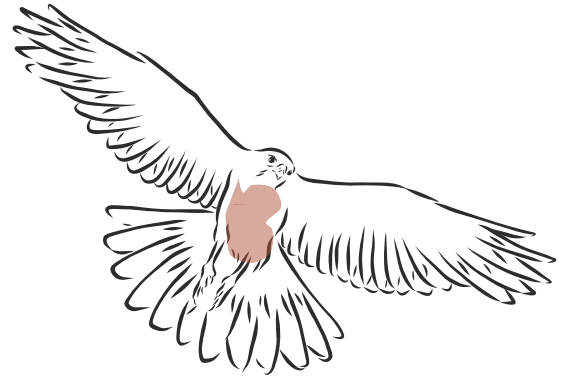
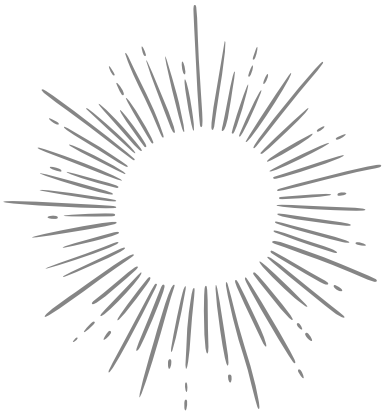
Yet a lapse of weeks
Buds will burst their edges,
Strip their wool-coats, glue-coats, streaks,
In the woods and hedges;

Weave a bower of love
For birds to meet each other,
Weave a canopy above
Nest and egg and mother.

But for fattening rain
We should have no flowers,
Never a bud or leaf again
But for soaking showers;

Never a mated bird
In the rocking tree-tops,
Never indeed a flock or herd
To graze upon the lea-crops.





The Eagle

Alfred, Lord Tennyson, 1809-1892

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

Song on May Morning

John Milton, 1608 - 1674

Now the bright morning-star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing;
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.



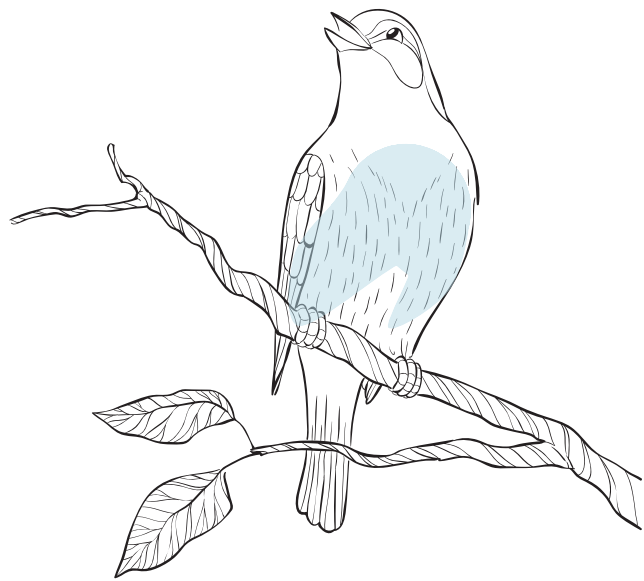
“Hope” is the thing with feathers

By Emily Dickinson, 1830-1886

“Hope” is the thing with feathers-
That perches in the soul-
And sings the tune without the words-
And never stops- at all-

And sweetest- in the Gale- is heard-
And sore must be the storm-
That could abash the little Bird
That kept so many warm-

I’ve heard it in the chilliest land-
And on the strangest Sea-
Yet- never- in Extremity,
It asked a crumb- of me.



“God has two text books, Scripture and creation.
We would do well to listen to both”

Francis Bacon*

“The whole world is theology for us,
because the heavens proclaim the glory of God”

Albert the Great*

“The best remedy for those who are frightened, lonely or unhappy
is to go outside, somewhere they can be alone,
alone with the sky, nature and God”

Anne Frank*

“Earth’s crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God,
But only he who sees takes off his shoes;
the rest sit round and pick blackberries”

Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

“Never lose the opportunity to see anything beautiful.
Beauty is God’s handwriting - a way-side sacrament;
welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and
thank Him for it, the fountain of all loveliness, and drink it in,
simple and earnestly, with all your eyes;
it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.”

Charles Kingsley*

“You have made us for yourself, O Lord,
and our hearts are restless
until they have found their rest in you”

Augustine of Hippo*

* From “The Language of Rivers and Stars- How nature speaks of the glories of God”,
Seth Lewis, 2025, The Good Good Company.

"A new day was starting, the things of the garden were not concerned with our troubles. A blackbird ran across the rose-garden to the lawns in swift, short rushes, stopping now and again to stab at the earth with its yellow beak. A thrush, too, went about his business, and two stout, little wagtails, following one another, and a little cluster of twittering sparrows. A gull poised himself high in the air, silent and alone, and then spread his wings wide and swooped beyond the lawns to the woods and the Happy Valley. These things continued, our worries and anxieties had no power to alter them."

Daphne du Maurier, in Rebecca*

"The material world has latent music in it, and a renewed heart knows how to bring it out and make it vocal. Creation is the organ, and a gracious man finds out its keys, lays his hands on them, and wakes the whole system of the universe to the harmony of praise."

Charles Spurgeon*

Nature gave the word 'glory' a meaning for me. I still do not know where else I could have found one"

C.S Lewis*

"Sunrise, sunset
Sunrise, sunset
Swiftly fly the years
One season following another,
Laden with happiness and tears."

Fiddler on the Roof*

"I have learned to kiss the wave that throws me against the Rock of Ages."

Attributed to Charles Spurgeon*

* From "The Language of Rivers and Stars- How nature speaks of the glories of God", Seth Lewis, 2025, The Good Good Company.



All creatures of our God and King

1 All creatures of our God and King,
lift up your voice and with us sing
 alleluia, alleluia;

O burning sun with golden beam,
and silver moon with softer gleam,
O praise him, O praise him,
 alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!



2 Swift-rushing winds that art so strong,
and clouds that sail in heaven along,
 O praise him, alleluia;
fresh-rising morn, in praise rejoice,
and lights of evening, find a voice,
O praise him, O praise him,
 alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

3 O flowing water, pure and clear,
make music for thy Lord to hear,
 alleluia, alleluia!

O fire, so masterful and bright,
providing us with warmth and light,
O praise him, O praise him,
 alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

4 Dear mother earth, who day by day
unfold rich blessings on our way,
 O praise him, alleluia!

All flowers and fruit that in you grow,
let them his glory also show;
O praise him, O praise him,
 alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!



5 And everyone of tender heart,
forgiving others, take your part,
O praise him, alleluia!
All who long pain and sorrow bear,
praise God and on him cast your care;
O praise him, O praise him,
alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

6 And you, most kind and gentle death,
waiting to hush our latest breath,
O praise him, alleluia!
You lead to heaven the child of God,
and Christ our Lord the way has trod:
O praise him, O praise him,
alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

7 Let all things their Creator bless,
and worship him in humbleness;
O praise him, alleluia!
Praise, praise the Father, praise the Son,
and praise the Spirit, Three in One:
O praise him, O praise him,
alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

Original words: Francis of Assisi, 1182-1226
Paraphraser: William Henry Draper, 1855-1933
Tune: Lasst uns erfeuen
Arranger: Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1872-1958



Environment

Earth is in crisis

No action is no longer acceptable

Veiled excuses will be exposed

I can make a difference

Restoring God's creation

One day we will be called to account

No environment, no economy

Make the politicians act

Every effort counts

Not too late, but

Time is running out

by Keith Horman, 2008