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Outdoor Evening Worship

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Outdoor Evening Worship

Robert J. De Smith — June 16, 2019

In public prayer I paused a moment,
But not long enough,
To turn our ears to the sounds around us—
Wrens chittering, a cardinal whistling,
Grass and leaves catching breeze
And hissing, but never in derision.
The pause grew noisy with delight.
I had been attempting the impossible,
Maybe the silly,
Using petty words to praise,
With Creation the white noise to our prayer.
Words are lost in breath, while
“Day after day, they pour forth speech,”
Eloquent without words.
Yet you give us words, Lord,
Poor pointers sometimes,
But full, like your word,
Like the Word,
Prayers of the people
Outdoors on a June night
When roasted hot dogs and
Rhubarb treats are prayers, too.