



SUNDAY						
MONDAY						
TUESDAY						
WEDNESDAY						
THURSDAY						
FRIDAY						
SATURDAY						

A Song of Creation

"The Cosmic Order" from A Song of Creation, Canticle 12, Morning Prayer II, p. 88

Glorify the Lord, you angels and all powers of the Lord,
O heavens and all waters above the heavens.
Sun and moon and stars of the sky, glorify the Lord,
Praise him and highly exalt him for ever.
Glorify the Lord, every shower of rain and fall of dew.
All winds and fire and heat.
Winter and summer, glorify the Lord,
Praise him and highly exalt him for ever.
Glorify the Lord, O chill and cold,
Drops of dew and flakes of snow.
Frost and cold, ice and sleet, glorify the Lord,
Praise him and highly exalt him for ever.
Glorify the Lord, O nights and days,
O shining light and enfolding dark.
Storm clouds and thunderbolts, glorify the Lord,
Praise him and highly exalt him for ever.
Let the earth glorify the Lord,
Praise him and highly exalt him for ever.
Glorify the Lord, O mountains and hills,
And all that grows upon the earth,
Praise him and highly exalt him forever.
Glorify the Lord, O springs of water, seas, and streams,
O whales and all that move in the waters.
All birds of the air, glorify the Lord,
Praise him and highly exalt him for ever.
Glorify the Lord, O beasts of the wild,
And all you flocks and herds.
O men and women everywhere, glorify the Lord,
Praise him and highly exalt him for ever.

I Love You

by Carl Sandburg

I love you for what you are, but I love you yet more for what you are going to be.

I love you not so much for your realities as for your ideals. I pray for your desires that they may be great, rather than for your satisfactions, which may be so hazardously little.

A satisfied flower is one whose petals are about to fall. The most beautiful rose is one hardly more than a bud wherein the pangs and ecstasies of desire are working for a larger and finer growth.

Not always shall you be what you are now. You are going forward toward something great. I am on the way with you and therefore I love you.

The Soldier's Faith

author unknown

And when the wind in the tree-tops roared,
The soldier asked from the deep dark grave:
"Did the banner flutter then?"
"Not so, my hero," the wind replied.
"The fight is done, but the banner won,
Thy comrades of old have borne it hence,
Have borne it in triumph hence."
Then the soldier spake from the deep dark grave:
"I am content."

Then he heareth the lovers laughing pass,
and the soldier asks once more:
"Are these not the voices of them that love,
That love—and remember me?"
"Not so, my hero," the lovers say,
"We are those that remember not;
For the spring has come and the earth has smiled,
And the dead must be forgot."
Then the soldier spake from the deep dark grave:
"I am content."

In Flanders Fields

Dr. John McCrae

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
between the crosses, row on row,
that mark our place; and in the sky
the larks, still bravely singing, fly
scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
we lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
loved and were loved, and now we lie,
in Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
to you from failing hands we throw
the torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
we shall not sleep, though poppies grow
in Flanders fields.