

A Prayer of Adoration

Father God, you are so awesome.

You fill us with regular amazement at your glorious power, your wonderful, unceasing presence, your ever-surrounding knowledge of our quietest thoughts.

Thank you today and every day for the long-ago day when you took your all-consuming, firework love and turned it into a carpenter's son, kicking his legs in a mere feeding trough.

You stripped away all your heavenly brilliance and stepped shivering onto the soil you made to greet the people you created because of that love, that never-ending, unbreakable love that you used to first explode the Universe and, *equally*, to die an awful human death on a cross made of trees that you sculpted with your very hands.

There is nothing we can say, or sing, or make, or do that is even within earshot of you and your love, and yet you kneel down beside us and listen carefully to our most unimportant worries.

We sitting here today are nothing on the grand scale of things, while you are everything and more, but still you smile and point out every individual and say proudly, "That's my child."

Let us never forget that you're our father, our dad, our daddy, who reads us the best bedtime story there's ever been, or will be, or can be.

You are God, and we praise you for it.

Amen.

Katy Morgan (2008)

