

The Canticle of the Creatures – Francis of Assisi

Most High, all powerful, all good Lord,
All praise is Yours, all glory, honor and blessings.
To you alone, Most High, do they belong;
No mortal lips are worthy to pronounce Your Name.

We praise You, Lord, for all your creatures, especially for Brother Sun,
Who is the day through whom you give us light.
And he is beautiful and radiant with great splendor,
Of You Most High, he bears your likeness.

We praise You, lord, for Sister Moon and the stars in the heavens
You have made them bright, precious and fair.

We praise You, Lord, for Brothers Wind and Air,
Fair and stormy, ail weather's moods,
By which You all that You have made.

We praise You for Sister Water,
So useful, humble, precious and pure.

We praise You, lord, for Brother Fire, through whom you light the night.
He is beautiful, playful, robust and strong.

We praise You, lord, for Sister Earth,
Who sustains us
With her fruits, colored flowers and herbs.

We praise You, Lord, for those who pardon,
Who for love of You bear sickness and trial.
Blessed are those who endure in peace,
By You Most High, they will be crowned.

We praise You, Lord, for Sister Death,
From whom no-one living can escape.
Woe to those who die in their sins!
Blessed are those Sister Death finds doing Your will.
No second death can do them harm.

We praise You, Lord, and give You thanks, and serve you in all humility.

God's Grandeur

By Gerard Manley Hopkins

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;
It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil
Crushed. Why do men then now not reckon his rod?
Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;
And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;
And wears man's smudge and shares man's smell: the soil
Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.

And for all this, nature is never spent;
There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;
And though the last lights off the black West went
Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs —
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.

Pied Beauty

By Gerard Manley Hopkins

Glory be to God for dappled things —
For skies of couple-colour as a brindled cow;
For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;
Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;
Landscape plotted and pieced — fold, fallow, and plough;
And áll trádes, their gear and tackle and trim.

All things counter, original, spare, strange;
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:
Praise him.

Principle & Foundation

Bishop Jorge Mario Bergoglio, to his brother bishops
“And when St. Ignatius proposes a program of indifference and discreet generosity for choosing ‘what is more conducive’ to this end [of praising and loving God], he presents us to the ‘even greater God’, to the One who is more intimate to me than I am to myself. This image of the ‘Deus semper maior’ is distinctively Ignatian—it is what draws us out of ourselves and moves us to praise and reverence him; it fills us with the desire to follow him with greater love and to serve him better. For this [we are] created.”

The universality of love, Pierre Teilhard de Chardin

“Taken in its full biological reality, love (namely the affinity of one being for another) is not unique to the human being. It represents a general property of all life, and as such it embraces all the varieties and degrees of every form successively taken by organized matter.”