



Holy Creator Spirit,
the memory of disappointments, of "what might have been,"
brings back sorrow and bewilderment.
We are vulnerable - as you understand so well.
We are easily frayed and wounded,
and often afraid to hope for healing...
Yet, around us are your sacraments of hope great and small:
the night sky full of creative fire,
the migrating geese,
the promise-rich crocus of early spring,
the serenity of sleeping infants.
You are here, Holy Mystery, singing in the wind,
comforting us with human laughter,
coloring our life from your rainbow of possibilities
in an evolving world.
Your way is best: it fills us with hope beyond every sadness.
May it be so.
Amen.

Prayers to an Evolutionary God
By William Cleary