

In the name of the Creator, who is beyond all that we can possibly imagine.
Amen.

A poem from American poet e. e. cummings:

i thank You God for most this amazing
day: for the leaping greenly spirits of trees
and a blue true dream of sky; and for everything
which is natural which is infinite which is yes

(i who have died am alive again today,
and this is the sun's birthday; this is the birth
day of life and of love and wings: and of the gay
great happening illimitably earth)

how should tasting touching hearing seeing
breathing any—lifted from the no
of all nothing—human merely being
doubt unimaginable You?

(now the ears of my ears awake and
now the eyes of my eyes are opened)

Over the past couple of months, I have learned this poem off by heart. It accompanies me as I walk around this special part of Gippsland, captured by the utter beauty of all that this place offers. The lake, the trees, the wattle, the birds, the kangaroos, the milky way shining across the sky on a cloudless night.

This poem accompanied me as I was hiding away on a four-day silent retreat in a converted shed near Cooma two weeks ago. As I came to know the snow gum that grew outside my cabin, as I became enraptured by the flakes of mica glistening in the granite boulders, as I walked for kilometres through this beautiful, rugged high-country terrain, the thought of how the landscape cries out in praise of 'everything which is natural which is infinite which is yes' kept swirling through my being.

It is as if e. e. cummings knew what Dostoyevsky knew, that 'if only our senses were fine enough, we would see the slumbering cliff as a dancing chaos.' That if we stop long enough, if we listen closely enough, if we

trusted in mystery deeply enough, then each and every object in front of us reveals itself as a swirling mass of electrons and quarks and atoms. That there is energy in matter and matter in energy. No slumbering cliff here, but rather life in ecstasy. How wondrous is our God. It is that shift that cummings speaks of when he wrote: 'now the ears of my ears are awake and the eyes of my eyes are opened'. 'How should... any ... human merely being doubt unimaginable You?'

God is shouting out to us through creation. Am I making this up? Let's see what our readings for today tell us. Our first reading, from Job 12, speaks right into this. If you want to know if God has God's handprints on creation, Job extolls us to 'ask the animals.' The animals have a direct line to revelations of God.

'But ask the animals, and they will teach you;
the birds of the air, and they will tell you;
ask the plants of the earth, and they will teach you;
and the fish of the sea will declare to you.
Who among all these does not know
that the hand of the LORD has done this?
In his hand is the life of every living thing
and the breath of every human being.'

A tree just knows that the Christ is fully revealed as tree in tree. It doesn't need a degree in theology to work this out. A rock just knows that the Christ is fully revealed as rock in rock. It is we humans who have such difficulties in accepting that the Christ is fully revealed in both you and me, indeed in each and every one of us regardless of colour, sexual orientation or religious beliefs.

Let us look deeper then at the scripture verses that have been selected for today.

How about that psalm. Psalm 148. The psalms really reach a crescendo as they gallop towards their final psalm at number 150. Sun, moon, stars, sea monsters, fire and hail, snow and frost; it's all there. Everything, utterly everything, shouts out in praise of the Lord. Trumpets, harps, timbrels, singing – what a racket of praise this psalm proclaims. The psalmist was quite confident that the Creator is to be praised through and by all creation.

It reminds me of St Francis, with his canticle of creation, which is a wonderful thing because today is St Francis' feast day – hence all the animals amongst us. Those of you who have brought your pets, those of you who have pets at home, when you get home, look into their eyes and see the Creator reflected back at you.

St Francis, having said:

Most High, all powerful, good Lord
to you be the praises, the glory and the honour, and all blessing.
To you alone, Most High, do they belong, and no-one is worthy to call
upon your name.

goes on to praise Brother Sun, Sister Moon, Brother Wind, Sister Water, Brother Fire, Sister Earth and eventually Sister Death. God in all; all in God.

Which brings us back to the reading from Job. If you want to know of the reality of the footprint of God on this most magnificent planet, go ask the animals, the plants, the birds and the fish. Go do that and then come back and tell me that you cannot see God. Yes, you will need a fair degree of humility to be able to learn from nature. And you may be surprised that Tree does not answer you in English but go and hug a tree and listen to the sap rising.

Which then brings us to today's Gospel reading from Luke:

'Do not worry about your life, what you will eat, or about your body, what you will wear. For life is more than food and the body more than clothing. Consider the ravens: they neither sow nor reap, they have neither storehouse nor barn, and yet God feeds them. Of how much more value are you than the birds! And which of you by worrying can add a single hour to your span of life?'

This is such an intimate caring. Jesus speaking into the fears of each of his disciples, speaking into the fears of each of us, as he says, 'Consider the lilies, how they grow: they neither toil nor spin, yet I tell you, even Solomon in all his glory was not clothed like one of these. But if God so clothes the grass of the field, which is alive today and tomorrow is thrown into the oven, how much more will he clothe you.' Jesus speaks with such love as he says later in this same reading, 'don't be afraid, little flock.' God's got this. God has our back.

Don't get distracted by a minefield of worries. Instead, just for today, have a go at shouting (or whispering) praise to the Divine One for all that is natural, that is infinite, that is yes.

This is how such adoration is expressed by poet Mary Oliver who invites us into magnificence with her poem *The Messenger*:

My work is loving the world.
Here the sunflowers, there the hummingbird-
Equal seekers of sweetness.
Here the quickening yeast; there the blue plums.
Here the clam deep in the speckled sand.

Are my boots old? Is my coat torn?
Am I no longer young, and still not half-perfect? Let me
Keep my mind on what matters,
Which is my work,

Which is mostly standing still and learning to be astonished.
The phoebe, the delphinium.
The sheep in the pasture, and the pasture.
Which is mostly rejoicing, since all the ingredients are here,

Which is gratitude, to be given a mind and a heart
And these body-clothes,
A mouth with which to give shouts of joy
To the moth and the wren, to the sleepy dug-up clam,
Telling them all, over and over, how it is
That we live forever.

Today we, along with all those harps, timbrels and drums, 'praise the Lord.'

On this, the last Sunday of the Season for Creation 2026, notice the places where God is shouting out God's glory. Stand still and be astonished. It is the last official Sunday of the Season of Creation, but this does not mean that we have to wait eleven more months to get around to loving creation again. We really only care about those things we love, so fall in love. Fall in love with this most beautiful planet. And do something, do anything, to make a difference. Just make sure that you are making a difference. Every prayer matters. Every action matters. Do your bit, for how can we not when, as e. e. cummings writes, 'now the ears of my ears are awake and the eyes of my eyes are opened'.

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Amen.

READINGS	Francis
1st	Job 12:7–10
Psalm	Psalm 148
2nd	Galatians 6:14–18
Gospel	Luke 12:22–34
Theme	Biodiversity The animals will teach you Praise Paul and his stigmata Consider the Lilies...

Music List

101

61

BrotherSisterCreatures

168

626

Choir anthem during communion Make me a channel

Job 12:7–10

‘But ask the animals, and they will teach you;

the birds of the air, and they will tell you;

⁸ask the plants of the earth, and they will teach you;

and the fish of the sea will declare to you.

⁹Who among all these does not know

that the hand of the LORD has done this?

¹⁰In his hand is the life of every living thing

and the breath of every human being.

Psalm 148

Praise for God’s Universal Glory

¹ Praise the LORD!
Praise the LORD from the heavens;
praise him in the heights!
² Praise him, all his angels;
praise him, all his host!
³ Praise him, sun and moon;
praise him, all you shining stars!
⁴ Praise him, you highest heavens
and you waters above the heavens!
⁵ Let them praise the name of the LORD,
for he commanded and they were created.
⁶ He established them forever and ever;
he fixed their bounds, which cannot be passed.^[a]
⁷ Praise the LORD from the earth,
you sea monsters and all deeps,
⁸ fire and hail, snow and frost,
stormy wind fulfilling his command!
⁹ Mountains and all hills,
fruit trees and all cedars!
¹⁰ Wild animals and all cattle,
creeping things and flying birds!
¹¹ Kings of the earth and all peoples,
princes and all rulers of the earth!
¹² Young men and women alike,
old and young together!
¹³ Let them praise the name of the LORD,
for his name alone is exalted;
his glory is above earth and heaven.
¹⁴ He has raised up a horn for his people,
praise for all his faithful,
for the people of Israel who are close to him.
Praise the LORD!

Galatians 6:14–18

But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.
For in Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth any thing, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature.
And as many as walk according to this rule, peace be on them, and mercy, and upon the Israel of God.
From henceforth let no man trouble me: for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus.
Brethren, the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirit. Amen.

Luke 12:22–34

He said to his disciples, “Therefore I tell you, do not worry about your life, what you will eat, or about your body, what you will wear. For life is more than food and the body more than clothing. Consider the ravens: they neither sow nor reap, they have neither storehouse nor barn, and yet God feeds them. Of how much more value are you than the birds! And which of you by worrying can add a single hour to your span of life? If then you are not able to do so small a thing as that, why do you worry about the rest? Consider the lilies, how they grow: they neither toil nor spin, yet I tell you, even Solomon in all his glory was not clothed like one of these. But if God so clothes the grass of the field, which is alive today and tomorrow is thrown into the oven, how much more will he clothe you, you of little faith! And do not keep seeking what you are to eat and what you are to drink, and do not keep worrying. For it is the nations^l of the world that seek all these things, and your Father knows that you need them. Instead, seek his kingdom, and these things will be given to you as well.

“Do not be afraid, little flock, for it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom. Sell your possessions and give alms. Make purses for yourselves that do not wear out, an unfailing treasure in heaven, where no thief comes near and no moth destroys. For where your treasure is, there your heart will be also.