

**PRAY
AND ACT
FOR
PEACE**



Infant Prayers

God, whose arm cradles the earth,
whose breast hovers warmly above,
quell the flailing of our anxious hands,
our shifting eyes,
our shaking heads,
our whimpering mouths.

We are startled by the clatter of firms crashing,
the flicker of pensions withering,
the tremors of entitlements eroding.
In times like these, we sandbag our territory.
We preserve what we have built.
We think this is the grown-up thing to do.
Like the foreign fighters we once pitied and patronized,
like those who bomb and shoot for God and country,
now we, too, wage a battle of the fittest.
Compassion can wait for better times.

And so we fret.
We forget the arm that holds us all—
The restless poor, the jostling rich,
The warring adults, the resilient children, —
All gathered together in the strong arm that holds us,
All inches from that familiar voice:
“Look up and live.
“Open your mouth and I will fill it.”

We remember we are hungry and tired
Sooth us beneath your generous bosom
Now, and always, calm us and feed us,
And renew the face of the earth.

Amen.

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