

A Liturgy for the King of Creation

Our names for you

O Lord, have been too few—

for seldom have we considered
how specific is the exercising of your authority,
extending as it does into the myriad particulars
of creation.

There is no quarter over which you are not king.

And as creation hurtles toward its liberation
and redemption, the full implications of your
deep Lordship are yet to be revealed in
countless facets unconsidered:

Christ, you are the Snow King.

You are the Maker of All Weathers.

You are The King of Sunlight and Storms,

The King of Grey Skies and Rain.

You are The Rain King,

The Sun King,

the Hurricane King.

You are the King of Autumn

and the King of Spring.

And our names for you

O Lord, have been too few.

The old and impotent gods
our ancestors once believed in were,
at their best,
but imperfect pictures of you,
whose strength and goodness
and creative majesty
and wonderful mystery and love
exceed those old rumors as sunlight exceeds
the tiny dimness of stars reflected
in a dark and wavering pool.

**The fairy tales
crafted by our old cultures
hinted at you,
though they knew it or not.
Yet their perfect princes
and blessed ends were
yearnings for all that has found
fulfillment in you.**

You are the Lord of the Harvest.
The Grain King,
The Wine King,
The God of Plenty,
The God of Hearth and Home.

**You are The Hill King,
The Wildflower King,
King of the Great Bears,
King of the Canyons.**

You are The Monarch of Meadows,
The Lord of the Lava Fields,
Ruler of the Desert Wastes,
The Polar King,
The Rainbow King,
The King of the Southern Cross,
and The King of the Northern Lights.

**You are the King of the Rabbits,
and The Lord of the Tall Trees.
You are the God of Youth
and the God of Age.**

You are The Acorn King,
The River God,
The Swamp King,
King of Glades,
King of Dells,
Ruler of All Hummingbirds.

**You are The Horse Lord,
The Crag King,
Lord of the Bees,**

**King of the Walruses,
Commander of Rhinos,
Lord of the Lightning Bugs,
Cave Lord,
Mountain King,
Ruler of the Grassy Plains,
God of the Valleys.**

You are The Captain of the Clouds,
The Wolf King,
The King of the Cockatoos.

**And our names for you,
O Lord, have been too few.**

For your claim over creation is vast. You are

**The Lord of Antarctica,
the King of California,
the King of the Scottish Hills,
and the King of the Nile.**

**You are the weaver of
the unseen fabrics of the world.**

**You are the Lord of the Atoms,
The Ruler of Electrons,
The Lord of Gravity,
and The King of Quarks.**

Your dominion enfolds the earth and rises
beyond it to the furthest extremes of the stars.

You are the Lord of the Vast Empty Spaces.
You are The King of the Constellations,
The Black Hole King,
Lord of Novas Exploding,
Lord of Speeding Light,
High King of Galaxies,
King of Orion,
King of the Moon.

**And still, even still,
our names for you
have been too few.**

**You are the God of Justice,
The God of Wisdom,
The God of Mercy,
The God of Redemption.**

You are The Lord of Love.

All of this is true.
But our names for you are still too few,
For our minds are too small
to conceive of them all,
let alone to contain them.

**You were before all things, you created
all things, and in you all things are
held together. There is no corner of creation
you will fail to redeem.**

**You are Lord of Lords,
and King of Kings,
O Jesus Christ,
our King of Everything.**

Amen.

Liturgy taken from Every Moment Holy (Rabbit Room Press 2017)
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