

The cry of my heart (the workless)

Those leaves, they say, are like you
a tattered pile of rotting nothingness.
But you, God of life, you say they are
a living mound of composting goodness.

They say you are rubbish, a drain on society.
You, Refuge God, say you who are drained take rest in me.

They say work makes the man.
You, Creator God, say no work kills creation.

Ever loving God, Giver of life,
you made me an integral part of your creation
to know love and serve you.
With every breath I will work to do so.

My hope is in you, Eternal God,
who blesses me in all my undertakings.

Amen.

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