

CANTICLES

PRAYER FROM THE HUMAN EMBRYO, THE UNBORN CHILD

By Martin Earle (A Bard of the Bard School
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*Our dear brothers and sisters,
sons and daughters of the almighty God,
do not forget God's holy prophets:
When God sent messengers to his chosen people to help them to seek and find Him,
they were mocked, stoned and murdered.
And now we, silent prophets of meekness and littleness, messengers of joy and hope, cry out:
The proud have risen against us,
Ruthless men seek to destroy our lives!*

*Our elder brothers and sisters,
sons and daughters born of the New Woman, the Church,
do not forget the Saviour of the world!
When, in the fullness of time, God sent us his only Son
He chose as his dwelling the womb of a child and the blessed hiddenness of Nazareth.
And now we, the unborn, the hidden ones,
seek protection and cry out for help!
Speedily rescue us!*

*Do not forget Jesus our all,
who became next to nothing for our sake:
Utterly God without beginning or end,
he came to save us by becoming utterly man!
Utterly God in the womb of Mary as on the hill of Calvary:
He was God Almighty in our human weakness,
Embryo, unborn child, man*

*Oh brothers and sisters,
sons and daughters of the living God,
do not forget our Lord!
When He walked among the sons of men he taught them, saying,
'Whatever you do unto the least of my disciples you do unto me'.
And now we, the unborn, truly the least among you, cry out:
We have been stripped naked – feed us!
We have been deprived of our food – protect us!*

*Our dear brothers and sisters,
first fruits of the New Creation,
do not forget the waters of your Baptism!
You renounced Satan, all his lies and empty promises,
and so received the Spirit of Truth.
And now we, the unborn, the Holy Innocents, cry out:
Proclaim what is just and right!*

*And do not forget the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ!
When he suffered he did not threaten vengeance
but prayed for those who abused him.
And now we, the unborn, the innocent ones, beseech the Author of all:
'Father forgive them for truly they do not know what they are doing!'*

*And do not forget the Holy Eucharist!
When the Eternal King desired to make a dwelling place in passing time
he chose as his host a morsel of bread.
We, the unborn, morsels of life, cry out:
Do not neglect our presence among you!*

AN EXCERPT FROM “THE WHOLE WAY”

BY WILLIAM GRIBBIN

(Full text available on request from billgribbin@tiscali.co.uk)

*We stand for the whole way for each within all,
for dolphins and dragon-flies, boobies and bugs,
for hedgehogs and herrings, eagles and ants;
the raucous, the brilliant, the prickly, the sharp;
the slimy, the slow, the roaring, the swift;*

*An Arkful of species with Greek-stretching names;
soaring or oozing, in pursuit or on watch;
blooming or bursting, or rutting and roused;
seeding by season, light-drawn or dark;
displaying, decaying, eating or food.*

*All, we would say, bound-fragile to Earth,
each delicate-proud by offspring and Order,
linked simple in chorus to Eco-Chain laws.*

*We stand for our own kind, unique in this crowd,
Share Noah’s protection of Allness by each.
We may wow at the wonder of a Universe more,
the outsights and insights of macroscope-minds,
frown our brows at the Biggest Bang Questions of all,
at creatures, Creation and God’s Image Man,
conceived to this vastness by seed-burst in passion;
micro-prolific, prolific-pro-life;
ushered towards ovum,
thence instant flesh-fusion to ‘me’;
dawning to selfhood by little womb-kicks.*

*Then cradled by midwife, held gentle in hope,
I flex for the first time, embrace my new world;
chest out my lungs to feed heart and test Voice,
settle my focus to work out my Vision.*

*Soon soul-set on sapience, questing for Knowledge,
I light on Awareness, unaware when I came by
this intellect-engine, experience unraveller.*

*It refines, it abstracts, it compresses to diamond.
Meditate-marvelling, I finger its facets
That refract back diverseness, the spectrum of Life.*

*By a speed I faint grasp, I aim to catch all.
I muscle and mind to identify me,
joined to all others in Global dependence.*

*My right to my life is my right to Potential.
My Now must have context,
my size and my age, my mind- and flesh-health
mere episode-clues to beyond.
Let me honour Creation in my life and yours,
so vulnerable-fleeting, submissive to Time.*

*Let none then deny me my future or end;
curtail my Perhaps or split my uniqueness;
intrude on my embryo-quickness; savage my foetus
or smother my last hours for evil convenience.*

*Bow, then, dear friend, to my right to full span,
you who may find
that in authoring others authority grows;
you who make laws,
who make whole or who preach,
who shepherd or plan, who nurse or who teach.*

*Judge not. Decide not.
Define not nor limit my right to succeed you.*

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POETRY AND PRAYER

St Francis sees everything in all its fullness and wonder:

The Canticle of All Creatures

*Most High, all-powerful, all-good Lord,
All praise is Yours, all glory, all honour and all blessings.
To you alone, Most High, do they belong,
and no mortal lips are worthy to pronounce Your Name.*

*Praised be You my Lord with all Your creatures,
especially Sir Brother Sun,
Who is the day through whom You give us light.
And he is beautiful and radiant with great splendour,
Of You Most High, he bears the likeness.*

*Praised be You, my Lord, through Sister Moon and the stars,
In the heavens you have made them bright, precious and fair.*

*Praised be You, my Lord, through Brothers Wind and Air,
And fair and stormy, all weather’s moods,
by which You cherish all that You have made.*

*Praised be You my Lord through Sister Water,
So useful, humble, precious and pure.*

*Praised be You my Lord through Brother Fire,
through whom You light the night
and he is beautiful and playful and robust and strong.*

*Praised be You my Lord through our Sister,
Mother Earth who sustains and governs us,
producing varied fruits with coloured flowers and herbs.*

*Praised be You my Lord through those who grant pardon
for love of You and bear sickness and trial.
Blessed are those who endure in peace,
By You Most High, they will be crowned.*

*Praised be You, my Lord through Sister Death,
from whom no-one living can escape.
Woe to those who die in mortal sin!
Blessed are they She finds doing Your Will.
No second death can do them harm.*

*Praise and bless my Lord and give Him thanks,
And serve Him with great humility.*

(St Francis of Assisi)



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