

Rock Named Peter

Angels singing...

**Praise, O servants of the Lord,
praise the name of the Lord!**

**May the name of the Lord be blessed
both now and for evermore!**

**From the rising of the sun to its setting
praised be the name of the Lord!**

Ps. 112:1-3

After billions of years, there was this rock lying on the moon, you see;

lying silently, adoring its God.

And God spoke to His rock: **“Dost thou love me?”**

“Yes, my Lord and my God.”

“Are you content with thy state?” asked the Will of God.

“You are my All, my Lord”.

“You might be a mortally deformed baby, dying in anguish and pain.”

“Will it be hard?” asked the rock.

“Excruciating”, said the Love of God.

“I love you as the rock that I am, my Heart of hearts.”

Angels singing...

**O splendor of the Father’s ray
Extending to us light from light
O Light of light, O Source of life
O Day who made the light of day**

Trappist Hymn

Ten million years later, God again spoke to His rock: **“Dost thou love me?”**

“You are the beating of my heart; with haste you sustain me from evil.”

And then God opened His rock: **“Wouldst’t thou be born as a babe?”**

“The dying child?” cried the rock.

“Whence in Me shall thee die?” hallowed the Spirit of God.

Angels singing...

**Let the heavens rejoice and earth be glad,
let the sea and all within it thunder praise,
let the land and all it bears rejoice,
all the trees of the wood shout for joy**

Ps. 95: 11-12

At the end of the ages, a short lifetime later, God again spoke to His rock: **“Dost thou love me?”**

and the rock shouted for joy, **“Abba, Father!”**

God answered, **“Has your heart been reconciled? Account for your life”**.

Answered the rock, **“I was born in tears, mine pulling down theirs, warm and salty. And when fallen, each tear exploded with joy, enough to fill the world. My mother held me, her crying meshed with mine in celestial harmony. Her sobbing, in time with her heartbeat, each one pressed closer her breast to mine. Pouring water on my head in prayer, they named me Peter. And then stretching, reaching out, I was here, my Lord and my God.”**

His Lord blessed him, **“Enter the wedding feast. I have prepared for thee a mansion, my child”**.

And then His child sang, **“You stretch out your hand and save me. I thank you Lord with all my heart; in the presence of the angels I will bless you, for it was you who created my being, knit me together in my mother’s womb. I thank you for the wonder of my being, for the wonders of all your creation.”**

Ps. 137:7,1 Ps. 138:13-14

Angels singing...

**Praise the Father, the Son and Holy Spirit,
both now and forever,
the God who is, who was, and is to come,
at the end of the ages.**

Doxology