

Lammastide - Creation And Harvest

Lammastide is the season celebrating the creation of the world, our dependence on that creation and our responsibility for it.

Traditionally the first sheaf of new wheat was reaped the day before, and the first loaf of the new harvest cooked from it and presented at the Church altar, hence Lammas - Loafmas.

Lammastide runs from Lammas on 1 August to Michaelmas Eve on 28 September. It therefore can contain eight or nine weeks or parts of weeks.

Sentence for Season

As long as the earth endures, seedtime and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night will never cease.

The bread that we break grew in the Creator's earth

It is to the Creator that we speak when we break it

The bread that we break grew at the Designer's word

It is the Designer who is revealed when we break it

The bread that we break grew with the Spirit's life

It is the Spirit who lives in us when we break it

With yeast I raise the harvest of the field

With vats I raise the harvest of the vine

With love I raise the harvest of the womb

The harvest of the field I take to feed me

The harvest of the vine I take to cheer me

The harvest of the womb I take to bless me

At the Creator's table I touch the harvest of the field

At the Creator's table I touch the harvest of the vine

At the Creator's table I touch the harvest of the womb

At the Creator's table I bind myself

With the strength of the field,

the joy of the vine,
the blessing of the womb
With the strength of the Creator,
the joy of the Creator,
the blessing of the Creator
For ever.

Before me, Christ's purpose
To my right, Christ's work
Behind me, Christ's witness
To my left, Christ's shield
Before me, Christ's harvest.

Prayers for Weeks

Lammas

Creator God, who breathes life into the very ground we stand on, we thank you for your world that you have entrusted to us, for whom your bread and wine are life itself. Amen

First Sunday in Lammastide

Lord of all things, visible and invisible, grant us the grace so to fulfil your trust that your world may flourish in beauty and in fruitfulness, not only for us, but for all your people in every time and place.
Amen

Second Sunday in Lammastide

God of creation, in whom we find true healing and true joy, teach us to bring healing of body, soul and spirit to all we meet, day by day.
Amen.

Third Sunday in Lammastide

God, who is above all things, below all things, before all things, after all things, and whose light shines from the deepest heart of your creation, lead us into your light and grant us to dwell there, where darkness can never overcome us. Amen

Fourth Sunday in Lammastide

God of power, whose guarding hand is ever over us and over all your creation, may we step out to new horizons in confidence, knowing that wherever we may go, we can never pass beyond your care and your protection. Amen

Fifth Sunday in Lammastide

Lord of the sea, Lord of the waves, Lord of the crashing waves, show us how the great and boisterous power of your creation reflects your true power and joy beyond all creation, that we may celebrate all that you have made, all that you have blessed, and all that you are and ever will be. Amen

Sixth Sunday in Lammastide

Sun and moon of the universe, may we look to your guidance day by day, night by night, to lead us into new worlds and new glories; and may we shine like stars to those around us, guiding them to the wonder of your grace, glory and everlasting love. Amen

Seventh Sunday in Lammastide

Glorious God, in whose hand is all power, glory and hope, Grant us the power to fly like a falcon to your lure, to soar like an eagle to your heaven, and to sing like a blackbird to attract others to your hope and glory. Amen

Eighth Sunday in Lammastide

O God, whose power is echoed in the lion, whose righteous judgement is echoed in the wolf, and whose sacrifice is echoed in the lamb, my our lives and our natures echo with your love and wonder, that others may be drawn to understand all that the Lion of Judah, the Wolf of the Wilderness and the Lamb that was Slain achieved on the Cross at Calvary. Amen

Ninth Sunday in Lammastide

Creator of the world, who rested from labour on this the seventh day, entrusting your creation to us, give us the grace to fulfil your trust, bringing all creation to birth, all men to the Cross, and ourselves to your throne. In the name of He who is enthroned for ever at your right hand, who reigned from the Cross, and who laughed for joy at creation. Amen.

Days of the Week

Sunday

Wisdom of God, the only-begotten of the Father before all worlds, through you all worlds were designed and created, and you laughed for sheer joy at their creation.

Wisdom of God, open my ears to hear your laughter

Wisdom of God, open my heart to share your joy

Wisdom of God, create something new in me:

Who lives and reigns with the Father and the Spirit, one God, world without end, Amen

Monday

We plough the fields, and scatter the good seed on the land

But do we care how the crop is used?

Do we care who eats of the crop?

Do we praise or condemn the poor who glean from its margins?

Or merely see them as a mark of inefficiency?

We dig the fields, and locate the good veins in the rock
But do we care where the backwash floods?
Do we care whose fields are polluted?
Do we praise or condemn the poor who glean from the spoil heaps?
Or merely see them as a mark of inefficiency?
We research the fields, and manufacture the good products that arise
But do we care how they will be used?
Do we care who is shot, burned or tortured by them?
Do we praise or condemn the poor who glean the rubbish bins?
Or merely see them as a mark of inefficiency?

Tuesday

I saw a flower - and my heart leapt at its beauty
I heard a bird - and my heart leapt at its music
I felt the sunlight - and my heart leapt at its warmth
The flower bloomed by a used syringe; the bird sang from a derelict factory; the sunlight shone on a burnt-out car
And my heart leapt for the hope they brought - flower, bird and sun, yes; but also syringe, factory and car
For everywhere you are, there is hope, and you are everywhere
Even in a used syringe, a derelict factory and a burnt-out car.

Wednesday

When I see what the Father makes, I do not always laugh for joy
When I see what the Son designs, my mind is not always enchanted
When I see what the Spirit enlivens, my heart does not always leap
For between me and the world,
between me and the pattern,
between me and the life,
the stains of my fingers, of my grasping, of my desire for more
block my vision

Thursday

O Lord my God

You say that your invisible qualities - your eternal power, your divine nature - can be understood from what has been made, since the creation of the universe.

Help me to strive to know more about your universe, so that I may know more of you, your eternal power, and your divine nature.

For you were there at the first cloud, and you will be there at the last raindrop.

And through your eternal power, through your divine wisdom, through your delight in and love for your creation - even for me - I shall be there too.

Friday

We sing with the morning stars; we shout for joy with the angels

For we see your creation, new every morning

We hear your wisdom, young beyond the ages

We eat your flesh, drink your blood, breathe your spirit, revel in your world, wonder at the stars

And sing with them, in your love, in the first moment of creation, for ever

Saturday

Lord,

We reap your fields, and gather in the grain;

we reap our skills, and gather in the riches;

we reap our investments, and gather in the profits;

Remind us, Lord, that you are the poor woman gleaning, the poor man gambling, the poor child stealing.

Remind us to make bigger the field edges, the dropped coins, the loose sweets,

so that you will come closer to us.

Close

Creator God, who so appointed your creation that we are responsible for your world and at the same time depend on it, give us the vision to see the wonder, beauty and unity of that you make, and the wonder, beauty and need of all your people; through that Lord Jesus Christ who designed all Creation and laughed for joy at our birth; Amen.

Ending Sentence

Open your eyes and look at the fields! They are ripe for harvest.