

Holy One of Many Blessings,
known to us by many names,
bound with us by many covenants,
always changing yet forever the same—

God of Chaos, God of Cosmos,
God of Challenges and Change,
God of hucksters and hipsters,
True Believers and True Behavers,
God of Saints, God of Tricksters,
God of the Desperate,
the Dying, the Denied,
God of Jazz and Mystery,
God of Power, Fragility,
God of Red Birds and of Red Sox,
our whole diverse Earth
is a sign your glory!

Ancient One, be near to us!
Source of All, please hear our prayers!
You change the face of Earth like a dress,
clothing the land with seasons.
Transform us and renew us now—
 like an ancient tree
 from a hallowed seed,
 whose roots go deep,
 come abundant to harvest,
 branches heavy with fruit,
 as they reach to grow
 over walls, past fences.

Give this community, O Holy One,
the powers of discernment,
the commitments of nurture,
the hope of our future,
the help of our past,
as we call forth this man,
we now present to you.

Confirm him as our president,
to be your faithful servant,
and your Church's lifelong friend,
to lead this school and guide us,
to turn us with new purpose
toward a grieving world,
to accompany us in sorrows,
and light the path to joy!

"Will I bring to the birth and not bear?" says the Lord.
"What I have purposed, I shall surely perform:
light in your darkness, shade in your blaze,
faithful in covenant, Ancient of Days!"

N'um Adonay; (thus says the Lord.)
And let the people say, AMEN!