

Psalm from a 747

The earth declares the glory of God, too!
From here, people can't be seen (with my eyes),
But your weather is everywhere.
You count their hairs, but they cannot see
One cell of your foot. Nor can I, even from here.
We rise to this height—wonderful to us—
And we have grown one-tenth of one percent.

How wonderful your wisdom;
How common our insight.
How rich your creation;
How narrow our technology.
How perfect your understanding;
How frightening our ignorance!

Up here, we survive only if we can maintain
Room temperature, one atmosphere,
Earth food, and a place to rest,
Not too much noise, not too much stress.

How incredible your kindness,
That you care for, even tolerate us in our frailty,
That you sacrificed anything for us,
That you can make us your children in the end.
Even now.

Down there, it all seems so significant,
So noteworthy, so meaningful.
Up here, it all seems so small,
So trivial, so mechanical.
I long to understand, dear Father, here or hereafter,
How, to you, it can be both.

Bob Smith
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