

A Liturgy for the Beauty of Camp

God of open skies and whispering pines,
Lord of still waters and the hands that serve,
Father of joy and every good gift—
I come to You in this place.

At Pine Cove—
throughout the woods,
across the hills and lakes,
the stained glass of host churches—
I am surrounded by beauty,
I remember that it all dimly reflects Your grandeur.

God of morning light,
You paint the sunrise through the trees.
Father of evening peace,
You meet me in the quiet as the day slows down.

Whether in the pool, at the cabin,
on the ropes course, or jumping at Club,
open my eyes to see You here—
not just around me, but within every moment.

In the splash of the lake, You are generous.
In the calm of the water at dusk, You are near.
In the chorus of voices at Club, You are worthy.
In quiet conversations, You are at work.

God of creation,
let me not stop at what is beautiful,
but see through it—
to You, the One who made it.

Lord of the ordinary and the extraordinary,
remind me that every camp, every moment, every place
is only a glimpse of Your kingdom—
a small window into a greater joy.

You are the source of every good thing I experience.
You are the giver of joy,
the sustainer of love,
the provider of peace.

Lord, let every song point to You.
Let every friendship reflect You.
Let every moment of beauty awaken in me
a deeper longing for what is eternal.

Father, through Christ,
I am known and loved.
I am invited into Your family,
into Your joy,
into Your rest.

Lord, whether here at camp or anywhere else,
let me see You more clearly,
love You more deeply,
and trust You more fully.

Amen.