Camp Trinity Prayer By: Peter Makuck

We praise you and thank you, Dear God,

for your sacred creation

everywhere evident at Camp Trinity

where we are daily blessed

by the ocean we swim in,

by the snap and billow of bright sails on the Bogue Sound,

by the sight and song of chickadees, cardinals, thrushes,

by squirrels playing tag from pine to live oak to towering pine,

or a solitary gull perched on a piling at the boat basin.

We witness your divinity

in the sparkle of wet marsh grass,

in the chiseled perfection and polish of whelks,

olives, scallops, murex---all reminders

that your eternal light radiates from the smallest shell.

And sand dollars, each etched with a perfect flower.

Sometimes trivia poses as importance and takes us from you,

but you never forget us and in your mercy welcome us back

to what matters most, your life that unites us

in prayer, play, and campfire song.

Again and again you sing to us through the beauty of egrets and herons,

and the glorious light-play at Sanders Point Chapel

where trees give way to the vastness of the sound and sky,

a sky that awes us with fiery sunsets

and bright starry nights.

And so this day we gather here between ocean

and sound in the shadows of oaks and pines

to join with Saints and Angels

in a chorus of praise to magnify the glory of your name: