



## Sanctus

And there was silence in heaven  
Revelation of St John 8.1

O you who sing before God's throne,  
whose voices repeat in heavenly chorus  
the eternal Sanctus,  
you whose finger holds the moment of suspense  
the hanging, unresolved cadence,  
the uncomfortable moment of silence,  
you whose finger holds the question  
that is leading us beyond ourselves:  
provoke imagination  
to stretch our wordy liturgies and rigid doctrines,  
to go beyond our comprehension,  
just over our horizon.

Holy God,  
connect us with the heartbeat of your music,  
touch us with the silence of your presence.  
Call us out from where we are comfortable  
to find you  
in the tensions and the questions.

Amen

