

A Cook's Prayer

*I stand before the cutting board,
an altar to the divinity within me
that provides the creative powers
and the Earth connection
to manifest them.*

*I stand with feet comfortably apart,
firmly planted, knees bent,
back straight, shoulders back.*

*I hold the knife gently yet firmly,
as I am held by my Creator.*

*As it rocks effortlessly
over stems and leaves,
reds and greens,
rounds and thins
outs and ins,*

I breathe in parsley and cilantro.

I breathe out carrots and onions.

*Visions of fields and trees,
flowers and farmer's markets
dance in my head
with open spaces,
fresh air, sunshine
and smiling faces.*

*Truly
nourishing
this body/mind/spirit
is a Joy
and
a Blessing.*

Thank You.

Amen.