# TEKTON CHRÍSTOS (Craftsman Christ)

Tekton Chrístos, divine and human Craftsman,
Your work is so often only recalled by us cosmically.
Indeed, your work eternally extends before and behind the fabric of all time and space,
forever reconciling human to human and human to God.
You alone tore through temporality to meet us –
ordinary humans who live, work, and play within its bounds.
You are no stranger to our labor pains
As we make it harder on ourselves,
you gently, firmly restore meaning to our work.

Awaken our minds and hearts to recall your human hands:
rough and calloused, careful and tender.
Hands that fashioned wood to be beautiful and useful,
ornate and simple,
sentimental and practical,
impractical and pragmatic.

You imaged a lifelong pursuit of craftsmanship,
patiently working wood - failing and trying again
seasoning, curing, molding, and carving;
garnishing, shaving, oiling, and making evident
its intended form since the dawn of creation.

Through the work of your calloused hands now residing in heaven,
fashion for us a cloak of your Holy Spirit's presence over our shoulders
ever before and behind, ever above and below, ever with,
ever defending– not only from the harm of others, but also self-harm.
May such a holy garment bless and keep us in all the spaces of our own work.
In the name of Christ Jesus, the visible image of God's work in the world.
Amen.

**Written for the Worship for Workers Project of Fuller Seminary by Brad Campbell from Indianapolis, Indiana **