

Holy God, still our souls and make us quiet before you, like a child on its mother's lap. Hear the prayers we have lifted up to you. And then let us put our ears right next to your heart, so that just as you hear and absorb our prayers, and the prayers of all your people, we too may be moved by compassion and concern for these whose names we have spoken this morning, those whose need we carry in our minds and hearts, and those whose faces you are urging us to see.

Let us hear your need for our partnership in mending the world. Let us respond with willingness—even eagerness—to be your hands, your feet, your partners. Help us to bend enough to be useful to you.

So often, your Spirit comes with the fire of justice,  
and we extinguish it with complacency.

The Spirit comes with the rain of love,  
And we open an umbrella of reserve.

The Spirit comes on fresh winds of change,  
and we close the windows.

This time—this time—let us breathe in deeply of your freshness. Let us line up with eagerness to taste your quenching water, to touch the heat of your passion for justice, to feed at the table of your wisdom.

As we gather this morning at your table, fill us with all we need to live freely, to love extravagantly, to dare as foolishly as children to trust you.

Amen