

A Prayer

God of our past, we know all too well that history is riddled with stories that break our hearts, that break your heart. We remember not only the glaring horrors of history that come easily to mind--Auschwitz, Rwanda, Hiroshima--but also the subtler wrongs that hide in the dark corners of the world's imagination, wrongs that have gone largely ignored and forgotten. But in the midst of our lament, we remember that you have seen and heard these injustices and have chosen to do something about it. You sent your Son to enter into the mess and filth of your broken world in order to wrench it around from the inside and to finally turn it back to you. We remember this, and we give thanks.

God of our present, we know all too well that the world is still not all that it is supposed to be. Our jail cells burst their seams as entire communities continue to live in the midst of violence and fear. Ever cheaper labor is demanded by consumers and producers alike, even as the people who are desperate enough to work at providing it are dehumanized and devalued. Desperate migrants around the world find themselves enmeshed in massive networks of human traffickers who are utterly indifferent the humanity of disadvantaged and displaced persons and are eager to capitalize on their suffering. But in the midst of our despair, we remember the "everything new" promise of Christ, and we rest in his presence in the midst of our pain. We trust in the power of the Holy Spirit to unite us to Christ and to each other in our journey toward justice.

God of our future, you have shown us your glorious plans for your creation in the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. You have wrapped heaven and earth inextricably together, and you assure us of a future when sin, evil, pain, and injustice will be no more. We know the end of the story, but we confess that it can be hard to believe that all that is wrong will one day be made right. We confess our propensity toward apathy in the face of injustice, indifference in the face of suffering. We confess that we all too easily live as if we do not believe the end of the story. But in the midst of our doubt, we rest in the hope of the coming kingdom of justice and peace, and we roll up our sleeves. We join you as you dismantle systems of oppression. We raise our voice alongside those whom the world has long forgotten to pay attention to. We sow seeds of justice that others may reap, trusting that you are the God of the harvest.