

2021 07 25 Opening Prayer

God of Justice, saviour to all.

Like bread that feeds us, wine that quenches our thirst, like fire that warms us, a blanket that wraps around us, your voice, your whispers are nourishment to our souls. And it doesn't matter what place we are in, God – you always show up. Whether it's on the mountain when we stop to look long enough and watch a bird snapping up a spider, or in nature's beautiful circle of life at any time, we thank you. You're always there.

Our hearts are heavy, God. We don't really know how to respond appropriately to what is going on in the world. We scoff at those who abuse power and yet we do the very same. We don't do this intentionally, but our pride and selfishness gets in the way and we point fingers and we judge, but in our own anger we forget to look in the mirror. YET, so generously, you shine the warm winter sun on us when we complain that it's cold. How hard we make things, oh God, how heavy the yoke we place on ourselves through our insecurity and pride, through our fear and unbelief, through our denial. The world becomes so threatening when we base our joy on our own ability to create it.

Without you we would be lost in a cold and dark world without joy and without life. Without hope.

We give you our deepest gratitude for being the one consistent presence in our lives. Without you we are nothing. Apart from you we can do nothing.

At times like this, when the triumph of death seems inevitable, and the suffering around us makes us want to turn away, we commit to resurrection. We commit to compassionate giving. We commit to becoming agents of your resurrected power wherever we find ourselves.

We Echo those words of the modern prophets who said:

How long will we sing? / How long will we pray?

How long will we write and send?

How long will we bring? / How long will we stay?

How long will we make amends?

How long will we talk / How long will we prod?

How long must we fret and hoard?

How long will we walk to tear down this facade?

How long? How long, O Lord?!

How can we stand by / And fail to be aghast?

How long 'til we do what's right?

How could we stand by / And choose a lesser fast?

How long 'til we see the light?

On the green, green grass they gathered long ago.

To hear what the Master said.

What they had they shared - some fishes and some loaves.

And they served until all were fed.

Amen.

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