Prayers for Peace, Hope and Justice

God holds all

I am so tired. Every day it feels to me, at least that we are living in a big world sandpit, filled with grown-ups who have not learnt their preschool lessons. Share, be kind.

In the worldwide sandpit, there is so much fighting, this is my space, my sand, and if you do not give it to me, I will throw sand in your eyes.

There are divisions, a left and right side, a wrong and right side, separated by imaginary stories of each other.

I am tired of some piling up their sand, pretending that it is okay to take another's share, as if it normal to do what everybody is doing. Others take so can I.

I am tired of small petty squabbles from small imaginations of how to play well with each other. I read about this each day in the news; it is so noisy and shouts loudly.

I am tired of the barb wire that surrounds us.

At the same time, I find solace in each new day, the sunrise, the colours of the sky, birds that sing, the trees that grow. Nature knows how to collaborate and nurture for growth and well-being.

I am encouraged by the people who spend their days caring for others, mostly women of humble backgrounds. Yesterday I was with a mother of two disabled children who said she is blessed to care for her children and the community.

I am renewed seeing people work together and with intentional kindness.

I am lifted up with good news stories, in many different places across cultural barriers.

I am restored by the goodness of people around me.

I am thrilled to be part of a heritage celebration and a coming together.

I trust and hope that there is a new day dawning and a new world is emerging.

It is both, light and darkness. The barb wire and candle of hope and peace. Let us pray.

We turn our faces to the Light, the One who birthed light out of darkness. Both light and darkness are of God.

We lift our little hearts to the great Heart who created all things to be beautiful and make everything good.

We open our weary bodies to the One who embraces all, the highs and lows, the beautiful and interesting.

God, the immense Heart is in us and holds our small hearts that do not fully understand love and how to receive Divine Love. God holds all, even the separate and divided, tensions and paradoxes.

We are thankful to the God who knows and sees all things and goes to find us, bringing and welcoming home the broken and lost to be part of the community. We give thanks to each and every homecoming.

Nothing is hidden from the depth of knowing by the One who loves us all.

Even the darkness is as if light to the Beloved.

God calls us home, back to ourselves, and together, to return to a deeper knowing of the profound depth of Love for each and every one of us.

The heights and length and breadth have no eternal boundaries

We are all one.

God is with us in the sandpit of life; our gifts and blessings outnumber the grains of sand.

May we know this deeply, to live and love and have our being, with each other, with the Creator and the One who holds us all in the infinite Embrace of Love.

Amen.

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