

Sunday Prayers:

God of Pentecost: We give thanks for your Trinity—especially today, the work of your Spirit. In the explanation of the third article of the Apostle's Creed, Martin Luther said that we cannot profess our faith without the partnership of your Holy Spirit. Thanks for that particular gift of the Trinity. Thank you for working in us through us, among us and around us. Breath and life, truth and grace, hope and possibility are all part of that and we are grateful. Lord in your mercy... hear our prayer.

Gracious God, people have lost loved ones—parents, siblings, spouses, children and friends. Please wrap your love around them. Hold them tightly enough to feel the pulse of your resurrection promise. We especially remember Jim, Kathy, Jacob and Jared Lanier on the death of Jacob's fiancée, Megan Ellie. Lord, in your mercy, hear our prayer.

Holy Healer, for those who are hurting—physically, emotionally, spiritually, please bring healing. The kind of healing that alleviates the fierceness of throbbing pain, the discomfort of debilitating disease, the chaos of uncertainty—the kind of healing that restores the hope of deep and abundant wellness. Lord in your mercy, hear our prayer.

We give thanks for new life and the sacrament of Holy Baptism. Today we give thanks for Silvan Maly and his family. Love this child with boldness. Allow grace to be Silvan's guide. Instill in each intergenerational member of this family—also known as Silvan's cheering team—a measure of your goodness, your peace, your passion and your pulse of promise. Lord in your mercy, hear our prayer.

For the seniors—all of them in general—and the precious ones among us today, grant them the gift of your ongoing presence. Bless their growing. Bless their becoming. Bless their evolving. You have created them with so many talents, so much intellect, so much beauty—help them realize that they are not only essential to the world, they are precious...and valued...and necessary for the future to be infused with fresh love...and grace and goodness. Guide them always. Lord in your mercy, hear our prayer.

Holy One, music is a language of human love. For the choirs, each individual voice, the instruments and those who strum, pick, blow, ring, beat rhythms and play them in all the ways they are playable...whoa—we are so thankful. For the joyful noises...and the mesmerizing harmonies, we are awed, and grateful...and moved with mercy. Thanks for it all, and continue to work in us and through us as we make music everywhere.

God of us All, we try, we work hard, we give everything we have in us most days—so, please, love us boldly, encourage us to keep going, empower us to love others, refuel us with hope... and gratitude...and love...for all living things....including our own mirrored image. Amen.

Into your hands we commend all for whom we pray trusting in your mercy, believing in your love. Amen.