

Sunday Prayers  
July 21, 2024

God of us All, There is no room in this world for political violence...for any reason. We are a people of peace. Help us see that. Help us debate with integrity. Help us learn from one another. Help us see that your love is the best way forward...for all people...always. Help us also see that “Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It is not rude, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth.” Help us live that...Lord in your mercy, hear our prayer.

Gracious God, in this sabbath season we call summer, help us take some extra time to enjoy the gifts of your earth—the smell of lavender growing in the neighborhood, the taste of berries fresh from the source, the sweet flavor of tomatoes ripe from the garden, a bouquet of field flowers adorning a simple table, corn on the cob with butter from our local dairies. There is so much goodness in the simple things around us. Help us remember that in this season of produce, that you are working in our midst in so many subtle and profound ways. Lord in your mercy, hear our prayer.

Holy God, we pray for the people in need of healing—whatever the healing need might be. Some need physical healing. Some need relational healing. Some need healing the old wounds that keep surfacing in their lives. Whatever the need, please tend it with mercy, compassion and love. Lord in your mercy, hear our prayer.

God of Easter, resurrection remains illusive in so many ways and real in so many others. For those who are grieving, help them understand that because of you, death no longer defines life and life itself has been redefined. Help us live into that truth...as we grieve those we love. This week, we especially pray for:

- Dann and Stacey Bormann on the death of Dann’s mom.
- David and Molly Petroff and family on the death of David’s mom, Polly.

- Steve and Charlotte Miller on the death of Alicia—Charlotte's best friend, since college.

Hold these people tightly as they mourn their loves...tightly enough to feel the pulse of your resurrection promise in a way that matters. Lord in your mercy, hear our prayer.

Holy One, You call us by name and claim us as your very own. Help us understand that such a promise means that we are precious and irreplaceable in your eyes...in your world. We all have a reason for being here...a means of loving ourselves and others...something to share out of the goodness you have created us to be and become. Help us be kind. Help us tend the people we see with mercy. Help us see more than what originally appears to be the story. Help us do these things—not only with strangers and acquaintances, but also with the people who share our homes, our names, and our neighborhoods. May we also find a soft, sensible way of dealing with our own inadequacies...and frailties. Love us boldly. Tend us with patience. Hold us gently. Lord in your mercy, hear our prayer.

God of Creation, may we honor all that you have given us. Lord in your mercy, hear our prayer.

God of the World, help us to see the love that is on the loose among us. Help us to cherish the love that lives in our lives...the love that we receive...the love that we give...your love that bends things to justice and truth, peace and goodness, hope and possibility. We need that right now. Lord in your mercy, hear our prayer.

Into your hands, Gracious God, we commend all for whom we pray. Guide us with mercy. Grant us grace for the journey. Amen.