

CONGREGATIONAL PRAYER

God with us, Your empathy did not cease in your incarnation as you left the status of king to become a common citizen; but it was also marked by healing, rebuking, and ended in incomprehensible sacrifice.

We have traded the fierceness of your empathy for sentimental whims of sadness. Restore this in us. Grant us an empathy that might begin with tears, but is also enmeshed with an unrelenting proximity to the hurting and the resolute doing of justice and mercy, even that justice that means loss of comfort and status for us.

And let empathy lay her head down each night on hope itself, rising with the deep knowledge that restoration is coming. We are the hands and feet of a promise.

Amen.

CONGREGATIONAL SONG: TAKE MY HAND, PRECIOUS LORD

Precious Lord, take my hand
Lead me on, let me stand
I'm tired, I'm weak, I'm lone
Through the storm, through the night
Lead me on to the light
Take my hand precious Lord, lead me home
When my way grows drear precious Lord linger near
When my light is almost gone
Hear my cry, hear my call
Hold my hand lest I fall
Take my hand precious Lord, lead me home

When the darkness appears and the night draws near
And the day is past and gone
At the river I stand
Guide my feet, hold my hand
Take my hand precious Lord, lead me home

Precious Lord, take my hand
Lead me on, let me stand
I'm tired, I'm weak, I'm lone
Through the storm, through the night
Lead me on to the light
Take my hand precious Lord, lead me home

CLOSING

To continue processing the themes from tonight, we recommend reading [Prophetic Lament: A Call for Justice in Troubled Times](#) by Soong-Chan Rah. To continue listening to the music from tonight, check out "Lament Songs" by [The Porter's Gate](#) and "Praise and Protest" by [Common Hymnal](#).

TRINITY
GRACE
CHURCH

RACIAL RECONCILIATION: BECOMING A FAITHFUL WITNESS

A TIME TO LAMENT

OCTOBER 10, 2021

— please enter in silence —

WELCOME AND OPENING PRAYER

SCRIPTURE READING: PSALM 10

SONG: O SACRED NECK, NOW WOUNDED

HOMILY

SONG: WAKE UP, JESUS

LAMENT FOR THE HARM WE HAVE DONE

Lord, remember the pains of our land. Look and see the evil we have done. Look and see the times we have chosen comfortable silence over courageous truth.

Have mercy O God.

We have benefited from the plunder of a land that has destroyed generations of native people. We have treated their annihilation as a necessary part of history — the erasure of their culture as the way to establish our own.

Have mercy O God.

We have criticized those who can't pull themselves up by their bootstraps while pressing the boot to their neck should they dare to stand. We have created generations of families separated by prison bars. We have sought the appearance of justice and settled for law and order.

Have mercy O God.

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We have preached a Gospel of individualism and have failed to question the systems and structures that oppress our neighbors. We have condemned those who have dared to name the racism in our midst. We have been overly cautious when we needed courageous conviction.

Have mercy O God.

We are a country fractured - a people divided. We have turned the humanity of our sisters and brothers into issues of political ideology. The lies of white supremacy have infected our communities and our homes.

Have mercy O God.

We bear the scars of our ancestors - whether it was our back that was torn open or our hand that was holding the whip.

Have mercy O God.

We have failed to see Your face in the faces of those seeking refuge within our borders. We have labeled the man, woman, and child with black and brown skin as a threat, while fantasizing and fetishizing our Asian brothers and sisters.

Have mercy O God.

We long for true shalom. How long oh Lord must we wait for the world to be made right? We ache for the day when the pain of our sister and brother becomes our own.

Come Lord Jesus.

We feel the weight of despair closing in. We look to You as the Almighty and righteous judge.

You, Lord, are enthroned forever; Your throne endures from generation to generation. Lord, establish shalom. Do not forget us. Restore us to yourself and to one another.

SONG: WATER

A PRAYER OF LAMENT FOR THE DAUGHTERS OF RACHEL

Thus says the Lord: "A voice is heard in Ramah, Lamentation and bitter weeping. Rachel is weeping for her children; She refuses to be comforted for her children, Because they are no more." (Jeremiah 31:15)

We cry to you, oh Lord.

In mourning for Oluwatoyin Salau, Breonna Taylor, Sandra Bland and countless other black and brown women who have died unjustly. The voice of their blood cries out to you from the ground.

We cry to you, oh Lord.

In anguish for the babies we birthed who were ripped from our arms and sold on auction blocks.

We cry to you, oh Lord.

In anguish for our black sons and black daughters, who we nurtured with our bodies and souls and who breathe the breath of life no more.

We cry to you, oh Lord.

In anguish for the white boys and white girls we nurtured with our bodies and souls, who grew to despise and oppress us.

We cry to you, oh Lord.

In anguish for the ways our bodies have been objectified, abused, subject to cruel labor, ridicule and caricature.

We cry to you, oh Lord.

To the God who made us in His image, for the ways our personhood has been diminished in song, film, and literature.

We cry to you, oh Lord.

To the God who hears all, for the ways our voices have been silenced in churches, meetings, hospitals, courts and legislatures.

We cry to you, oh Lord.

To the God who sees and knows all, for the ways our stories have been minimized and erased from history.

How long, oh Lord?

We await the God of the psalms, whose voice thundered in the heavens, whose anger caused the foundations of the mountains to tremble, whose nostrils poured out smoke, and from whose mouth came forth consuming fire, and who came down from the heavens with hailstones and lightning.

God of justice, arise.

For our vindication against those who would crush the image of God in us and our children.

God of mercy, save us.

From those who seek to take our lives and livelihoods.

God of love, redeem us.

Give us renewed hope that our tears and labor have not been in vain, that the story you are telling ends with us fully reconciled and dwelling with you forever.

Thus says the Lord: "Keep your voice from weeping, and your eyes from tears, for there is a reward for your work, declares the Lord, and they shall come back from the land of the enemy. There is hope for your future, declares the Lord, and your children shall come back to their own country. (Jeremiah 31: 16-17)

SONG: O JERUSALEM

READING: ISAIAH 52