



Jesus our Lord, acquainted with sorrow, we come to you.
To those who were sent into battle, have mercy.
Comfort the broken. Hold the hands of the dying.
Only your scarred hands can speak to our scars,
And only your shed blood can speak to theirs.
Lamb who was slain, who sits at the right hand of the Father,
Gather their families under your wing. Heal their wounds.
Restore their souls.
God of justice, we cry for justice.

Jesus our Lord, who fled to Egypt, we pray for the refugees.
We weep with those who weep and mourn with those who mourn.
Speak to them, for we don't know what to say.
God of all the earth, give them a home.
Jesus, lover of children, we pray for the children of Ukraine,
Growing up in darkness and fear,
Growing up with the sounds of sirens and explosions,
Growing up with scattered families and shattered homes.
Let them know comfort. Let them know love.
Let them lie down in green pastures. Lead them beside still waters.
Away from war. Far away from even the threat of war.
God of peace, we cry for peace.

Jesus our Lord, head of the church, guide us in the way of wisdom.
Let us shine your kingdom's light in times of darkness.
Unify the church in your Spirit, and deliver the evil one from our midst.
God who makes wars cease to the ends of earth,
Beat these swords into plowshares.
Remember your promises. Let it be true that
'Nation will not lift up sword against nation, and never again learn war.'
Come, Lord Jesus. Let your will be done.

- Rev. Chad Gibbons, displaced missionary from Ukraine