We pray tonight to the God who stilled the storm:
God, we bring before you our prayers of lament,
     prayers of petition,
     prayers of hope.
The truth is, we feel like a small boat in the middle of a vast ocean, and the tempest is raging.
We bring to you, in our prayer tonight, almost a billion people across the world
     who don’t know where their next meal is coming from,
     entire populations who live in devastating poverty while their rulers and
     governments live in obscene wealth,
     the millions whose countries and families are ripped apart by war, who are
forced to flee into strange lands where their welcome is not guaranteed.

The tempest is raging, and sometimes it feels like you are not with us.
We bring to you the racial tears in the fabric of our societies,
     innocent people gunned down and kidnapped in their own towns while the
leaders of society look on with apathy or helplessness,
     people whose very identity frightens other people,
     people who respond to fear with violence,
     people who are killing each other in your name.

The tempest is raging, and we cry out to you, “Can’t you see that we are perishing?”
We bring these things before you, because we must.
We know there is hope; we see signs of hope, but we are still frightened, and our hearts are still
breaking for our sisters and brothers who do not see those signs.

Speak to the winds of conflict, “Peace, be still.”
Speak to the waves of sorrow, “Peace, be still.”
Speak to our restless and raging hearts, “Peace, be still.”
Speak your words of healing, we pray. In Jesus’ name,

Amen.