

The Lord's Prayer (extended dance mix): adapted from Rev. Nadia Bolz-Weber

Our Father, Our Mother, Our Holy Parent, you who know us better than we know ourselves. Jesus called you Abba, 'Daddy', the one who loves without condition. Gather round those in Ukraine, like a mother hen gathers round her chicks, and give her protection and safety.

Who art in heaven. Who art in bunkers and tube stations, bombed-out apartments and hospitals, who art in train stations where people flock to escape war, and who art at border controls accepting pregnant mothers who have walked for days. Our Father who art in the halls of Parliament, Brussels and Washington, where leaders need to make wise decisions.

Hallowed be thy name. Holy is your name. Even when your gospel is mis-quoted by Putin in the name of bloody nationalism, attempting to justify his gangster behaviour by murdering the weak, the old, children and single mothers, people trying to feed those in need. Your name remains holy.

Thy kingdom come. Right now we beg you to bring more than just a little bit of heaven to earth because we are in a global pandemic, there are unjust wars waged on innocent people and the earth is on fire. It's a mess, so we need your kingdom to speed up. We need wise leaders, just systems and an large dose of compassion for all of us.

Thy will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven. Thy will and not ours be done. But sometimes it's pretty clear what your will is. When terrorists attack completely innocent people, forcing them from their homes to live off the kindness of strangers with no idea of what the future holds, it's pretty clear what you want. When people huddle underground while bombs drop overhead, it's pretty clear what you want. So we pray for peace. For justice. For an end to war.

Give us today our daily bread. Bless those who have remained in Ukraine to feed those who cannot move. Bless all those humanitarian agencies who risk life and limb to provide medicines and exit routes in the so-called safe corridors. Bless those who feed their enemies.

And forgive us our sins as we forgive those who sin against us. Forgive us for how much we resent in others the same things we hate in ourselves. Forgive us for thinking we know the hearts of our enemies.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Deliver us from the idea that we do not have evil in our hearts. Deliver us from thinking we are right. Deliver us from a complete lack of imagination about where you are in the middle of this war and how you are already showing up. Deliver us from complacency and inaction.

As Jesus taught us, we throw this bag of prayers at your door. We are your children and we are claiming your promises. But we are not asking nicely. Some of us are holding your feet to the fire, some of us are wondering about the way this world seems out of control, some of us are distracted and just going through the motions and some of us simply want to serve you as best we can. Use these prayers to hammer us all into vessels that can accept the answer when it comes.

For Thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever and ever.

And the people all said 'Amen.'

Receive this blessing: Go forth into the world in peace. Be of good courage. Hold fast to that which is good. Render to no one evil for evil. Strengthen the faint-hearted. Support the weak. Help the afflicted. Honour all people. And the blessing of the Triune God, Eternal Majesty, Incarnate Word, and Abiding Spirit rest upon you this day and remain with you forever. Amen.