

Prayers

16 Days of Activism

God, you created all people in your image and likeness. Your people in this spot of the world are bleeding and suffering. Women are killed, their bodies are torn, other women are witnessing the killing of their dear ones, their children, infants, fetus in their wombs, their brothers' fathers and relatives. Oh, loving God, God of Mercy how come you allow this to happen to our people. God watch over your people.

God, please listen to the cry that rises from every corner of this spot of the world.

God, you created us to praise you, to live in dignity, justice, peace and respect. But through this war against civilians, we see no justice, no dignity for human beings.

To world leaders grant the wisdom, especially those who believe in Jesus Christ to stand for truth and justice.

Gracious God, we pray for all persons suffering from war. May they be held in your loving care and protection and given the strength to endure great suffering and hardship. Transform the hearts and minds of all those who perpetuate violence and oppression.

Hana Zoughbi, East Jerusalem

God, we need you to lead decision makers the grace of conversion to the path of peaceful dialogue and constructive collaboration to bring justice to suffering women and provide them with shelter, food and strength. Help frightened children and rest the souls of those who lost their lives as victims of human cruelty. We ask this in the name of Jesus Christ, your son, our Savior and our lord and in the name of humanity.

Hana Zoughbi, East Jerusalem

For the gaslit, the lied to, the dismissed: God of love and light, have mercy

For the depressed, the anxious, the isolated, for those who punish their body to numb their souls: God of love and light, have mercy

For the leaders, repenting and ashamed: God of love and light, have mercy

For the suicidal and despairing, for those who feel worthless: God of love and light, have mercy

For those who are fearful of their collusion being discovered, for those who remain silent: God of love and light, have mercy

For the whistle-blowers, for the disclosers, for those facing huge sacrifice in the pursuit of truth: God of love and light, have mercy

For those who have watched the agony of their loved ones: God of love and light, have mercy

For the safeguarding advisers, for those shining a light in the darkness: God of love and light, have mercy

For the perpetrators and the enablers: God of love and light, have mercy

For the discouraged, for those who doubt the goodness of the Father due to the actions of His representatives: God of love and light, have mercy

For the activators, for the changemakers: God of love and light, have mercy

For those who mourn lost childhoods: God of love and light, have mercy

Have mercy oh God, have mercy. For we have ignored the voiceless and protected the powerful. Have mercy oh Lord, for without you we can do nothing.

God of love and light, have mercy. Amen.

Lizzi

Heavenly Father, You tell me that you love me, But I have known the pain of rejection, Of being used, exploited and ignored. You call me your child, But I have known what it is to not be protected by those meant to love me most. You say I am special, But I have known what it means to feel worthless. I have not got the words, nor yet the trust, to ask for much. So this I ask. Be close. Amen

Lizzie

Heavenly Father, giver of all good gifts, Give us the gift of anger, that we may rage against injustice and harm. Give us the gift of discontent with all systems that exploit your children. Give us the gift of courage, that we may fearlessly confront abuse.

Give us the gift of hope, that we may offer to those who are abused a place to dare to dream again. Give us the gift of truth, that all may see themselves as your beloved. Heavenly Father, giver of all good gifts, Help us to love your children well. Amen

Lizzi

He was my beloved. We had grown up together, played together, fought together, made up and began the whole cycle again. And now he was ill. They ask me why I went to him? Surely I had known?

Surely I had guessed? I ask you – what would you have done? You would have taken him the food – you know you would have. I would have given anything for him. Except for the one thing he took without my permission.

He grabbed me. For a split moment, I thought he was playing with me, as in days of old. My mistake soon became clear. I begged him to leave me be. To consider my reputation, my honour, my faith. But he would not.

These things were meaningless to him. The face of my beloved had become monstrous to me. And monstrous were the deeds he committed. I thought he loved me. But he turned such venom on me that I fled. I reminded him of what he had done, and he banished me from his sight.

Where could I go? I ran to Absalom. He had always been such a comfort in the rough and tumble of our youth. He had always been the one to support me, to tell me that I was special, that I was valuable, that I was cherished, even in a houseful of boys.

And Absalom, my protector told me to be silent. To hide his sin and my shame. But the voices in my head could not be quieted.

And now, young friend, now I shout. I shout across the millenia. I shout for you and for every other person who has been violated and abused. I shout for the silenced ones and for those who weep but are not heard.

Do you hear me, my friend? Do you hear me? I will call until you listen. I will call you with words of truth and justice and mercy. I will call you by your name – cherished, beloved, worthy. I will call until you can no longer hear the lies.

I will call until the mantle of shame falls from you. I will call to you who are betrayed, you who deserve so much more.

And I will call to you, who abuse God's children. To you who turn on those who trust you. To you who silence the tears of the abandoned. To you who are more concerned with reputation than truth.

I will call until you can no longer block my voice from your head, from your thoughts. Until you can hear the voice of the One who calls you – yes, even you – to turn and repent. I am Tamar. Once raped and silenced. But now. Now I shout.

Lizzi - Tamar Litany

Hold my hope.

Hold my trembling.

Hold my heart.

Teach me to be love.

Ana Hernández, song leader and recording artist in Kingston, New York