

Reflections and Prayers for Remembrance Sunday

*From "Martinmas/Saint Martin's Day, An
alternative liturgy for Remembrance Day" by
Rosemary Power*

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God grant us this day an end to all war and rumours of war; the courage to allow our Creator, Friend and Renewer to melt our hearts into love, our swords into ploughshares and our anger into justice. May the peace we wish for our neighbour, the goodness we desire for ourselves and the presence of the one God in community be with us all.

Amen.

The Last Post

In our damaged histories,

Lord, redeem us from our past.

In our willing acts of conflict,

Lord, lead us to seek peace.

In our divisions and extremism,

Lord, unite us with your love.

In our confusion, indecision,

Lord, steady us with your power.

In our muddled intentions,

Lord, enlighten us with your truth.

Amen.

Creator God, you made us all, to enjoy the richness of life in its fullness. Yet we have scorned our neighbours as 'the enemy', 'the masses', 'swarms', forgetting that each is your gift to us, created in love to unfold in this world for the good of all.

Lord, have mercy.

We pray for all caught in war, where homes are destroyed, with fields and pastures, work and culture, as the winds sweep away leaves. We recall people fleeing, injured, separated, displaced, refugees in a strange land, remembering that you too knew this pain. We know that our nations, and we as their members, have been the cause of war and the sellers of weapons.

Christ, have mercy.

We have heard the cries of your people, and rejected the change to what we think is our comfort. We have not heeded the change that abandons easy violence for complex discussion; the change that welcomes the stranger, gives help to the suffering, the change which creates a different way of living, in your company. Goodness of God, grant us your mercy.

Lord, have mercy.

Creator God, you made every one of us, uniquely, wonderfully, and called us from nothingness to walk with you through this world. We are called to enjoy the world, grow in it, labour in it, give service to the future, and are then called home to be with you forever.

We call you 'Lord', 'bread-provider', 'companion at the feast' and 'householder'. May we be nurtured by you, in your house, as we journey into the darkness of the world's pain, and as we seek to follow you a different way.

Help us, in prayer together, to remember lives cut short, to see our part in pain, and to turn our eyes to you again, that we might serve in building a future free from fear.

Amen

Scripture reading Micah 4, 1 – 5

Now it shall come to pass in the latter days
That the mountain of the LORD's house
Shall be established on the top of the mountains,
And shall be exalted above the hills;
And peoples shall flow to it.

Many nations shall come and say,
"Come, and let us go up to the mountain of the LORD,
To the house of the God of Jacob;
He will teach us His ways,
And we shall walk in His paths."
For out of Zion the law shall go forth,
And the word of the LORD from Jerusalem.

He shall judge between many peoples,
And rebuke strong nations afar off;
They shall beat their swords into ploughshares,
And their spears into ^[a]pruning hooks;
Nation shall not lift up sword against nation,
Neither shall they learn war anymore.

But everyone shall sit under his vine and under his fig tree,
And no one shall make them afraid;
For the mouth of the LORD of hosts has spoken.

For all people walk each in the name of his god,
But we will walk in the name of the LORD our God
Forever and ever.

Reflection

Prayers

We have damaged your world with our violence, and creation weeps. We are the people you have called to set your world free, that there may be enough for the needs of all. Give us work for all, for those who stand until the eleventh hour unhired, for those who cannot pay their rent to live as you would wish, for those abused as idle where there is no choice. You have given us hope and help where the future seems. Help us to mend our world, through our prayer, through actions born of prayer.

Loving Christ,
Enter our lives.

We pray for those damaged by war. Enter them, Creator God, in body, mind and spirit, as far as they invite you, and let them have the peace that comes with your healing touch of grace. We pray for those who walk with them: family, friends, doctors and counsellors, that they may have courage, self-control, and patient endurance. Remind us that earth has no sorrow heaven cannot heal.

Loving Christ,
Enter our lives.

We pray for nations torn by conflict. Spirit of the Living God, enter into the hearts of your people, bring forth new leaders from among your scattered survivors, help them to overcome the fears of the past, and see in the face of the past enemy the face of a future friend.

Loving Christ,
Enter our lives.

We pray for peacekeepers, for those who risk their lives to protect others. We pray for those who risk themselves, their reputations, their goods and the safety of their families. Loving Lord, keeper of peace that builds upon justice, guide those who walk in your ways, seeking the right path, and give them wisdom.

Loving Christ,
Enter our lives.

God grant us this day an end to all war and rumours of war, the courage to allow our Creator, Friend and Renewer to melt our hearts into love, our swords into ploughshares and our anger into justice. May the peace we wish for our neighbour, the goodness we desire for ourselves and the presence of the one God in community be with us all.

Amen.

“Silence: A sonnet for Remembrance Day”

November pierces with its bleak remembrance
Of all the bitterness and waste of war.
Our silence tries but fails to make a semblance
Of that lost peace they thought worth fighting for.
Our silence seethes instead with wraiths and whispers,
And all the restless rumour of new wars,
The shells are falling all around our vespers,
No moment is unscarred, there is no pause,
In every instant bloodied innocence
Falls to the weary earth ,and whilst we stand
Quiescence ends again in acquiescence,
And Abel’s blood still cries in every land
One silence only might redeem that blood
Only the silence of a dying God.

From “Sounding the Seasons” by Malcolm Guite

The Blessing

Mark Venn
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