

# AN OPEN LETTER TO OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN



Dear God,

We wish it was as simple as saying stop!

Cease...

Be still...

And so, we say it...

STOP!

We pray it out, we shout and fervently think it, say it, shout and even sing it...

STOP!

Hoping beyond hope that the violence and hatred ends.

War, violence, hatred, exclusion – anything that weaponises our beautiful differences.

We pray it stops in Your name.

We pray it stops in the name of the people we know,

And the millions we don't, whose life and breath have been stolen by hate.

We pray love.

Your love – the love that dances through the universe and binds the fabric of the cosmos together – We pray that that very same love Would descend like rain quenching parched earth.

We pray, Lord of life,

That You would breathe Your life Into the dust and ashes of so many neighbourhoods.

Breathe Your life

Into the broken corridors of hospitals and into schools torn apart by mortars and shrapnel.

Breathe Your life

Into the broken corridors of power, where the same mortars and weapons of war are bought and sold,

May Your justice roll in like water, like a torrent of love awakened from the very belly of the deep.

May it rush in,

Sweeping away lies, deceit, hate, warmongering and even the small things that sow untruths and mistrust and get under our skin.

May it make way for compassion, for grace, for mercy.

God of the heavens, make Your Kingdom here on earth.

Make it now...

Why delay? Why wait? Why not now?

We need it, and we are the lucky ones...

What about Your children who could not wait, who will not get to see the beauty and the blessing? All who have lost lives, loved ones or even hope for any kind of future.

Please, make it real, now!

Your Kingdom here and now!

NOW!

NOW!

NOW!

*all Your children x*