

A prayer shared by Brent Bowden, pastor of FBC Rochester, NY

God of the Journey,

We confess that we have not washed our hands as we should. Instead of scrubbing away while humming a verse of our favorite hymn, we have washed our hands of those at the margins of our society. Forgetting they are even there we go about our lives without concern for them. We have washed our hands of caring for this creation you've given us. With warning signs blazing in the forests, floating in the seas, and wafting through the air we do not heed them and go on about our destructive ways. We have washed our hands of "the other." Constructing boundaries, barriers, borders, and bars thinking we're keeping out or locking up that which frightens us we have become the very thing we fear. We have washed our hands like Pilate, believing that because we have partners in the injustice - because we share the blame - there is no blame to be had.

We have washed our hands, O God, when we should have been washing feet.

Forgive us our trespasses and lead us away from evil.

Friends, hear the good news: Christ has come not for condemnation, but for the healing of the world.

Thanks be to God, Amen.