O Christ, you did no violence yet you were crushed with pain; you suffered great injustice to make us whole again. As lambs are led to slaughter and sheep in silence wait, you gave your life to offer a love that conquers hate.

You gave your life to save us, yet, God, we now confess: forgetting that you love us, we live in hatefulness. We tolerate injustice that breaks the human soul; we overlook the madness as violence takes its toll.

When children hear the popping of one more fired gun and know there is no stopping and look for where to run, when workers face oppression, and women face abuse, Lord, hear your world’s confession, for there is no excuse.

Our games and movies teach us that violence is all right. O God, our greed is boundless; our wealth depends on might. Our nations’ moral failings in politics and war all lead to countless killings—to violence you abhor.

The patterns of our violence give shape to all our days, yet you, O God, are gracious; your ways are not our ways. Now by your Holy Spirit, we pray you’ll make us new, till peace becomes our pattern as we all follow you.
O Christ,
You Did No Violence

CAROLYN WINFREY GILLETTE    SAMUEL S. WESLEY

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