

## Prayer of Lament

**Leader:** We gather in the shadow of what used to be. We come to a God who is the same yesterday, today, and forever, yet we find ourselves in a season where everything feels different.

**All:** God, our hearts are heavy. The familiar has become strange.

**Leader:** We lament the loss of what we knew. We mourn the Presbytery gatherings that brought us community. We miss the voices of those who have moved on, and the comfort of traditions that have faded.

**All:** We confess our anger at the change. We confess our fear of the future. We feel the ache of a community that feels broken and thin.

**Leader:** How long, God? Will the foundations continue to shake? We see the structures shifting and the walls we leaned on disappearing. We feel the grief of "pruning" that feels more like "uprooting."

**All:** Hear our cry, O God. Do not remain silent while we lose our way.

**Leader:** We remember that you did not dwell in temples made by human hands, but in the breath and bone of your people. When the Israelites wandered without a home, you were the pillar of fire. When the temple fell, you were the Word made flesh.

**All:** Help us remember that while the structure changes, your Presence remains. You are the God of the ruins and the God of the rebuild.

**Leader:** Grant us the grace to let go of what must die so that something new might breathe.

**All:** Give us eyes to see community in the margins. Give us hearts to find connection in the gaps. Heal the bitterness that comes with change.

**Leader:** Though the stones may shift and the doors may close, we are still the Body.

**All:** We will look for you in the faces of the few. We will find you in the quiet of the change. We will trust that you are still at work, even here, even now.