



PRAYERS OF THE CHURCH

Memorial Day

God of our fathers and Lord of the nations, a melancholy melody lingers over America these days.

It is the sound of Taps.

Each evening, to weary warriors in barracks or aboard ships it has called out, "All is well, safely rest, God is nigh."

But this weekend we hear the call sound forth in cemeteries—where warriors sleep in graves.

Flags fly over these gravesites, and tears water the grass around the headstones.

We bow our heads in memory of the lives lost to defend America.

But we lift our eyes in thanksgiving for your protecting hand over our nation.

We beseech you to remain our great Defender.

We beg you to forgive our individual sins and our national sins for Jesus's sake.

You, Lord, are our only hope.

Your Son once rested in a grave after he had fulfilled his mission to rescue mankind from the grip of the eternal enemy.

Then he rose from that grave to reign in glory.

So may it be with our warriors who have closed their eyes with your name on their lips, and your promise in their hearts.

Raise them to serve you in the sweet and blessed country of God's elect.

Let the final words of Taps become our own:

Thanks and praise, For our days,

'Neath the sun, 'Neath the stars,

'Neath the sky,

As we go, This we know,

God is nigh. Amen.

*Psalm 18 or 31 (page 69 or 71 in CW) might be used in connection with this prayer.
Suggested hymns: 214; 441; 609; 620—and the playing of Taps.*