

Reader 5: For jobs where we can develop our gifts and talents and express our dignity.

All: **O God, we give you thanks.**

### **Testimonies**

#### **Closing Prayer:**

Restless Weaver, ever spinning threads of justice and peace; dreaming patterns of creation where all creatures find a home; gathering up life's varied fibers, every texture, every hue; grant us your creative vision. With us weave your world anew.

Where earth's fragile web is raveling help us mend each broken strand. Bless our urgent, bold endeavors cleansing water, air and land. Through the Spirit's inspiration offering health were there once was pain-strengthen us to be the stewards of your world knit whole again.

When our violent lust for power ends in lives abused and torn, from compassion's sturdy fabric fashion hope and trust reborn. Where injustice rules as tyrant, give us courage, God to dare live our dreams of transformation. Make our lives incarnate prayer.

Restless Weaver, still conceiving new life-now and yet to be-binding all of your vast creation into one living tapestry, you have called us to be weavers. Let your love guide all we do. With your Reign of Peace our pattern, we will weave your world anew. Amen.



## **That we may know Easter Joy: Lament for Rana Plaza**

**24 April 2017**

### **Opening song: Now the green blade rises**

Now the green blade rises from the buried grain,  
Wheat that in the dark earth many years has lain;  
Love lives again, that with the dead has been:  
Love is come again, like wheat that springs up green.

In the grave they laid Him, Love Whom we had slain,  
Thinking that He'd never wake to life again,  
Laid in the earth like grain that sleeps unseen:  
Love is come again, like wheat that springs up green.

Up He sprang at Easter, like the risen grain,  
He that for three days in the grave had lain;  
Up from the dead my risen Lord is seen:  
Love is come again, like wheat that springs up green.

When our hearts are saddened, grieving or in pain,  
By Your touch You call us back to life again;  
Fields of our hearts that dead and bare have been:  
Love is come again, like wheat that springs up green.

### **Opening prayer:**

Leader: For a fourth time, people around the world will commemorate the anniversary of history's deadliest garment industry disaster. On April 24, 2013, near Dhaka in Bangladesh, the eight-story Rana Plaza building collapsed taking the lives of 1,134 workers and injuring more than 2,500. Littered among the rubble were labels for American brands, as much of the clothing produced there was destined for the United States. At the time, Pope Francis remarked, "Living on 38 euros (\$50) a month - that was the pay of these people who died. That is called slave labor."

Loving God, we celebrate your gift of love by giving gifts to those we love. As we give these gifts, help us remember the people behind them:

- the miners and harvesters, who work in difficult and dangerous conditions,
- the factory and garment workers, who have labored overtime in sweatshop conditions,
- the temporary workers in warehouses rushing to fill our last minute orders,
- the clerks who work all day in the crowded stores that overwhelm us in minutes,
- the seasonal hires driving the trucks that deliver them to our doors.

So many of them are meek and lowly, working in insecure jobs that pay too little. They are invisible to us...hidden behind the glossy catalogues, hidden behind the store displays, hidden behind the effortless click of online shopping. Each gift we give is the end point of countless invisible relationships.

We consumers will only know an abiding joy when our guilt and overwhelming unease yields to compassionate solidarity with those whom we have exploited. To lament is to wrestle with difficult questions through suffering and conversion. Gradually, we become more aware of our complicity in the violence of global supply chains and no longer seek to hide it.

Let us remember them, not simply with a tip of the hat to uneasy conscience, but as a part of a vast system we have built that desperately needs to be redeemed. Our exultant Easter Alleluias can only be born of Good Friday's lamentation. **Amen.**

### **Litany:**

Reader 1: Today we give thanks for jobs that fulfill Your intention for work.

Reader 2: For jobs where we can use our hands to build houses of peace.

Reader 3: For jobs where we can use our minds to explore the mysteries of the universe.

Reader 4: For jobs where we can use our hearts to offer care to those in need.