

God the Father, we have made a mockery of worshipping You:

By allowing the sacred to become mundane...

By pretending to be people we are not...

By confessing You with our lips while our hearts are far from You.

God the Son, we have blood on our hands:

We have traded human life for the sake of our own comfort...

We have turned blind eyes to the hurts and needs around us...

We have, in essence, told You that the blood You shed was not enough.

God the Spirit, we have ignored Your presence in our lives:

Where You have called us to righteousness, we have chosen to view evil...

Where You have called us to do good, we have chosen selfishness...

Where You have called us seek justice, we have chosen safety...

Where You have called us to intercede for the voiceless, we have distracted ourselves.

Triune God, we have sinned.

We are guilty, and we are helpless.

Forgive us.