



JUNE 28, 2026 · SPECIAL SERVICE · PART 4 OF 4

When words fail, we pray

Preached by: Eric Prato

I find it hard to land on the right words. Maybe, in front of pain like this, we go a little numb: we know it's real, but we don't know what to do. And even when it's hard to remember while it hurts, death is not the last chapter. When my own words run out, I borrow the words of others who already believed and learned how to say them. Pray with me.

"For we know that if the earthly tent we live in is destroyed, we have a building from God, an eternal house in heaven, not built by human hands" — 2 Corinthians 5:1 (NIV)

"O God, who gathers what has been scattered, shelter us now in the shadow of your wings. O Christ, who binds our wounds, be our great healer. O Spirit, who enters into each of our sorrows, intercede now for this wounded people. You do not flee from our brokenness, God; you always draw near to those most in need. Even in the shadow of such tragedy, may we not lose hope."

The prayer lifts up those who grieve and all who run to help, and it reminds us that even in this wound, we are connected as one people.