Original Text

[Let us pray,]

Grave robbing God,

We are stuck in the dry-boned graveyards of fear and death,

And there is a stench.

Yet you promise to reach into the depths of every despair

In order to bring us back to life again.

Breathe new life into the weary bones of your beloved children.

Wipe every tear from our weeping eyes.

Give us courage to rest in the joy of your abiding love,

To stumble into the light of each new day,

To throw off the graveclothes still clinging to our flesh,

And to dance.

Amen.

Rev. John Schwehn

The Dry-Boned Graveyards

Prayer of the Day

for SATB Chorus unaccompanied

Rev. John Schwehn Derek Jordan-Ouverson



















