

Confession and Assurance – Our Fields are Barren

Confession

(Read in unison)

O Great Gardener, our fields are barren.

Our flesh faints for you,
as in a dry and weary land
where there is no water.

The weight of our sin holds us down.

We confess that our lives have not produced
the fruits of love, mercy, and kindness.

We have turned away from your bounty to feed our own ambition.

We hoard our time, our money, and our love.

Assurance

(Read by leader)

I will prune away the things
that keep you from being my true children
and bring you to flower and fruitfulness once more.

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