

A Call to Worship, based on Exodus 1:8-2:10

Here, there is a God who labors.

Here, there is a chosen people who labors.

Here, there is a midwife who labors.

Here, there is a woman who labors.

Here, there are reeds in the water, a basket among the reeds, a baby in the basket.

Come, let us worship together.

A Prayer of Confession, based on the same passage:

For the times we have not recognized that our suffering, our toiling as we suffer, may still produce new life. **Lord, have mercy.**

For the times we have been too preoccupied to be willing to wade into the bullrushes, to receive the gifts you've placed alongside and among our struggles, and to open our lives to one another. **Lord, have mercy.**

The truth is, we do not recognize the baby in the basket, the provision, the blessing, the faith. We cannot see past the bricks to be made from mud and straw, the death and sickness and trials we and our loved ones face every day. We have made ourselves unable to hear those among us calling us to something higher, something better: the midwives rescuing Hebrew babies, the mother weaving a basket, the God guiding the basket into the reeds. **Lord, have mercy.**