GRADUATION PRAYERS
the Rev. H. Paul Santmire
College Chaplain
Wellesley College
May 1978

BACCALAUREATE

Let us pray.

With grateful hearts, 0 God, to you we turn in this hour of dedication, to praise you for^our blessings, and to ask you for your merciful care.

We thank you for the learning of these four years, for the truth that dawned on us in the excitement of charged courses, and for the discoveries we made, in spite of it all.

We bless you, 0 God, for friends who heard us through, for teachers who gave us courage, for advisors who helped us to face ourselves and to reach for our promise.

We thank you for those who cooked our food and cared for these grounds, for those who supported us from afar, and for those who walked with us in times of anguish.

We praise your name for days of prayer and nights of play.

We praise your name for campaigns of righteous protest and recitals of solitary beauty.

We lift our hearts in fond gratitude for hoops and shells, marathons and bells, for snowstorms and spring flowers, for holiday dinners and falling asleep on the MIT bus.

For all these blessings, Lord, large and small, we give you thanks.

Turn with us now, 0 God, we beseech you, as we lift our eyes to see the days and months and years before us.

Give us strength to go forth, not to do our own will, but yours, not to serve our own interests with a narrow mind, but to give of ourselves with a generous heart, not to amass aimless achievements, but to do justice and to seek mercy.

Bless us, we petition you, with a sure sense of vocation, so that we might find our way in times of trial, trusting in you, so that we might find our joy in times of blessing, giving thanks for your presence.

Guide us, 0 God, so that we may truly glorify you in all that we do, wherever we may be, whatever path you may call us to follow, now and in the years to come. For your mercy's sake. Amen.

COMMENCEMENT

INVOCATION

Let us pray.

0 Icrd, our God, we ask you now to look with favor on these festive rites. Sanctify the 'ood hopes of those who take their leave this day. Bless the good faith of those who remain to erve the covenant of learning in this place.

But hear our cries, 0 Lord. Hear the anguish of our souls as we survey the clouded future this good earth. Hear the sounds of our grief as, more often than we want, we mourn the *s of high public purpose throughout this land. And give ear to the silent disquiet of our ost selves, as we struggle to find our own integrity and our own resolve, born of a vital science.