Many of those who will have been directly affected by this shooting may be migrants to New Zealand, they may even be refugees here. They have chosen to make New Zealand their home, and it is their home.

They are us. The person who has perpetuated this violence against us is not. They have no place in New Zealand. There is no place in New Zealand for such acts of extreme and unprecedented violence, which it is clear this act was.

For now, my thoughts, and I’m sure the thoughts of all New Zealanders, are with those who have been affected, and also with their families

Jacinda Ardern
We pray for our Muslim brothers and sisters, for those who have been killed, for those injured, and those who have lost loved ones, for the police, ambulance and other emergency services, and for all in the city of Christchurch who are mourning and are distressed and fearful due to this event. We are upholding you all in our prayers.

Almighty and Eternal Creator,
we pray for those who have been murdered and wounded in this terrible act in Christchurch.

We give to your loving care those who have died, asking you to receive their wairua into the mercy of your love.

We ask that those who are wounded might know your peace and love, and your healing spirit upon them.

Comfort those who mourn. Enable them to meet the lonely and painful days ahead in the strength of your love.

Let the love that you have made known to us lead us to create safer communities for all who live in Aotearoa New Zealand. Amen.
The Prayer of St Francis

Lord, make us instruments of your peace: where there is hatred, let us sow love; where there is injury, pardon; where there is doubt, faith; where there is despair, hope; where there is darkness, light; where there is sadness, joy.

O divine Master, grant that we may not so much seek to be consoled as to console, to be understood as to understand, to be loved as to love.
For it is in giving that we receive, it is in pardoning that we are pardoned, and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life. Amen.
The Gift of Love

If I speak in the tongues of mortals and of angels, but do not have love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal. And if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. If I give away all my possessions, and if I hand over my body so that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing.

Love is patient; love is kind; love is not envious or boastful or arrogant or rude. It does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice in wrongdoing, but rejoices in the truth. It bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

Love never ends. But as for prophecies, they will come to an end; as for tongues, they will cease; as for knowledge, it will come to an end. For we know only in part, and we prophesy only in part; but when the complete comes, the partial will come to an end. When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child; when I became an adult, I put an end to childish ways. For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then we will see face to face. Now I know only in part; then I will know fully, even as I have been fully known. And now faith, hope, and love abide, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

1 Corinthians 13 from New Revised Standard Version, Anglicised (NRSVA)