A Prayer for Those Caring for Loved Ones Who Are Ill

God, you provide strength and peace beyond what I can understand.
I look back and see what You have brought us through and how You have sustained us.

Sometimes your people, who call themselves by your name, do not reflect you in carrying the burdens of others. They can be bruised reeds indeed. I don't even like to think about all the times when I have been alone, unsupported, and misunderstood by others who should be present, give support, and strive to understand.

I can be a bruised reed as well.

And so, I am so very thankful for those serving as Your hands and feet, offering the refreshing cool water of comfort.

Of texted check-ins.
Of social media emojis of support.
Of random reach-outs letting us know that they're praying.
Of offering food, time, and presence.

We're in this for the long haul, and so I very much appreciate those who don't abandon us when prayers aren't immediately answered, and when miraculous cures aren't instantly manifested.

Lord, grant me patience when I disagree so vehemently with the mealy theology of easy answers and half-baked prayers. Give me Your words, both in my heart and in my mouth.
I put my trust in You because there is no other option. You are my only hope. You are my peace, and all of my strength. I trust You no matter what happens; Lord, help me to trust You no matter what happens.

As always, I pray for your mercy and healing. Lord, please see us, hear us, and help us.
I appeal to you, the great Healer.
Amen.

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