You Hold It All

God,

We lament that we feel the effects of the Fall. Dust to dust, we labor and strive, growing accustomed to worry and weariness as we try to make ends meet. Our hands are calloused from wrestling with the curse brought about by our sin. We have forgotten our Creator in the daze of our youth, grieving our dreams, plans, and ambitions as we feel them slip away.

But Jesus, you hold it all together. You hold us together by your hands that are scarred by the finished work of the cross. Because of your work, our labor is not in vain. Because you know our fragile frame, even boundaries and limitations can be mercy. Your glory is unveiled in our weakness, as you prove yourself able to create worlds and sustain them.

Remind us that you withhold nothing good from us. Teach us the unforced rhythms of Grace in our work and our rest. Help us to resist the delusion of hurry, hustle, and riches. May the Gospel be a balm to our calloused hands, and keep our palms open to your faithful provision. Holy Spirit, recreate us, sustain us, and renew our strength. You are faithful to finish the work you began in us.

In the shadow of your wings and in the strength of your name we pray,
Amen.

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