

A PRAYER FOR
A Sick
Person

O Father of mercies and God of all comfort, our only help in time of need:
We humbly ask you to see, visit, and relieve your sick servant _____.
Look upon *him/her* with the eyes of your mercy;
comfort *him/her* with a sense of your goodness;
keep *him/her* from the temptations of the enemy;
and give *him/her* patience under *his/her* affliction.
In thy good time, restore *him/her* to health,
and enable *him/her* to lead the remainder of *his/her* life
in your fear, and to your glory;
and grant that finally *he/she* may dwell with you in life everlasting;
through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

A PRAYER FOR
Doctors and
Nurses

Sanctify, O Lord,
those whom you have called to the study and practice of the arts of healing,
and to the prevention of disease and pain.
Strengthen them by your life-giving Spirit,
that by their ministries the health of the community may be promoted
and your creation glorified;
through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

A PRAYER FOR
If You
Are Sick

FOR TRUST IN GOD
O God, the source of all health:
So fill my heart with faith in your love,
that with calm expectancy
I may make room for your power to possess me,
and gracefully accept your healing;
through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

IN PAIN
Lord Jesus Christ, by your patience in suffering
you made holy earthly pain
and gave us the example of obedience to your Father's will:
Be near me in my time of weakness and pain;
sustain me by your grace, that my strength and courage may not fail;
heal me according to your will;
and help me always to believe that what happens to me here
is of little account if you hold me in eternal life, my Lord and my God. **Amen.**

IN THE MORNING
This is another day, O Lord.
I know not what it will bring forth,
but make me ready, Lord, for whatever it may be.
If I am to stand up, help me to stand bravely.
If I am to sit still, help me to sit quietly.
If I am to lie low, help me to do it patiently.
And if I am to do nothing, let me do it bravely.
Make these words more than words,
and give me the Spirit of Jesus. **Amen.**

A LITURGY FOR THE Feeling of Infirmities

LEADER: We were not made for mortality
but for immortality;

PEOPLE: our souls are ever in their prime,
and so the faltering of our physical bodies
repeatedly takes us by surprise.

The aches, the frailties, the injuries,
the impositions of vexing disease and worsening
condition are unwelcome evidences of our
long exile from the Garden.

Even so, may the inescapable decline
of our bodies here not be wasted.
May it do its tutoring work, inclining
our hearts and souls ever more vigorously
toward your coming kingdom, O God.

While we rightly pray for healing and relief,
and sometimes receive the respite
of such blessings, give us also patience
for the enduring of whatever hardships
our journeys entail.

For what we endure here,
in the deterioration of bone and joint,
blood and marrow, muscle and ligament,
vitality and mobility and clarity,
is but our own small share of the malady
common to a frayed creation
yet yearning for a promised restoration.

Give us humility therefore in our infirmities,
to ask and to receive, day by day,
your mercies as our needs require.
**Where our dependence on others increases,
let us receive their service as a grace
rather than a shame.**

Let us trace in the hands of our caregivers
the greater movement of your own hands,
for you ever meet us and uphold us
in our weakness.

**And in those moments when
our bodies betray our trust,
work in us by our own hard experience
a more active and Christlike compassion
for the sufferings of others.**

Give us also a sense of humor
to wink at our weaknesses now,
knowing that they are but the evidences
of a perishable body
that will at your beckoning
rise again imperishable, and that the
greater joke is the one played upon death.

**By the inevitable dwindling of our strength,
may the mettle of our true hope at last
be proved, rising as the memory of a song
stirring deep in the bones,
a martial melody of which our difficulties
are but the approaching drumbeat,
reminding us that this flesh and blood
are soon to be transformed, redeemed, remade.
The infirmities we incur today
are but the expected buffetings of a battle
at which victorious end our birthright
will be forever reclaimed.**

So may the decline of our bodies
incline our hearts and souls
ever more vigorously
toward your coming kingdom, O God.
Ever more vigorously.

Amen.

A LITURGY FOR THE Death of a Dream

O Christ, in whom the final fulfillment
of all hope is held secure,

I bring to you now the weathered
fragments of my former dreams,
the broken pieces of my expectations,
the rent patches of hopes worn thin,
the shards of some shattered image of
life as I once thought it would be.

What I so wanted
has not come to pass.
I invested my hopes in desires
that returned only sorrow
and frustration. Those dreams,
like glimmering faerie feasts,
could not sustain me,

and in my head I know that you
are sovereign even over this—
over my tears, my confusion,
and my disappointment.
But I still feel,
in this moment,
as if I have been abandoned,
as if you do not care that these hopes
have collapsed to rubble.

And yet I know this is not so.
You are the sovereign of my sorrow.
You apprehend a wider sweep with wiser eyes
than mine. My history bears the
fingerprints of grace. You were always
faithful, though I could not always
trace quick evidence of your presence in
my pain, yet did you remain at work,
lurking in the wings, sifting all my
splinterings for bright embers that might
be breathed into more eternal dreams.

I have seen so oft in retrospect, how
you had not neglected me, but had, with a
master's care, flared my desire like silver in
a crucible to burn away some lesser longing,
and bring about your better vision.

So let me remain tender now, to how
you would teach me. My disappointments
reveal so much about my own agenda
for my life, and the ways I quietly demand
that it should play out: free of conflict,
free of pain, free of want.

My dreams are all so small.

Your bigger purpose has always been
for my greatest good, that I would
day-to-day be fashioned into a more fit vessel
for the indwelling of your Spirit,
and molded into a more compassionate
emissary of your coming Kingdom.
And you, in love, will use all means to shape
my heart into those perfect forms.

So let this disappointment do its work.

My truest hopes have never failed,
they have merely been buried
beneath the shoveled muck of disillusion,
or encased in a carapace of self-serving
desire. It is only false hopes that are brittle,
shattering like shells of thin glass, to reveal the
diamond hardness of the unshakeable eternal
hopes within. So shake and shatter all that
would hinder my growth, O God.

Unmask all false hopes,
that my one true hope might shine out
unclouded and undimmed.

So let me be tutored by this new
disappointment.

Let me listen to its holy whisper,
that I might release at last these lesser dreams.
That I might embrace the better dreams you
dream for me, and for your people,
and for your kingdom, and for your creation.
Let me join myself to these, investing all hope
in the one hope that will never come undone
or betray those who place their trust in it.
Teach me to hope, O Lord,
always and only in you.

You are the King of my collapse.
You answer not what I demand,
but what I do not even know to ask.

Now take this dream, this husk,
this chaff of my desire, and give it back
reformed and remade according to
your better vision,
or do not give it back at all.
Here in the ruins of my wrecked
expectation, let me make this best confession:

Not my dreams, O Lord,
not my dreams,
but yours, be done.

Amen.