

Prayer of Lament Over COVID-19



Lament. That's not a word we hear often in church is it? But it's a rich word, a spiritual practice needed more than ever in the church.

There is no such thing as a lament-free life. To love is to lament, to let your heart be broken by something. If you don't lament over the broken things in your world, then your heart shuts down. Your living, vital relationship with God dies a slow death and...you become quietly cynical. Cynicism moves you away from God; laments push you into his presence.

Oddly enough, not lamenting leads to unbelief. Reality wins, and hope dies. The reality of a broken world triumphs over the new reality of a redeemed world. You miss resurrection and get stuck in death.

We are people of the "already and the not yet" reality of the kingdom. Jesus has already conquered sin, death, and disease and we look forward to the consummation of the kingdom, when the glory of God will fill the earth and all sin, death, and disease will be defeated and he will wipe every tear from our eyes. But we also recognize the not yet reality of the kingdom. Sin is not yet completely defeated. Death is not yet completely defeated. And yes, we remember disease is not yet defeated.

Even as we await with hopeful expectation of the full reconciliation of God's creation, and work tirelessly for that reconciliation, part of being able to live faithfully in the not yet tension, is the ability to mourn and grieve, fully and honestly, the devastation and destruction of sin all around us, and cry out to God to rescue, deliver, save, redeem.

"There is no such thing as a lament-free life. To love is to lament, to let your heart be BROKEN by something. If you don't lament over the broken things in your world, then your heart shuts down. Your living, vital relationship with God dies a slow death and... you become quietly cynical. Cynicism moves you away from God; laments push you into his presence. Oddly enough, not lamenting leads to unbelief. Reality wins, and hope dies. The reality of a broken world triumphs over the new reality of a redeemed world. You miss resurrection and get stuck in death."

A Praying Life by Paul Miller

Hear our cry, almighty God. Listen to our prayer. How long will we have to hide in our homes from this invisible enemy? Where will it strike next? And whom? And what if? Our screens relay a continuous escalation of suffering, death around the world. Panic, anxiety abounds. Our souls are weary from the strain of the life-altering unknowns.

Heavenly father, from the depths of our pain and confusion, we cry out to you. From fear-filled hearts and anxious minds, we plead with you. Rescue us. Father of compassion and grace. We lift up our eyes to you, Lord God, the one who sits enthroned in heaven.

On all who have contracted the virus,

Lord have mercy

On all who have lost loved ones to this virus and are in mourning and anguish,

Lord have mercy

On all who are unable to earn an income because they've lost their jobs or their jobs have been suspended,

Lord have mercy

We cry out for healing and needed resources

We cry out for comfort and peace

On all medical professionals and caretakers attending to those infected with the virus

Christ have mercy

On all scientists and technologists striving to find a vaccine and to make it available

Christ have mercy

On all leaders of institutions and governments as they make decisions to try and contain the virus

Christ have mercy

We pray for strength in the long and exhausting hours of labor

We pray for wisdom in the research and difficult decisions

On all who have not yet contracted the virus

Lord have mercy

On the most vulnerable of our society who are unable to buy extra food or get proper medical attention

Lord have mercy

On all disciples of Jesus Christ discerning how to reflect his love to others within this crisis

Lord have mercy

We plead for protection of health

We plead for all to remain calm and kind

The lord is the everlasting God, the creator of the expanse of the universe. And yet this earth is no longer as you created it to be. Holy father, our earth groans from the devastation caused by the curse of the fall. My God, your word is true. One day you will liberate creation from its bondage to decay and death.

Life is sacred and precious in your sight.

You are the God who sees us and sustains us.

Nothing can separate us from the father's unfailing love and kindness, not even sickness or the fear of tomorrow. You are our light as we walk in this darkness. We will remember to celebrate the beautiful gifts you have given us in this present moment.

Almighty God, You are our rock, our refuge from the enemy, Our hiding place.

You calm our frantic thoughts and fill our despairing hearts with joy and strength.

In your presence living water springs forth in the wilderness.

You restore our souls.