For a Day of Public Calamity

How often, O Lord, do I read casually of disasters afar? How often, O Lord, do I hear indifferently of catastrophes far removed?

Then when disaster moves close to me when catastrophe shatters the calm of my life, I come alive to pain and loss.

I know you understand how limited I am, by my love that fades off into indifference, by the boundaries of my friendships and personal concerns.

I am just that way.

So come to me now as I pray for the stricken, for those who grieve and mourn.

Perhaps I will be more sensitive in the future, more aware, a bit gentler and kinder.

For all of us move along the razor's edge between life and death.

Give me a greater appreciation of life and love and other people. Draw me closer to those whom I profess to love.

Give me the will to be more helpful and more aware of others' needs.

In the face of the mystery of life and death,

give me courage to trust your sustaining daily presence.

Let me not forget that in life and death all of us are yours.

I pray for all your children, for men and women who live in pain, physical and emotional, for those who seek and cannot seem to find, for those who live confidently and yet need that something more which comes from fellowship with you in Christ.

I pray for all well and happy people, that in their fullness of life they may know the abundance that comes through Christ.

We all need your Spirit, O God, not just in times of calamity, but also in our days of strength and well-being.

So I call upon you, O Lord, in this day of trouble. In my calling, may I hear your voice saying,

"Lo, I am with you always." *Amen.*