

May we pray as though it is our homes that lie in ruins,
our families facing deportation,
our tables empty and children hungry because of closed aid stations.

Where we feel helpless, be our strength and our hope.
Where fearful, be our peace.

May your strong love shape us, remake us,
into the image of the One who is Love.

Oh, God, Lord of Love, have mercy upon us.

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And now, faith, hope and love remain, says the apostle.
And the greatest of these is love.

As you open our blind eyes,
soften our hard hearts,
and teach us to love, to pray,
to love, to speak,
to love, to offer costly hospitality,

Please also give us eyes to see diamonds in fresh-fallen snow
ears to hear birdsong and a child's belly-laugh
tastebuds to savor a sweet orange and the salty crunch of popcorn,
and the ability to soften and rest in the embrace of a loved one.

As we pray and act and, where needed, speak
—God help us, all in love—
may we fix our eyes not on evil but on what is true, noble, right,
pure, lovely and admirable.
May we, in other words, fix our eyes on you,
remembering that your compassion is new every morning.
For you are Love, and your faithfulness is great.

Oh, God, Lord of Love, have mercy upon us.