



**April 6, 2020 - Prayer from Chaplain Venessa**

**Psalm 147:1-6**

***Praise the Lord! How good it is to sing praises to our God; for he is gracious, and a song of praise is fitting. <sup>2</sup> The Lord builds up Jerusalem; he gathers the outcasts of Israel. <sup>3</sup> He heals the brokenhearted and binds up their wounds. <sup>4</sup> He determines the number of the stars; he gives to all of them their names. <sup>5</sup> Great is our Lord, and abundant in power; his understanding is beyond measure. <sup>6</sup> The Lord lifts up the downtrodden; he casts the wicked to the ground.***

Holy God our Creator, who calls the stars by name as you care for the brokenhearted. We pause to give deep thanks for the beauty which surrounds us always and for the promise that life goes on.

Jesus, Thank You for bringing us safely to this new day. Thank You for keeping us safe through the night and we pray that today may be a day where we live and move and have our being in You. Lord, we pray that the thoughts that are formed in our heart and the motives behind all of our actions, words and thoughts be pleasing in Your presence.

We lift up to you healing God, those who are sick with this virus, heal them.

We lift up to you God of comfort, those who are consumed with worry because of the virus, calm them.

We lift up to you faithful God, those who have lost the words to express their deepest fears about this virus, provide Your Presence and let them feel your love.

God of wisdom, God – who knows all possibilities, we faithfully ask your guidance for those medical experts and scientist to discover the cure, the vaccine, God provide the doctors knowledge for treatments.

Just as Jesus warns, when the body becomes a place to hide dishonesty, greed, and selfishness, we lose sight of our blessings from you. So we come to you in prayer merciful Lord, for the world, heal our souls. Send your spirit to work within all who know of your love. Show us the way God, we love only because it is you who first loves us.

***Psalm 147: 7-11***

***Sing to the Lord with thanksgiving; make melody to our God on the lyre. <sup>8</sup> He covers the heavens with clouds, prepares rain for the earth, and makes grass grow on the hills. <sup>9</sup> He gives to the animals their food, and to the young ravens when they cry. <sup>10</sup> His delight is not in the strength of the horse, nor his pleasure in the speed of a runner; <sup>11</sup> but the Lord takes pleasure in those who fear him, in those who hope in his steadfast love.***

God of tender mercies, we ask humbly, on our knees, with our hands open - that the painful awareness of our vulnerability lead not to greater fear, but to deeper faith – a faith that knows nothing can separate us from your love –nothing in the past, nothing today, nor in our tomorrow.

Amen.