Jesus loved:
Without qualification,
Without strings,
Without stereotypes,
Without turning away,
Without passive aggression,
Without diminishing.

You healed all who came to you.
You served all who came to you.
You loved all who came to you.

Lord, give me your grace when I encounter a patient seeking narcotics. Help me see them, not as a “frequent flyer,” not as an “addict” or “loser,” but as a child of yours – cherished and loved. Let me call them by their name. Beloved.