Foxes have dens and birds of the sky have nests,
but the Son of Man has nowhere to rest his head.
Luke 9:58

Born in a barn,
A traveling teacher,
Exposed to the elements,
Accustomed to sleeping under the stars,
You know what it is to be without a home.

God of warmth and comfort,
We pray for all of those who are sick due to lack of adequate housing.
Be they in overcrowded rooms, under insulated homes, concrete stoops, bless and heal them.
Be they near drafty windows, broken windows, or bomb-destroyed towns, bless and heal them.
Be for them shelter and hope, move us to provide shelter and hope in our healing.
We pray all this Jesus’s name.

Amen.