To Care When We Cannot Cure

For everything, there is a season, and a time for every matter under heaven:
a time to be born, and a time to die;
a time to plant, and a time to pluck up what is planted;
a time to kill, and a time to heal;
a time to break down, and a time to build up;
a time to weep, and a time to laugh;
a time to mourn, and a time to dance;
Ecclesiastes 3: 1-4

Ever-gracious and loving God, we are humbled in the face of what we cannot cure.
The mysteries of life and death belong only to you.

Give us strength enough to do the next right thing each day.
Give us joy enough to serve you in the face of sorrow.
Give us peace enough to know that you are in each moment.
Give us vision enough to see each person as your cherished son and daughter.

May the limitations that remind us of our place as “creation” and yours as “Creator” be a cause for rejoicing and an inspiration to care, even when we cannot cure. We ask this in the name of Christ who is the Great Physician, Amen.