

Father,

You are near to the brokenhearted (Psalm 34:18),
and You do not turn away from those who are crushed in spirit.
So today, we come to You as we are, not stronger than we feel,
not healed beyond where we are, but honest, weary, and in need of You.

You see the losses we carry.
You see what has been shattered,
what has been taken,
what has changed in ways we did not choose.

And You do not rush us past it.

Jesus, You said, “Come to Me, all who are weary and burdened” (Matthew 11:28).
So we come, with grief that comes in waves,
with questions that remain unanswered,
with hearts that feel overwhelmed or numb.

Teach us that we are safe with You.

Where our thoughts race and our bodies feel unsettled,
be our peace that guards our hearts and minds (Philippians 4:7).
Where emotions rise like deep waters,
remind us You are with us in them (Isaiah 43:2).

When we feel like we are too much, too emotional, too tired, too broken, quietly remind
us:
we are not too much for You.

Give us courage to bring You the truth, our anger, our sorrow, our fear, our questions—
because Your Word tells us to pour out our hearts to You (Psalm 62:8).

And in that honesty, meet us with mercy.

Where shame has settled,
speak truth: there is no condemnation in Christ (Romans 8:1).
Where regret lingers, cover us with Your compassion (Psalm 103:10–12).
Where we feel fragile, be gentle with us—
a bruised reed You will not break (Isaiah 42:3).

God, some of us feel tired of being strong.
So today, we receive Your grace as strength (2 Corinthians 12:9).
Not for the whole future, but for this moment.

Restore what grief has drained.
Refresh our souls (Psalm 23:3).

Dedicated to The Robleto Family



Be our refuge when fear rises (Psalm 91:2).
Be our hiding place when life feels overwhelming (Psalm 32:7).

Teach our hearts and even our bodies
that we are no longer alone,
that we are held,
that we are safe in Your presence.

When our minds replay “what if,”
help us trust that Your ways are higher (Isaiah 55:8–9).
When we try to carry what is too heavy,
teach us to release it into Your hands (1 Peter 5:7).

And when healing feels slow, remind us that You are not absent.
You are patient. You are steady. You are working.

God of hope,
let Your mercy meet us again today (Lamentations 3:22–23).
Let Your joy become strength, not pressure (Nehemiah 8:10).
Let hope return, even if it begins quietly (Romans 15:13).

You are the One who brings beauty from ashes (Isaiah 61:3).
You are the One who restores what was lost (Joel 2:25).
You are the One who finishes what You started in us (Philippians 1:6).

So we place our story in Your hands again, the grief, the healing, the unanswered
questions, and even the hope we are still learning to hold.

Thank You that we are still here.
Thank You that You are still faithful.
And thank You that our story is not over.

In Jesus' name,
Amen.

