

Jesus,

Everything around me keeps moving, people keep living, schedules keep filling, conversations keep changing, and yet part of me is still standing in the place where everything broke.

And sometimes, Lord,
it feels like I've become too much...
too slow, too heavy, too emotional, like my grief has become an inconvenience to others.

But You... You have never treated me that way.

Your Word says You are close to the brokenhearted
and save those who are crushed in spirit (Psalm 34:18).
So I bring You the part of me that still hurts,
the part that hasn't caught up with the world around me.

Teach me that I am not behind.
Teach me that I am not a burden.
Teach me that healing is not something I owe anyone.

You said, "Come to Me, all who are weary and burdened" (Matthew 11:28),
not when I'm healed, but while I'm still carrying it.

So I come.

When I feel like I need to hide my pain
or rush my process to make others comfortable,
anchor me in truth:
I can pour out my heart to You, for You are my refuge (Psalm 62:8).

Lord, give me grace for this place I'm in.
Grace when I don't have words.
Grace when I feel misunderstood.
Grace when I am tempted to compare my healing to others.

Remind me that You are patient with me.
That You are gentle with me.
That a bruised reed You will not break
and a smoldering wick You will not snuff out (Isaiah 42:3).

When I feel the pressure to "be okay,"
quiet that voice with Your peace, the kind that guards my heart and mind in Christ Jesus
(Philippians 4:7).



And when my thoughts begin to say,
"I should be further along by now,"
speak louder:

"My grace is sufficient for you,
for My power is made perfect in weakness" (2 Corinthians 12:9).

Jesus, help me release the weight of other people's expectations.
Help me receive the freedom of Your compassion.

You are not in a hurry with me.
You are not disappointed in my pace.
You are walking with me, even here.

When I feel unseen, remind me that You have collected every tear (Psalm 56:8).
When I feel forgotten, remind me You have engraved me on the palms of Your hands
(Isaiah 49:16).

And when I don't have strength for tomorrow,
be my strength for today, for my flesh and my heart may fail,
but You are the strength of my heart and my portion forever (Psalm 73:26).

Jesus...
stay close to me in this.

Hold me in the places that still ache.
Cover me with Your presence.
And teach me that even if the world moves on, You have not moved on from me.

You are still here.
You are still with me.
And You are still healing me.

In Your name,
Amen.

