

A PRAYER OF THE WEARY

Great, Perfect High Priest,
I worship You, the One who understands the feeling of my infirmities.¹ You are tender. Gentle. A bruised reed You will not break. Smoking flax You will not quench.² You never grow tired or weary.³

I confess that sometimes I do feel weary. Breakable. Lonely as I stand for You and speak out for You when so few others do. You don't blame me for my weariness and weakness. Instead, You sympathize with me. Yet I remember that You have said You set the lonely in families.⁴ So I thank You for Your family, for my Christian brothers and sisters who stand beside me shoulder to shoulder and heart to heart, as together we continue to live for You in this increasingly dark, dangerous, and hostile world.

Dear Father God, I ask that You would use me to encourage others—and bring into my life those who will do the same for me. Let us build one another up. Strengthen one another. So that when the Enemy comes in like a flood, assaulting us from every side, on every level and from every angle, we still stand. With spirits battered, maybe. With hearts wounded, maybe. But with sword raised in victory!⁵ May we continue standing firm!

For the glory of Your great name—*Jesus*,

Amen.

1 - Hebrews 4:15

2 - Isaiah 42:3

3 - Isaiah 40:28

4 - Psalm 68:6

5 - Ephesians 6:17