

Pope Francis's Prayer to Mary during Coronavirus Pandemic

O Mary, you always shine on our path as a sign of salvation and of hope. We entrust ourselves to you, Health of the Sick, who at the cross took part in Jesus' pain, keeping your faith firm.

You, Salvation of Your People, know what we need, and we are sure you will provide so that, as in Cana of Galilee, we may return to joy and to feasting after this time of trial.

Help us, Mother of Divine Love, to conform to the will of the Father and to do as we are told by Jesus, who has taken upon himself our sufferings and carried our sorrows to lead us, through the cross, to the joy of the resurrection. Amen.

Under your protection, we seek refuge, Holy Mother of God. Do not disdain the entreaties of we who are in trial, but deliver us from every danger, O glorious and blessed Virgin. Amen.

Prayers for Community in a Time of Pandemic

God of honest emotions

God of cathartic tears,

it would be sadder if in these days

we didn't need a good cry,

a release from the body,

a moment to name how it feels.

We thank you that these tears

are not tears of weakness

but of witness.

They speak to a God

who wept as we do, and showed

human love is divine.

Amen

God of the one and God of the whole,

be with those who are working from home today

and those whose work keeps them from home.

Be with those who won't go beyond the front porch,

and those who stay on the front line.

Be with those who must choose between

doing a job they know they can do

and being the parent only they can be.

May we each in our private worry

hear your universal call

to come, lay down heavy burdens,

and find a welcome rest.

And then with our burdens lightened,

may we help to hold the whole.

Amen.

God of the fire and God of the wind,

God of the silent sound,
when you speak to us,
you do so in ways we may not expect
but cannot ignore.
Allow us in this time of frantic noise
and eerie stillness
to listen again to the wind
and the earth,
to the gentle whisper of you
calling our name.
And may we hear in your voice
words of love and hope,
the good news of your presence with us
still.
Amen.

God of our going out and our coming in:
each step we take today
needs to make space for others.
Each errand we run,
each purchase we make,
has to make sense for the whole.
We must consider how our lives
affect the lives around us.
This is not new.
It has always been thus.
But going forward, in this next step,
may this truth finally come home.
Amen.

God of the neighbour,
God of the stranger,
many times we pass the homes of those
we barely know.
Yet you have always known them.
Just as you know the people across the globe,
who have faced what we now face,
and those who will see what we now see.
You've known us all,
and love us all the same.
The stranger is our neighbour
in this little world we've made.
May we never estrange the other

in the new neighbourhood we create.
Amen.

Prayer at Easter

God of the Sabbath,
on this newest first day of creation,
your people gather in creative ways
to bear the image of God together.
As we worship and worry,
as we praise and pray,
let us pause
and acknowledge
all that happened this week.
And as we bring our fears
and release our tears
let us see more clearly
that the world you have made
is still good.
Amen.

God of stilled waters,
God of calmed seas,
on a night of a difficult crossing
as your friends began to lose faith,
you awoke and hushed
the turbulent waves
with the power of unearthly peace.
May we respect the sheer force
of what we cannot control
and believe in the strength
that sleeps in this storm.
Amen.

God of the home and God of the pilgrim,
we begin to dig in for an uncertain season,
and embark on a journey together.
This is a path we haven't been on.
Yet we know in each step
you are there alongside us:
a guide, a protector, a friend.
May each day on the road bring us closer together
closer to a land of grateful reunion
closer to the place you call home.

Amen.

God of the branches, God of the vine,
God of the fruit that will last,
when much of the familiar is pruned away
— the work routine, the school run,
the certainty of our day –
may we see what is good and true
blossom in reassuring ways:
colleagues working as one,
children learning from home,
families praying together.
May these days of great disruption
bear out what is always true:
that we can reach others
with the love you provide
when our roots remain in you.
Amen.

God whose breath hovered over creation,
God whose breath brought wet clay to life:
Be in each grounding breath that we take,
The rise of our belly,
the fall of our chest.
Be in the kind word we extend,
the offer of help, the note of concern.
Be in the prayer that we whisper,
and the laugh that we share,
so that even in a time of chaos,
we might breathe into life a new creation.
Amen.

God of the widow and God of the prophet,
you told us a story
of how a little oil and a little flour,
and the kindness of community,
saw a family through.
Jar after jar was filled and stored.
Remind us how a drop and a speck,
a tap on the door,
the willingness to believe in response to a need
made all the difference in that story,

and can make all the difference in ours.
Amen.

God of the desert and God of the garden,
your son went into the wilderness.
And there he sat.
And there he prayed.
And there he dreamed
of a life more abundant for others.
As we root down for an uncertain time,
and consider how we've grown apart,
may we rest as needed and sprout new thoughts
for those less able to rest.
Amen.

God of new and renewed community,
where two or three are gathered in your name,
you promise to be there.
You promise also
to be in parishes that meet this week online,
and in congregations that courageously keep on keeping on,
and in churches that try something very different today,
and even when we find ourselves alone.
Our children sing in Sunday school that the
church is not a building.
Let us be the church together, wherever we are,
gathered by your Spirit, as only your Spirit can gather.
And may we find you already in our midst,
as we close our eyes in prayer.
Amen.

God of experts and amateurs,
in a time of great uncertainty,
we begin to realise how little we each know.
Yet you have placed within our community
those who speak from reason,
who know the science,
whose profession it is to protect.
May we hear the voices of informed wisdom,
and give thanks for what is already here:
the knowledge that overcomes ignorance,
the love that overcomes fear,

the community that includes the grace we all need.
Amen.

God of the good news that spreads faster than fear,
God of the courage that comes from the heart:
Be with us as anxieties rise and with us as uncertainty grows.
Be with us when children ask difficult questions,
and with us when parents seem farther away.
Remind us that to be a community does not always mean
to be physically present beside those we know well.
It also can mean being spiritually present
with those who feel very alone;
and that you as our God, the God made flesh,
are also the God who calls us from the tumult
and tells us to be still
and to know that you are God
with us.
Amen.

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