

Prayer for the Smallest
by Joyce Munro

Our gracious creative God,
 We hold up the most fragile ones among us now
 for your attention;
We beseech for these your tenderest love and mercy,
 for they have suffered
 at the hands of those who fed and taught them
 and have fallen like sparrows in the grass.

Yet we, too,
 your eye on earth, Word made flesh,
 have committed many tragedies in their regard:
We have required silence
 as their expression of peace,
And when they have broken silence,
 too often we have moved to protect ourselves,
 sometimes even called their truths, lies.
We have used them for our own gain,
 For we are tempted to power over the weak.
We snatch away their innocence
 and heap on them shame that belongs to us.

These are our sins toward the weakest;
We confess them
 and ask now for your healing touch
 on them and us.

Let the smallest thrive
 In innocence and beauty;
Feed them,
 Teach them clarifying anger,
 and restore them to their dignity.

Let us make the journey through
 the valley of our own shame and fragility,
Let the weak show us the path,
 regardless of the immediate cost to our serenity.

Gracious creative God,
 Mother the smallest secret ones in each of us,
 until we can cherish them ourselves.

Amen.