A Prayer for Mother’s Day in the midst of a Pandemic

Creator God, who hems us in behind and before,

Holy God, whose deep and abiding love are beyond our understanding,

Gracious God, who walks with us through hope and joy, grief and ache, reminding us that we are enough, come and be with us now.

In this season when we are raw with grief and anxiety, when everything is harder, when we find it difficult to imagine what life might be like in the weeks and months ahead, come and fill us with remembrances that we are beloved and never alone.

On this day when so many celebrate mothers, we ask for an extra dose of wisdom and compassion.

We give thanks for all of the ways that we have been mothered by so many - for all of the ways that we have been loved fiercely by women who are related to us, and by women who have walked beside us in our churches and communities. Bring those who have mothered us to mind. Protect those who still walk among us.

We give thanks for all of the ways that we have been formed, and challenged, and nurtured by women who have chosen to open their lives to us, again and again. Energize those women for the work they are doing in these days. Help us remember with gratitude those who are no longer with us.

We cry out for those who are afraid every day because their mothers or their children are in danger and under-resourced, lacking those things they need to thrive.

We cry out for those who have lost mothers, who are lost in grief or whose sorrow remains tender.

We cry out for those whose mothers caused pain and hurt.

We cry out for those who have lost children, who carefully navigate the days and hours so that they are not consumed by the hole in the middle of their lives.

We cry out for those whose children have caused pain and hurt.

We cry out for those who have not been able to build the families they had hoped to because of infertility, or the loss of pregnancies, or death of children, or for any number of things that have made these dreams more difficult and more complicated.

We cry out for mothers and children who are estranged from each other.

And we cry out for those whose grief, loneliness, hopelessness, and anxiety have been made more acute by the physical isolation that these weeks of pandemic have brought.

Send wisdom, courage, and assurance to all who grieve, and to all who love them.

Cause us to stand.

We pray in the name of the one who walks with us,

Amen.

Rev. Mary Elizabeth Hanchey