A Prayer for Burma

“Give ear to my words, O Lord; give heed to my sighing. Listen to the sound of my cry, my King and my God, for to you I pray. O Lord, in the morning you hear my voice; in the morning I plead my case to you, and watch.” (Ps 5:1-3)

Hear the sighs of our hearts this day, Lord Jesus, groans that are too deep for words as we lament the violence that has overtaken your people in Burma. Violence lies along every path; sorrow is the bread of your people. The wicked have usurped the future of the nation; prisons are filled with the innocent, the defenders of the people.

To you do we cry. You who by a perversion of justice were taken away; You who were violently stripped and nailed to a cross, hear the cry of the oppressed and out of their anguish let them see light. May those who suffer with you; rise with you. May the captives rejoice; in the darkness of the night may they sing of your mercy and steadfast love, for you have promised to never forsake us or to leave us.

Show forth your justice; refresh the land with peace. Restore the blessing of liberty; the beauty of freedom. For in you alone is our hope; to you alone do we cry.

Sustain the weary with your gospel; fill the faint of heart with your Spirit. Your kingdom come!

O Lord, in the morning you hear our voice; in the morning we plead our case to you, and watch. Amen.

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