

POCKET PRAYERS FROM

*Living***Faith**

For **TIMES**
of **LOSS**



INTRODUCTION

We all grieve. This truth isn't meant to depress you or to minimize your suffering. It's simply a reminder that while grief is inevitable, it is unique to each individual. Each of us processes grief differently and on varying timetables. Yet we all still have some things in common. We need time and space to express our grief. And we need to pray. This little booklet can help you, with Scripture passages, wisdom from the saints, prayers and short meditations. It loosely follows the stages of grief, but in a somewhat meandering, nonlinear fashion, because there is no "correct" pattern for grieving. There are also prayers for certain situations such as holidays and anniversaries and for helping children cope. As you read and pray, may the God of all consolation open your heart to find light in the darkness through his Son, Jesus Christ, who loves you today and always.

—Connie Clark

My joy is gone,
grief is upon me,
my heart is sick.

Jeremiah 8:18

Lord God, it seems that my world has ended. I see nothing but darkness. My sadness at times can overwhelm me like a tidal wave, tear me apart or leave me numb and empty. I am left wondering how I could still be here. But the sad fact is, I am here. In all of my heartbreak and pain, I'm here—too tired to sleep, too hungry for what I have lost to eat and too lonely for anyone's company...except yours, Lord. Be with me now, I pray. Help me awaken to your loving presence at this moment so that I might make it through to the next. For now, gracious God, this is all I ask.



I will come back again and take you to myself, so that where I am you also may be.

John 14:3

Let us likewise, when we are afflicted by the miseries of this life, raise up our eyes to Heaven, and console ourselves, saying with a sign, Heaven! Heaven! Let us reflect that if we be faithful to God, all these sorrows, miseries, and fears will one day have an end, and we shall be admitted into that blessed country, where we shall enjoy complete happiness as long as God will be God. Behold, the saints are expecting us, Mary is expecting us, and Jesus stands with a crown in His hand, to make us kings in that eternal kingdom.

—*St. Alphonsus Liguori*



How long must I carry sorrow in my soul,
grief in my heart day after day?

Psalm 13:3

Dear Lord, for a brief moment today I forgot my pain. Then it returned like a hammer on my heart. I reprimanded myself: how can I forget my loved one, even for a second? That hammer pounds away, and I am angry, Lord. Yes, I admit it; I am angry at certain people. I am angry at myself. Sometimes, forgive me, I am even angry at you.

And the hammer pounds on, unceasing. You understand about hammers, don't you, Lord? You felt the hammer on the nails in your hands and feet. I hear it now, Lord. It is how I know you are with me. You see, understand and love me. Help me bear my anger, doubt, fear and pain alongside you on your cross. Jesus, remember me today—and always—in your kingdom.

Blessed are they who mourn,
for they will be comforted.

Matthew 5:4

God of love, I'm not quite ready to accept this awful thing that has happened. What I'm asking for today is a bit of strength to bear the well-meaning "fixers" I encounter—the people who tell me they know how I feel or that this was all "meant to be." Keep me from wasting my limited energy rehashing thoughtless comments. Instead, guide me so that I can focus on what really matters right now. And in your goodness, O God, send me an understanding friend or two. People who will listen or hug and not rationalize what has happened or—worst of all—try to cheer me up. Thank you, my good and loving Creator, my Comfort, my Friend.



“Behold, your mother.”

John 19:27

Jesus, your mother grieved as she stood by you
on the cross. She stands with me, too, in my
hour of need.

At the Cross her station keeping,*
stood the mournful Mother weeping,
close to her Son to the last...
O how sad and sore distressed
was that Mother, highly blest,
of the sole-begotten One...
O thou Mother! fount of love!
Touch my spirit from above,
make my heart with thine accord:
Make me feel as thou hast felt;
make my soul to glow and melt
with the love of Christ my Lord.

**From the Stabat Mater dolorosa,
a Latin hymn based on the prophecy of Simeon
in Luke's Gospel.*

The prayers and meditations in this booklet are meant for anyone who grieves. Whether your loss is recent or it's been some time, may your prayer help you discover the presence of a loving God who heals the brokenhearted and who is with you wherever you go.



This book, along with many other Creative Communications for the Parish products, is available on **amazon**kindle and **nook**
by Barnes & Noble

By Connie Clark. Design by Jamie Wyatt. Cover image: Shutterstock. © 2017 Creative Communications for the Parish, a Division of Bayard, Inc., 1564 Fencorp Dr., Fenton, MO 63026. 800-325-9414. www.creativecommunications.com. All rights reserved. Printed in the USA. **PB4**