

Going Out and Coming Home: Liturgy for Healthcare Workers

Going Out

Going out into the unknown
away from the safety of this home.
Into a place short on supplies.
I offer myself -
even if reluctantly and with trepidation
to the co-worker and the stranger,
to the sick and the dying.

Jesus, you know death, so
when that dreaded darkness
stares me in the face,
carry my heart.

Spirit, breathe strength into this humble body
that I may stand
even with aching fire underfoot,
shaking with fatigue and uncertainty.

Gracious God, grant me clarity of mind
and space to feel the pain of suffering.
Help me be kind
even to me.

Not to be paralyzed or grow numb,
but to know that in caring for the sick
I offer a prayer of hope as
I meet you, Christ,
in the face of each person
known deeply. By name. By You.

Now, I ask all this because
I'm going out...

Coming Home

What I've seen today has been too much.
Words do not suffice.
With the change of clothes and restoring shower
I pray, Jesus, have mercy on me this hour.
That somehow I might rest in your care,
even while I ask:

*How shall I engage the ones I love who know
not what these eyes have seen
nor ears have heard
nor heart that has begged,
'where is hope?'*

Merciful God, may I find hope here.
Spirit, graciously keep my family safe.
I'm coming back to the warm embrace,
if not today, maybe tomorrow,
to even smiles upon the faces
of the ones I love.

Now, I ask all this because
I'm coming home.