

AGAINST A LACK OF CARE

Once again, Lord Jesus Christ, I face the power of acedia.

Against the torrent of oblivion, I plead the blood of Jesus.

When the day stretches out before me and I am tempted to despair, encourage my soul through rhythms of prayer and work.

When I imagine my life would be easier if only I were somewhere else, help me not to flee but to trust Your grace in this place.

When I lack attentive care for my neighbor, remind me how You laid down Your life for me when I was an enemy.

Deliver me from acedia, and that I might greet that of You in every person and know the place where I am standing to be holy ground.

Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, have mercy on me, a sinner.