

O Christ Our Healer,

There is no end to malady, sickness,
injury, and disease in this broken world,
so there is no end to the line of hurting
people who daily need my tending.

Therefore give me grace, O God,
that I might be generous with my kindness,
and that in this healing and care-taking vocation
my hands might become an extension of your
hands, and my service a conduit for your mercy.

For it is often not an easy place to be—
so near to suffering, to injury, to pain,
to emergency and fear and confusion,
and sometimes even to dying and
death and grief—
but I believe it is exactly the sort of place
you would be, O Lord, amongst those
who hurt. So let my practice of medicine be
centered in an understanding of your heart.

Let me practice medicine
because you are a healing God
who feels compassion and extends mercy.
Let me practice medicine
because you are near to those who are in need,
to those who face grief and loss.
Let me practice medicine
as a willing servant of your redemption,
pushing back—by means of my vocation—
the effects of the fall.
Let my presence in this place lend a human face to your compassion.

Even when my schedule is crammed with
appointments, rounds, or duties, let me never
view my patients as mere tasks on a to-do list.
Give me grace instead to be always—
even in our brief encounters—

A LITURGY FOR
**Medical
Providers**

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BLESS THE LORD,
O MY SOUL, AND FORGET
NOT ALL HIS BENEFITS,
WHO FORGIVES ALL YOUR
INIQUITY, WHO HEALS
ALL YOUR DISEASES, WHO
REDEEMS YOUR LIFE FROM
THE PIT, WHO CROWNS
YOU WITH STEADFAST
LOVE AND MERCY,
PSALM 103:2-4

attentive and responsive to the hearts
of human beings made in your image.

Let me extend kindness and mercy
even to those who are too angry, frightened,
bitter, or in pain to respond with anything but venom.
Let me especially love them, for they suffer—
even more than from physical ailment—
from a lack of understanding or experience
of your overwhelming grace and mercy and love.
Let their time with me be to them a taste
that might awaken a hopeful hunger in their hearts.

I can do none of these things on my own.
Apart from your grace, I have no grace to give.
So give me your grace in greater measure, O Lord.

Let me find also, in the midst of such constant need,
a rhythm of service and rest that will
enable my own soul to be tended and nourished—
that in the time I spend with patients
I will have a deeper repository of patience
and kindness to share with them.
Teach me how better to balance my duties
and my days, so that this work would not make me
absent from the lives of my family and friends and church.
Let me be well-woven into those communities
and relationships, enjoying ample time with them,
being available to them, and caring for their needs
even as I allow them to care for mine.
Let me never be so consumed by my vocation
that those closest to me
suffer negligence.

THE CLOSING SECTION MAY BE EXCERPTED FOR USE AS A SHORTER LITURGY.

I would not just be a doctor or a nurse
or a medical provider, O God.

I would be a minister of your healing
and compassion at work in your world.

I would be a living witness of your love

expressed in a practical care of people.

I would be your disciple in this place,
at this time, among these people.

So give grace, Lord Christ. Give me grace this day
and all days, that I might serve you well by loving
and serving others in this healing trade,
ever laboring in view of that day when
your kingdom will be fully realized,
at the great mending of the world,
at the great ending of all ills.
Let me play a small part in that great work, today.

Amen.