Gift us, Lord, with the humility of those who care beyond knowing and being known; who give their time ungrudgingly with simple and wordless presence; who listen like the patient dawn holding its breath, anticipating birdsong even from a dark and starless sky.

Teach us, Lord, the humility of healing that seeks no cure but peace, that knows no power but hope. Grant our service the self-forgetfulness that sees only the other; grant our hearts that wisdom which discerns the riches in poverty, the strength in weakness, the life in death.

Hold us, Lord, in the mercy that is as ready to share tears as to dry them; as willing to carry the cross as to roll away the stone.

Guide us in our walk across waves of suffering too rough to bear, that we, like you, may have the courage to extend our hand to our sinking neighbor, and so together reach the still harbor of grace.

Anne M. Windholz
Alexian Brothers Medical Center
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