



A GENTLE PRAYER

A Prayer for When You're Carrying Too Much

Father, I come before you with everything I have been carrying: the worries I speak about and the ones I keep hidden, the things I cannot change, the things I cannot control, and the things I keep trying to carry alone.

Father, you know the thoughts that keep me awake. You know the conversations I replay in my mind, the words I wish I had said, and the things I wish I could take back. You know the disappointments I haven't fully healed from. You know the fear I sometimes hide behind a smile. You know the moments when I tell everyone I'm okay, when inside I am anything but okay. Nothing I carry is hidden from you.

So today, Father, I don't want to carry everything anymore. I place my worries into your hands. I place my unanswered questions into your hands. I place the people I cannot fix into your hands. And I place my future into your hands.

Teach me to release what was never mine to control. Help me understand that surrender is not giving up; it is trusting you with what I cannot carry myself.

Father, quiet the noise inside me. Calm the thoughts that keep running in circles. Slow my heart when fear makes everything feel urgent. Heal the places in my heart that still hurt when nobody is watching.

Give me peace that does not depend on everything going perfectly. Give me the strength to face tomorrow without borrowing tomorrow's fear today.

Tonight, I don't need to know everything. I don't need every answer. I only need to remember: you are here.

Father, help me trust you with what I cannot understand. Help me believe that even when I cannot see the way forward, you can. When I feel weak, remind me that weakness does not make me unworthy of your love. When I feel lost, remind me that you have not lost sight of me. And when I feel alone, remind me that I never truly am.

So tonight, Father, I give you the things I cannot fix, the people I cannot change, the past I cannot rewrite, the future I cannot see. I give you my fear. I give you my exhaustion. I give you my need to control everything.

And I ask you for something simple: peace. Not the promise that everything will be easy, but the peace to walk through whatever comes, knowing that I do not walk alone.

Father, thank you for staying with me, even when I struggle to feel your presence. Thank you for hearing the prayers I cannot find words for. Tonight I place my life back into your hands.

I have carried enough for today. So I will breathe. I will rest. And I will trust you with tomorrow.

Amen.

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

MATTHEW 11:28 (KJV)