



Prayer for the social workers

The setting sun was going down; in anguish it asked, “Who will take up my place when I go down?” The whole universe stood still without any answer. After a prolonged silence a little lamp came up and said, “Whatever I can I will do it Lord”.

Merciful God giver of life, Father of all, you have created us in your own image and likeness, equal in rights, duties and dignity. You are so generous and kind that you provide all that we are in need for our sustenance in order that we may live in fraternal love and harmony, accepting and respecting others regardless of caste, creed and culture.

But today we live in a world of division, hatred, and insecurity. War, violence and fear are taken the prominent place in the societal life. The gap between the rich and poor, the powerful and the powerless are on rapid increase. Oppression and exploitation are all around.

God, we pray for all those who are directly or indirectly part of the ministry of the upliftment of the displaced and the vulnerable sects in the society. Father, you have chosen them out of many to witness your loving and compassionate face in this fragmented world just like the little lamp willingly offered itself for your service. Today they stand before you with outstretched arms pleading for your help, seeking for your mercy, strength and wisdom to move on amidst the chaos and confusions. They need the courage and a supernatural ability to fight against the crisis together as one family to vaccinate the world with strength, healing freedom and social friendship to step into the deeper calling, leaving the familiar and move into the unknown and uncertain world. Bless them and their constant efforts, so that they may experience your close companionship and your life-giving energy in their day to day life in establishing peace, justice and brotherhood and materializing your dream where every child of yours enjoys a dignified life here on earth. **And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away, and, the sea exists no more.** (Rev.21:1)

Sr. Brigit John SSps