

Prayer for Syria

When she was rescued, baby Aya was still connected to her mother by her umbilical cord. Her mother, father and all four of her siblings died after the quake hit the town of Jindayris. —BBC News, February 10, 2023

Bless the bruised infant, hours old. Bless her life spirit, the holding on.

Bless the mother whose womb sheltered the child,
whose final push was her final breath,
was her final mercy.

Bless the umbilical cord that continued to nourish under the rubble.

Bless the sibling souls who wanted to protect their tiny sister.

Bless the father who tried.

Bless the innocent and the brave crushed by walls and floors from above,
injured or dead by fires and flying glass.

Bless the hands that heft heavy stones,
the ears that hear fading cries,
the town that toils on and on.

Bless the doctors and nurses and medicines,
the suturing, the setting of bones,
the healing.

Bless those who bring food and water and warmth.

Bless the ones who sew the shrouds and bury the dead.

Bless the prayerful who bestow grace and blessings.

Bless the life spirit, the holding on, the holding on.

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