

When I Cannot Pray

There are moments
when I am weak.

When pressure presses
so heavily
against my chest
that even breathing
feels uncertain.

Words disappear.

Prayers do not form.

Faith feels fragile.

And I wonder
if I will find
strength
for the next breath.

In those moments,

it is good to remember —

I am not alone
in my silence.

The blood of Jesus Christ,
sprinkled
in the holy presence of God,
is still speaking.

Not accusing.
Not condemning.

But calling for mercy.

When I cannot pray,
He intercedes.

When I cannot stand,
He stands.

When my voice falters,
His sacrifice
speaks louder
than my weakness.

Before the throne of Heaven,
the Cross still testifies.

Grace still flows.

Mercy still answers.

Thank You, Jesus Christ,

that even when my lips

cannot form a prayer,

Your Holy Spirit

is praying for me.

And I am held—

not by my strength,

but by Yours.

Amen.