



A collection of liturgies & prayers  
for the families of One Hope Church

# STIR UP

And let us consider how to **stir up** one another to love and good works, not neglecting to meet together, as is the habit of some, but encouraging one another, and all the more as you see the Day drawing near.

HEBREWS 10:24-25





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# A Prayer for Body Image

*Words by Sabrina Den Hartog*

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As I live out this day in my human body, help me to frame my thoughts around thankfulness. You, an intelligent and thoughtful artist, formed me. You set THIS soul in THIS body and have assigned me specific purposes to fulfill.

In this body I will experience You - through laughter, raised hands, furrowed brows, healings, embraces, and so much more. Let me not fear the deterioration of my physical body, but work instead to honor You - its creator and the Spirit who gives it life.

Help me to faithfully handle the unique tension of both striving for right stewardship and resting in your perfect peace as I discard societal comparisons and standards.

Forgive me for the days when I have spoken from vanity or insecurity for neither reflect the heart of my humble Savior. Come and be with me in this body, in this season - Your nearness is greater than any physical beauty attained or craving fulfilled.

# A Prayer for When I'm Discontent or Unsatisfied

Words by Halley Relihan

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Lord I come before you, and I feel unrest in my soul.

I confess, I get distracted by the noise of the world and the desires of my flesh that are so fleeting. Forgive me for setting up standards for myself that are not from You.

Let me be like Paul, content in any circumstance, because I know my joy is in the Lord.

Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

Gently lift my eyes from looking outward and tilt my head to look heavenward. Satisfy my weary, striving soul. Help me rest in You and find the JOY in You, which is the opposite of the noise that overwhelms me. Let Your presence alone satisfy my deepest needs. Help me know deeply that I am not what I do, have, or accomplish. I PRAISE YOU that I am known and loved by the living God.

Thank You for giving all spiritual blessings and help me steward my gifts for You. Renew my mind. Give me a heart of thankfulness, for my primary response to You in anything and everything is gratitude. Thank You, thank You, thank You.

I lay these longings and unmet expectations at the feet of the cross, where You sacrificed everything to bring true, whole satisfaction.

Praise the Lord.

Amen.

# A Prayer for Anxiety

Words by Brett Hicks

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Jesus.

Jesus.

Sometimes this is the only word utterable when our minds are trapped and we can't think of words to get out of anxious thought cycles.

But praise You that just saying "Jesus" is enough. More than enough.

More than enough to stop irrational thoughts before they begin.

More than enough to carry the burden of our darkest fears.

More than enough to calm the storm in our minds.

You tell us explicitly not to worry, yet we do.

Is it a sign that we don't trust you?

We're sorry, God. Help our unbelief!

Anxiety comes on its own schedule,

Suddenly.

We can't breathe.

We're completely overwhelmed by nearly nothing.

We lose our tempers.

We can't function.

We are scared.

We need you, Jesus.

When we're sitting in anxiety, it makes us feel so in over our heads that we don't have the capacity to sit at Your feet instead, Lord. And yet You say gently and sincerely, *it's okay. I have nowhere else to be. I'm listening and I want to hear from you, in your timing.*

Thank You for Your kindness. Thank You for not thinking we're crazy or annoying or ridiculous.

Thank You that we are not less valuable to You because we struggle with these thoughts.

Thank You that we are not failures as Christians because of our battle with anxiety.

We'll never have peace in this life in the way You, Jesus, intend for us in eternity. But You do offer us peace on Earth, and we beg for it.

We beg for Your refuge.

We beg for Your protection.

We beg for Your mercy and grace.

Please use this journey for good. Help us to be more compassionate to the ones standing on the street corner with a sign, more empathetic towards broken homes and broken relationships affected by mental health, more loving towards those who are unkind to us.

Because, chances are, they're dealing with their own unseen demons just like us.

Jesus

Jesus

You're the one who knows the intricacies of 8 billion minds and yet isn't anxious about anything. In You we put our trust.

Amen.

# A Prayer for Pain & Conflict in a Family

*Words by Natalie Choquette*

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Heavenly Father, our Refuge and Redeemer -

Our hearts are burdened.  
Weighed down by trials and tribulations  
in our family.

We cry out to You for healing within.  
You know the sin, deep wounds,  
painful memories and detrimental  
patterns.

In whatever choices were made –  
words used, actions taken, sins  
committed -  
we pray for eyes to be opened.  
We pray for complete repentance.  
We pray for forgiveness to be given.  
Restore what was harmed.  
Heal what has been broken.

Give us wisdom and patience,  
Compassion and gentleness.  
Help us make decisions grounded in love  
and righteousness.  
Father, teach us to seek Your counsel in  
every situation.  
May we turn to Your word for guidance,  
Listen to Your spirit for direction,  
and always remember that Your wisdom  
is and always will be far superior to our  
own understanding.

Where hearts are hardened,  
will You soften them?  
Where feelings are hurt,  
will You repair bonds?  
Where trust was broken,  
will You heal the wound?  
Where regrets were made,  
(or perhaps there is no remorse)  
will You bring holy conviction?

We pray for reconciliation.  
We pray for patience and peace in the  
midst of waiting.  
Help us turn to You, for You are our  
fortress and our hope.  
May we remember Your unending love  
and faithfulness.

God, You hold this family in Your hands.  
Help us release what is not ours to hold  
So we can give all our hearts  
And all the brokenness to You.

# A Prayer for Play Dates

*Words by Olivia Hilgenkamp*

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Praise to You, oh Lord, for community and friends. Let us not take for granted the blessings you give through friendship. As we gather together, remind us of how You delight, even for play.

Prepare our hearts to encourage, love, speak truth, and abide with one another. Give us the courage to be vulnerable and authentic with one another. May we model deep friendship to our children. Give us moments to serve and bless each other.

Plant and water seeds of love for all people in our children's hearts. Equip us to teach them to choose kindness and gentleness toward one another and themselves. Give them patient hearts that abound in goodness. May peace and self control be practiced. Let us have fun and rejoice in the joy of one another's presence!

As your word says, let us remain faithful in continuing to meet with one another, as community reflects Your glory.

All praise to You, the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit!



# A Prayer for Expectant Mothers Who Have Also Carried Death

*Words by Chase Vanderveen*

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We know You see us, God. Our silent tears soak our pillows after the sun has gone down. We've held it together all day. Help us to shed the brave mask because we're in the presence of our King. A King who found Himself humble enough to willingly walk a road of suffering on earth so He would understand our aches and sadness.

Laying on our sides in bed, we feel the absolute joy of the kicks of life inside us, while still remembering all too well the feeling of going to bed with death inside of us. Our bodies have been a vessel for life and they have also been a coffin. Humble us, Jesus, as we remember You are sovereign over it all.

Not every chapter has a happy ending, but we know the way the book ends - in victory, in joy, in redemption. Would You, Sovereign Lord, tuck us in close to You in these moments or months of fear as we take heart knowing simultaneously You're dancing with the little ones we never got to meet.

We know You won't let our fear define these new baby's lives. We praise You that we don't have the power to distort Your intricate and elaborate design for our children. Help us shake that pressure off.

God, meet us in the anxious spiral,

whether it originated in reality or fear. Meet us in the triggering setting of an ultrasound room, a hospital bed, or even our own bathroom. In these spaces, would You write a new story, Lord, that is marked by good news and sweet joy! May we understand the very fullness of joy that is found in Your presence alone, that no gift, no riches, no power, not even a child can produce.

Heavenly Father, give us grace as we haven't trusted You completely all nine months. Give us grace as we have wished the time away. Give us grace as we navigate trauma and yet hope for triumph yet again. Lord, as we deliver these babies alive, may it deliver US too from the darkness we've walked through. Deliver us from the nightmares. From the triggers. From the grip of anxious thoughts. These are not from You. You are much bigger, much more holy, much more powerful than all of it combined.

We close our eyes and inhale deeply, peacefully, because we know Jesus conquered the grave. You defeated death. And when we hear the cry of our new baby's first breaths of air outside our womb, we will remember Your passionate, unwavering love for us.

# A Prayer Over a Child's Body

Words by Alicia Holmquist

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*Cross-referenced verses in italics.*

You, oh Lord, carefully crafted \_\_\_\_\_  
(insert child's name) in their mother's womb, and we pray that You would use their body and the extent of their days on this earth to honor You. (*Psalms 139:13-16*)

Bless their feet, that they may carry good news and proclaim peace to the corner of the world You have set before them. (*Isaiah 52:7*)

Bless their legs, that they will walk them through suffering without being consumed. (*Isaiah 43:2*)

Bless their hands, that they may serve others in the way that You have gifted them and that they may give generously to the poor. (*1 Peter 4:10-11, Proverbs 28:27*)

Bless their arms, that they may carry other's burdens in love (*Galatians 6:2*) and that they may embrace those who are hurting and celebrate the victories of others. (*Romans 12:15*)

Bless their neck, that it may always turn their eyes upon the poor and marginalized so that they will seek justice for their neighbor. (*Isaiah 1:17*)

Bless their ears, that they may be willing to listen and hear Your Word. (*Isaiah 55:2-3*)

Bless their eyes, that they may be fixed on You and consumed by Your glory and grace. (*Hebrews 12:2*)

Bless their tongue, that they may tame it and that their words may be used to build others up in love. (*1 Peter 3:10-12, Ephesians 4:29*)

Bless their mind, that it may be renewed so they can discern Your will. (*Romans 12:2*)

Bless their heart, that they may love You first and foremost, and that they may love their neighbor as themselves. (*Mark 12:30-31*)

Amen.

# A Prayer for Discerning a Family Size

Words by Danielle Petro

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We come before You humbled with the child/children You have given us. Thank You for these gifts. We pray that (child/children's name) would know, love, and follow you as our family grows.

**Help us to desire children in the way that You desire them for our family.** Open our eyes and hearts to Your will. We need Your generous wisdom. Send timely scripture and a community to point us to You when we ask big questions: Would you like us to bear a baby? Is there another way we can serve your kingdom? Are you calling us to foster care or adoption?

*(Pause)*

**Lord, unite us in this discernment.** We thank You for the covenant of marriage. We praise You for this family You have appointed. Bring communication, peace, and agreement in our family during these life-changing decisions.

**Lord, help us to abide in this season of discernment with a spirit of contentment.** Give us obedience in Your answers. Help us not to compare our family to other families. Help us to feel complete joy for growing families and weep with mourning families. Saturate our mind with You, Your word, and Your direction on these big decisions to continue having children or focus on raising the babies in our arms. Not our will but Yours be done.

**Align our desires with your desires, unite our vision in the household, and give us the courage to obey Your plans.**

Amen.

# A Parent's Liturgy of Gratitude

*Words by John Michael Den Hartog*

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We thank You, Yahweh, for little ones - for the sound of their throaty laughs as they giggle, for the soft little hands placed in ours, for the warmth of their bodies pressed up to ours.

We thank You for the smiles they bring, the sense of fun which pervades so much of what they do, the constant reminder that life is about more than clothes and food and to-do lists.

We thank You for the wonder in their eyes when they encounter something for the first time.

We thank You for their little voices, which move from clumsy renditions of "mama" and "dada" to awkward little words, like "pwease" and "brudder", to full sentences and thoughts, until the spectrum of language slowly unfurls for them like a flag making its debut.

And Yahweh, we thank You for the many intangibles - the unprompted kisses and hugs, the spontaneous acts of service, the sparks of gentleness or thoughtfulness or generosity, the prayers and praises presented to You from their hearts. We see Your fingerprints in all of these things. We see that even when things get difficult, You have not stopped working.

And, Yahweh, there are many difficulties. Long days and short nights, hours of screaming, punches, kicks, bites, and scratches, attitudes of defiance, anger, and selfishness (to which, unfortunately, we are not immune), diapers too small for their contents, sicknesses that seem to come at the most inconvenient times, days when a hot shower or fresh clothes is a luxury just out of reach, the moments when a piping hot cup of coffee or a steaming plate of food grows cold while pressing needs take precedence.

# A Parent's Liturgy of Gratitude

*Continued*

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We do not want to deny these difficulties, nor ignore the toll they can take on our own psyches, but they can often overshadow the joy and the wonder, the infinite privilege You give us to be their parents. The glory and goodness of their little lives, growing, waxing, exploding, in a thousand different directions as personalities slowly solidify and emotions multiply and become more complex and tiny wisps of hair transform into mops in need of management and hand-sized bodies stretch and morph. It's spectacular, Lord. Truly magnificent.

And this is to say nothing of the things You are doing through them, how in the middle of their tantrums we see our own selfishness, reflected in their pride we see the dark glimmer of our own, and how You sometimes speak in their tiny voices.

We do not deserve the goodness You show in and through the lives of our children.

Thank You.



Cover photos by Chase Vanderveen

Front - *Vík, Iceland*

Back - *Gjógv, Eysturoy, Faroe Islands*



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