# threadbare prayer

prayers for hearts that feel hidden, hurt, or hopeless

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**NASHVILLE** 

# THREADBARE PRAYER PRAYERS FOR HEARTS THAT FEEL HIDDEN, HURT, OR HOPELESS

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I propped my feet on the ottoman and noticed my jeans had finally worn thin enough at the knee to be considered stylish.

Threadbare they are.

I picked at the string still holding on for dear life and thought, how appropriate. I'm feeling every bit threadbare myself.

My nap is worn off.

Worn to the naked thread.

I'm hanging on for dear life.

I closed my eyes and remembered the day I bought these jeans about two years ago. I was threadbare that day too.

My husband was in the ICU after suffering a sudden cardiac arrest. Cardiac death they called it. He lingered in a coma for over a week but much to the surprise of everyone had awakened a couple of days before. We spent the better part of those few days retelling him the story of what had happened, meeting with doctors, and making plans for what came next.

On this particular day, the Tuesday following, I was torn in two. I needed to be with him bedside, but also at a different hospital in town with our 10-year-old daughter. She had a treatment scheduled that day. Her illness had reared its ugly head in the days before her daddy landed in his own hospital bed. We could not postpone and I needed to be the one to take her.

# And so, I stretched thin and took her.

I left Mike across town with dear friends who promised to stand in for me. Between my daughter's pre-treatment doctor's appointment and her hospital visit, we ran into my favorite clothing store and bought these jeans. A little bit of normal in a truly hard day.

My big brother had sent me a gift card saying, "This is for you to do something nice for yourself, sis. Don't you dare spend it on groceries. Get something for you." I picked out a much-needed pair of jeans and a long pink cardigan. While waiting to check out, I alternately stuffed down my weariness and amusement for letting him boss me around again after so many years.

Finally, we settled in for her treatment, and as the day progressed, I received updates from Mike's ICU nurses and friends. I did my best to be present with my daughter. This was the first time ever after a year's worth of IV sticks she didn't cry. "I'm not going to cry today, Mommy. I'm going to be brave like daddy." And she was.

Around the four-hour mark of her treatment the other hospital called me. "We need to transfer your husband to a different hospital immediately. You need to come and sign the papers."

# That would be the third hospital in my story.

I assured them I would be there as soon as I could, but heaven help us my daughter was still in her own hospital bed. They would have to wait for me and my signature.

I made it to my husband's ICU room around dinnertime and met with his doctors, who were adamant he needed to have surgery early the next morning at the other hospital.

I signed the paper.

I assured him that he was going to be OK. (He doubted me.) I snuck my 10-year-old into the ICU so she could kiss her daddy. (That helped.)

And I watched as they wheeled him out the door.

I drove my exhausted brave girl home and sat down to a late dinner with my mom, who was taking care of my other three girls. I looked at her and said, "I need to go to the new hospital and check on Mike."

My mom folded her arms and said, "Absolutely not. You

need to go to bed. Call the nurse. Make sure he is settled, and tell them you will be there tomorrow for surgery bright and early." I resisted but only a little.

Threadbare doesn't have much pushback.

When I think on that Tuesday, I don't just remember it. I re-live it. My entire body feels the weight of it. I can see the hollow look in my eyes and the way I had to keep searching for a chair to sit down on because I was too exhausted to stand up.

But, looking back also reminds me that today's hard has been filtered through my shepherd's hands. The same ONE that walked me through that unbelievable ordeal two years ago is with me today.

When I don't have answers.

When my daughter is still sick.

When my husband struggles this side of a miracle.

When I see a mountain in front of me.

When suffering is long.

And I realize once again, Jesus isn't threadbare holding on for dear life.

He is holding on to me.

And he is before all things, and in him all things hold together. (Colossians 1:17).

# Thredbare

THRED'BARE, *adjective* [thread and bare.] Worn to the naked thread; having the nap worn off; as a threadbare coat; threadbare clothes.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> S.V. Thredbare, Webster's Dictionary of 1828, http://webstersdictionary 1828.com/Dictionary/Thredbare, 03/28/2019.

# The LORD is my shepherd, I lack nothing. PSALM 23:1 (NIV)

Lord,

I'm so tired. I have nothing to offer. Yet, I am Martha worked up in the kitchen with a fear that you will look in and see me and think, "Wow. She is not doing her part."

When really, the problem is I'm trying to do all the parts.

God, I want to lean into you. I know you made me responsible for a reason. But is it keeping me from experiencing the peace and provision you have for me? I need your touch, Lord—and I need to see my tender and strong LACKING-NOTHING shepherd coming for me and holding me.



## I am:

vulnerable
needy
completely dependent on you

### You:

Are strong

Have provision

Have a table set up of abundance for me

Oh Lord, do what you can do. Show me today how you have gone before me and carved out paths of righteousness for me to follow. I need to see you today.

# threadbare prayer:

LORD, you are my shepherd and I lack nothing.

# "Since God cares for you, let Him carry all your burdens and worries." 1 Peter 5:7 (Voice)

Lord,

Letting you carry some of my burdens and a few of my worries is ok.

But all, Lord?

They are many. They are heavy. And they are slowly draining the threadbare life right out of me. And so, as an act of faith I humble myself because I can't carry these anymore. I put the full weight on you:

# My burdens:

finances
healing
leading well while broken

### You are:

Abundant Strong In control

Lord, I come. Your strong hand has brought me here. I trust you to lift me up in your OWN good time. I'm putting the full weight of my anxieties on you and taking you at your WORD. For I am your personal concern. (See 1 Peter 5:6-7, JBP.)

# threadbare prayer:

LORD, I will let you carry all my burdens and worries.

# The LORD is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble; he knows those who take refuge in him.

**Nahum** 1:7

Lord,

You are a good stronghold and I will take refuge in you today. When troubles surround me, I know I have a safe place to hide.

### I am:

known strengthened held

# You are:

The existing one—Jehovah
good and kind (I declare it even when I don't feel it)
a fortified place (when I can't hold myself up in a
day of stress)

You know with certainty my heart, my thoughts, the way I take, the places I've been, and each fear I battle. And yet, you invite me to take refuge under the shadow of your sufficiency.

# threadbare prayer:

LORD, only you know and that is enough for me.

