Sample Prayers
from
Praying Our Loved Ones Home to the Church
by Mary Sullivan

Keeping Close in Mind, "The Best is Yet to Be"

We "baby-proofed" our home, calmed them when they'd wailed.
To get them to a Sunday Mass, never had we failed.
We did all we knew to keep them safe each day,
But we could not protect them from a world gone astray.
Each time our minds must ponder this, our broken hearts grow sad.
There was no way to shield them from a godless world gone mad.

There's in my mind an image of our daughter I can see.
She's in heaven and she's holy and she's all God meant for her to be.
Her bright doe eyes are sparkling as she's smiling back at me.
One night I dreamed I saw her, beautiful as can be.
She was radiant with joy for the truth had set her free.
The pain was gone. The tears been wiped. There was no misery.
All around her was pure glory, as far as one could see.

We believe, by faith, that our God is very near.
That if we ask, He will provide the grace to persevere.
Life is short. Beyond what seems like the final inning,
Beyond death's veil, there surely lies a glorious beginning.
Where love prevails in a way, we here only dimly see.
We suffer now, we lift our crosses—heavy though they be,
And we keep in our minds and hearts: the best is yet to be.

Pray, Hope, and Never Worry

Pray, hope and do not worry
—St. Padre Pio

Though the day be rushing by,
Though business leaves us in a hurry,
Through it all, may we have grace
To pray, to hope, and never to worry.
Though around us mountains crumble,
As we fight with strength to cope.
May we restart, once more rebuild.
May we persevere with joyful hope.
When all seems dimmed by stain of sin,
When darkness devours break of day,
May we trust God first of all.
May our first thought be to pray.
Loved ones now can seem so lost,
Lost in muddled truths made blurry.
May they find their hope in God.
May they pray, hope, and never worry.
Though the road ahead be rough.
Though the road seems all uphill,
May loved ones seek to love You, Father,
And seek to do Your holy will.
In Your will, we are protected.
In Your will, we're free from harm.
May those we love find their hope
In Your strong, Fatherly arms.

To One Day Be a Saint

The saints did not all begin well; but they all ended well.
—St. John Vianney

One need not be a perfect soul to one day be a saint.
Many saintly souls once had lives of little self-restraint.
Won't You forgive us, Father, for the times when we were blind,
For the times when we offended You, left sanctity behind?
Put us on the narrow path that leads to life abundant;
Keep our feet upon this path, our minds off sins redundant.
May all we say and all we think and all the things we do,
Be said and thought and done in a way that pleases You.
Some of our sons and daughters now march as if abducted,
Along a path of willful sin, where pure love is destructed.
In sync with fallen culture, its depraved, degrading drum,
Of sin they seem oblivious; to sin, they now seem numb.
The enemy has launched on those we love a dangerous attack.
Lord, mine the demons from their souls. Hold the demons back.
Send holy saints to help them from every saintly region.
Send angels and archangels. Send multitudes of angel legions!
Make haste, send aid, dear Father, to this earthly land of sorrow.
We beg Thee, Lord, do this today. Wait not until tomorrow.
Make the devils powerless. Their havoc now dispel;
Dispatch the devils from this land. Send them back to hell.
May we now, with those we love, lift our crosses with You.
To be victor in this battle, there are things we need to do.
May we, donned with Godly armor, bravely stand our royal ground.
In every word we speak henceforth, may truth alone be found.
Let no one steal the truth from us, thus leaving us debased.
May truth be buckled firmly and secure around our waists.
May righteousness protect our hearts from sin, all evil and all greed;
Righteousness the breastplate of which we are in need.
With feet now forever shod in Scriptures of peace,
May arguments, hostilities in our lives, now cease.
May the faith be what we most humbly acclaim.
May our holy shield of faith extinguish every evil flame.
May thoughts of our final end inspire penance and oblation.
The helmet that protects our minds is truth of our salvation.
May love of Thy holy word be our heartfelt goal.
Thy word is the sword—when plunged forth can pierce the hardened soul.
It's true we are imperfect as we strive to lift this cross.
Jesus save our loved ones, who on high waves are tossed.
Receive our sacrifices, which we make without complaint.
One day, may we greet loved ones in paradise as fellow saints.