

For The Woman Who Needs Rest

Ge 2:2-3 By the seventh day God had finished the work he had been doing; so on the seventh day he rested from all his work.” “Then God blessed the seventh day and made it holy, because on it he rested from all the work of creating that he had done.” Matt Henry Commentary : God did not rest as one weary, but as one well pleased.

For the woman who has answered to busy rather than making busy answer to you, Lord, we cry out. For the woman who has reacted to the natural chaos of raising kids, the frantic call of deadlines, the mind-numbing auto-response of notifications and pings, Lord, help us CEASE. **We confess busy has become our badge.**

For the woman who needs a fresh perspective on rest beyond sleep or naps. Lord, show us rest beyond vacations. **Help us create a life that weaves rest into our ordinary. Lord, help us create a life that overflows from a place of rest.** Help us be grounded in you through prayer, study of the Word, silence, solitude and worship.

Lord, teach us how to be observers of the chaos of life carpool, dropped balls, board presentations, work deadlines and calendar interruptions ... AND YET remain rested as we respond.

For the woman who crams one more email in the 2 minutes between meetings. For the woman who uses every phone conversation to also empty the dishwasher. For the woman who rushes through folding one load of laundry as she two wheels it out of her driveway entering that next space rushed. Lord, we confess the rush that rises. We confess taking productivity and efficiency to a level that steals our peace.

For the woman who uses distractions like social media, shopping, binging on Netflix or an extra glass of wine because the truth is she doesn't want to feel. Lord, we confess we need to learn to rest from stuffing what we don't want to feel. Help us learn to grieve loss instead of stuff loss. Teach us how to journal, pray and confess. There is freedom and rest when we get spiritually vulnerable and honest before you. We can't understand our driven nature unless you show us who we are in YOU, beyond our past successes or failures, beyond our work, beyond our tasks and beyond our deadlines.

For the woman who has forgotten how to be in authentic community. The last two years of work from home, church from home, school from home. Lord, forgive us for making community productive by networking, multitasking and turning our productivity toward our relationships. Authentic community helps us rest. Show us how to rebuild the community that has been lost over this past season. Stretch us to refuse to accept the lie that we can go it alone.

For the woman who has gradually become a slave to her to do list - the list intended to serve her, she now serves. Lord, how do we rest from needing every list in our lives completed? Teach us to be comfortable with unanswered communications and uncompleted tasks. It will be ok if we end a day with laundry in the dryer or dirty dishes in the sink, with emails in our inbox and dozens of little red notifications on our phone screens. Help us cease.

Tomorrow we can tackle the remaining tasks that are urgent, but for today rest in knowing we've tackled the important.

For the woman who has never considered all the ways that she can rest beyond sleep, naps and time off. Show us how to rest from:

Rest from overthinking by Quieting our minds -

Rest from strong opinions.

Rest from being too sure. The only sure thing is YOU, Jesus.

Rest from control.

Rest from decisions and rest from choices

Rest from proving ourselves. We prepare cases of defense as if we are the district attorney of our life.

Rest from being right.

Rest from unforgiveness

Rest from figuring it all out.

To the woman who has been determined to find the answer. She's prayed about it and wrestled well. At some point figuring it out has become an idol. If you, Lord haven't brought an answer or revelation, help her to rest from wrestling and trust in faith that if YOU, God wanted her to know, you would have told her. We lay it down now.

Rest from creativity. God did in Genesis 2. We rest from Creativity, Productivity. Activity.

Rest from having it all together – teach us how to make friends with brokenness. Teach us how to participate with you in our brokenness

Rest from hard heartedness by learning to grieve big and small losses. Learn to cry out to God.

Pray more. Cry. Journal. Be honest with God.

Rest from being someone you're not – To the woman who is tired of trying to live their life to match their Instagram filtered life – teach each us to accept who you've created us to be. Thank you for what you've put in me. Thank you for what you've left out of me. I'm going to rest from being something I'm not.

Rest from needing to get ahead. Bigger, better, farther, faster are slow leaks of the peace that passes understanding. Help us appreciate slower, smaller, ordinary and good enough.

Rest from noise, distractions & pings – We need sensory rest, screen rest and rest from overstimulation.

Lord, thank you that in this space you've created hope that it is possible to resist the rush and really live from a place of rest. **In this moment give us an image of our lives POURING FORTH from rest rather than racing frantically to rest.** Lord, we choose to cease striving. We choose to rest, and when we do we reflect God - because on the 7th day, God rested.

For The Woman Whose Faith Is Failing

Faith - the hand we so deeply want to hold when life's darkness and hurt become our signpost.

Faith - the source that spurs us on to hope.

Faith - the gift grace gives because of Christ, because of love.

Father, we come before you for the woman whose faith is failing. For the woman who can't see a way out...or even a way through.

We come before you for the woman who can't see light or love in her life anymore.

We come before you for the woman who is wondering if you're still good, still there.

We come before you for the woman who is looking for revival in her faith, for hope in spaces that were once hopeless.

For the ones whose faith is shattered and tattered - for your daughter that needs the hope of glory.

Father, we come into agreement and with the truth that our circumstances don't measure God's goodness and grace. You are kind, you are merciful and you are good. We tell our failing faith today that our hope is not in the world - but in the Hope of the World.

The miracle of faith fleshed out in the midst of healing and suffering is a grace to see. And so today? Today we believe it. He cares for us. He cares about you. He wants triumph over your trauma. He wants healing over your hurt.

We look up to God. We say, "Eyes up, oh soul." And we remember that our faith is found in an empty tomb, not our wounds.

Having faith doesn't mean we have all the answers; it means trusting in the God who does.

Psalm 46:1

You may feel lost, blind, or without clarity in this season. That's okay...our sight can't take us where only our faith can. Isaiah 42:16

So we place our failing faith in a faithful God, and that place of defeat then becomes a place of victory.

For The Woman Whose Heart Is Breaking

God, you see every heart.

Some hearts are shattered. There is loss and grief. There are broken dreams, unmet expectations, unfair circumstances. There are circumstances and stories known only to you. Private battles. There are also women whose stories are known, but who feel like their pain isn't truly known by anyone.

But Jesus, we know that you know every deep, painful thought. We don't even have to speak a word and you know.

We give you the hearts that are facing a sharp left turn in life that they didn't want to take. We lift up the hearts that wake up each day to a battle they did not ask for.

Lord, the storms of life are so fierce and sometimes they seem unrelenting. But you are our rock. Jesus, you are our boat. Our circumstances, our comfort, our control, and our desires are not our boat, Lord. They can't save us. They never could. Lord, only YOU are our true peace and our comfort. You are our rescuer.

Matthew 7:24-27 tells us that everyone who hears and does these words of yours will be like the man who built his house upon the rock. The rain fell, the floods came, and the winds blew and beat on that house, but it did not fall because it had been founded on the rock.

So remind these shattered hearts that their only rock is you, Lord. The winds blow, the rain falls, the floods come. May we be women that STAND because we set our hearts on you. God we are shattered, we are fragile, but you are the rock. We are broken and we are weak, but YOU are the rock.

I pray that each woman would know your never changing, never giving up, eternal love and that she would know it now. Oh, what HOPE we have with you as our rock! The anchored hope of a new, restored eternity but also the hope that when we walk this life with you, we are never alone and even in the midst of the storm, lasting joy can be found because of Christ our rock.