With a heart full of genuine love to you, my God ... from far, far away ... from the freeze of estrangement I lift mine eyes to a sky unlike the sky of my homeland ... to a sun that doesn’t warm me like the sun of my country, and plead your support and mercy.

Today I feel like the numerous mothers whom the circumstances have driven far, away from their loved ones. Yearnings kindles every morning, mixed with the tears of sorrow for a homeland crying for its parting with its children, for a soil longing for rain – not rivers of blood; children quaffing the cup of pain, want, and hardships every day ... a mother who lost her children, another who has no provider, and families who ended up homeless, and a homeless child seeking warmth and a loving breast but finds none.

I miss my children who have struggled days, months and years ... Years separate us after being dispersed in Gods spacious world.

I miss playing with my grandson, and hugging the other, and enjoying their faces. They are growing, and here I am begging for a child’s voice.

I yearn for a country whose roses were soaked with blood, and changed it jasmines into thorns.

I yearn the noise of streets, and the sound of church bells, and hymn singing that embraces the skies.

Bodies separated afar, but hearts are still there, because they refuse to beat except in Syria, and pray for it with every breath in and out.

My God; you know me. You have stood with me through the most dangerous moments of my sickness and pain, and have granted me your peace when you reached out your hand and healed me. You
cleaned me of every malicious cell that threatened my life. Then, I was suffering; but today the Malicious Cells spread with pain all over my country ... and no cure; Cain came with a new name to slaughter Abel, carrying with him the law of the wild, killing, slaughtering, and burning. But I fully trust in your power to do miracles in healing people in sorrow, you the Great Physician. As you have calmed the storm, and silenced the wind, I pray you would clear out this black cloud and cure the wounds, and wipe out the tears, and bring the far away back to their mothers’ bosoms. You shall bring back the smiles to the faces of children and restore life to the deserted homes; because you have said, ‘fear not; lo, I am with you all the days and to the end of days; be of good courage”.

Yes, Lord; we trust, and pray, here and in all the places we have been scattered, bring back safety to our country; hold it under your wings, and change the evil hearts. Break the chains, and liberate the minds. Send your Holy Spirit to the mothers and enable them to bear all hardships. Teach us to forgive as you have forgiven.

Hear, O Lord, our supplications for Syria, who calls for you day and night.

We look to you, Rock of Ages, with trust that the day of relief is nigh, for you are the Captain of the ship; it shall not drown as long as you hold the rein.

Hear my prayer, for you are my shelter, rock, and salvation.

_A prayer by a Syrian mother from Damascus who had to immigrate_