My journey with pain started the day my husband, our three children, and I were driven out of our house and land. We suffered days feeling crushed, sad, horrified that I can’t put in words. Sleep, rest, and peace deserted me for a long time. God alone knows what the five of us suffered, especially when we started feeling hungry, short of food. But, thank God, He didn’t desert us; He didn’t forget us.

My prayer to you, My God, is to give me, as a mother and wife, the peace of your Spirit, so that how wild life’s storms get and shake the boat of my life, I wouldn’t feel afraid, because you are with me.

My Lord, grant that I would find my joy in you and with you no matter how heavy my sorrow, exhaustion and worry get. Teach me longsuffering and patience, so I wouldn’t grudge anyone; and uphold me with power and victory over all difficulties that come in my way.

Fill my heart, O Lord, with the comforts of your Holy Spirit, so that I’d be able to comfort others around me, and those in similar situation.

Help me to lean on you, and trust you, and draw close to you; and to listen to your voice and wonderful words that say: “Take courage; fear not. For, lo I am with you all the days, and to the end of days”.

Forgive me if I go stray away from you sometimes. Forgive me if I say sharp words about those people who took our house and belongings and caused us all woe.

Let your peace, O Lord, fill my heart and life, and the hearts and lives of all agonized mothers.

To you and your Spirit be all praise and gratitude forever.

(A prayer written by Syrian women from Presbyterian Church in Latakia \Syria)