

A Prayer for Sandy Hook and Visions of Children at Jesus' Feet

In light of Friday's horrific developments in Newtown, Conn.—developments so sorrowful that no words will do—I felt it only appropriate to pull my regular column. I offer, instead, the only words I can at this inexpressibly mournful time: a simple prayer.

Please come, Lord Jesus.

Come, King Jesus.

Come soon I pray.

Yet, even still come now, Holy Spirit, until such time.

We need you.

As the banked fish gasps for that which, without, she will surely die, so too do we gasp for living water-fused crimson that flows freely from Life's pierced side.

The people of Sandy Hook assuredly cannot endure without your supernatural grace.

Give them grace and comfort pressed down and running over.

There are things so wicked we cannot bear.

There are things manifestly beyond our understanding. Things of which, and perhaps for our own sake, You have kept from our grasp.

Such a thing is this.

We cry out, Abba, Father!

Torrents we weep for the families of Sandy Hook.

Our souls groan for the people of Sandy Hook.

Our spirits are broken for the babes of Sandy Hook.

Hold them close, dear Alpha and Omega – the great I Am.

Comfort them.

Love them.

You are the Way, the Truth and the Life. No one comes to the Father but through You.

Show this to all who are alive in flesh but dead in spirit.

Show them Life in death and that Life is You.

Reveal Truth and Life in the Spirit despite death in the flesh.

You are the Way.

Pull near to your bosom forever the precious slain of Sandy Hook.

Let our lips say, “Oh, death, where is your sting?” – even until our hearts believe it.

There is no hope save You, oh Christ, and, save us, can You alone.

Evil triumphs, so it seems, sovereign Lord.

Do they mock You?

So they try.

But You won't be mocked.

Let us rest assured that vengeance is Yours, Christ Jesus.

Darkness consumed this man, and so he did the liar's bidding – Satan's work.

Cowards.

He has not escaped Your justice.

The enemy of the world will not escape your justice.

But for Your bounty of blood, who can escape your justice?

Yet, for those who believe, Satan's ransom is paid in full.

Let us, even now, hear the laughter of our beloved Sandy Hook babes – hidden most high – while, at length, they play together, joyfully, at your nail-pierced feet.

Thank you, Jesus!

Thank You, Jesus, for John 1:1, which proclaims, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

Thank You that the Word is with the bereaved of Sandy Hook.

Thank You, Jesus, for Matthew 11:28-30, which summons, "Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn from me, for I am gentle and humble in heart, and you will find rest for your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

Oh, Christ, give rest to the most weary and burdened of Sandy Hook.

Thank You, Jesus, for Matthew 5:4, which vows, "Blessed are those who mourn, for they will be comforted."

Only You can comfort those beyond worldly comfort.

Comfort them, King Jesus, we plead.

We wait upon you, Lord Jesus.

We remain still.

Until You return, King Jesus.

And You will.

Oh, and how You will.

It is in Jesus' name; the name of all names – the name at which demons shudder and both saints and angels rejoice – that I pray.

Amen.

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