

Leader: What are you stressing over? Why do you cry? Why are you railing at God? Why are you hiding from your Father?

Congregation: Teacher, I brought you my son, I brought you my daughter, I brought you my husband, my wife, I brought you my parents, my friends, my agony, my fear, I brought you my suffering. I could not drive this spirit from me. Your disciples could not drive this spirit from me. Some even blamed me.

Leader: O unbelieving generation, how long will I stay with you? How long shall I put up with you? Bring your agony, your fear, your suffering, bring the spirit to me.

Congregation: It burns like fire. It suffocates like water. I would cry out but my voice is strangled within me. But if you can do anything, take pity on me and help me.

Leader: “If, if you can?” Everything is possible for him who believes.

Congregation: I do believe; help me overcome my unbelief!