

A prayer to end striving ...

*Lord, I have come to see my performance orientation. I confess to You
that / although my head believes salvation is by grace,
my heart drives me to earn love; to be “good enough” to present myself
to others and to You.*

I admit that I cannot change myself.

*The fear of not being accepted or loved is so overwhelming it puts me
into gear and I begin performing again.*

When acceptance is given with no strings attached, I cannot receive it.

I ask You into my heart to do the work in me, for me.

Bring my striving to death.

I want to rest in Your love.

*Help me remove the hindrances I have erected which prevent ire from
entering into Your love.*

*Lord, I have been angry with You for putting me into this family, this
position.*

*I don't want my anger to keep me from You, so I ask that You restore
my heart.*

I forgive my family for _____

(list the woundings that helped form P.O. and those that fueled it.)

*I ask Your forgiveness for my angry responses, my fear and insecurity,
my impure motives,*

*and for not believing the truth. Lord, I renounce the family lies (name
them specifically):*

*I accept my identity as Your child. Help me learn how to live that
identity in my daily life. Help me to feel, to know within me that
“success” is simply being Your child.*

Help me to be like You, Lord.

*I ask You to bring to death in me the structures, the habit patterns of
performing I have created (be specific):*

*I ask You to minister to the ambivalence in me when I want correction
but cannot receive it,
or when I want and need compliments but cannot believe them.*

*Likewise, be the Lord of my tongue so that wisdom and kindness permeate the corrections and compliments I give.
Help me to take my eyes off my needs and fears. Lord, I resign from managing the universe. I give to You my compulsive need to control people and situations.*

I recognize I have wounded _____ (list those you know) by not affirming their contributions—I always had to edit, add or correct.

I could always do it better.

Forgive me, Lord, for both my insecurity and my arrogance, as well as for the wounds I have caused.

Help me to believe I am not responsible for all that goes on around me. Forgive me for always being a “Martha,” and help me to hear when You call me to be “Mary.” Show me where I have taken on jobs or duties for the wrong reasons, and give me the wisdom to resign from them if necessary. Help me to fall in love with You, Jesus, so that what others think of me is not important.

You have said that it is You working in us that enables us first to will and then to act according to Your good purposes.

I want to be a good workman, but only with Your strength and Your will.

Help me to be like You, Lord.