

Prayer for the Brokenhearted

Heavenly Father,

I come before You with a heart that feels shattered and weary. The weight of sorrow presses upon my soul, and there are moments I can hardly find the words to speak. Yet, Lord, You already know the ache within me. You see the silent tears, the thoughts I can't express, and the pain that no one else understands. You are my refuge in the storm, my healer in the hurt, and the lifter of my head when I feel bowed down by grief.

Your Word declares, *"O Lord my God, I cried out to You, and You healed me. O Lord, You brought my soul up from the grave; You have kept me alive, that I should not go down to the pit... Weeping may endure for a night, but joy comes in the morning"* (Psalm 30:2–5). So, Father, even though my night feels long, I cling to Your promise of morning. You are the God who turns mourning into dancing, who exchanges my sackcloth for gladness, and who reminds me that no sorrow is wasted in Your hands.

You said, *"The righteous cry out, and the Lord hears, and delivers them out of all their troubles. The Lord is near to those who have a broken heart and saves such as have a contrite spirit. Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivers him out of them all"* (Psalm 34:17–19). Lord, I take comfort in knowing You hear me even now. My cries are not lost in the wind; they are gathered in Your heart. You do not despise a broken and contrite heart. Instead, You draw near to comfort, to strengthen, and to restore.

Father, sometimes the pain feels too heavy to carry. But You have said, *"Cast your burden on the Lord, and He shall sustain you; He*

shall never permit the righteous to be moved" (Psalm 55:22). So I release the burden of my sorrow, my fear, my confusion, and my loss into Your hands. I am not strong enough on my own, but You are my strength. You are the One who sustains me when I cannot stand.

Your Word says, *"He heals the brokenhearted and binds up their wounds. He counts the number of the stars; He calls them all by name. Great is our Lord, and mighty in power; His understanding is infinite. The Lord lifts up the humble"* (Psalm 147:3–6). Lord, if You can call every star by name, surely You have not forgotten mine. You know every piece of my heart that has been shattered, every moment that has left me scarred, and every wound that still needs Your touch. Heal me, Lord—not just on the surface, but deep within my soul. Bind up every wound and breathe life into what feels lifeless.

You have said, *"Fear not, for I am with you; be not dismayed, for I am your God. I will strengthen you, yes, I will help you, I will uphold you with My righteous right hand"* (Isaiah 41:10). Lord, when fear whispers that I am alone, remind me that You are right beside me. When anxiety rises within me, still my heart with the peace of Your presence. Let Your righteous right hand uphold me when I feel like I am falling apart.

Jesus, You declared Your mission was *"to heal the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to those who are bound; to comfort all who mourn, to give them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness"* (Isaiah 61:1–3). Lord, I lay before You the ashes of my pain, my disappointments, and my losses. Exchange them, I pray, for Your beauty. Trade my heaviness for Your garment of praise. Let

Your joy rise within me—not the shallow joy the world offers, but the deep, abiding joy that springs from Your Spirit.

Thank You that You are a God of restoration. *“For the Lord has redeemed Jacob, and ransomed him from the hand of one stronger than he... Therefore they shall come and sing in the height of Zion, streaming to the goodness of the Lord... Their souls shall be like a well-watered garden, and they shall sorrow no more at all... For I will turn their mourning to joy, will comfort them, and make them rejoice rather than sorrow. I will satiate the soul of the priests with abundance, and My people shall be satisfied with My goodness,”* says the Lord (Jeremiah 31:11–14). Lord, redeem my story. Where the enemy has brought destruction, bring Your redemption. Let the dry and desolate places of my soul become a well-watered garden again.

Jesus, You said, *“Come to Me, all you who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you and learn from Me, for I am gentle and lowly in heart, and you will find rest for your souls. For My yoke is easy and My burden is light”* (Matthew 11:28–30). So I come, Lord. I come broken, weary, and burdened. Teach me how to rest in You. Let Your gentleness wash over the turmoil in my mind. Replace my striving with surrender and my exhaustion with Your rest.

You also said, *“Let not your heart be troubled; you believe in God, believe also in Me... I go to prepare a place for you... that where I am, there you may be also”* (John 14:1–3). When the world feels uncertain, when my loss feels final, remind me that this is not the end. There is a place prepared for me—a place of perfect peace and unending joy in Your presence. Let this hope anchor my soul when the pain tries to pull me under.

Lord, I hold onto the truth that *“all things work together for good to those who love God, to those who are called according to His purpose”* (Romans 8:28). Even when I cannot see the good, I trust that You are weaving it behind the scenes. You are the Master Redeemer, turning sorrow into strength, loss into purpose, and pain into testimony.

And because *“If God is for us, who can be against us?”* (Romans 8:31), I will not fear what lies ahead. You are my defender, my advocate, and my hope. No weapon formed against me shall prosper, for You are with me in every battle and every heartbreak.

Your Word teaches, *“Therefore humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in due time, casting all your care upon Him, for He cares for you”* (1 Peter 5:6–7). So I humble myself now before You, Lord. I release control, I surrender the outcomes, and I cast every care—every fear, every loss, every unanswered question—into Your loving hands. I trust that in Your time, You will lift me up again.

And finally, Lord, I look to the day when *“You will wipe away every tear from their eyes; there shall be no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying. There shall be no more pain, for the former things have passed away... Behold, You make all things new”* (Revelation 21:4–5). Until that day, I will walk in faith, trusting that You are already making me new, healing what has been broken, and preparing me for a joy beyond comprehension.

Thank You, Father, for being close to me when the world feels far away. Thank You, Jesus, for understanding the depths of human pain and bearing it on the cross so I could have hope beyond the grave. Thank You, Holy Spirit, for comforting me, guiding me, and filling my emptiness with peace.

Even now, I choose to praise You—not because I no longer feel pain, but because You are worthy in the midst of it. You are faithful, You are good, and You are near. You are the mender of hearts, the restorer of souls, and the giver of everlasting hope.

And so, with all that I am and all that I have left, I say: I trust You, Lord. Heal me, and I shall be healed. Restore me, and I shall be restored. Fill me, and I shall overflow with Your love once again.

In the name of Jesus Christ,
Amen.

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🙏 So, in the mighty name of Jesus, I pray right now: Father, surround them with Your protection, stir their hunger, and draw them into deeper freedom, in Jesus' name. Amen.

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