May God, who is filled with compassion, bring healing and hope to the sick and the suffering.
Sources

“The year now ended …”  Rabbi Ari J Goldstein
“Covid 19 is not …”  Rabbi Ari J Goldstein
“Sometimes we bring …”  Rabbi Ari J Goldstein, adapted from an uncited source in Mishkan R’fuah, CCAR, 2013
“Prayer invites …”  Abraham Joshua Heschel
“O God, Holy One …”  Rabbi Eric Weiss
“Oriental rugs …”  Rabbi Sydney Greenberg
“There are often times …”  Gates of Healing, CCAR, 1998
“O God, today is …”  Rabbi Ari J Goldstein
Mi Shebeirach  Debbie Friedman
Mi She-berach Avoteinu
M’kor
Habrachah L’Imoteinu.

May the Source of Strength, who blessed the ones before us, help us find the courage to make our lives a blessing and let us say, “Amen.”

Mi She-berach
Imoteinu, M’kor habrachah, L’avoteinu.

Bless those in need of healing, with R’fuah Shlemah. The renewal of body, the renewal of spirit and let us say, “Amen.”

The year now ended has brought a need for healing like we have never seen before. Covid 19 has affected our bodies and our spirits in unimaginable ways.

Some of us have contracted this virus. Difficulty breathing, fatigue, and a loss of our senses have been slow to return and the long term effects are still beyond our knowledge.

Others have fought a battle against emotional difficulties. The struggle of despair, loneliness, anxiety, depression, and opportunities lost.

We join here today from our remote locations, a tangible reminder of the pain we are enduring, as a way to collectively seek comfort from the vast multitude of people who feel much like the way we feel at this present moment.

May our collective voice call out to You, O God, so You may hear the struggle in our voice.
Eli Eli
Shelo Yigameir L’olam
Hachol Vehayam
Rishrush she Hamayim
B’rak hashamayim
Tefillat ha-adam

O Lord, my God
I pray that these things never end.
The sand and the sea,
the rush of the waters,
the crash of the heavens,
the prayer of the heart.

Covid 19 is not the only trial we have endured in the year now ended. Many of our loved ones, and we ourselves, have felt the sting of loss. A loved one is no longer with us. Our bodies are not functioning in the way that we wish.

And there is pain in our nation as well. We are divided like never before. The language people use in our presence is thoughtless and rough. We watch with horror as some of Your creatures are treated with less humanity than other.

We call out to You O God in this moment of introspection and beg of You to bring healing to our broken hearts.

O God, today is Yom Kippur, our most holy, solemn and uniquely personal day. A day when we all stand alone, in judgment, before God and ourselves. No one can be with us. Yet, as we come before you and sit in our own holy spaces, reflecting on the pain of our loved ones and ourselves, we do not feel alone.

Our struggles are eased, not just because of the words that we say, but because of the people whose voices are joined in prayer. Just as those who join us are a support in our struggle, We too, give strength to everyone else. In this moment, we are a kehillah kedoshah, a holy community.

(Reading of the names of those in need of healing)
May we, and all Israel, Your people, be remembered and inscribed before You, in the book of life and blessing, peace and prosperity, for a happy life and for peace.

There are often times, O God, when we feel alone, and yet we know in our hearts that we are never alone. You are always there waiting for us to speak to you of our desires, hopes and dreams.

Yet how seldom do we reach out to You to voice our gratitude for all that is beautiful in our lives; all the gifts of my life. Love, family, friendship—they have all come from You.

And now, in the midst of doubt and confusion, we need to know that You are beside us in the depth of our being. With You there, we know that we are not alone.

Sometimes we bring on our personal struggles by the decisions we made. Other times our struggles are part of nature and are beyond our control. What is always in our control is how we act towards others during these difficult times.

When I feel like a burden or a nuisance, REMIND ME THAT MY LOVED ONES DESIRE TO HELP ME.

When I vent anger about my affliction, HELP ME DO SO TOWARDS MY CIRCUMSTANCES AND NOT THOSE WHO HELP ME.

When I ask for assistance, and when I receive it, LET MY WORDS BE GENTLE. WITH “PLEASE” AND “THANK YOU” COMING BY INSTINCT.

O God, help me to do all that I can for myself, BUT GIVE ME THE WISDOM TO KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SELF RELIANCE AND FOLLY.

To be read silently

Prayer invites God to let the Divine Presence suffuse our spirits, to let the will of the Eternal prevail in our lives. Prayer cannot bring water to parched fields, nor mend a broken bridge, nor rebuild a ruined city; but prayer can water an arid soul, mend a broken heart, and rebuild a weakened will.
O God, Holy One of blessing, I come before you with many feelings. I have accomplished much and yet wanted more. My acts have given love to others. My words have given encouragement and comfort.

Yet, there are actions I wish I had taken and words I wish I had spoken. And, some words I wish I could take back. There are accomplishments I wanted to achieve but did not.

I pray that whatever be the stirrings of my heart, may they bring me closer to my true self, to my loved ones and to You.

Oriental rugs which are found in many homes are all woven by hand. Usually, there will be a group of people weaving a single rug together under the direction of an artist who issues instructions to the weavers. He determines the choice of colors and the nature of the pattern.

It often happens that one of the weavers inserts the wrong color thread. The artist may have called for blue and instead black was used. If you examine an oriental rug carefully you may be able to detect such irregularities. What is significant about them is that they were not removed. The artist took the imperfection and used it to create a fresh new pattern.

So it is with us. If only our lives were exclusively woven of bright-colored threads. They are not. Dark threads find their way into our lives and there is nothing we can do to stop them. But if we are true artists of life, we can weave all our threads into a pattern that adds texture and beauty to our days.