Loving God,

turn my eyes to the other,

that I may see each as you see me—

with an innate dignity that transcends

appearances, circumstances, class

and all earthly status,

which are temporary.

Help me to see the other

as

your beloved child, eternally.

Turn my ears to the other,

that I may hear their cries

as you

hear mine—

with compassion and tenderness

that

draw me closer amid suffering.

Help me to hear the other

as

your beloved child, eternally.

Turn my mind to the other,

that I may come to understand them

as

you understand me—

struggling to find meaning and wholeness

in a world that's fragmented,

and your light in a world that's dimmed.
Help me to understand the other
as your
beloved child,
eternally.

Turn my hands to the other,
that I may serve them as you serve me—
with a touch that cleanses, that heals,
that feeds and that reassures.

Help me to serve the other
as your
beloved child, eternally.

Turn my heart to the other,
that I may love them as you love me—
steadfast, forgiving, ever-merciful, with
patience,
seeing my joy in theirs.

Turn my life to the other,
that I may live in solidarity with them,
and thus, with you,
forever.