

Connecting New

December, 2020

The loss and grieving continue...and God is with us, so there is hope. This month I share two poems about how I have been feeling, and I suspect that I am not alone in this regard.

By Invitation Only

Lately it seems God has become even more invisible.
Perhaps a reflection of the pandemic malaise,
God's initiative has attenuated while still responsive to our prayers,
our invitations to act through and with us.
So I vow to invite you a bit more these days, Dear One,
into my life, into my heart.
I have missed seeing you there.

Down

I feel like Gulliver with the Lilliputians,
a thousand threads holding me down.
The threads are my prayers for the sick, suffering
and grieving people in my life.
There is a list of condolence letters to write
and if the church were open, candles to light.
My heart is breaking Dear One, and I am
overwhelmed and subsumed.
Save me, save us, if you can.
Share our pain and loss,
resurrect our spirits after our tears run dry.
We have no choice but to believe that you will...
someday, some way we cannot even dream.

Yet I look out my window watching
the birds eat aster seeds,
flying from dead flower to dead flower,
and I feel life living,
and I see creation's resilience,
and I know you are with us.

This year Christmas will be different, yet God is with us and grace will be offered.

May we generously share ourselves with our Savior as he gives himself to us.

Peace and Blessings,
Clarence

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