

Rev M Barclay writes a poem feeling tired and alone, but that God will always be a loud voice for you. May your church home also always be a voice to you in the darkness.

Gentle Presence,
Patient Listener,
Holy Holder of it all,
My prayer is this:
I am so sad.
It's not an ask.
It's not a confession.
It's an offering.
The only one I have today.

I'm praying it with hope.
I know grief is a lifeline -
tethering me to the world that should be.
The one worth fighting for.

As a practice of faith,
I will not deaden these feelings
that let me know all is not well.
I will not adjust to cruelty or disregard for life,
detaching myself from humanity - mine or others.
I will not allow once imaginable scenarios
to be turned into everyday losses
that no longer pierce my soul.

And so here are my tears,
And here is my tired body,
And here is my foggy, distracted mind
bearing witness to the place within
that aches for the ones I love,
for friends and strangers,
for everyone being pushed into impossible situations.

My sadness is a testimony.
It is not my only one.
Tomorrow, hope or fight or curiosity
will bear their truth,
and pull me back into the labors I love,
in the company of others.

But today the only riot in me is this sorrow,
refusing to quiet your cry from within:
"We are made for so much better than this."