

A Housing Advocate's Prayer during the Pandemic

Hello God,

I'm here today partly because prayer is something I do every day despite or because of whatever is happening. Today I'm here because of what is happening inside me – I'm discouraged.

I'm still mad at the things you have taught me to be mad at:

- poverty in a rich country
- the double bind of stay-at-home orders for those who have no homes
- neighbors living on the streets blamed for their own suffering and for the discomfort we who are lucky enough to have homes feel when we pass them by.

Yes, that mad is there but today the weight of my discouragement seems to negate it:

- the names of the players change but the income disparity increases
- a new politician is for change but only if she is re-elected and how will that blunt her message
- I make a call to urge that the money in pending legislation for eviction moratorium, rent relief and homeless prevention make the cut, but so many don't even know the dismal facts.

Discouragement weighs me down ... it's hard to believe that one call is important.

God, can we just sit here awhile together?

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I hear a recurring tune in my head. As I hum along, I remember the words:

Wait on the Lord, for He is near.

Wait on the Lord, be strong, take heart.

Ah, yes, it's one of the Taize chants, to be sung over and over ...

As I repeat it silently, I slowly respond –
I shift my weight so I'm sitting up straighter
I lift my chin as I loosen my shoulders
I open my eyes and breathe deeply.

Thank you, God, for being near.

Thank you, God, for sharing your strength.

Thank you, God, for renewing my heart.

God, the discouragement has lightened, the healthy mad is back.

I'll be back here – tomorrow;
I know you're always available.

Right now I have a call to make!

In Jesus' name, Amen.

Written by Pam Hubbard, 5/2020

