

Feeling Helpless: A Conversation with God

A Prayer by Hannah Faye Allred, M.Div.

Creator God— the world seems to do nothing but spiral out of control.

There are so many emotions bubbling through the surface but words can't keep them from spilling over. Anger misdirected to loved ones. Impatience misdirected to friends.

Headlines. Body counts. Riots. Infections. Days remaining. Days ahead.

Everything around us is moving with the power of a mighty wind, uprooting us, tangling us, in the debris of rage, shock, outrage, and despair.

We are running on the fumes of our own adrenaline. We are ready to move mountains, tear down walls. We wish we could help sweep up glass. We want to scream from our rooftops. We want to do something but we know, we know, we know...

There is actually very little we can do in this moment. So rather than try to fix what is out of our reach, hold us in this space. The one we don't like to feel.

Helplessness.

How do we process this? You call us to be still. You remind us you are God. You reveal in us what we don't like to see— how fragile we actually are.

Our institutions are fragile.

Our buildings are fragile.

Our symbols are fragile.

Our bodies are fragile.

You tell us that we are like a mist that is here for a little while and then vanishes. But the scars on our hearts and minds from the violence of our days feel so deep. So permanent. We need your grace to show us that your steadfast love never ceases, your mercies never come to an end.

You are bigger than our tragedies.

Your love is deeper than our pain.

Slow our racing hearts.

Calm our spinning minds.

Hold us fast and be near to us.

Our weeping may endure for a night but we believe with everything we can muster that your joy, does indeed, come in the morning.

And it's not because of anything we have done. Nothing we can achieve. It is beyond the scope of civic duties or rule of law.

It is the gift of grace through Christ that we count it all joy.

Because our words will always be clumsy and insufficient. So we desperately seek your grace in our Nation's hour of need. Pick us back up. Shake the dust off our feet. Set us back on the road. Point us to Christ.

We will try again tomorrow.

Amen.