

MASKS

Many people are wearing masks, Father.

The official advice is mixed.

Some say we should wear masks
whenever we are near other people.

Others say that the masks add nothing,
if social distancing is heeded.

But many wear them anyway,
Cautiously adding whatever protection they can,
To the measures already in place.

We're used to wearing masks, Father—

Invisible masks

that hide our authentic selves;
that protect our insecure selves;
that screen our secret selves;
that portray the persona we want to show;
that allow us to be the person
we want others to believe we are.

There are no masks with you, Father.

You know who I am—

in weakness and in strength,
in vulnerability and confidence.

I'm glad that with you there is no pretext.

I am who I am.

But am I also who you created me to be?

LORD, you have examined me and you know me. You know everything I do; from far away you understand all my thoughts. You see me, whether I am working or resting; you know all my actions. Even before I speak, you already know what I will say. You are all around me on every side; you protect me with your power. Your knowledge of me is too deep; it is beyond my understanding. (Psalm 139: 1–6, GNT)