

WHATEVER

This waiting for results is stressful, Father.

I'm not patient at the best of times,
But now I wait to know
If I have the virus,
Or if those I love have the virus.
How do I wait,
Knowing that this could change my life,
Could take my life,
Or theirs ...?

Our young folk have a word
To dismiss consequences or uncertainty:
They say:
 'Whatever',
A simple word that banishes fear ...
Sometimes.

As I wait, Father,
Will you sit with me?
Will you strengthen me to face the outcome?
Will you give me peace?
 Whatever?

*I waited and waited and waited for GOD. At last he looked;
finally he listened. He lifted me out of the ditch, pulled me from
deep mud. He stood me up on a solid rock to make sure I
wouldn't slip. He taught me how to sing the latest God-song, a
praise-song to our God. (Psalm 40: 1-3, MSG)*

BREATH

There are screens on the shop counters, Father.

Clear screens,
Shielding us from shop assistants,
So that we don't breathe on them
And they don't breathe on us.
The masks perform the same purpose,
Blocking the breath of others,
Breath that may bring us death.

But yours is the breath of life, Father.
You inspire us,
Breathing your Spirit into us,
Your breath giving us life.

It stands to reason, doesn't it, that if the alive-and-present God who raised Jesus from the dead moves into your life, he'll do the same thing in you that he did in Jesus, bringing you alive to himself? When God lives and breathes in you (and he does, as surely as he did in Jesus), you are delivered from that dead life. With his Spirit living in you, your body will be as alive as Christ's! (Romans 8: 10–11, MSG)