



25 Main Street, P.O. Box 61, Grand Bend, Ontario N0M 1T0 * (519) 238-2402
huronshoresunitedchurch@gmail.com * www.huronshoresunitedchurch.com

1 June, 2020

Breath Become Prayers

"This is what the Lord Almighty said: 'Administer true justice; show mercy and compassion to one another.'" Zechariah: 7:9 NIV

"I can't breathe." I can't breathe. "

Those words were George Floyd's last ones, said as least ten times. As I winced watching the video as many of you may have watched, I was looking for where God was in this moment? Then I remembered the words of Mother Teresa, "I see God in every human being...."

What came to me was my memory as a young mother to my daughter saying, "use your words". George used his words, He couldn't breathe. He begged for his life. The police officer was suffocating all that is good, even his own soul as he could not be moved to change.

How can we reflect the image of Christ to the world unless we see the image of Christ in everyone? For if we remain silent in the face of injustice, are we slapping the face of God? As the person being abused is the face of God. Isaiah 58, God uses his words to tell us to share our food, provide shelter for the homeless, to clothe and to help the oppressed. This is not just for our own family, as those in need are our family.

Are we not called to speak out for the interests and injustices when the pain affects others? I think we are called to use our words for those in positions of vulnerability because they are our family. By who we are in the world others will see who Jesus is. I cannot remain silent when a man kneels on the neck of God and think I stand for God.

I close my eyes and imagine a world where I see Jesus in the face of everyone. God uses his words which could still bring justice into this world. Let our breath become prayers.

After three nights of protests, I heard Pastor Ingrid Rasmussen of Minneapolis speaking in the aftermath whose parting thoughts were the words of Langston Hughes in his poem Harlem (<https://www.poetryinamerica.org/episode/harlem/>) first published in 1951.

Harlem

by Langston Hughes

What happens to a dream deferred?

Does it dry up
Like a raisin in the sun?

Or fester like a sore--

And then run?

Does it stink like rotten meat?
Or crust and sugar over--
like a syrupy sweet?

Maybe it just sags
like a heavy load.

Or does it explode?

Thanks be to God

Rosalind

*"Our relationship with God and each other strengthens us, and helps make the world a better place.
We welcome and include **everyone** into congregational life."*