

Prayer for Peace, Hope and Justice

Recently, in announcing a summer sabbatical for her team, Brené Brown referenced a quote from British actress, director, and screenwriter Michaela Coel that says, “Do not be afraid to disappear, from it, from us, for a while, and see what comes to you in the silence.”

We have been very lucky in some ways during the pandemic break to have moments like this. Where we could disappear. Where we could evade the pressure. (We were able to make time to care for people and make time to speak up for justice and we had space to explore what God is saying).

But the world is opening up again and life is “back to normal”. I say that hesitantly, because nothing like the way we live should be considered normal. I don’t know about you, but I am finding my own capacity for busyness and for people is much less than it used to be. My compassion is fading, but the need in this city is not. Between load shedding and constant illegal matters going down, informal settlements under pressure, government under pressure, corporates under pressure, education under pressure, we are in a dark place.

As a result, We are too tired to care for the things that matter. people are exhausted beyond. I’m feeling it myself in my daily life. And I want to pray on behalf of them and us. It’s not that that we who are tired cannot continue to run - in fact, the writer of Isaiah speaks of strength rising as we wait on God. In a cold, dark world, we need to remain a city on a hill. We need to remain the light in the darkness that says “I beg to differ”. We do this by getting quiet again and letting God speak in the silence. After I have prayed, let’s be silent for a bit before we break out into the God bless Africa prayer. Let us pray:

‘It is enough, Lord’.
We are tired, Lord.
Weary beyond thinking about it.
Weary, over praying through it.
So weary: worn of words,
no glimpse of glory,
so weary, we have had enough.
We’ve no idea the road ahead,
we’ve not been this route before.
No way is coming clear,
just... wilderness,
enough to lose ourselves.
And the only path we easily find,
is the one of least resistance.
Yet there’s energy to run, and keep running,
to avoid and evade,
to distract, and deny,
to turn and to tilt... away.
Can we be found, even so?
When we get there – when it’s ‘enough’,
and there’s nowhere to go but there,
and nothing to have, but what we receive:
shelter us from the searing sun,
shield us from the scratching wind,
save us from the time of trial.
Feed us this day, the bread for tomorrow
crumbs to sustain us,
morsels of grace,
a few winks of sleep,
drops of refreshment,
just enough.
Even so.

And now we pray together the prayer for Africa.