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A Missionary Prayer

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A Missionary Prayer: On Frenetic Times

By Glenn Morrison

I fear the world is in strange and unknown depths of calamity.
There is little cry for the dead amongst the living.
Where are the cries and lamentations?
The world interrupts grief with contradiction
Appealing with hypnotic relief that people can live without sorrow.
What then is the world, but bodies bent on excitement and wealth?

The idea of the present has become a god, an anonymous machine of quick pleasures.
Any future is but a projection of the present, pressures upon a precipice
Cracked and brittle, ready to sever and crash into an apocalypse of doom.
Cities now swell and mutate into dark opportunities for profit and inequality,
The better to keep the planet spiralling into frenzy and fear, darkness and control.
Look how the present paces with frenetic steps making people dazed, dizzy and deluded.

I want to be still and hope for a new world to taste the grace of the Spirit.
I want to find God's house, to take a retreat and meditate upon Jesus' proclamation,
'The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he has anointed me to bring
good news to the poor'. He has sent me to proclaim release to the captives
and recovery of sight to the blind, to let the oppressed go free,
to proclaim the year of the Lord's favour.' (Lk 4:18-19)

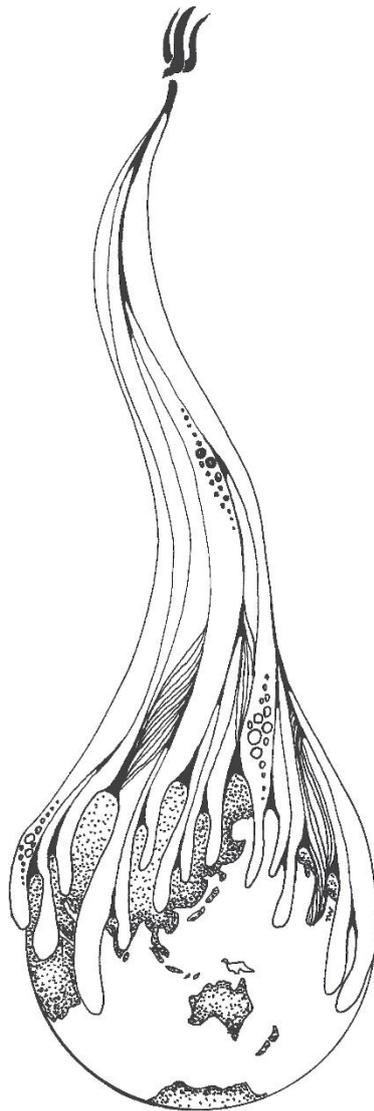
This is all I need to know for just now, 'to go and do likewise' (Lk 10:37),
To reflect who are the 'captives', the 'blind' and the 'oppressed',
To 'proclaim' a little light of mercy so that salvation comes today.
Despite 'calamities' and 'obstacles', even with 'afflictions' and 'hardships' (2 Cor 6:3-4),
Robust St. Paul, the Saint of Missionaries, did not let imprisonment
Nor misunderstanding deter his will. Open me Lord and surprise me with boldness!

I want to learn the art of living, to rejoice and love, and learn from Christ.
I seem so blind to my own poverty in this frenetic, spinning and confusing world
Of trauma and change, pestilence and dark powers, spectres, censure and curse.
I must learn from the outcasts, to behold their face reciting what is so hard to hear,
'I am hungry, I do not want to die alone, listen to me, to my cries for mercy,
For a little goodness and taste of justice.' O Lord, melt my heart and mind!

I shiver to ask you Lord about the reality of poverty. Does it begin in loneliness or
Homelessness, or a lack of good health care, or even the inability to pray for others?
I know dignity and freedom are important as much as education and employment.
Yet, are these mere words fat with ideas, gluttonous with pleasures and measures?
Help me Lord to seek a portion of life and mission in a world fast approaching
The abyss of vanity and ruin. Instil in me a creed of repentance and confession.

Confess! Isn't that it Lord! Repent with contrition, medicine for missionary conversion.
A frenetic world needs confessing, wrestling with angels like Jacob to demand a blessing.
Do not let go. I will hold on tight to any fragment the Lord left behind,
Search for any crumb of blessing falling from the Kingdom's Table.
Meeting Christ is a good accident to have in life, a holy stumbling
To learn to be a missionary, to discover one or two wounds and be ready for service.

I want to dream about a world, a new one that Christ spoke about in the parables.
Confess, yes, and then make bread with the leaven of hope and endurance
That no app or surveillance, or stale top stories and mouldy breaking news may spoil.
May my dreams and confessions become prayers of discernment, hope for reform, wisdom
For the Church's mission, reconciliation of a new Creation in Christ.
In the name of the Father and Son and Holy Spirit, Amen.



YOU ARE CALLED
TO FREEDOM: LIVE
BY THE SPIRIT.

Gal 5:13,16