

When life becomes too chaotic either in our own personal sphere, or in the larger, impersonal world, we struggle to make sense of our emotions; our thoughts; our see-sawing thoughts. Even if what we see doesn't touch us directly, in the sense of taking someone away—out of our lives, or affect the quality of our lives, we're part of the cosmic universe, a dot—a speck—an iota. So something changes. Unknown—unseen by me, but as Rachel Carson once thought, the world revolves with a change. She replaced a cup of sea water, which she'd removed to study once, at the same time and tide level to leave the very teeniest of changes in the speck of time and matter.

I'm hurting. I'm saddened, not so much fear as it is pain for what I see happening. A man was killed needlessly. An adult black man—a good man from all I've read—by a white policeman. Sometimes, I don't see it as a racial act. Sometimes, a mistake happens and tragedy follows, but this time one could see hate and evil in the murderous act. It's heartbreaking. His family loved him. They don't deserve such suffering. My heart goes out to them, though I don't know them, but they are part of the human race and so am I. We feel the same thing when we lose a loved one. We grieve. We cry. We call out to God, "Why?"

The law moved slowly, as it often does, before the murderer was placed in prison. There were protests against the senseless killing. I would have walked with the family. Held their hands—shared a hug, but it was far off, so I prayed for them. I could do that much.

But sadly, the protests led to violence. Outside thugs took advantage of the moment—their opportunity to spread chaos, loot, attack others. It became a game, a challenge, who could burn the fastest? Who could break down the store fronts faster? How many items can you steal before others came to compete? It was ugly. Painful to watch. Upsetting. Lawlessness is all of that. And senseless. So senseless. My sadness began turning to anger and hate for what I was witnessing on the ever-present news. Even turning it off didn't help. It was in the mail. It was forced on you at every opportunity, turning itself into something larger than life. You could feel the tensions, see it in the faces of the crowds. It turns your thoughts where they don't wish to go.

This is on top of the pandemic. We're still, in many states, prisoners in our homes. Only recently have churches been opened in part, restaurants, and jobs reopening in towns and cities—slowly, cautiously, and to an unknown future. There will be many who won't reopen their businesses. Left unemployed. Their lives may seem hopeless, and marriages and families will strike out at each other causing rifts and pain and despair. What only a few months before had seemed normal and encouraging, now may seem hopeless. Suicides and mental health problems will accelerate and conditions exasperated by stress will worsen.

But look around. Must I? I see China threatening Hong Kong and the free world with aggressive acts of power. The pandemic? Was it accidental or intentional? Will we ever really know?

Then there's North Korea. Pakistan and India still feuding, worsened by China's influence. Israel is receiving further threats from Iran, the huge terrorist state, which kills Christians. Africa in constant turmoil. Europe being destroyed by immigrants coming in and changing the very fiber of their societies. Not there to integrate into their societies, but to change them. Millions have become sick from the Covid virus. Many have died.

Dear God, please keep America safe. Give us some peace. Restore order in our country.