



This is not what I intended to write about...

AAAHHHH.....

I had almost finished a perfectly fine column on love. It was uplifting, it was inspiring. It was lovely. I even woke early to perform the final edit before I sent it to all of you. And the file was corrupted.

I hate technology.

Not only did I lose my lovely column, I also had to recreate the worship helps (an order, song lyrics and a prayer list) for both churches for they were also corrupted. Did I mention that I hate technology?

I was moaning about how this was going to throw me behind; how I don't have time to do my work twice; how I don't have any help – and God said, "Listen."

I stopped typing and heard the news anchor give the current death toll from Covid-19: 108,211 people. In this nation, 108,211 families mourn. And God said, "Listen."

Another African-American man lost his life at the hands of people who pledged to "Protect and Serve." In cities and towns all across this country, people flooded the streets to vent their anger, frustration and fear. Protestors and police have been injured. Businesses have been destroyed. And God said, "Listen."

So, I did. And I began to cry.

What right do I have to complain about the failure of my technology as I sit in my comfortable, air-conditioned office, working from home, in a job that brings joy to my life and pays my bills? What right do I have to complain when I can take precautions to protect my health, and have health insurance if I do become ill? What right do I have to complain when I can sleep through the night because I'm not worried that my 3-year-old grandson will be stopped one day because of the color of his skin?

The tears were still flowing when I got the text. A church member had written: "...after church reopens we should invite a black minister or singing group to come to our church. And maybe have brunch with them after? I feel like we need to know some black people..."

That church member had no idea that they were being used by God, but I got the message. To understand those who are different from us, we have to start a conversation with them. That means we have to listen, even when it makes us uncomfortable. We have to put ourselves in their place. And it won't be easy. But it is biblical. In ancient Rome, a centurion could compel a person to carry their pack one mile. Jesus said, "When they force you to go one mile, go with them two" (Matthew 5:41). Set aside your anger, awkwardness and discomfort and "go" with "them"

Are you listening? aaahhhh.....

Ann
Dr. Ann Hitt

That sad-eyed hound in the picture above, is Hank.

Go to our FaceBook page or YouTube channel on Sunday at 9:30 a.m. and Join us for worship!

Please be in prayer for...

All who are ill
All who mourn
Those who are fearful
Those who have lost their job
Our Church
Our country
The world
Yourself
Me