



Soggy Ground

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The weathercaster described it appropriately: a soggy Sunday. The rain came and stayed. Front yards and basements flooded. At my house, the ground is saturated, puddles spreading where the rain can no longer sink in. My shoes make a squish, squish sound in the grass.

The ground on which I walk can't hold any more rain. It can't take any more.

I know the feeling. I'm saturated. I'm full of the world's worry and grief and sickness and bitterness and death and protesting and selfish rebellion and economic suffering and ... but it just keeps coming down in torrents. No step is available to me that doesn't feel squishy.

How is the ground on which you stand?

Perhaps it's quicksand, with every effort to fight back drawing you deeper in. Or, maybe it's deep mud – the kind that would suck your shoes off and swallow them whole. Both keep us from moving forward, sapping our strength from the resistance.

Bless you if you're tap dancing on hardwood or wiggling your toes in luxurious carpet. I pray all of us can find moments of joy and Sabbath.

For all times, may we find the words to pray and to wait, that we might be lifted onto solid ground:

I waited patiently for the Lord;
the Lord inclined to me and heard my cry.
God drew me up from the desolate pit,
out of the miry bog,
and set my feet upon a rock,
making my steps secure.
The Lord put a new song in my mouth,
a song of praise to our God.
Many will see and fear,
and put their trust in the Lord. (Psalm 40:1-4 NRSV)

Despite the division and suffering of the world, our hope is in Christ, the solid ground on which we stand. When the sinking sands and miry bog threaten to pull us under, cry out to the Lord and wait. We don't know when that day will arrive. If I'm waiting for the coronavirus to disappear to feel like I'm on solid ground again, I'm confident it won't happen on May 26; it probably won't be July 4; I am considering the real possibility that the virus will be potently with us until the Fall. That must be where patience comes in. But, I place my hope in the Lord. The day will indeed come when we can joyfully trade our wellies in for tap shoes, when our cries of lament will be traded for songs of praise.

