

Saturday, March 28, 2020

## Daily Devotional

### “Gratitude in the Face of Challenge”

The last several weeks have been challenging. I am sure you have felt it too. For me personally, it has been challenging to be physically distant from people. It has been challenging to postpone trips I had planned to visit close friends and family. It has been challenging to give people the grace to grieve our current crisis in their own way, especially when it is with a negative attitude. It has been challenging to work on the computer for hours at a time. And it has been challenging to continually be thinking about the COVID-19 virus.

The situation has also challenged me to reflect on how we choose to proceed in times of scarcity or crisis. Particularly how we adapt when grocery shopping or what leisurely activities we choose to do or what attitude we choose to have once we have gone through our personal grieving process.

There is nothing fun about having life turned upside down, but I am grateful for a community who has chosen to lean-in. I am grateful for the friends and co-workers who have adapted with grace, gratitude, and ultimately a concern for how others are doing in the transition. I am grateful for people who choose to see that at all times, but especially in times of crisis, we all have inherent value and that we reflect that in the way we care for each other.

Lastly, I have taken some time to find new ways to fill-my-cup and keep myself sane. One new activity I have started is reading poetry. So here is a poem that has provided me hope and perspective that this too (Covid-19) shall pass:

A poem from Morgan Harper Nichols' Book: *All Along You Were Blooming: thoughts for boundless living*

Oh, how steady  
hope makes the soul  
in the river rush of things

you cannot control.  
For somehow through it all,  
you still have been made whole.  
Because as sure as the water  
makes way  
past the river stones,  
so does hope carry you  
past the depth  
of your unknowns,  
under fogged and white-gray skies  
that demand  
the most of tired eyes,  
the sound of the rushing river  
gentle speaks:  
*all is passing,*  
*truly passing.*