

This I Believe

I believe in prayer.
It's not an unflagging belief marked with any confidence
that a prayer will help.
Nor is it an unwavering belief
that holds firm when confronted with evidence to the contrary.
It's not a dogmatic belief that the right words
said at the right time
in the right way
can sell my house, find my keys
or save my child.

Rather it is a belief born in hope.
The sort of hope that extends a hand,
searches a room,
plows ahead.
The sort of hope that offers solace,
drowns loneliness, gives life.
A hope born in a wish, buried deep in a soul,
longing for connection, for more.

So, I pray.
I use the words of my Mother,
not because they are the right words,
but because they are her words,
now my words.
They are words spoken by the women,
generations of women,
who came together to create me, mold me,
connect me, reach me.
Words spoken as a blessing and in terror,
in joy and in sorrow.
Words that echo through me,
through generations,
holding me close,
bringing me home.

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