

Jeff's Jottings

Briefly ...

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Executive Presbyter

Thursday, I watched small portions of that dramatic Senate hearing from my mother's hospital room.

Today, I am praying for healing.

I am praying for healing in my family. On Monday, my mother fell while leaving the rehabilitation center where my father is carrying out his battle with cancer. She broke her hip, and on Tuesday had a partial replacement. I have been in Michigan since Tuesday with two aging parents who need healing, both in their bodies and in their spirits.

I am praying for healing for my country and its culture. Yesterday's political shouting match, with little regard for the casualties being inflicted, was yet another example of the toxic polarization of our country. And the casualties are great. I think of Dr. Ford and the legion of women who, out of enormous personal pain and with enormous courage, are willing to tell their stories, only to have not just their stories, but themselves as people, summarily dismissed. I think of the very structures of our societies, and the tribalization that is tearing us apart; we're all casualties in some way of that. I live in a country that needs healing, in our attitudes, our spirits, and our practices.

I am praying for healing for a mostly forgotten people far across the world, in a mostly forgotten part of Ethiopia. There, an unprovoked attack on a group of Anuak people — friends and relatives of those immigrants and refugees who make up one of our new 1001 Worshiping Communities here in the Presbytery — left many dead, and all scarred. I live in a world where violence takes a toll.

Today, I am praying for healing. For so many people, and for the culture in which I live. And today, in my anger and worry and exhaustion, that seems really hard to do. I take heart in knowing so many others are doing the same today, and in doing so, asking how we might work for positive change.