I do not know when we can gather together again in worship, Lord.

So, for now I just ask that:

When I sing along in my kitchen to each song on the Stevie Wonder's Songs in the Key of Life Album, that it be

counted as praise.

And that when I read the news and my heart tightens in my chest, may it be counted as a Kyrie.

And that when my eyes brighten in a smile behind my mask as I thank the cashier may it be counted as passing the peace.

And that when I water my plants and wash my dishes and take a shower may it be counted as remembering my

baptism.

And that when the tears come and my shoulders shake and my breathing falters, may it be counted as a prayer.

And that as I sit at the table in my apartment, and eat one more homemade meal, slowly, joyfully, with nothing else demanding my time or attention, may it be counted as communion.

Amen.

Nadia Bolz-Weber

Submitted by Patti Roberts