

A Psalm of Lament  
• Louise Hirschman •

How long, oh Lord? How long?  
When will this Covid business be over?  
When will we be able to go out and be normal again?  
I want to go to a movie and I need to shop.

My hair is long,  
I need a pedicure,  
and my TP supplies are dwindling.

The lines at Safeway and Costco are long,  
and the masks are uncomfortable.

Take-out again tonight?

Prime shipping has gotten slow and my next cruise has been cancelled.

I want things to be normal again, and I want it now. I am bored.

How long, oh Lord? How long?

All you give me is time. Too much time.

The time to complain.  
The time to reflect and think.  
The time to pray.

It is in prayer that I stop to consider your goodness.

I am overwhelmed with your bountiful blessings.

You have blessed me with a comfortable home in which to shelter  
and Doordash to bring me feasts.

You bless me with wifi  
with which I welcome friends into to the comfort of my living room without having to vacuum first.

You have blessed me with treasures beyond imagination on Amazon  
and they magically appear at my doorstep.

You bless me with servants, and angels, and heroes of all kinds  
who protect me and provide for me and bring me mail,  
staff the grocery stores, show up with goodies,  
provide me with books, and keep my coffee shop open.

My cup runneth over with multitudinous blessings of all kinds.

Even in this time of quarantine my blessings outnumber the stars  
and I am humbled to know that I have been so blessed beyond all measure.

Surely I am in the top 1% of all history and my gratitude is boundless.