



DEAR GOD HELP!

Description

I petition rarely to God. I am a self-supporting and less self-seeking character to kneel before an idol. Prayers rarely dance on my lips. Perhaps I hold a robust trust component handy in me. I think I own a greater poise that wouldn't compel me to wait for the divine graceful showers to salvage me. In better of my failures, nearly of all the life crises, I swam to safe shores on my own. Or worst, whenever my mind felt clouded, or the day's problems seemed too insurmountable the self-awareness activist presided over. Discouraged me not to take an invitational path. I am pretty much on my own pain, shine or gain.

Gladly, for three good purposes, I put my selfishness on hold and pray earnestly. I, silently appeal dear God help me. The three noteworthy causes: my health, my friends, and for the young children in conflict.

MY HEALTH

I all the time assumed, that I am disciplined, but I am not. My work demanded more dedication which I am aware I don't have. I am indecisive; I am drowsy. For little things I get distracted. But luckily these mental liabilities don't pull me down much.

I hold an advantage. Whatever blocks me I invoke an inbuilt mechanism that can brighten my state of mind. I cheer myself up with efforts of meditation and intense breathing exercises. They had healed me since last three decades. I care for healthful control my mind, body, and soul through meditation and structured breathing regimen. I mean my mind could stretch itself clean of any dispiriting dirt with daily installments of meditation.

Every morning I'll murmur a quick plea, "Dear God help me." What I look for is a tiny burst of energy to jump me out of bed. I ask for my alertness, I ask for my wakefulness. I wouldn't wish laziness to claim to ruin my day's plans. I ask for urgency to indulge in thirty minutes of glorious silence and meditation.

I apply for "my alone space" and allow me to assert "to be what I'm, something like, my keen efforts to read and write. I meditate, to help me put behind the dull part allowing me to ride into an active and rewarding day. Dear God, please help me, would me my petition; to let poise and peace live in me to combat the unavoidable blows and bumps.

MY FRIENDS

One of my friends three months ago called me to complain about discomfort in his chest. I recommended him to go to a specialist doctor. "Right now, don't delay," I added urgency to my voice.

Two days back a late night call jolted me up. She was my friend's wife in a shivering tone. "He is in the emergency, complained of chest pain; doctors fear perhaps, a mild attack."

Later in the day, I sat with the cardiologist. I saw rather mild annoyance and bluntness when I queried about my friend's medical condition.

He replied briefly and sounded like cautioning, "His over stressed lifestyle, abusive habits, neglecting the initial symptoms, are the culprits I presume," I took it as the doctor in way censuring me for not being a proper cohort to my friend.

Stepping into an ICU isn't a pleasant sight. I silently cursed my friend looking at the anxiety-ridden faces of his wife, and two graduated grown-ups. I made a mental calculation once he's back home I need to clarify, "you must change your lifestyle." "Your body has given one warning alarm to reform, think about family and future and help yourself."

Its right time my friend recognized the heavy cost of his negligence. The severe emotional strain and shock it caused to his wife and children. He unavoidably had to suffer through, a few days of hospitalization and mental trauma, for his neglectful attitude towards health-related issues.

Dear God, please help my friend to realize, in all seriousness, never postpone the decisions on health matters. When the head of the family is lying helplessly in ICU, the

children and the spouse are the first emotional victims. This realism should give him enough motivation to think and act, "If I'm healthy my family will be happy."

CHILDHOOD IN DISTRESS

A delicious breakfast, a plateful, waiting for me, I'm about to snatch the first spoonful, the local channel news hit my ears. The newsreader was nonchalantly commenting on "a spate of suicides in local colleges." I sadly presumed, for weakest reasons, "how the young teenagers sought "suicide" to end their grievances?"

However hard I hammered my head I couldn't fathom the biting realism. How could a young and tendered teenager bring upon himself the cruelest punishment? I know how excruciating, unthinkable to imagine the trauma suffered before the dreadful act!

I'm confused, is it the only option available for the youngster's academic hardships or emotional heartbreaks. It's about time to appeal to the parents not to push their dear teens to depths of despair to fulfill their agenda.

Dear God help give broad insight to parents to allow the children to go after their dreams and skills, playing time and thinking time. Let them get back their Sundays to claim their joy and freedom.

It's good to understand a prosperous, vibrant society will bloom well in playgrounds where children joyfully jostle around. Dear God, please help all the parents, teachers, and policymakers work together this to happen in our households and schools.

ROBBING THE SUNDAYS

A pleasant Sunday morning, a day I wished devoted to unwinding, heartfully playing time. Enjoying the morning coffee we as parents could grab a wholesome chance to take part in small talk with kids. We could select desirably to weave a bonding with kids and the family. It's immersing in "no friends, no phone calls, and no appointments", day: Just me, my kids and my family.

But reality altogether presented a depressing picture. That would hit my eyes Sunday early mornings. Harried parents are depositing their kids in schools; it wasn't seven in the morning. Backpacks with lunch boxes and the children dragging their feet with a load of weeks work bending their fragile backs. I hear their supple bodies screaming for rest. And I find no one humane enough to end their academic oppression.

I sadly, looked at the tired, harmless faces, in small groups entering on a sunny Sunday into flat shadows of classrooms.

Dear God, please help the children to claim their freedom on Sundays. Let the authorities scream a rescue call, "Sunday is a holiday to be free, happy and restful." Dear God grant an "eye-opening," merciful wisdom to the biological parents and elected leaders.

Category

1. Uncategorized

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