DEAR GOD HELP!

Description

I consider myself a self-supporting and less self-seeking when it comes to kneeling before God. Prayers rarely dance on my lips. Perhaps the trust component in me is too abundant that I usually wouldnâ??t wait for the God to free himself and reach out to hand me down, much awaited, by many, his grace and grants. Iâ??m pretty much on my own â?? pain, shine or gain.

However, unlike many who devotedly call for favors from myriads of gods on millions of occasions every day; in good faith, I put my selfishness on hold and pause to pray earnestly, to the â??Dear God.â?? For three special causes: my health, my friends, and for youngsters in strife.

MY HEALTH

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The horizon is looking hesitant to give in to introduce daylight or not, as early as five in the morning an unlikely time to wake up for most of us; even birds are not willing to chirp their morning melodies. Ideas simmering fresh in mind, words are ready to jump out of my fingers. But a discouraging dullness flooding in the eyes stiffly, winks seemed insufficient, laziness wrapping the body tightly.

At this instant, I call out a quick plea,â??Dear god help meâ??, with a tiny quota of energy to snap jump out of bed. And enough alertness to walk straight to indulge myself in thirty minutes of glorious silence and meditation. Relishing inâ??my aloneâ??space and get me to nourish â??to be what Iâ??m, â??something like, to read that book lying undusted, untouched for many days; to tap my inner distinction, to claim to myself what Iâ??m worthily capable of. Thus absorbing and seeking poise and peace much before the day opens to the inescapable daily damns and dances.

MY FRIENDS

One of my friends three months ago called on to complain unease in his chest. I was quick to recommend consulting a specialist doctor. Two days back I was shaken to receive a late night call that he was in emergency with the mild attack, perhaps, due to overstressed lifestyle. Abusive habits, neglecting the initial symptoms, I heard the doctors, reprimanding my friend. It was not a pleasant sight, and I cursed my friend at watching the anxiety-ridden faces of his family members. Its right time indeed, that my friend recognizes the heavy cost of his negligence; and severe emotional strain and shock to his wife and children. He unavoidably had to suffer through, a few days of hospitalization and personal mental trauma, for his postponement attitude of health-related decisions. Dear God help, my friend to realize, in all seriousness, the value of decisions on healthfulness, to act well on time and swiftly and allow the priority needle always point towards â??carrying the hardshipâ?? family he is responsible for and personal health.

OUR YOUTH IN DISTRESS

A delicious breakfast, a plateful, is in front of me, as Iâ??m about to snatch the first spoonful, I pick up from a local channel, the news about â??a spate of suicides in local colleges.â?? I gather that,

strangely, for weakest reasons, the young teenagers seeking irreversibly â??the suicideâ?? as the only option available for their academic hardships or emotional heartbreaks. Itâ??s about time to appeal to the parents not to shove their dear teens to tumbling depths of despair to fulfill their personal agenda. Dear God help give the wisdom to parents to allow the adolescentsâ?? to go after their dreams and skills, playing time and thinking time. Give them back their Sundays to claim joy and freedom. A prosperous, vibrant society will bloom well in playgrounds when children joyfully jostle around but never in dark classrooms headed by dull teachers. Dear God, please help everyone connected to parenting and educating work together to understand the reality.

A threesome astride on a bike rush past by me, I notice them from my car, seemingly oblivious of a sweeping and unruly mob of vehicles weaving carelessly. I note that they are not with a protective helmet and casually chatting into their mobiles. I become alert to the precarious vulnerability they are in but also creating a situation where they are trapped in a dangerous probability of risk ahead. One wrong jerk, one jostle, if they are in for hard luck, down goes their life flat on the simmering road, in public view; leaving behind their parents in a sorry and sorrowful aftertaste. Dear God help these teenagers grasp the life-saving civic and riding etiquette. Help them to think, for a second about their precious future before they pump hard the pedals, and their frivolous hand reaches the pocket to pluck out the phone.

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A pleasant Sunday morning, a day to be devoted to unwinding, heartfully relaxing. Enjoying the morning coffee time, a possible chance to participate in small talk with kids. The relaxing time, to unburden the weekâ??s hassles. The bonding times to allow the young ones regale as a part of the family. The â??no friends, no phone calls, and no appointmentsâ??, Sunday. Just me, my children, and my family.

But I see a depressing picture that would hit my eyes every Sunday early morning. Parents depositing their kids in schools, well ahead before seven in the morning, packing lunch boxes and the children dragging their feet with a load of weeks work already behind them, supple bodies screaming for rest; their arched backs, longing to see the heavy hugging bags tossed away for a day.

Sadly, looking at tired, wrinkled faces, in small groups entering on a sunny Sunday into straining shadows of classrooms. Dear God help the children to get freedom on Sundays. Let the authorities shout a rescue call â??Sundaysâ?? are a holiday to be free, happy and restful. Dear God grant an â??eye-opening,â?? merciful wisdom to the biological parents and elected leaders.

Category

1. Uncategorized

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