



Wednesday Prayer

Holy Trinity Sunday – Spirit Bearers

You have set your glory in the heavens. Through the praise of children and infants you have established a stronghold against your enemies, to silence the foe and the avenger.

Psalm 8:1b-2

As a mobility impaired senior citizen, I think back on the halcyon days of youth, a stark contrast to the “me” I see today. I started and attended protests, trekking over hill and dale and Walmart parking lots with our signs, chanting, “Hey hey! Ho ho! Gender bias has got to go!” (Note: I never once chanted those *exact* words.) But I can’t do as much as I used to, and yet I think of all these young people coerced into sex trafficking before they’ve even taken the outfits out of the shopping bag that the guys bought them as part of the grooming process. I recall a couple of conversations that stand as proof that seniors can *most certainly* still help.

The first conversation was on a senior bus trip. We were the first two boarding the bus, clearly both alone. I introduced myself to Patti, and we sat together on the bus.

Soon we were like old friends. We spoke of our lives living alone and Patti said she felt bad because she no longer did much for others. “What’s wrong with just ‘being?’” I asked. “We spent countless days ‘doing’ stuff: our jobs, raising kids, volunteering. What is wrong with just ‘being?’” Patti was quiet. “And,” I continued, “by just ‘being’ we may find ways to help that we never even thought would make a difference.”

A few days later, I spoke with my neighbor, Dianne, who spent many years living between two Native American reservations. She and I each spent years in the mental health field, believing in people before they believed in themselves, wishing we could literally *carry them to the finish line*. And after our workday ended, we were raising kids, believing in our own family members, always the caregiver...a never-ending job. Dianne and I live in a senior apartment building, with many who can barely take care of themselves. Dianne said, “My Native American friends taught me that sometimes our purpose is to be Spirit Bearers.” And there it was: the answer for what people who are aging can do: be a *stronghold* for these kids, *silence the foe and the avenger* by helping our youth be prepared. Be an example. Because our families and our communities *recognize us as being wise, safe, honest, transparent, caring. Grounded*. And they remember the feeling they had when they were in the presence of a Spirit Bearer, so that they may become Spirit Bearers themselves someday.

Lord, you know who we are, those who carry your Spirit like a sepulcher, aloft so all can see that we live only for You! We want young people to accept your Spirit, so freely given, so they can believe and belong and end their suffering. Amen

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