

A Confession of a To-Do List

By abby mohaupt

Oh God how did this to-do list get so long? And how will I get it done?

But also, God, how can I even focus on this list

Groceries

Laundry

Vacuum

Sweep

Scrub the bathroom

Put away toys

Make the beds

Run to the bank

Mail packages to family

Forgive me for worrying about this list.

How can I even begin to tackle this list when the world is so full of hurt?

Who cares, God, about the unmowed lawn when there is a looming list of people who are suffering?

People who are hungry

Homeless

Struggling paycheck to paycheck

When there are people fleeing their homes because of

Climate change

Genocide

Domestic Violence.

Seriously, God— what am I to do with this to-do list?

Because honestly, my heart is broken
By the images of children who have lost
Limbs
And parents
And homes
By videos of communities
being washed away by hurricanes
Bombed by oppressors
Forced from their homes by abusers.

Forgive me for not doing enough.
Forgive me for not doing more.

It is all I can do to pray for their safety as I fold my socks
It is all I can do to pray for their liberation as I walk to the post office
It is all I can do to pray for those children as I hold my own child close
And I pray as I march with colleagues in the street
And I pray as I call my representatives
And I pray as I include Palestinians and poor folks and planet on my to-do list
To make myself brave enough to not ignore my to do list
But to add to it
To say that the work is not done until all are free
That I must do the work of caring for my life even as I demand an abundant life for all
That I must also leave some of my life a mess in order to care for the world around me
So God, make me brave.
Amen.