

O, Lord....

Make me cynical enough for Schadenfreude,
and take away this horror and nausea I feel.

Help me to believe (even if it's not true)
that it has all been worth it,
and that after all this time

and all this pain
there really is an institution
somewhere
that gets it.

And, Lord, having allowed your Church
to struggle on this sinful cross,
you saw that even this did not
communicate to our culture
the outrage you feel.

So now you have taken on
our very most sacred cow...
College Football.
Will the cries of the children be heard
above the roar of the crowd?

Finally, Lord,
forgive me for this poem.
I'm just sad,
and angry.
Today I am not capable
of anything more.

Amen.



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