“For such a time as this” by: Unati Manyela

OH Lord, something alive is dying on us!
Something alive is dying on this generation.
You made us the crown of creation.
When we were nothing but dust, you gave us shape.
Filled our lungs with air and you told us to move.
To move to the nations, every tribe, one person at a time.
Yet, we remain silent, building castles stuck in our own comfort.
Taking photographs of our own shadows.

OH Lord! Look at us now!
We have drunk the well of self-dry but we are not satisfied!
Seeking affirmation inside walls no longer fit to stand.
The Truth you gave us is seated beneath shelves building dust.
It has turned into corners of faded shadows.
Only useful to us when we are sorrowful and in need of comfort.
Your sacred name Lord is in the mist of our own deepest deceptions
On hashtags, a footnote of our own crafted narratives.
Lord, we are ashamed!
Ashamed of our broken cisterns, our broken bodies, hidden behind fig leaves.
We are lost find us! Bring us back into the fold.

Help Lord, for we do not want to be adulterous.
We do not want to linger in the grey and cause confusion.
We do not want to catch a cloud to ride a rainbow.
For we are the rainbow itself, different colors, you have made us light!
Peculiar, roses growing amongst the weeds.
Draw us back into the fold. Stand tall at the mouth of our backsliding door!
Rain down and scorch out our raging fires of rebellion!
We want to go forth from this and fight.
To fight! And run the race you set before us.

For the memory of your sacrifice, Lord,
Your sacrifice, when you hang dry on the cross waiting on wrath!
Pierced, nails stuck between fingers, as the trumpet of our own voices spit out curses.
Until that time, you cried Eloi, cried for our place in heaven!
As you felt the weight of our sin as it plagued the flesh hiding our weakness
You came back victorious! Placing heaven in us.
Now your imputed divinity runs through our human veins
Father you remain faithful and alive in us
But we have put to death the reverence of your name.
Awaken in us the joy of salvation Lord!

When everything around us is dark.
When the air we breathe is but poison!
When Serpents surround us and -all we want is to run and hide.
When we are perplexed and pressed on every side.
When they treat us like dust no longer fit to sweep
When they say, divinity is a tale we tell ourselves.
Give us the courage Lord to say perhaps who knows we were born for such a time as this
For something, alive is dying on us! The Reverence of your name Lord is dying on us.