

Three people have shared with me this week how “tired” they are of talking about George Floyd and injustice. How they wished we could talk about something else.

“Anything else”, they said.

I replied plainly, “I am too...tired of talking about ALL of the George Floyds and all of the injustice.” I wish that I could have the luxury of talking/seeing/thinking about ANYTHING else other than injustice.

But I don't.

As much as I am tired and weary, I don't have the privilege of NOT talking about it.

Ever.

I never will.

Someone forwarded an article to me about how crippling it can be for African Americans to watch the trial, hear the accounts, and see the images. Specialists encourage Black Americans to watch sparingly, discuss rarely, and rest abundantly.

How? How can we NOT watch/hear/see/feel?

I wish others who are not African American would join me in not NOT talking about it. I wish that others who are not Black Americans would feel so compelled and uncomfortable and SICK that they would have no other option/desire but to talk/weep/ACT. Studies show that change often happens when we are personally affected by what is happening around us. Our connection to the tragedy/trauma usually motivates us to move transition. And ultimately transformation.

With so many non-Black folks not FEELING the thorns of injustice...with so many not emotionally connected to/nauseated by the injustice...how can change happen?

In my rawness, I bring these emotions to God and to you, in a searingly honest lament that is coupled with a weary petition:

That those around me feel the lament that we, African American siblings, endure. That the Spirit of God moves in those newly God-breathed and God-broken hearts to ignite the holy rage that will fuel the movement that will bring real lasting change.

...Instead of the silence and paralysis that often comes when I/we share our honest, hopeful, hopeless feelings in such a public way

In my lament, I offer this Scripture this morning, without solutions or fixes or silver lining:

“Again I looked and saw all the oppression that was taking place under the sun:
I saw the tears of the oppressed—
and they have no comforter;
power was on the side of their oppressors - and they have no comforter.”

(Ecclesiastes 4:1)