

# God Is in the Beauty and the Messes

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written after January 2020 St. Francis Builds experience in Puerto Rico

6:00 AM and Maunabo lie in darkness.  
A blue dark that backlights the trees.  
Yet as I lie in silence, the world around me is in song.  
The crickets sing soprano, the neighborhood dogs hum the base,  
And the coqui takes the solo.

I wish to be more like the morning roosters.  
Still shouting for joy, praising and speaking their mind,  
In the shadows of the non yet appeared sun.  
They don't wait for the spotlight, they just speak.

I am quick to sing in the sunlight.  
There are days where the rays even make me dance.  
But in the darkness, I am silenced.  
By fear, a heavy heart, or my own agenda.

I refrain from announcing what the Lord is doing,  
In my life during the dark moments,  
The moments where I feel like God isn't doing anything,  
The moments where I feel like he isn't there.

The chickens sing at all times.  
In the brightest light, and the blackest dark.  
Let me sing all day too.  
Let me never forget the joys worth exclaiming.  
The highs of each day bringing laughter.  
The lows of each day bringing growth.

My God is in both hill and valley.  
Let me sing in both.  
Avoiding proclamation on my own convenience.  
Lord, help me to be more like the morning roosters.  
Always affirming what God is doing.  
In the moments of sunshine  
And the moments of night.