

A Prayer One Day after a Friend's Death from Covid

By Tiferet Welch



This year we have all let ourselves down.

Who haven't we talked to?

Who haven't we seen?

Who haven't we reached out to?

When we are physically in community,

In person we can smile, hug, exchange a few well chosen words

That sustain levels of relationship with others, for their sakes and ours.

This year of isolation has, out of necessity and reality,

Narrowed how many people we can be directly in contact with.

And then there is our own nature: how many people can we be with – really be with?

We were all thrown back into our traumas and injuries

And we have all been made aware of just how human we are.

At least I hope we have become aware.

I am sorry that you are/I am feeling a weight for not having reached out directly to [insert names here]

But it is understandable and, more importantly, totally forgivable.

Let us form our own pact amongst ourselves:

You can forgive yourself.

And I will try to forgive myself, too.

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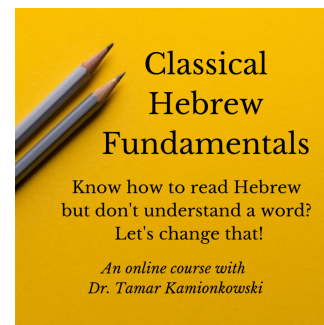
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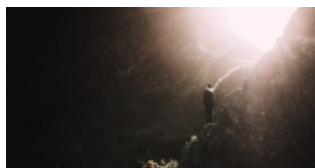


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