

A Letter to COVID-19

April 28, 2020

Dear Corona,

We're a little over you.

Today, I met with my small group. Via Zoom. It was our third virtual meeting, and while it's nice to have the technology to do so, it's getting tiresome. Everything is virtual now: Sunday morning service, conferences, life groups... We even had to have Easter Service at home, we provided our own bread and wine for communion, our worship was awkward (see, neither my mom nor I sing well, and without the dozens of voices to drown ours out, it sounded, well, not so great). It really does seem that you've halted everything. Powerline, my young adults group had just started to grow- we had so many goals and plans for the past couple months into the summer, but now what are we supposed to do? And don't you just respond with a "well, stay six feet apart," we've done enough of that lately.

There are some kind of weird things you've caused which are good. Churches -at least around my neighborhood- have more opportunities to help out the community, in the very small (but in these times big) way of grocery shopping. You've aroused the question of what "the body of Christ" really means. The pastor has talked about how we always say that the church isn't a building but the people- and how now is the time we can explore that and really be examples of that. You've pushed us outside our comfort zone (or should I say inside our safe zone- is that ironic or what?), and I suppose I have to thank you for that. I can see that many of us are growing in our faith- after all, it's in times of desperation that people cling to God, to religion, to something that promises hope... which you certainly don't offer.

You've also spurred humor in the littlest of places too. Church signs now have scriptures about staying clean without context on them, or funny sayings like "Jesus washes away our sin, but we still need to wash our hands." Or there's the meme that takes the one line from "Good Grace" by Hillsong and just repeats it: "Clean hands, clean hands, *clean hands*, **clean hands!**" It's my personal favorite.

So yeah, the terror you've caused, the isolation, the restlessness, the inconvenience you've brought into the world isn't the end of the story. You've caused some laughter, some wisdom, some patience- but I think I can speak on behalf of my fellow church goers and friends, we're tired and anxious to be together. It's hard when we can't "feel the ground shake beneath us as the prison walls cave in," or as we worship. It's hard when I can't lay my hand on my friend's shoulder to pray over her. In all honesty, I think we've learned enough from you. We're all done- aren't you?

Not with love,

Calla Allen