

Nothing to sing about

By [Rachel Hackenberg](#)

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Maybe there is [nothing to sing about](#), on this day when [a rape story](#) is shared aloud (one story that symbolizes hundreds, thousands). Despite all of our noise, maybe we have nothing to say that can really improve life or identify [truth](#).

Maybe our tears have run themselves dry after seeing too much evidence of an eye for an eye (is it even that balanced anymore? [was it ever?](#)). Maybe the clouds weep on behalf of God today, because how else can one respond to the report that [an island nation](#) faces a generation of clean-up and more tremors and more clean-up.

Maybe
this year, a holy week's worth of rituals will leave us, abandoned,
without a happy ending, at the Place of the Skull. Maybe the best faith
we can show is to put one foot in front of the other, as though [tomorrow](#) will surely
come.

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