

On being asked to pray

by [Brett Foster](#) in the [October 5, 2010](#) issue

I think once again about your brother
and sister-in-law, god-awful uncertainty
as they await the news. I almost hear
their parental oath, or nearly so since
the legal process started with his birth,
this infant boy they're hoping to adopt
who's been exposed to heroin and meth.
How much so they don't know yet,
but expect the tox screens will soon appear,
announcing extent and consequence.

Till then their prayers are ample, open
to inscrutable will, yet not remotely serene.
The couple's caught up in their frequency.
Naturally they're solicitous to gain
everyone's lifted pleading, fruitful and keen.
So when asked if I will pray, I sense
it's the least, potently least, I can do
as they do their best outside the NICU.
So blessings upon your family, both
immediate and extended. (I mean

your family, but then again the prayers too,
lifted by air across hope's mezzanine.)