

# 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, potentially 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.)