Forgotten Voices

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I am Peter's wife sleeping alone in Capernaum. I am Eutychus who fell asleep before falling out a window. I am Ehud whose "message from God" was the blade of a sword delivered with a left hand. I am Abel who never saw it coming. I am Lazarus, raised from the dead, waiting for a second death. I am Samuel here to say that even when you're dead they won't leave you alone. I am the man who told Joseph his brothers had gone on to Dothan. I am the brother of Joseph who spread the blanket next to the pit we dropped him into before picnicking on chicken wings, warm beer, and pickles. I am a son of those who shouted, "His blood be on us and our children." I am the dad who welcomed Peter and Andrew back to the family business. I am the little boy who handed Jesus five barley loaves and two fish. I am the clerk who filed the paper remanding Jesus for crucifixion. I am the "man in Christ" Paul remembered being transported to the highest heaven. I am Job's wife, remembered for the lowest thing I ever said. I am Lot's wife who wishes you knew my name.