

## Wade in the Water

Wade in the water, the aftermath of hurricane Katrina and all of those heavenly waters which were full of trouble for the people of the Gulf Coast, not just New Orleans....

I remember the pictures of folks wading in the water – sometimes chest high, sometimes higher than that, some rescue boats, some folks in jails as the water rose, some in attics, some on the roof. Don't want to wade in that water, full of all the garbage that the Mississippi sends down, full of bad stuff, smelly stuff, dangerous stuff. Jesus or somebody, troubled that water....

Wade in the water, the legacy of institutionalized racism, the poor, the children, the elderly who were left to fend for themselves as their more affluent neighbors took the car or the plane or the bus outta there. Left to wade in the waters of incompetence in the downtown sports arena where troubles multiplied and help came but only days later. Wade in the water of blame, stirring up trouble over whose fault, whose responsibility, who's really in charge here???

Wade in the water of the past, the years of undergraduate school when the federal desegregation orders meant the Ku Klux Klan marched in downtown Richmond, Va. In their robes, handing out leaflets, burning a cross on the governor's lawn, sat in a parking lot and leaned on the horn for 3 hours to let the police know they weren't gonna cooperate. Wade into the basement tunnels of the hospitals where cockroaches were so big I was afraid I wouldn't kill them when I stepped on them, wade into not enough resources, so many beds in one room of the poor. Wade into a history of bias that continues to eat souls and minds and provides no respite. Wade into all that when I was 17 and knew nothing except my own privileged white skin.

Wade in the water, God's gonna trouble the water. Trouble it with the healing power, trouble it with the tip of an angel wing, trouble it and stir it until all the muck is at the bottom and we can see a reflection of our best selves, our healing and helpful selves, our Christian selves, our brother and sister selves, our changing selves.

Wade in the water of hope, Jeremiah's dream spoken of God's desire for homes and gardens...wade into that water, that justice water, that cascade of compassion....wade into the water of relationships, of new faces, new partners, new, fresh, cleansing. Wade in with sweat equity, a far cry from the winter chill of ice sculptures and canal skates... Obama in Ottawa while we're in the city that the government forgot, didn't care about and there are more waters of politics here too,,,who we forget, who we won't give water to, wade in that water I'll tell you, requires some hip boots, some real willingness to get into the deep of it...