The Furloughed Missionaries in Children's Church

Praise the emaciated cow in the slideshow, the gummy water buffalo. Praise the wooden cart with a hole busted in its floor, but still pulling a sick child over potholes to the country doctor. Praise the country doctor

who knows little, but enough here and there to save a child in this world. Praise the chlorine tablets dissolving in thick-walled water bottles, praise the wide-brimmed hats and the way dust glued to sweat makes sunscreen.

Lift your voice: praise the dead air waiting for a song each steaming morning walking from compound to need. Praise this basement, the pipes and wires and whirring overhead projectors spinning in endless dusty rotation.

Praise this hot room and the hard-backed chairs in which you sit with small aching back, the closest you get to suffering.

Praise the end of furlough and their return to Cambodia.

And pray for you, pale child, stranded in sufficiency, unblessed

never knowing how it feels to lack so much of everything.

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