

Zechariah's Prayer

Lord of lords,

I have had to keep my peace these long months. I have wanted to celebrate, I have wanted to publicly declare my praise to the God who has been faithful to Elizabeth and myself.

I have wanted to sing out.

I have wanted to yell my praise and declare the end of our pain, our shame, our public embarrassment.

But I have had to wait. To keep my peace. To hold my tongue. To wait, unable to speak.

Like so many others who have wanted justice.

Who have wanted change.

Who have wanted cruelty to end.

Who have wanted peace.

They have waited.

In my silence, though, I have heard you.

I have considered others.

I have given thought to my son – my son! I still cannot believe it – my son who will loudly proclaim the goodness and justice of God.

Who will point to the Saviour to come.

Who will, as I hope I can, declare the tender mercy of our God to those living in the shadows of death, injustice, and strife.

I have kept my peace.

I have experienced your peace.

You will, oh God, you will rescue us from our enemies and you will shine out like the rising sun.

I await the good things, the righting of wrongs, and my son and your Son.

Amen.