

God in a cup

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I wait

slightly less than patiently, taking up slightly more than my share of floor space on the ladies' side of church.

Distracted, an inefficient ceiling fan circulates monsoon-laden air; someone's two-year-old crawls over, sits on my foot.

In the interlude,
I contemplate the walk home
through mud puddles, diesel fumes,
and poverty; I wonder
is there time for a cold shower
before lunch?

I receive communion from the common cup then walk back to my space with the woman who always shares my Bible, smiling with pride and affection though we both know she cannot read. On the way home,
I buy a diet Coke.
It is cold and sweet
but leaves an aftertaste,
costing as it did,
more than two days' worth of rice or
ten measles vaccinations.

In a few days,
I will once again board a plane,
spending a day, closer to a lifetime,
crossing the globe to reach a country called home.

As the fabric of my connection to this land I love grows thin at the edges on this mid-monsoon morning, I stretch to remind myself there are other places I also belong where God is served in a cup.

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