

# *Bless the Helpers*

*a liturgy for the unknown who watch over me*

I am here again, irritated  
and impatient in this foreign land.  
You know my thoughts:  
*Stop staring at me!*  
*They're probably cheating me.*  
*I feel like I'm just being used.*

Breathe in.  
"You are always with me."

Breathe out.  
"You surround me with Your love."

Be with me as I pause  
to confess my troubled thoughts  
and ask You to change my heart.

*[personal confession]*

Throughout Your Story, when Your people  
were foreigners among the nations,  
You cared for them,  
provided for them,  
and protected them.  
In faith, I declare You are doing the same for me  
through the people I encounter each day.  
Open my eyes to see the helpers You have provided;  
give me words to bless them.

Bless the doting grandmother  
who greets me on market days.  
Eagerly, she points out the best produce  
and cuts of meat.  
Protectively, she checks my layers of clothing  
and the price I pay for goods.  
She cares that I am treated  
as a member of her community.

Bless the old man I pass along the way,  
who picks up trash that others have tossed aside.  
His feet walk on soil far from his hometown  
just as mine do.  
He reaches out for a connection,  
making us both feel at home.

Bless the bus stop attendant  
who looks out for me with a watchful eye.  
She strikes up a conversation  
though I do not understand well.  
With time, my language confidence builds  
and her hospitality feels like "belonging."

Bless the middle-aged man  
who guards the gate where I live or work.  
Like him, I can feel overlooked and merely used.  
Our daily wordless greetings show us  
that we are recognized as more than what we do.

Bless the middle-aged woman  
who cleans my rooms  
and learns to prepare my favorite foods.  
She informs me about local culture,  
and her common labors  
make this apartment a "home."

Bless all the Unknown people  
who merge onto my path each day,  
helpers, whose hospitality You've put into my life  
in this foreign land.  
They make me feel less like a foreigner  
and remind me that I am known to them  
and to You.