

The Many Faces of Prayer

A pandemic, a need for prayer and connection.

The call was made and

An army of prayer warriors of Our Lady

Was assembled.

Unmasked, as we across the miles tuned in,

Night after night.

The Rosary of our Blessed Mother was said,

Whispered into the homes of countless faces,

And we became a family

Through prayer.

Cham's conversion experience became ours.

We celebrated Monsignor's birthday.

Rejoiced as little ones came into our screen,

And children of all ages led us in prayer.

Our hosts became familiar faces,

And each night as we assembled to pray,

We were reminded of the unity that we shared.

A common bond,

Five decades long, with St. Michael to defend us.

We visited the different corners of our world,
The Missions, as represented by different colors,
Became visible through pictures and smiles,
And the missionary participants of the Rosary.

The Archdiocese of Philadelphia

Became ours also.

We prayed for the newly ordained priests.

Each night a priestly blessing was given,

And a cluttered bookcase became a symbol of love.

Night after night we met under Mary's mantel

We prayed for healings and the chat box became filled with petitions.

At the end when we said, "good night",

We were speaking to our Rosary family.

So for the past year,

In the midst of confusion, loneliness,

And fear of the unknown,

Guided by our triune God,

We have closed our eyes and prayed.

Covered under a blanket of love

That stretched from one corner of the USA to another

We have come together.

So to all who have traveled this 12 month journey,
For all the intentions that were spoken aloud
Or the ones that have remained hidden in our hearts,
They have been lifted up.
Our brothers and sisters in Christ,
Though our faces may not be visible as in a picture,
Together we have become the many faces of prayer.

Elizabeth Abdallah

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