

What helps when there is no help?



Every long distance cyclist knows the feeling of not being able to take it anymore. He is all alone in the midst of nowhere. His body hurts. And there is no help. Honestly spoken this reality helped me to understand that hard times are a part of life.

But nonetheless, when Covid-19 hit Germany I felt paralysed, speechless and I started panicking. Though it was not rational, I asked myself how such things could happen in Germany!

Some days later I bumped into a verse from the bible. In the sermon of the mount Jesus addresses a crowd saying: "Don't worry!" How could he say this? In case I'd give my folks this piece of advice they might call me stupid or naive! But somehow I felt that I was confronted with more than religious talk. Wasn't Jesus talking to people who had no health care, no secondary education and no internet? But what they were familiar with was high child mortality, corruption, slavery and despotism. At least they were in a less privileged situation than I am in Germany today..

In this moment I had no doubt that Jesus really meant business with the appeal not to worry. So I accepted that for my life and decided to learn how to apply this idea. And believe it or not, but from this moment on my panic started decreasing.

But Jesus was not yet done. He continues: “But seek first his kingdom of God and his righteousness. Therefore do not worry about tomorrow. Each day has enough trouble of its own”.

In my current situation that means to inspire and encourage other people and give them the feeling that life is worth living. Even when times are tough.

Communicating with my fellow ambassadors, Jean Kasereka Lutswamba, DRC shared Psalm 91 with me. Actually several people did. That made me think! And when a famous German magazine asked the other day whether Covid-19 will have the final say, I can reply: ‘No, but our God will’.

After the lock-down we find time to call people who are isolated, write mails and WhatsApp messages. I have a daily German class for volunteers from abroad. And as a family we’re organising support for former refugees and people from different cultures in poorer quarters of own hometown.

But there is another question which haunts me. One day there might be no Covid-19 any longer. How will we live then? Business as usual? Charity Birungi from Rwanda addressed repentance in a personal message. We have not gone deeper into that issue at the moment.

But for me repentance means to understand when a path of life I’m using doesn’t lead me to the destination I want to reach. Life is not determined by my intentions or religious ideas but by the path I’m walking on. The path will lead me to a destination. My good intentions alone won’t. And it starts dawning to me that I have to leave my comfort zone when I want to reach God’s destination.

As I just wrote, this is a question which haunts me. But I’m eager to find answers.

Right now I feel in good company with these longdistance cyclists. Giving up is no serious option. As an ordinary human being or as a follower of Christ I have a goal to reach. So I ask myself: What is my next step to be taken?