

**Weekly Meditation by Rev. Teri Lubbers
March 16, 2011**

Help!

Help, I need somebody, Help, not just anybody, Help, you know I need someone, help! When I was younger, so much younger than today, I never needed anybody's help in any way. But now these days are gone, I'm not so self-assured, Now I find I've changed my mind and opened up the doors. ~ The Beatles

I was eleven years old when the Beatles came to the U.S. for the first time. My best friend in the neighborhood, Katie, was the same age as me. She was CRAZY in love with the Beatles. They were barely on my radar, but her bedroom was plastered with their photos and all her allowance was spent on their albums.

I didn't quite get it. But this Beatles' song...I get that. I get being in the place where I am certain I don't need help from anyone. I get believing that self-sufficiency is the prime directive. I get what a hard place it is to be, because not only is it lonely, not only does it feel like the weight of responsibility cannot be shared with anyone, if you DO have to ask for help you feel guilty and even ashamed...like you failed the test somehow.

What a crock! What a big lie! We need others the way we need air. Do I feel like a failure because I need to breathe? Certainly not! But needing help? Needing others? Needing God? There is a wonderful Rumi poem, part of which says: "Give your weakness to one who helps. Crying out loud and weeping are great resources. A nursing mother, all she does is wait to hear her child. Just a little beginning-whimper, and she's there...Cry out! Don't be stolid and silent with your pain. Lament! And let the milk of loving flow into you." We are here to open up the doors...

Prayer: Jesus, you promised when you left that you would send me a Helper. Remind me that help is always at hand. Today I open to the door of my heart to that help. Amen.