

Confessions of a Godparent

By Glenn Currier

Her parents picked us to be godparents
for their baby girl
they wished to make us a firmer part of their family
they said, to latch us to their clan
and to their little girl.

We had a vague and tenuous idea of the tradition
that dictated we would be a guiding light
in her faith
be her connection with the community
witness her baptism
aid her lifelong spiritual formation
have an interest in her and her growth.
The main thing we knew however
was that we were honored
and though we could see the hope in their eyes
we did not have an inkling
of its depth.

How naive it was for us to say yes to this invitation
not knowing, not foreseeing nor foretelling
where our own faith walk would take us.
But we knew we belonged to that community
and in a sense we belonged to that family
even though we did not even know what that exactly meant
to us
and to them.

And now decades later
we are discovering what it meant to them
what their hopes and dreams were for us
how they latched their journey to our star
in an act of faith
faith in us
faith in God that he would take us along with him
and his Son on our journeys.

God did not betray their faith
but I did
in my limited vision
in my blindness
to the depth
of their hope and faith.
Now I am beginning to grasp
how deep
was their belief
and their trust.

They ask for forgiveness

for putting us on a pedestal
realizing their mistake
yet still firm in their faith
knowing God had not abandoned them
or betrayed their trust.
It was not God or his Son who left them
on the island of their faith.

They say they do not blame us
but I know it was I who betrayed their trust
who unwittingly, unintentionally left them there
on that precious island
that continues to feed them
and invite them to a closer relationship
with their Creator and the rich depth of his love.

I don't know if any of us realize the import
of these decisions in our faith walks
at the time we made them.
Maybe it takes 30 years of journeying
of being friends
to come to that realization.

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James, Judy, and Amanda,
now when I recall
and feel the pain
of the many betrayals
of those whom I myself put on a pedestal
I begin to realize the depth of your hurt
and the wounds that might have been festering
for far too long.
And so I kneel before you
to express my remorse
to say how sorry I am
for my part in the hurt and betrayal you have felt.
Unintentional it was, but no less harmful
in spite of my ignorance and blindness.
A wound is no less a wound
due to the thoughtlessness behind the cut.
I ask for your forgiveness
even though I do not feel worthy of it.

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