TOILET PAPER

They're stripping the shelves of supermarkets, Father.

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Driven by fear or greed,
Self-preservation or profiteering,
They create chaos,
panic,
insanity.
Showing no care for others—
The slow, aged, disabled, or just courteous—
They are consumed by a reckless grab for what they want:
It's mine!
My needs trump yours!
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Why do we behave this way, Father?
Why does the normal, healthy, drive to survive Morph into greedy and needy,
A grasping obsession
To have what I want,
Irrespective of the needs of others?

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I have enough toilet paper, Father.
And yet ...
Am I sometimes like this:
Obsessed with my own needs,
my own desires,
my own goals,
my own ambitions,
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So that others suffer In my self-absorbed quest?

Forgive me, Father.
Teach me to love as Jesus loved—
Sacrificially.

And all of you serve each other with humble spirits, for God gives special blessings to those who are humble, but sets himself against those who are proud. If you will humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God, in his good time he will lift you up. Let him have all your worries and cares, for he is always thinking about you and watching everything that concerns you. (1 Peter 5: 5–7, TLB)