

# Not Ordinary Church

## Superpower

Allyson Sawtell, 1/21

What is your superpower, she asked

My superpower is not me and alone and one.

It is us and we.

And, God, maybe eventually,

Them.

It is us and we. It is not me and alone and one.

What is my superpower?

It isn't.

Without you, it isn't.

Without us, it isn't.

Without,

God help us,

Them,

it isn't.

There is nothing of super or power

Without the community that binds us together.

The community that we fight for and in and with.

And someday, we come together and something blossoms.

It is dealing with our history.

Our pain and shackles

Our killing of the land and those who lived on it for millennium. And not just the humans.

It is dealing with our history.

Repentance and redemption.

What is my superpower?

It is not me alone and one. It is not I.

It is cracked pain and fractured history and, and oh my God who are we?

It is a tortuous twisting acknowledgment of all that has gone before

and a promise for all that is to come.

And sitting and hollering and questioning of all that is.

And what is my superpower?

It is to keep going through all, and in all, and with all, knowing that there is no perfection but

There is

There is

There is

Something that startles and holds true as we hold each other

accountable  
up  
There is power in what we do together  
But first we journey through history  
and fear  
and a future to leave for our children that looks so bleak

We reckon with our grief and our fear  
Our death-dealing history of dismemberment and dispossession  
And we are called and pulled together to birth something new  
And we tremble on the threshold  
And we distrust the promises we make and others look askance at our tears and our fragility

And we keep moving. And we find ourselves together. And we are called to be together.  
And we power up. And empower.  
And something might be born, but we don't know that, but we still  
Keep  
On  
Going.

And we see a light.  
And a maybe.  
And it is hard.  
And out of the shattering we pull something of life and of turning around  
And we become.  
And we become.  
And it's a vision of colors and clear sky and tears and forgiveness and trying again  
and hard conversations and trying again.  
And something good.  
It is we and us, and there is no longer them.



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