

1-11-2021

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Recommended Citation

Morrison, Glenn. "A Prayer of Redemption." *Pastoral Liturgy* 52, no. 1 (2001): 1-2. <https://researchonline.nd.edu.au/pastoral-liturgy/vol52/iss1/2>

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A Prayer of Redemption
By Glenn Morrison

Lost in Cyberspace

Lord, why do You squeeze and twist my heart? What makes You wrung my poor spirit?

Is it because I feel so lost in cyberspace, in a virtual reality of algorithms hacking into my soul?

Your grip tightens in my entrails, and I feel Your hand tugging and pulling, grabbing and clutching.

The pain is unbearable. How it hurts to feel the frenzy of Your presence.

Is redemption like this, a wrenching force snatching at and seizing the body, heart and soul!

Why do You wrestle with me so, to disturb by online wanderings, to challenge by robotic urgings?

To somehow reinstall the divine neurons of faith and grace, to compel a tug of war between us?

I feel unable to place my spirit in your hand. It is a simple act of faith. But I am lost in amusement!

Commitment, trust, promise and covenant, obedience, formation and journey, These ancient sounding words, these Edenic gifts, are they programs of your divine intelligence?

Help me Lord for I need to chat with you. I know I am lost in a virtual present that never passes.

I want to escape to savour your "Joy and gladness ... thanksgiving and the voice of song" (Isa 51:3).

I fear anonymity, a cyberspace wilderness of chat robots dampening my creativity and imagination.

I do not know how to commit my spirit into Your hands. Is this why You squeeze my being so?

Lord, how the neurons of salvation begin to shock my automated thinking.

I sense that salvation is not a technological advancement of artificial intelligence introducing

The new gods or goddesses, chat robots and personal assistants, incarnations of AI. Apple's Siri and Viv, Microsoft Cortana, and the Amazonians Alexa and Echo All say they are friends. And Humanoids like Rose, Erica and Pepper act like they know everything.

These new gods and goddesses have disturbed and excited me. But now I want to visualise

New realities amongst the stardust of the future, to teach my humanity the sanity of Your love.

I hunger for your presence O Lord. When will Your divine hand create in me a new heart?

When you tug at my conscience, when you make me shiver, when you remind me I have a soul,

When I feel the turbulence of your presence, I know that You are the Lord.

You tell me that to love is to be vulnerable and even to bear a broken heart.
Then Lord, I ask, I want to know, "What is heaven and what is hell?"
Or is my attachment to virtual worlds a sign of a slow death, that I find it so hard to
forgive others,
People whom I have encountered so much of hell, and so little of heaven?

I try to capture a glimpse of your steadfast love fragmented by armies of machines.
The world is changing and adapting to strange and bizarre forms of artificial
geniuses and genies.
Search Engines and online platforms create a polluted world of monsters taking form
Within and without, haunting the affective genius of human existence, of wisdom and
love.
The surveillance of the dark one, of evil data, watches and catches any bot or human
in cyberspace.
Am I one of these? I know how to surf the internet and send emails. I know the
basics, and more!
The computer, my companion in darkness, teaches me new things. I press keys,
therefore I am!

Perhaps I realise a little, Lord, why Your hand grabs and clutches near my soul. I am
no IP address!
You want to free me, to awake the entrails of compassion and humanity, of being
and existence,
To touch the awareness button in the depths of my heart, and awake a primal fear
Of God within, to love and adore the gardens of Creation, the place of Your Holy
Spirit.
Yes, I know I am tempted by the super-information capacities processing an artificial
future.
I want to escape from simulations and computations of data with no face of mercy
and compassion.
Deliver me Lord from myself, my automated freedom simulated by machines of
virtual reality.

"Into your hand, I commit my spirit" (Ps 31:5). I want not to become a humanoid, void
of emotion.
Into the sound of silence, into the cave and tomb, out of sight from any electronic
brain,
I want to imagine a new world of the human spirit, to overcome the robotic creature
in me,
To await for something ever new, to behold and touch the wounds of the risen Christ.
I desire to know the Messiah, to dream of him walking amongst the milky-green
eucalyptus trees
Where no byte or bot, no program or computer can exile my spirit. O Come, O
Come, Emmanuel!
In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, Amen.