

A Prayer for the Chronically Online

More and more, Oh Lord, I find myself tethered to technology:
it seems necessary to function – for work, for distraction –
I'm constantly consuming information curated for specific reactions.

All the while, time tik-tok-tumbles by as I blink –
One hour.
Two hours.
Three hours.
Gone.

God, you know I do not lament *all* the ways technology has shaped my life – all the
good, all the opportunity – but being online feels foggy in its grey-ness.
I'm working with a brain that has been conditioned by notifications.
Shaped by clicks.
Molded by doom scrolling.
Some days, I embrace it:
My work requires it,
I have friends at my fingertips,
There's this thrill of instant discovery and limitless creativity.
Other days, my dearest ambition is to disappear into the wilderness
off-grid, unsearchable, to reclaim time as my own.
I think what I truly long for, Lord, is a sense of balance:
for this online mind to be renewed, reshaped, and molded by *you*.

So, I pray:
As often as I open documents and emails and apps,
May I open the truth of your Word.
As often as I go straight to the comment section,
May I find true connection with my community.
As often as I capture a memory to share on a static screen grid,

Prayers

May I reflect on the ways you have led me, moved me, loved me.

As often as my face is lit by the glow of blue light

May you shine through me all the brighter.

And as often as I bow my head over my phone – morning, noon, night –

May I bow my head humbly in prayer to you.

Amen.

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