

stumbling toward faith: my longing to heal from the abuse that God allowed

from: alston, renee.

Youth Specialties Books (Zondervan) El Cajon, CA. 2004.\*

these hands clenched: through prayer or anger or both.  
i am fighting with my own soul.

i long for him.

this savior, so long held up, so long adored. this jesus, so  
revered, so perfectly blameless. he is intertwined into my very  
being, incorporated into my very sense of life. he is, i believe,  
the fulfillment of all I ache for, the completion of all in me  
that is broken.

flicker: this light, an ember, a small miracle along the path.

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o holy god,  
your will frightens me.  
i plead for this cup to pass  
to go beyond my lips  
that I might not have to drink of its bitterness  
that I might drink instead  
from the sweet goblet of certainty and control  
of choosing my own path  
my own destiny.

i am afraid:  
to entrust you with my life  
my moments of doubt  
the fear i cannot explain

i am afraid:  
to believe that you are good  
though i long for it  
even in this land of the living  
and in the dead places in my own soul.

i am afraid:  
to rip open my heart  
to offer the contents to you to believe that you will  
be gentle with them  
with me.

i long to keep my privacies close  
my yearnings tucked inward  
my loves within my own grasp.

please be kind to my soul.  
be kind to my trembling  
be gracious unto me.

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some days it takes everything i have to keep believing.  
some days i don't want to believe. some days i refuse to be vulnerable, and i can only be honest.  
some days i find myself lying in my bed unable to move.

“faith is the substance of things hoped for...”  
god accepts me where i am.

where i am, in this moment, in this breath, in this moment of existence, is still within god's love,  
still within god's acceptance.

i am where i am, and god is bigger than me. god is bigger than any person, than any definition  
from any person. bigger than any person's cruelty or kindness. i am learning to reach more  
toward god with every breath, and in that reaching, and perhaps even through that reaching, i  
become more able to believe.

i do believe. help thou, o god, my unbelief.

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