

Father God,

## ANGER

Would you wrap me up in your arms today,  
even when I don't want to be near you?  
Would you speak to me,  
even as I am consumed by my own thoughts and opinions?

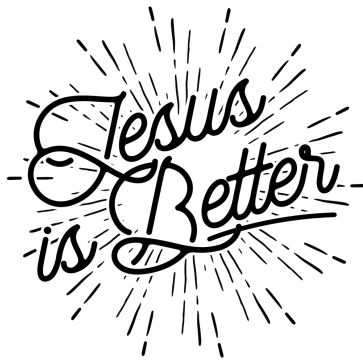
Please calm me down, as I feel like a kettle about to scream, dynamite about to explode.  
I know I need you, but I feel so angry.  
I know you are the source of goodness and grace, but I just want to rage.  
I know you are in control, but I feel so out of control.

Why am I so angry?  
I am now (*put age here*), but I see a three-year old in the mirror.  
There is a tantrum flailing in my soul.  
Why have I lost control?

Where is the peace, love, and joy you promised?  
Where are the still waters?  
Where is the green pasture?  
Where are you God?

I'm amazed you let me say these things to you.  
I'm amazed you are listening to my questions.  
I'm amazed you not only put up with my tantrum, but you sit with me in my mess.  
I'm amazed you want this sinner to be in heaven with you.  
I'm amazed you are still here.

Why am I so angry when I know you are in control?  
Why am I so angry when I know you are for me?  
Why am I so angry when I know that you are coming back for me?



## ANGER

Please help me see my circumstances the way you do.

Please help me seek your kingdom today.

Please help me experience your peace.

You are God.

And you reign yesterday, today, and forever.

You will make all the old things new.

You will punish every wrong, you will make all the wrong things right.

One day, you will blot out all darkness and the deep will be no more.

Forgive me for my lack of sense.

Forgive me for my lack of perspective.

Forgive me for my focus on self.

Forgive me for me tantrum.

All the heavens declare your glory,

All creation shows your handiwork.

Now I too will declare your glory.

Now I too will show your handiwork.

Let the meditations of my heart,  
and the actions of my hands focus on you.

You are better than my frustrations and concerns.

You are better than what I had planned.

With the apostle Peter, my soul says:

to whom else shall I go, for you are better.