

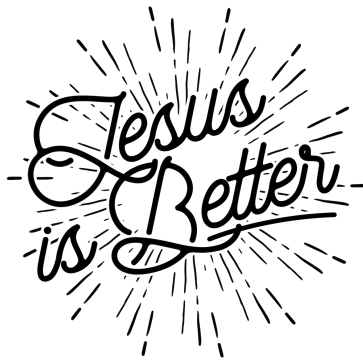
## DOUBT

### Are They Not in Your Book?

*If I summoned him and he answered me,  
I would not believe he was listening to my voice.*

God, where are you?  
When I sit down to pray,  
I feel mistrust.  
Obvious catastrophes  
(pandemics, backaches, isolation) –  
I suspect these are not  
the true reason  
I was overcome today  
with brooding.  
I'm here, trying to pray,  
read my Bible,  
address you.  
I feel like Job  
before you answered  
and he didn't know  
if you would.

*All the days of my service I would wait,  
till my renewal should come.  
You would call, and I would answer you;  
you would long for the work of your hands.*



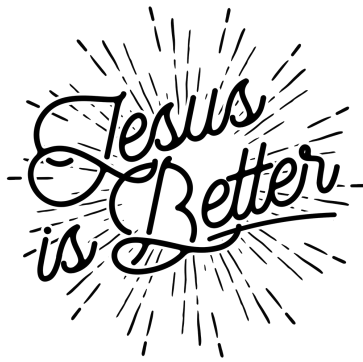
## DOUBT

God, are you paying attention to me?  
Please let me know you long for me!  
I would wait forever like Job to know,  
but as he says,  
it seems like the only answer is  
the mountains crumbling away in silence,  
while I close in  
and mourn only for myself.

*Oh, that I were as in the months of old,  
as in the days when God watched over me.*

God, why do I suddenly feel this way?  
Secret doubts I don't want  
come and frighten me.  
Ashamed to have or share them,  
I long for when  
(only a short time ago)  
my belief in you was strong.

*You have kept count of my tossings;  
put my tears in your bottle.  
Are they not in your book?*



## DOUBT

Are you keeping count, God?  
The way I feel may not change today  
as I would want.  
Still, I read this promise,  
come to you with doubts,  
not lock them away.  
You are putting  
the tears of my today  
in your bottle,  
noting them in your book.

*This I know, that God is for me.*

*by Caroline Clare*