

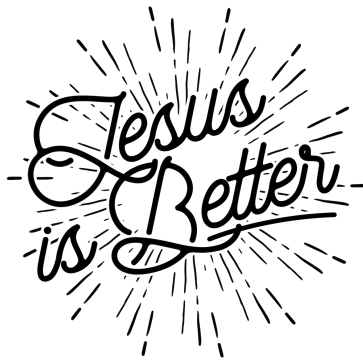
I AM UNHAPPY

Psalm 77

God, this is going to be a hard day.
I feel a sense of disquiet, panic,
or undefined worry that something is not right.

I address you, out loud: I believe you will hear,
though nothing in or around me viscerally affirms it
in this moment, and even my ability to believe
depends on your reality—a thing beyond my grasp.

Oh God, I am so upset it feels like nothing can help.
I am unhappy! Make me able to rehearse your truths
right now. I doubt you understand how badly I need help
and I fear you will not send it fast enough.
How can I be sure you really know what is best
when this is happening to me, inside me?
If you don't enable me to remember your promises
I will suffocate from this!



I AM UNHAPPY

Somehow others believe you hear them. How?

This psalm I am looking at, for instance:

The writer feels the same darkness I do,
but says you are like a shepherd gently leading.

Or take other believers in my church: I can think of many,
five or six right now, who have gone through awfulness
but believe—really believe, I can tell—you are good.

Even in my own life, not now, but in that other time,
when I felt certain I would never climb out of that situation—
well, I forget all about it now, because God so perfectly healed it:
That much is clear, though I didn't think it at the time.

Perhaps my same sense of God's abandonment today
could be similar. Your way, God, might be through the sea,
unseen footprints through great waters.

Yet you saved this psalmist and my friends
such that afterward, they call you a shepherd.

I need to keep my thoughts fixed on this riddle all day.