

Where Are You, God?
By Sharlande Sledge

*Out of the depths we cry:
"Where are you, God?"*

*Our pain is overtaking us.
Fear is crowding out hope.
Tears are flowing from a place
too deep for words.*

*Numbed by anxiety,
paralyzed by confusion,
we wrestle with what we believe.
We even refuse to be comforted.*

*Still, the bruises on our hearts
cry for love's healing.
We ache for you to enter our suffering.*

*Give us one small mercy,
so we will know you are with us.
Ease us into the healing of our pain.*