

“How on earth, did I get here?” I asked myself, alone.  
Not an original thought, I admit. But the answer, still unknown.  
I stayed home from church today, not usual for me.  
The battle is raging inside my head, where others cannot see.  
My faith is secure, my God is real, of that, I have no doubt.  
But I can't shake that I'm being punished, having no way out.  
I don't blame God, he has never left me, helping me find my way.  
He owes me nothing, has given his all, but yes, I continue to pray.  
Like everyone else, I've made poor choices, consequences, not always good.  
I know I'm forgiven, and he has blessed me, just as he said he would.  
But there are some prayers he has not answered, and so often, I feel low.  
These thorns I carry, so painful and deep, perhaps his answer is “No.”  
Maybe his answer is, “Not yet,” and with that, I try once more.  
Then storms arise, out of my hands, taunting me like before.  
In my heart I'm doing my best, working hard to do what's right.  
“Why has life turned out this way?” I'm losing the will to fight.  
Today I noticed my aging skin, the wrinkles on my face, so clear.  
Ever aware my time here is shorter, that my true home is drawing near.  
Yes, I am an alien in a strange land, not promised a life without pain.  
I will trust in the One whom my soul loves, and from pity, I humbly refrain.  
“Lord, I can do this with your help. I need you to show me the way.”  
How often have I said these words? “In Jesus' name, I pray.”

Blessings,  
Lisa Jo