

I'd Rather Not

Make straight paths for your feet
so that what is lame *in you* won't be put out of joint, but will heal.
Hebrews 12:13 The Voice

Such resistance to face my lameness today
You try and hold me close and whisper hope in my ear
But I don't want to hear you
I've got a suitcase full of how I do things, how I see things, how I process emotion
I would rather not see the brokenness of some of these ways
Or where they come from
I realize in this moment that I would rather climb down that big black hole
Muck around in self-pity or self-flagellation
Anything but open the suitcase and see where the healing is needed
Where the change has to hurt me
But I want to be brave
So, I have myself a good cry - that always melts the hardness a bit
When you show me - so gently -
How life can never be as ideal as I want it
That redemption isn't about getting things to turn to how I want them
But rather about a beauty that you are able to bring
How I can't control people, make them who I want them to be
That this is against the free way of love
And the free way of releasing love will always hurt but not destroy
Well, I cry some more but now the tears wash my eyes
I can see life as it is and how I can only be and do my small part
I can't be all that my ideals tell me I can if only I can rig things up right
When I looked under these broken messages in my suitcase
I saw I was afraid that I won't be loved as much
When I brought it out to try and straighten it
You took it into your own hands and said,
"Loved as *much*?"
"Take out the *as much*, and this broken part will start to straighten."
I didn't like taking "as much" out of my suitcase, no, not at all
Then I decided I would take it out for a little while and see if anything got
straighter
And you know, it did