# Somewhere Beneath the Noise

## Prayers, Poems and Reflections inspired by the Psalms

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# Preface

My mind has never been a quiet place.

Thoughts arrive before I have finished with the ones already there. Questions interrupt prayers. Plans appear in the middle of worship. One thought becomes another, and then another, until I have travelled a considerable distance from wherever I began. There are days when my mind seems determined to be everywhere except where I am.

And yet, there are other moments.

Sometimes I become so absorbed in the presence of God that the noise seems to fall away. I can sit with Scripture and everything else becomes distant. Time passes differently. The thoughts that usually compete for my attention lose their urgency, and for a while there is simply God and me.

Then there are days when I struggle to remain with Him for five uninterrupted minutes.

Somewhere between those two experiences, I found the Psalms.

Of course, I had known them for years. Psalm 23 was familiar. So were the opening words of Psalm 1 and David's cries scattered throughout the book. I had read them, heard them preached and returned to particular verses when I needed encouragement.

But something changed when I stopped reading the Psalms only for what they could teach me and began allowing them to give language to what was happening inside me.

The Psalms are remarkably untidy.

They worship. They question. They celebrate. They grieve. They remember what God has done and then ask where He has gone. They contain confidence and confusion, gratitude and anger, stillness and desperation. Sometimes the writer seems completely certain of God's goodness. At other times he is crying out from somewhere that feels abandoned.

And Scripture does not hide any of it.

That has become deeply important to me.

For a long time, I think I expected my relationship with God to become tidier as my faith grew. I imagined spiritual maturity would mean fewer questions, greater certainty and perhaps even a mind increasingly capable of becoming still on command.

Instead, I have discovered that my faith has rhythms.

There are days of extraordinary confidence in God and days when He feels strangely distant. There are prayers that pour out of me and others that barely make it beyond a sentence. Sometimes Scripture grips me so deeply that I carry a passage around for days. At other times I read the same paragraph repeatedly because my mind has wandered somewhere else.

I have known what it is to walk away from God.

I have also known what it is to return.

Perhaps that is one reason the Psalms have begun to feel less like ancient poetry I am observing and more like an invitation to become honest before God.

Psalm 1 was one of the places where this book began.

I found myself thinking about its imagery of a tree planted beside water. I thought about roots and fruit, seasons and drought, stability and wandering. I began thinking about where I had planted my own life and about the seasons when my roots had been shallow.

Then the question I was asking changed.

Instead of asking, *What could I teach someone about this Psalm?* I began asking, *What is this Psalm uncovering in me?*

That question became the beginning of these pages.

I started writing responses to what I encountered in Scripture. Sometimes they became prayers. Sometimes poems. Sometimes reflections. Sometimes something closer to lament. I did not set out to explain the Psalms or rewrite them in contemporary language. I wanted to allow them to speak first and then pay attention to what happened inside me afterward.

That distinction matters.

The Psalms are Scripture. They are part of the inspired Word of God. The words in this book are not. They are not new psalms being offered alongside the biblical ones, nor are they attempts to improve, replace or add to what Scripture has already said.

They are responses.

They are the words of one man encountering Scripture with a restless mind and trying to be honest about what he finds there.

Sometimes the response is worship. Sometimes gratitude. Sometimes confession. Sometimes it is a question I cannot answer. Sometimes it is a lament that refuses to resolve itself neatly.

And sometimes all I seem capable of saying is:

*God, I am still here.*

I have decided not to tidy those moments up.

The Psalms have helped give me permission not to.

I don't want every lament in this book to end with a lesson. I don't want every question to receive an answer three paragraphs later. I don't want to manufacture hope simply because hope would make a more satisfying final paragraph. And I don't want to pretend that because I know something to be true about God, I always feel its truth with equal intensity.

Faith does not always feel like certainty.

Sometimes faith feels like staying.

Sometimes it feels like returning.

Again and again.

There are parts of my life I would rewrite if I could. There were years when my roots were shallow and roads I followed because I wanted something other than God. There were choices I wish I had made differently and seasons when I

wandered far enough that I could almost convince myself the water was no longer there.

Yet when I returned, I discovered something that continues to reshape the way I understand grace.

God had not lost track of me.

That does not make the wandering meaningless. It does not erase consequences or transform every wrong turn into something good. It simply means that my ability to wander was never greater than God's ability to know where I was.

Now I find myself in another kind of season.

I want to serve God. I want my life to matter for His Kingdom. I want to write, encourage people, care for them and follow wherever He leads. Yet I am discovering that even good desires can become another kind of noise.

Calling can become striving.

Service can become measurement.

I can become so concerned with whether there is fruit on the branches that I fail to notice what God may still be doing beneath the soil.

Perhaps that is another reason I keep returning to the Psalms. They continually draw my attention away from the version of myself I am trying to construct and back toward God. They remind me that I can come before Him with praise without pretending I never doubt, with questions without abandoning faith, and with sorrow without surrendering hope.

So I am learning to stop occasionally.

To listen.

To write.

To pray badly when I cannot pray beautifully.

To admit when I am distracted.

To ask questions without immediately trying to answer them.

And to remain with Scripture long enough for it to confront the person I actually am rather than the person I think I should be.

The pages that follow come from those moments.

They will not form a straight journey from doubt to certainty or from restlessness to peace. That would not be an honest representation of my mind, my faith, or the Psalms that inspired them. There may be confidence followed by uncertainty, gratitude followed by frustration, intimacy followed by silence. A prayer may sit beside a poem. A declaration of faith may be followed by a question.

That is intentional.

This is not the record of a straight journey towards spiritual certainty.

It is the record of a relationship.

Perhaps you will recognise something of yourself here. Your mind may work nothing like mine, but you may know what it means to wander. You may know drought. You may know the strange experience of trusting God while simultaneously asking Him where He is. You may have seasons when your branches seem heavy with fruit and others when you wonder whether anything is growing at all.

I am not going to offer you a formula for any of that.

I am simply inviting you to sit beside me for a while.

Bring your questions.

Bring your worship.

Bring the thoughts you wish would become quiet and the prayers you cannot quite finish.

Bring the parts of your faith that feel strong and the parts you would rather nobody saw.

There is room for all of it here.

The Psalms have taught me that there is room for all of it before God.

There will be noise in these pages. There will be worship, doubt, gratitude, frustration, longing, silence and hope. There will be moments when God seems extraordinarily close and others when I find myself searching for Him again.

And somewhere beneath all of it, I am discovering that faith is sometimes nothing more complicated than returning.

# Where My Roots Are



***Inspired by Psalm 1***

My mind has never been a quiet place.

It wakes before I do, already moving through conversations that haven't happened, roads I may never travel, possibilities God has not asked me to pursue. I have often mistaken movement for growth.

I know how to be busy. I know how to fill a day with things that matter, even things that carry the name of God, and still somehow be thirsty.

Perhaps roots do not grow where everyone can see them.

I keep looking for fruit, for something I can point to and say, *There. God is using me. The wandering wasn't wasted. I am becoming who He called me to be.*

But trees don't seem concerned with proving themselves. They don't count their leaves or compare their branches. They simply reach downward.

I am learning downward.

Through years I would rather rewrite. Through prayers I abandoned and roads I chose because they seemed easier than remaining still. Somewhere beneath all of it, there was water.

And now there are moments when everything inside me stops. The noise quietens, the questions loosen their grip, and for a few precious minutes I am not trying to become anything.

I am simply with God.

Then a thought arrives. Then another. A plan. A possibility. Tomorrow. Suddenly I have travelled a hundred miles without leaving the chair.

So I return.

Again and again.

Perhaps returning is part of being rooted.

I don't know what season this is. Maybe there is fruit coming. Maybe this is still the season of roots. Maybe some things will grow long after I stop checking the branches.

I only know that after all my wandering and all my noise, I have found the water again.

Or perhaps the greater truth is this:

God always knew where I was.

# The Throne I Keep Borrowing



***Inspired by Psalm 2***

There is a rebellion inside me.

Not the kind that raises armies
or tears down gates.

Mine is quieter.

It makes lists.

It plans three conversations ahead,
imagines the answer before the question is asked,
builds tomorrow before today has finished
and calls it wisdom.

Sometimes it even calls it faith.

I have spent years trying to understand
where I am going.

There were years when I ran from You,
years when Your name belonged to another version of me,
a younger man with certainty in his pockets
who thought calling meant knowing the destination.

Then I came back.

Or perhaps I finally noticed
You had never stopped calling.

Now there are mornings when I stand before people
and speak about Jesus.

There are moments when someone comes forward
and I am trusted to stand beside them.

There are words being written,
pages becoming books,
doors appearing where walls used to be.

And somewhere in all of it
I keep asking,

What does this mean?

Where is this going?

Is this the beginning?

Am I ready?

Have I waited too long?

My mind gathers the questions
like nations gathering at the border.

Every one of them demanding an answer.

Every one convinced it deserves the throne.

But heaven does not panic.

You do not pace.

You do not stare at my unfinished life
wondering what You are going to do with it.

You are not intimidated by my age,
my history,

the years I lost,
the qualifications I do not have,
or the thoughts that sometimes arrive
faster than I can sort them.

You are still God
when my attention wanders.

Still God
when I feel called.

Still God
when the door opens.

Still God
when it doesn't.

Perhaps that is what I keep forgetting.

I am not being asked
to rule the future.

Only to follow You into it.

So I will loosen my hands
from the throne I keep borrowing.

Let tomorrow remain tomorrow.

Let unanswered questions remain unanswered.

Let the noise argue with itself
for a while.

I have spent enough of my life
trying to work out where I belong.

Today,

it is enough to know
Who is King.

# While I Was Sleeping



***Inspired by Psalm 3***

Night has a way
of making everything louder.

The world goes quiet
and somehow my mind takes that
as permission to speak.

Did you remember this?

What are you going to do about that?

What if the door doesn't open?

What if it does?

There are conversations to rehearse,
mistakes to revisit,
books still unwritten,
people I want to help,
prayers waiting for answers,
and a future I keep trying
to arrive at before morning.

Sometimes I wonder
how a body can be so tired
while a mind remains so determined
to stay awake.

I tell myself to stop thinking.

That usually creates another thought.

So I pray.

Not always well.

Sometimes there are no beautiful words.

Just,

God, I'm tired.

And perhaps
that is prayer enough.

David slept while enemies surrounded him.

I used to think faith
was the reason he could sleep.

Now I wonder if sleep itself
was the act of faith.

Because eventually
he had to close his eyes.

Eventually he had to stop watching.

Stop planning.

Stop anticipating.

Stop protecting.

For a few hours
the king could not guard the kingdom.

And morning still came.

I understand something about that now.

There are things I cannot fix tonight.

There are people I cannot carry tonight.

There are doors I cannot force open,
years I cannot recover,
callings I cannot manufacture,
and versions of myself
I no longer need to resurrect.

So perhaps tonight
I do not need another answer.

Perhaps I need a pillow.

I can give You
the unfinished sentence.

The unanswered prayer.

The idea that arrived too late.

The fear that arrived too early.

The strange mixture
of gratitude and uncertainty
that seems to follow me everywhere.

And I can close my eyes.

Not because everything is settled.

Not because my mind has finally become quiet.

Not because tomorrow suddenly makes sense.

But because there is something deeply humbling
about remembering
that the world continues
without my supervision.

Morning will come
whether I worry it into existence or not.

And when I wake,

some questions will still be there.

Some prayers will still be unanswered.

My mind may begin running
before my feet touch the floor.

But for those hours
when I knew nothing,

planned nothing,

controlled nothing,

You were still God.

I slept.

You stayed.

And somehow,

I woke again.

# Before My Feet Hit the Floor



***Inspired by Psalm 5***

I don't wake slowly.

There is no gentle negotiation
between sleep and consciousness.

One moment there is nothing.

Then everything.

What day is it?

What needs doing?

Who do I need to call?

What did I forget yesterday?

There is something I need to write.

I should check that.

I wonder if they replied.

Don't forget this afternoon.

And suddenly
I have been awake for thirty seconds
and I am already behind.

My feet have not touched the floor
but my mind has left the house.

It is somewhere in tomorrow,
arguing with yesterday,
while trying to organise today.

And somewhere in the middle of it,

You are there.

Not shouting over the noise.

Not demanding that I silence it
before approaching You.

Just there.

David brought You his voice
in the morning.

I wonder what his mornings sounded like.

Perhaps they weren't quiet either.

Perhaps prayer was not something
he did after everything inside him settled.

Perhaps prayer was how
he brought the unsettled things with him.

So this morning,

before the messages,

before the plans,

before I decide what today
is supposed to become,

here is my mind.

All of it.

The idea that arrived before breakfast.

The conversation I am already rehearsing.

The calling I still don't completely understand.

The work waiting for me.

The people I carry in my thoughts.

The words I want to write.

The fear that I will waste time.

The fear that I already have.

I bring them without sorting them first.

Because perhaps You never asked me
to arrive organised.

Perhaps You simply asked me
to arrive.

And then comes the part
I find harder.

Waiting.

I am good at asking.

Good at thinking.

Good at moving.

Good at turning one possibility
into twelve.

Waiting feels like doing nothing.

But David prayed
and then watched.

He expected You to move
without needing to move You himself.

I am still learning that.

I am still learning
that not every thought requires action.

Not every possibility is instruction.

Not every open door is mine.

Not every silence means no.

And not every morning
needs to begin with me
figuring out my life.

So before my feet hit the floor,

before I start building today,

I give it back to You.

I don't know what You will do with it.

I don't know which thought matters
and which one will disappear by lunchtime.

But I am here.

A little scattered.

Already thinking too much.

Already reaching for tomorrow.

And still,

before anything else,

Yours.

# When I Have Nothing Left



***Inspired by Psalm 6***

There are nights when my mind finally becomes quiet,
not because I have found peace,
but because I have run out of strength to keep thinking.

I have replayed the conversations.
Imagined the ones that have not happened.
Carried tomorrow into today
and yesterday into tonight.

I have asked questions that have no answers
and searched for certainty in places
where You never promised I would find it.

And I am tired.

Not the kind of tired that sleep always fixes.

The kind that settles somewhere deeper,
where thoughts become heavy
and even prayer feels like something
I have to find the strength to do.

So tonight I have no carefully chosen words.

No lesson.

No declaration about how everything will work out.

Just this:

I am tired, God.

You already know that.

You have seen the thoughts I haven't spoken,
the fears I have tried to reason away,
the tears I almost felt embarrassed to cry.

Perhaps I don't need to explain any of it.

Perhaps I don't need to understand myself
before I come to You.

David wept until his bed was wet with tears.

You did not turn away from him.

So I will not hide my exhaustion from You either.

I will bring You the part of me
that has nothing left to offer.

No strength.
No certainty.
No polished faith.

Only me.

And somewhere beneath all this weariness,
I am beginning to believe
that being held by You
does not depend on how tightly
I can hold myself together.

# Almost Fifty



***Inspired by Psalm 8***

Sometimes I look backwards
further than I mean to.

Nearly fifty years
is a lot of ground
for a restless mind to wander.

There are versions of me back there
I barely recognise.

The young man who thought he knew
where his life was going.

The one who believed calling
would unfold in a straight line.

The one who walked away.

The one who came back.

There are decisions I would change
if You gave me the chance,
years I sometimes wish
I had used differently,
and roads I still wonder about
when my mind has too much time to travel.

Then I look forward.

And somehow that feels
just as overwhelming.

Because I know now
that there are fewer years ahead
than there are behind.

I used to think fifty sounded old.

Now it just sounds close.

And I find myself wondering
what You could possibly want
with this part of my life.

David looked at the night sky,
at the moon and the stars,
and wondered why You would notice
someone as small as him.

I understand the question.

I look at everything You are doing,
at a world filled with people
younger, stronger, more qualified,
with more time ahead of them,
and I wonder why
You would still involve me.

Why now?

Why after all these years?

Why call me forward
when there is so much behind me?

But perhaps I have misunderstood
the question.

Perhaps wonder is not found
in working out why You chose me.

Perhaps it is simply found
in realising that You did.

You knew every road
before I walked it.

You saw the years I would lose,
the years I would wander,
the years when I would barely
look in Your direction.

And still, somehow,
when I turned around,
You were there.

Not pointing backwards.

Not asking me to become
the man I might have been.

Calling the man I am.

Almost fifty.

Still distracted.

Still learning.

Still occasionally wondering
what on earth I am doing.

But looking ahead now
with something I did not expect
to find at this age.

Wonder.

Because beneath all my questions
there is one I cannot escape:

Who am I,
after all these years,
that You would still think of me?

And who am I
that You would still ask me
to come with You?

# How Long Is Not Yet?



***Inspired by Psalm 13***

How long, God?

I know I am not the first
to ask You that.

But knowing that
doesn't make the waiting easier.

There are days when I feel certain
about where You are leading me.

And then there are days
when nothing moves.

No door opens.

No clear answer comes.

No sudden moment
where everything I have been sensing
finally makes sense.

Just waiting.

And my mind is not particularly good
at waiting.

It wants timelines.

It wants explanations.

It wants to know whether silence means
not yet,

not this way,
or simply no.

So I start looking for signs.

I replay conversations.

I wonder whether I heard You correctly.

I question whether calling
can really feel this uncertain.

Sometimes I even begin
trying to help You along.

Perhaps if I send another message.

Make another plan.

Knock on another door.

Work a little harder.

Become a little more ready.

As though Your timing
might somehow depend
on how efficiently I can organise it.

But underneath all that activity
is a quieter question.

Have You forgotten me?

I don't like admitting that.

It sounds too dramatic
when I say it aloud.

I know what I believe about You.

I know You are faithful.

I know You have carried me before.

But there is a difference
between knowing that God has a plan
and waiting inside the part
where He hasn't shown it to you yet.

David knew that feeling.

His prayer did not begin
with certainty.

It began with:

How long?

And perhaps that is why
I keep returning to it.

Because You allowed that question
into Scripture.

You did not remove it.

You did not correct it.

You let a tired man ask You
the same question again
and again.

So perhaps I am allowed
to ask it too.

How long before the door opens?

How long before calling
becomes somewhere to go?

How long before the things
I feel stirring inside me
have somewhere to live
outside of me?

I don't know.

And that may be the hardest answer
for my mind to accept.

But Psalm 13 does something strange.

David stops asking.

Not because his circumstances
have obviously changed.

He simply remembers
who You have been.

Maybe that is where faith lives
while I wait.

Not in pretending
I don't have questions.

Not in convincing myself
the door will open tomorrow.

But in remembering
that Your silence has never meant
Your absence.

So I will keep knocking.

I will keep preparing.

I will keep listening.

And when my restless mind
asks again tomorrow,

How long?

I will bring You
the question again.

Until one day
I no longer need to ask it.

# From This Side of It



***Inspired by Psalm 18***

It is easier to see rescue
from this side of it.

When I was inside those years,
I don't think I would have called them darkness.

They were just my life.

I learned how to live without You.

Or at least
I learned how to tell myself I could.

There were years when I barely looked
in Your direction.

Years when faith belonged
to an earlier version of me.

A younger man.

A different life.

Someone who once believed
he knew where You were taking him.

Then life became complicated.

Things broke.

I broke some of them.

Other things broke me.

And somewhere along the way,
I stopped expecting You
to be part of the story.

I built a life anyway.

Worked.

Loved.

Failed.

Started again.

Carried responsibilities.

Made mistakes.

Found ways of surviving things
I once thought would destroy me.

And perhaps that was part
of the problem.

I became very good
at surviving.

Good enough that I could almost believe
I didn't need rescuing.

David described his darkness differently.

He wrote about cords of death,
torrents of destruction,
enemies too strong for him.

My enemies did not always
have names.

Sometimes they looked like regret.

Sometimes disappointment.

Sometimes shame.

Sometimes they sounded like the voice
inside my own head telling me
that whatever God had once intended
for my life had probably expired.

And sometimes
I simply stopped caring.

That may have been
the darkest part.

Not running from You.

Not fighting You.

Just becoming accustomed
to Your absence.

Then, somehow,
I called.

I wish I could make that moment
sound more impressive.

As though I finally understood everything.

As though I made some courageous decision
to find my way back to You.

But that isn't how I remember it.

I reached the end
of something in myself.

And I called.

Psalm 18 says
that from His temple
God heard David's voice.

I still struggle
to understand that.

After all those years,
You heard mine.

You did not ask me
where I had been.

You already knew.

You did not make me explain
why it had taken so long.

You did not stand at a distance
waiting to see whether
I really meant it this time.

You came close.

And when I look backwards now,
I can see things
I couldn't see then.

Places where I survived
when I probably shouldn't have.

People who appeared
when I needed them.

Doors that closed
that I once resented.

Moments of grace
I did not recognise as grace.

I am careful about saying
You caused everything that happened.

I don't believe that.

Some things were consequences.

Some things were choices.

Some things were simply
the terrible brokenness of life.

But somehow none of them
put me beyond Your reach.

That is what amazes me now.

Not that my story became tidy.

It hasn't.

Not that You erased
what happened.

You didn't.

There are scars.

There are memories.

There are things I would still change
if I could travel backwards.

Rescue did not rewrite my history.

It changed where my history
was taking me.

So I will not sanitise
where I came from.

I don't need to.

Because when I look backwards now,
I don't only see the man
who wandered.

I see the God
who came looking.

And perhaps that is what rescue
looks like from this side of it.

Not pretending
the darkness wasn't real.

But finally being able
to see Who was there
when I thought
I was alone.

# When You Feel Far Away



***Inspired by Psalm 22***

There are days when I know exactly
what I am supposed to believe.

You are here.

You have not left me.

You are closer than I realise.

I know the verses.

I know the answers.

I could probably give them
to someone else.

But today
I cannot feel You.

And I don't know what to do
with that.

I pray
and the words seem to travel
no further than the room.

I sit quietly
and wait for something.

A thought.

A stirring.

That familiar sense
that You are near.

Nothing.

So I try harder.

I read.

I pray again.

I put worship music on.

I remove distractions.

I tell my mind to settle down
for five minutes
and listen.

Still nothing.

And then my mind begins doing
what my mind does.

Maybe I have done something wrong.

Maybe I have become distracted again.

Maybe I have been too busy.

Maybe I haven't prayed enough.

Maybe I have mistaken emotion
for Your presence all along.

Maybe everyone else knows something
about hearing You
that I somehow missed.

The questions multiply quickly.

They always do.

And eventually there is one
I don't particularly want to ask.

Where are You?

David asked something harder.

Why have You forsaken me?

Those words frighten me
because they sound too close
to accusation.

But You allowed them
to remain in the prayer.

You let someone who loved You
say that Your absence
felt like abandonment.

And centuries later,
Jesus would take those same words
onto His own lips.

So perhaps faith does not always sound
like certainty.

Sometimes faith sounds like someone
calling into the darkness
because somewhere beneath the silence
they still believe
Someone is listening.

That may be where I am today.

I cannot feel You.

But I am still talking to You.

Perhaps that matters.

Because if I truly believed
You were gone,
I am not sure
who I would be speaking to.

There have been other times
when You felt distant.

I can see them now.

Seasons when I wondered
whether something between us
had disappeared.

And eventually
the silence broke.

Not always dramatically.

Sometimes I simply realised
one morning
that I had started talking to You again
without thinking about it.

Sometimes Scripture suddenly felt alive.

Sometimes worship became more
than background noise.

Sometimes nothing changed at all
except that I became aware
You had been there.

I wish remembering those moments
made this one easier.

It doesn't.

Yesterday's experience of Your presence
cannot manufacture today's.

So I will not pretend.

Today You feel far away.

Today prayer feels difficult.

Today my restless mind
is filling Your silence
with explanations
You have never given me.

And today
I am choosing not to answer
for You.

I will leave the silence
where it is.

I will leave the questions
unfinished.

And I will stay here.

Not because I can feel You.

Not because I understand.

Not because I have managed
to convince myself
that everything is fine.

I will stay because somewhere
beneath all the noise,
questions
and silence,

I still find myself
calling Your name.

Maybe today
that is what faith sounds like.

# I Keep Asking for a Map



***Inspired by Psalm 23***

I keep asking You for a map.

You keep giving me
the next step.

I would prefer the map.

I want to know where this road leads,
how long it will take,
what I should prepare for
and whether there are any unexpected turns
I could know about now.

Preferably all of them.

My mind likes to travel ahead.

It can take one possibility
and build an entire future around it
before breakfast.

A conversation becomes a plan.

A thought becomes a calling.

An open door becomes
the next ten years of my life.

Then, when something changes,
I have to dismantle a future
that never actually existed.

I have done that
more times than I can count.

Perhaps that is why
the Shepherd troubles me sometimes.

Not because I don't trust You.

Because sheep don't get maps.

They get a shepherd.

David wrote about green pastures
and quiet waters.

I like those parts.

They sound peaceful.

Predictable.

Safe.

But then the path moves.

There are valleys.

Dark ones.

Places where the sheep cannot see
very far ahead.

And still there is no map.

Only the Shepherd.

I wonder sometimes
whether I have spent too much of my life
asking You where we are going
and not enough time noticing
that You are already leading me.

Looking backwards,
I can see it more clearly.

There were turns
I would never have chosen.

Years I could not understand.

Doors I desperately wanted open
that remained closed.

Other doors appeared
that I wasn't looking for.

There were moments
when I thought I had wandered
completely off course.

Yet somehow
I am here.

And now there are new roads
in front of me.

Calling.

Ministry.

Things stirring inside me
that I thought belonged
to a much younger version of myself.

And immediately
my mind wants the map again.

Where does this go?

When does it happen?

What am I supposed to do?

How will I know?

What if I choose the wrong road?

What if I miss You?

What if I am already behind?

And perhaps You are answering.

Just not in the way
I keep demanding.

Follow Me.

That seems terribly inefficient
to a mind like mine.

Surely You could save us both
a considerable amount of time
by explaining the plan.

But maybe knowing the plan
was never the same thing
as knowing the Shepherd.

David did not say
he knew where the valley ended.

He said You were with him
inside it.

That changes something.

Because maybe guidance
is not always a voice
telling me what will happen next.

Maybe sometimes guidance
is looking around
and realising I am still
beside the Shepherd.

So I am trying to learn
a different way of walking.

Not ten years ahead.

Not even ten steps.

This one.

Then the next.

There will probably always be
a part of me

that wants You to unfold the whole map
across the table.

I suspect I will keep asking.

But perhaps You will keep answering
the same way.

Not with coordinates.

Not with timelines.

Not with every turn explained.

With Your presence.

And maybe one day
I will finally understand
that the Shepherd was always
more useful than the map.

# One Thing



***Inspired by Psalm 27***

I want too many things.

That is probably
the simplest way to say it.

I want to know where I am going.

I want to know
what You are doing with my life.

I want the door to open.

I want to be useful.

I want to write.

I want to teach.

I want to serve.

I want to become the man
I sometimes glimpse
when I imagine what You might still do
with the years ahead of me.

And I want all of it
preferably soon.

My mind is very good
at turning desire into urgency.

One thought becomes five.

One possibility becomes a plan.

One plan becomes another.

Before long
I am carrying so many versions
of the future
that I can barely remain present
in the one You have actually given me.

Then fear arrives.

What if I am running out of time?

What if the door doesn't open?

What if I misunderstood the calling?

What if I am preparing
for something that never happens?

What if I finally arrive
and discover
I wasn't ready?

There are quieter fears too.

The ones I don't always say aloud.

What if I disappoint You?

What if I waste
what You have given me?

What if I lose my way again?

David knew fear.

His enemies were real.

There were people who wanted him gone.

Armies.

Violence.

Threats I have never had to face.

Yet somewhere in the middle
of all that noise,
he reduced everything
to one thing.

To be near You.

I find that confronting.

Because if You asked me
what I wanted from You,
I could give You a list.

Probably a long one.

Direction.

Opportunity.

Clarity.

Purpose.

Answers.

Confirmation.

An open door.

Maybe even a glimpse
of what the next few years
are supposed to look like.

But beneath all of those things
there is something quieter.

Something I sometimes lose
while chasing everything else.

I want You.

Before the calling,
I want the One who calls.

Before the open door,
I want the One standing beside me
while it remains closed.

Before I know where I am going,
I want to know You here.

That sounds simple
when I write it.

Living it is harder.

Because tomorrow morning
my mind will probably wake
before the rest of me does.

It will start planning again.

Wondering.

Building.

Worrying.

Wanting.

And I will probably have to return
to this same truth.

One thing.

Not because the other things
do not matter.

They do.

But they cannot carry
the weight I keep placing on them.

A calling cannot tell me who I am.

An opportunity cannot make me whole.

An answered prayer cannot replace
the One I was praying to.

Perhaps that is what David understood.

Fear tells me
I need control.

My restless mind tells me
I need answers.

Ambition tells me
I need somewhere to go.

But somewhere beneath all of them
is the desire
that brought me back to You
in the first place.

You.

So when everything inside me
starts reaching
in ten different directions,

bring me back.

Not to the plan.

Not to the future.

Not even to the calling.

To the one thing
beneath all the other things.

Let me seek You
before I seek what comes next.

And when fear asks me again
what happens if everything
I am hoping for disappears,

perhaps I will finally be able
to answer:

You would still be here.

# I Thought That Part Was Over



***Inspired by Psalm 30***

There are parts of life
you stop expecting to come back.

Not because you make
some dramatic decision
to give up on them.

You just learn to live
without them.

Dreams become memories.

Callings become stories
about who you used to be.

Certain kinds of joy
belong to another season.

And eventually
you stop checking the door.

I think I did that
with parts of myself.

There were things
I once believed You would do
with my life.

I was younger then.

More certain.

I thought calling moved
in straight lines.

I thought if You placed something
inside someone,
the path from promise to fulfilment
would be reasonably obvious.

It wasn't.

Life happened.

Some things were taken from me.

Some things I lost.

Some things
I walked away from myself.

And after enough time,
I stopped mourning them.

Or at least
I thought I had.

Perhaps there is a kind of grief
that doesn't cry anymore.

It simply rearranges the furniture
and learns to live
in the room that remains.

I became good at that.

I built another life.

Worked.

Carried responsibilities.

Found things that mattered.

Learned to laugh again.

And somewhere along the way
I accepted that certain chapters
had closed.

Faith was one of them
for a long time.

Calling was another.

I did not expect
either of them to return.

Then You surprised me.

Not all at once.

That is important.

There wasn't one morning
when everything suddenly
became beautiful again.

Restoration came quietly.

A hunger for You
I couldn't explain.

A conversation.

A church.

A moment in a car
when suddenly You were not
a memory anymore.

Then another step.

And another.

Serving.

Praying with people.

Opening Scripture
and discovering that words
I had known years ago
could still speak to me now.

Old desires began moving again.

Not exactly as they had before.

Perhaps that is what surprised me most.

You weren't taking me backwards.

You weren't trying to restore
the younger version of me.

You were doing something new
with the man who had lived
all the years in between.

David wrote about mourning
being turned into dancing.

I used to imagine
that meant sorrow disappeared
and joy took its place.

I am not sure
I believe that anymore.

Some grief stays with us.

Some losses remain losses.

Some memories still hurt
when we touch them.

But somehow joy can grow
beside them.

That is the strange thing.

I can look backwards
and grieve what was lost

while looking forward
and becoming excited
about what might still be.

Both can be true.

Maybe restoration
isn't God pretending
the night never happened.

Maybe morning matters
because the night was real.

There are things in my life now
that I thought were finished.

Faith.

Purpose.

Calling.

Hope.

Even the simple expectation
that there might still be
something ahead of me
worth becoming excited about.

And sometimes I catch myself
thinking about the future
the way I did when I was young.

Then I remember
I am not young.

And strangely,
that doesn't disappoint me.

Because I don't want
my old life back.

I don't want to become
who I was.

I want to discover
what You can do
with who I am now.

Perhaps that is my dancing.

Not pretending
I never mourned.

Not forgetting
what was lost.

But standing in a part of my life
I once thought would never exist

and realising
I am smiling again.

# Late



***Inspired by Psalm 31***

Sometimes I wonder
if I arrived late
to my own life.

Not to everything.

There have been good years.

People I have loved.

Work that mattered.

Moments I would never trade
for another version of my story.

But when it comes to You,
and calling,
and the things beginning
to stir inside me again,

I sometimes look at the calendar
and do the maths.

Almost fifty.

It is strange how quickly
two words can become
an accusation.

You should have done this earlier.

You should have come back sooner.

You should have been more faithful.

You should be further along by now.

My mind knows how to take time
and turn it into evidence
against me.

It travels backwards
and calculates the years.

What if I had stayed?

What if I had listened?

What if I had made
different decisions?

Where would I be now?

I can build entire lives
out of those questions.

Lives I never lived.

Ministries I never had.

Doors I never walked through.

Versions of myself
who made better choices
and somehow arrived here
twenty years earlier.

But none of those men exist.

I do.

Here.

Now.

David wrote,
"My times are in your hand."

I find that comforting
and confronting.

Because I would rather
my times were in mine.

I would organise them better.

At least I think I would.

I would move some things forward.

Remove some years entirely.

Correct a few decisions.

Shorten the waiting.

Make the calling clearer.

And I would definitely like
a little more information
about what happens next.

But perhaps that is why
my times are safer
in Your hands.

I see years.

You see a life.

I see delay.

You see things
I cannot yet understand.

I see the distance
between who I thought
I would become
and who I am now.

You simply see me.

There is something freeing
about that.

Because maybe I am not late.

Maybe late only exists
when I compare my life
to a timetable
You never gave me.

I assumed calling belonged
to youth.

That purpose should have
revealed itself early.

That by this age
I should be established,

certain,
finished becoming.

Instead I feel as though
You are beginning things.

At almost fifty.

That makes very little sense
to the part of me
that likes orderly timelines.

But You have never seemed
particularly concerned
with my preferred schedule.

So perhaps my task
is not to recover
the years behind me.

I cannot.

And perhaps my task
is not to guarantee
what happens with the years ahead.

I cannot do that either.

I have today.

This season.

This opportunity
to say yes again.

There will probably still be mornings
when I count the years.

When I wonder whether
there is enough time.

Enough time to learn.

Enough time to serve.

Enough time to become
whatever You are still shaping
inside me.

And when those questions come,
I want to remember
David's words.

My times are in Your hand.

Not just the good years.

Not just the productive ones.

Not just the years
when I followed closely.

All of them.

The wandering.

The returning.

The waiting.

The beginning again.

Perhaps You are not asking me
why I took so long.

Perhaps You are simply asking
what I will do
with the time in front of me.

So here it is.

However much there is.

I don't need to know
whether I arrived late.

I only need to know
that I have arrived here.

And somehow,

You are still here too.

# Nothing Left to Hide



***Inspired by Psalm 32***

I have spent a surprising amount
of energy
trying to explain myself to You.

Not always with words.

Sometimes I simply edit the story.

I tell You the part
I am comfortable admitting.

The frustration
without the anger underneath it.

The mistake
without the choice that led to it.

The regret
without admitting
that somewhere inside me
I knew better.

It is strange.

I believe You know everything,

yet I still sometimes pray
as though I can manage
what You know about me.

Perhaps I am not hiding from You.

Perhaps I am hiding from myself
while You listen.

David wrote about silence
becoming heavy.

I understand that.

There is a weight
to carrying something
you refuse to name.

The mind becomes
a very busy hiding place.

It explains.

Justifies.

Reframes.

Replays.

Builds arguments
for why something wasn't really
what you know it was.

I can spend hours
inside those arguments.

Why I said it.

Why I reacted that way.

Why anyone else
would have done the same.

Why circumstances mattered.

Why I was tired.

Why I was hurt.

Why I should probably
give myself some grace.

Sometimes all of that
may even be true.

And still,

beneath the explanations,

I know.

There is something exhausting
about trying to defend yourself
before a God
who has not asked you
for a defence.

Maybe that is what confession
has begun to mean to me.

Not presenting evidence
against myself.

Not finding better words
for how terrible I am.

Not standing before You
and trying to manufacture
enough shame
to prove that I am sorry.

Just telling the truth.

I did this.

I thought this.

I wanted this.

I knew.

I didn't know.

I failed.

I was wrong.

I am sorry.

There is something frightening
about words that simple.

Nowhere to hide inside them.

No footnotes.

No explanation.

Just me
standing in front of You
with the story unedited.

And then something happens
that I still don't completely understand.

You already knew.

Nothing I confess
surprises You.

There is no moment
when You suddenly discover
who I really am.

You knew before I spoke.

You knew while I was hiding.

You knew while I was building
my explanations.

And You stayed.

David stopped being silent
and discovered forgiveness
was already waiting
on the other side of honesty.

I think I am beginning
to understand why he called
that person blessed.

Because hiding is tiring.

Pretending is tiring.

Trying to maintain
a respectable version of myself
even inside my own prayers
is tiring.

There is freedom
in finally having nothing
left to conceal.

Not because everything
I have done disappears.

Some things require apology.

Some things require change.

Some things leave consequences
that forgiveness does not erase.

But I don't have to carry
the additional weight
of hiding them from You.

So I am learning
to come more quickly.

Before my mind builds the defence.

Before I rehearse the explanation.

Before shame convinces me
I should wait until
I have become better
before speaking to You.

I want to simply tell You
the truth.

All of it.

The beautiful parts.

The embarrassing parts.

The things I understand.

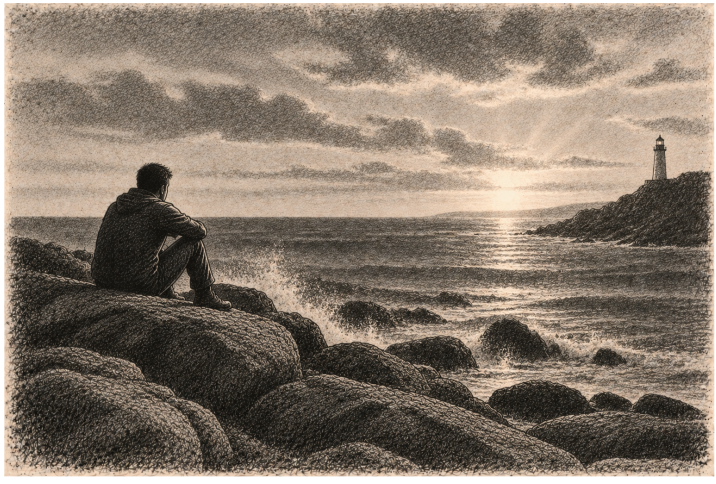
The things about myself
I still don't.

Because perhaps confession
is not the moment
when You finally see me clearly.

Perhaps it is the moment
when I stop looking away

and discover
You were already looking at me
with mercy.

# Closer Than I Knew



***Inspired by Psalm 34***

There are places in my life
where I thought You were absent.

I can see them clearly now.

Not because I want to return there,

but because distance
has a way of changing
what you can see.

At the time,
I was mostly trying to survive.

There were things ending
that I thought would last.

Things breaking
that I didn't know how to repair.

Versions of my future
disappearing faster
than I could replace them.

And somewhere in all of that,

You felt very far away.

Sometimes because
I couldn't find You.

Sometimes because
I wasn't looking.

I think that matters.

It would be easy now
to rewrite those years
and make myself more faithful
than I was.

To say I prayed through everything.

That I trusted You.

That when life became difficult
I ran toward You.

I didn't.

Sometimes I ran
in every other direction.

Sometimes I became angry.

Sometimes numb.

Sometimes distracted enough
that I didn't have to think
about what I had lost.

And sometimes
I simply got on with life.

One day.

Then another.

Then another.

David wrote that You are near
to the brokenhearted.

I used to think nearness
was something I would feel.

Warmth.

Peace.

Some unmistakable awareness
that You had entered the room.

But when I look backwards now,
I wonder whether Your nearness
was quieter than that.

Perhaps You were there
in the person who called.

The strength to get up
when I didn't particularly
want to.

The unexpected laugh
in the middle of a terrible week.

The work that gave me
somewhere to go.

The people who remained
when other things disappeared.

Perhaps You were even there
in the stubborn part of me
that kept moving
when I had no idea
where I was going.

I don't want to turn
every coincidence
into a miracle.

I don't need to.

There is enough mystery
in simply recognising
that somehow I made it
through places
I once thought would finish me.

And now, from here,
I can see something
I couldn't see then.

Brokenness did not frighten You away.

My confusion did not.

My anger did not.

Even the years
when I barely acknowledged You
did not somehow move me
beyond Your reach.

You were nearer
than I knew.

That is difficult
to understand.

Because there were moments
when I would have sworn
I was alone.

Maybe I was looking
for the wrong evidence.

Maybe I expected Your presence
to remove the pain.

To fix what was broken.

To explain why something happened.

To make everything
feel better.

But perhaps being near
does not always mean
making the hurt disappear.

Sometimes it means
remaining beside someone
while it hurts.

I understand that better now.

There are people I have sat beside
whose pain I could not fix.

No words would change it.

No explanation would make
what happened acceptable.

So I stayed.

Perhaps You did too.

There is something about that
which changes the way
I remember my own story.

The painful places
are still painful.

I don't need to call them good.

I don't need to pretend
I am grateful they happened.

But I no longer have to remember them
as places where You abandoned me.

Maybe one day
I will look back
at what I am carrying now
and discover the same thing.

That while I was searching
for some unmistakable sign
that You were near,

You were already there.

Closer than I knew.

# Their Door Opened First



***Inspired by Psalm 37***

I am happy for them.

I am.

At least
I want to be.

Then I see another announcement.

Another opportunity.

Another person stepping into
something that looks remarkably similar
to what I have been praying about.

And somewhere beneath
the congratulations,

something tightens.

Why them?

Why now?

And then, because I know
how that sounds,

I quickly correct myself.

Good for them.

God has a different path for me.

Everyone has their own timing.

All the things
I genuinely believe.

But sometimes belief
and disappointment
occupy the same room.

Comparison is strange like that.

It rarely announces itself.

It slips quietly
into otherwise good moments.

Someone else's success
becomes evidence
that I am behind.

Their open door
makes mine feel more closed.

Their progress
makes my waiting feel longer.

And suddenly
I am measuring my life
against a timetable
You never gave me.

David wrote,

Do not fret.

That sounds simple.

My mind can fret professionally.

Give it one unanswered question
and enough time
and it will build an entire argument.

Perhaps I should be doing more.

Maybe I haven't knocked
on enough doors.

Maybe I need to make
something happen.

Send another email.

Start another project.

Find another pathway.

Push harder.

Become impossible to overlook.

There is a fine line
between preparation
and trying to manufacture
my own future.

I don't always know
when I have crossed it.

Sometimes activity feels like faith
because at least I am moving.

Waiting feels much harder.

Waiting requires me
to accept that another person's progress
does not mean
I have been forgotten.

That is difficult
when I can see their progress
and cannot see Yours.

I see the announcement.

The appointment.

The opportunity.

The platform.

I do not see
what You are doing
in the quiet parts of my life.

I do not see
what You are preparing.

I do not see
what You might be protecting me from.

I do not see
whether the door I keep staring at
is even the one
You intend to open.

I just see
that theirs opened first.

Psalm 37 keeps returning
to trust.

Trust.

Be still.

Wait.

Words that sound peaceful
until You actually have to live them.

Because waiting is not passive
when your mind wants
to run ahead.

Sometimes waiting
is the work.

Not giving up.

Not forcing it.

Not turning someone else's calling
into a measurement of mine.

Not becoming resentful
when You write another person's story
differently from mine.

And perhaps most importantly,

not trying to become them.

I have spent enough years
becoming the man standing here.

You know his history.

His mistakes.

His strengths.

His restless mind.

The years he wandered.

The years he returned.

The things You are teaching him now.

If You wanted someone else's story,
You already have them.

So I will keep preparing.

I will knock when there is
a door to knock on.

I will move
when there is somewhere to move.

I will keep writing.

Serving.

Learning.

Showing up.

But I do not want
to force something into existence
simply because I am frightened
nothing is happening.

Their door opened first.

Good.

Let me celebrate it
without turning it
into a question about myself.

And when my mind whispers,

You're falling behind,

remind me again:

There is no behind
when I am walking
the road You gave me.

I don't need
someone else's timing.

I don't need
someone else's opportunity.

And I don't need
to manufacture a future
just so I can prove
that mine has begun.

I can wait.

Probably impatiently.

Probably with questions.

Probably needing to tell myself
the same thing again tomorrow.

But I can wait.

Because my life does not need
to move at someone else's speed

to still be moving
with You.

# The Song I Thought I Had Forgotten



***Inspired by Psalm 40***

I don't know exactly
when I stopped waiting for You.

There wasn't one moment.

No dramatic declaration.

No day circled on a calendar
when I decided
I was finished with faith.

I think I simply moved away
one ordinary step at a time.

A disappointment.

A question.

A hurt.

Another Sunday somewhere else.

Then another.

Eventually the distance
became normal.

That is the strange thing
about walking away.

After a while
you stop feeling like
you are walking away.

You are simply living.

And I lived.

Years passed.

Then more years.

I worked.

Loved.

Failed.

Built things.

Lost things.

Started again.

There were good years
among them.

I don't want to rewrite my story
and pretend everything outside faith
was darkness.

It wasn't.

There was laughter.

There were people I loved.

There was meaningful work.

There were moments
I am grateful for.

But somewhere beneath all of it
was a part of me
I had stopped visiting.

A song
I used to know.

Calling.

Faith.

You.

I assumed that part
of my life was finished.

Not tragically.

Just finished.

Something belonging
to the young man I had been.

He believed things
with an intensity
I no longer understood.

He talked about calling.

Ministry.

Purpose.

Following You.

I remembered him
the way you remember someone
you used to know well.

Fondly sometimes.

Embarrassed by him sometimes.

But always from a distance.

I certainly did not expect
to become him again.

And I haven't.

That may be one of the most
beautiful things about returning.

You did not take me backwards.

You met me here.

With all the years between.

With the mistakes.

The disappointments.

The questions.

The things I learned
without knowing You were teaching me.

The things I still don't understand.

David wrote about waiting patiently.

I wish that part
described me better.

My waiting was not particularly patient.

For a long time
I wasn't even sure
I was waiting.

Maybe You were.

That thought still stops me.

While I was getting on
with a life that barely included You,

perhaps You had not
gotten on without me.

Then came the moment
I still struggle to explain.

A car.

An ordinary day.

And suddenly
You were not history anymore.

You were there.

Not an idea.

Not nostalgia.

Not the faith of my childhood
trying to make one last appearance.

You.

After all those years,

You.

I had imagined,
if I ever came back,
there would be distance to cross.

Some long road of apology.

Some probationary period
where I proved
I was serious this time.

Instead I found myself
being met.

David described being lifted
from a pit,
his feet placed on rock,
a new song put in his mouth.

I understand that imagery
differently now.

Because the strangest thing
about my new song
is that parts of it
sound familiar.

Desires I thought were dead
have begun breathing again.

Scripture matters again.

Prayer matters again.

Church matters again.

People matter differently.

Calling, somehow,
has returned to the conversation.

And sometimes I look
at what is happening in my life now
and wonder where it all came from.

Serving.

Praying with people.

Leading.

Studying.

Writing about You.

Thinking again
about ministry.

At almost fifty.

There are moments
when I want to laugh
at the timing.

Surely this would have made
more sense twenty years ago.

Surely the younger man
would have been easier to use.

More energy.

More years ahead.

Less history to explain.

But You did not call him back.

You called me.

This version.

The one who knows
what it feels like to leave.

The one who knows
what it feels like
to believe certain parts of life
are permanently over.

The one who discovered
that grace can wait
longer than expected.

Maybe that is part
of the new song.

It isn't the song
I would have sung
when I was young.

That song had certainty.

This one has scars.

That one knew
where it was going.

This one has learned
to follow without a map.

That one thought faith
meant holding tightly to You.

This one knows something
about being held.

But Psalm 40 does not end
at the edge of the pit.

I appreciate that.

Because neither did my life.

David remembers rescue
and then somehow finds himself
crying out again.

Waiting again.

Needing You again.

I understand that too.

Coming back to You
did not make everything simple.

There are still unanswered prayers.

Still doors that have not opened.

Still mornings when my mind
runs faster than my faith.

Still moments when I wonder
whether I am hearing You correctly.

Still waiting.

Still:

How long?

Still:

What next?

Still:

Are You sure You mean me?

Perhaps I expected rescue
to mean I would never feel
like I was in a pit again.

Now I think rescue
means I know where to look
when I find myself in one.

Up.

Toward You.

And perhaps that is why
I can finally look backwards
without wishing
I could rewrite every page.

I would change things.

Of course I would.

There are years
I wish I could give back to You.

There are choices
I would make differently.

There are moments
I would undo.

But I cannot build faith
around a life I did not live.

I can only give You
this one.

The whole thing.

The young man who believed.

The man who walked away.

The man who lived
all those years without You.

The man sitting here now
wondering what You might still do
with whatever years remain.

All of them are me.

And somehow
You have woven their voices together
into something
I did not expect to hear again.

A song.

Not the old one.

Not quite.

Something deeper.

Less certain of myself.

More certain of You.

And when my restless mind
starts wondering again
why it took so long,

why I wandered so far,

why You waited until now,

perhaps I will remember
what David understood.

The pit is part of the story.

The waiting is part of the story.

The rescue is part of the story.

And even now,

the story is not finished.

I thought I had forgotten
how to sing about You.

It turns out

You had not forgotten
the song in me.

# When Knowing Is Not Feeling



***Inspired by Psalm 42***

I know You are here.

That is what makes this difficult.

If I had stopped believing,
perhaps the silence
would make more sense.

But I haven't.

I believe You are present.

I believe You hear me.

I believe You are good.

I believe all the things
I would tell someone else
if they came to me
feeling exactly like this.

And still,

I miss You.

There are days
when theology and emotion
seem to live
in different rooms.

My theology says
You have not moved.

My emotions ask,

Then where are You?

I don't know how
to reconcile the two.

So I pray harder.

Or at least
I try to.

I open Scripture
looking for the verse
that will make everything
feel normal again.

I put worship music on.

I sit quietly.

I talk.

I stop talking.

I listen.

Then I wonder whether
I am listening properly.

My restless mind
does not cope particularly well
with silence.

It wants to interpret it.

Explain it.

Fix it.

Maybe I am distracted.

Maybe I am tired.

Maybe I have become too busy.

Maybe I have done something wrong.

Maybe I am expecting
an emotional experience
You never promised me.

Maybe.

Maybe.

Maybe.

Before long
I have turned spiritual thirst
into another problem
I am trying to solve.

The writer of Psalm 42
did something different.

He admitted he was thirsty.

He remembered.

There had been other days.

Days of worship.

Days when Your presence
did not feel difficult to find.

Days when faith seemed
to rise naturally.

I know those days too.

There have been moments
when You felt so close
that everything else
became quiet.

Moments when Scripture
seemed to speak directly
into something inside me.

Moments in worship
when my mind finally stopped
running in ten directions.

Moments when prayer
felt less like talking
and more like being known.

I remember them.

Sometimes remembering helps.

Sometimes it makes the thirst worse.

Because I know
what I am missing.

Perhaps that is why
the image of thirst
feels so honest.

You don't argue yourself
out of thirst.

You don't tell your body
that water exists
and expect that knowledge
to satisfy it.

You want to drink.

And right now, God,

I don't just want to know
that You are present.

I want You.

I want that awareness again.

That closeness.

That strange settling
inside me
when everything noisy
becomes secondary
because You are here.

Is it wrong to want that?

I don't think it is.

But perhaps I have confused
feeling Your presence
with having Your presence.

Those are not always
the same thing.

That is difficult for me.

Because feelings are immediate.

They announce themselves loudly.

Faith is often quieter.

The Psalmist talks
to his own soul.

Why are you downcast?

Hope in God.

I used to read words like that
as though he had solved it.

As though he reminded himself
of the truth
and immediately felt better.

But he asks the question again.

The thirst remains.

The sadness remains.

The longing remains.

And somehow
faith remains too.

I find comfort in that.

Maybe I don't have
to manufacture a feeling
to prove that I trust You.

Maybe I don't have
to turn this moment
into a spiritual victory.

Maybe I can simply be thirsty.

I can tell You
that I miss You

while believing
You have not gone anywhere.

I can ask,

Where are You?

while still directing
the question toward You.

And perhaps that itself
is faith.

Not the absence of thirst.

Not the absence of questions.

Not convincing my emotions
to agree with everything
my theology knows.

Just continuing
to turn toward You.

So I will wait here.

Thirsty.

A little confused.

Remembering what it feels like
when You seem close.

Hoping for that again.

But refusing to believe
that silence means absence.

My feelings may take longer
to catch up.

For now,

I know You are here.

And today,

I am learning
to let knowing be enough
until feeling returns.

# You Know All of It



***Inspired by Psalm 51***

There is a version of myself
I know how to present.

He is doing well.

He loves You.

He serves.

He writes about faith.

He prays with people.

He encourages them
when their lives feel messy.

He can usually find
the right words.

I know that man.

He is real.

But he is not
the whole story.

There are other parts of me.

Thoughts I would rather
nobody heard.

Motives I don't completely understand.

Old wounds that still know
which buttons to press.

Reactions that happen
before the better version of me
has time to intervene.

There are things
I have done well
for the wrong reasons.

Things I have avoided
for reasons I called wisdom
when sometimes they were fear.

There are moments
when I have wanted
to be noticed.

Moments when I have compared.

Moments when I have judged.

Moments when I have known
the right thing
and still chosen something else.

You know all of it.

That thought used to frighten me.

Sometimes it still does.

Because being known
sounds beautiful
until you remember
what being completely known
actually means.

No editing.

No carefully chosen version
of the story.

No explaining
what I meant.

No hiding behind
good intentions.

You know the thought
before I soften it.

The motive
before I justify it.

The failure
before I find a reason
why it wasn't entirely my fault.

You know me
without the version
I show everyone else.

And still,

I come closer.

That may be the strangest part
of mercy.

David had nowhere left
to hide.

His failure had become
part of the story.

There was no clever explanation
that could make it smaller.

So he stopped trying
to make himself look better.

Have mercy on me.

There is something terrifying
about a prayer like that.

Because mercy begins
where defence ends.

I cannot ask You for mercy
while simultaneously explaining
why I don't really need it.

So here I am.

No defence.

No comparison.

No list of all the things
I have done right

to balance the things
I have done wrong.

Just me.

And I don't only want
to be forgiven.

That is where this prayer
becomes uncomfortable.

Because forgiveness
would be easier.

Forgive me
and let me continue.

Remove the guilt.

Quiet the shame.

Help me feel better
about myself.

But David asked for more.

Create in me
a clean heart.

Create.

Not repair.

Not improve.

Not polish.

Create.

There are things inside me
I cannot discipline away.

I have tried.

My mind loves improvement.

Give me a problem
and I will build a plan.

Read this.

Do that.

Develop a routine.

Try harder tomorrow.

Become more patient.

More disciplined.

More focused.

More spiritual.

More like the person
I think I should already be.

But there are places
where effort reaches its limit.

I cannot manufacture
a new heart.

I cannot organise myself
into holiness.

I cannot think my way
into becoming someone new.

That work belongs to You.

And perhaps that is why
Psalm 51 feels both frightening
and beautiful.

Because the God
who sees everything
is the same God
David asks to create something new.

You know what is broken
and You do not leave.

You know what needs changing
and You do not turn away.

You know the distance
between the man I am
and the man I want to become.

Probably better than I do.

And still You invite me closer.

There are days
when I wish transformation
happened faster.

I wish returning to You
had somehow removed
every old pattern.

Every insecurity.

Every selfish thought.

Every part of me
that still reaches for control.

It didn't.

I came back to You
and discovered
I was still me.

That was disappointing
for a while.

Now I wonder
whether that is where grace begins.

Not with pretending
I have become someone
who no longer needs mercy,

but with finally accepting
that I never graduate from it.

So search me.

Even the places
I would rather avoid.

Show me what is true.

Not so I can punish myself
with it.

Not so shame can have
another reason to speak.

But because I want
to become more like You.

And when You show me
something I don't like,

help me resist
the instinct to hide it.

Let me bring it into the light.

Let me call it what it is.

Let me ask again:

Have mercy on me.

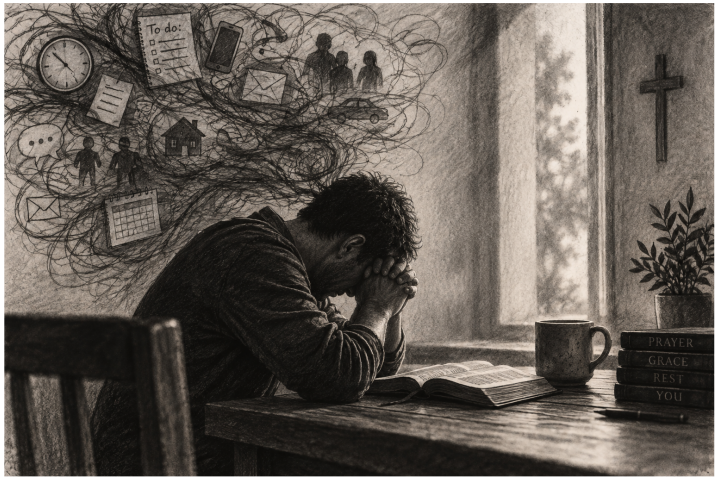
Create in me
what I cannot create
for myself.

Because perhaps
the miracle is not simply
that You know everything
about me.

The miracle is that
You know everything about me

and You are still
making me new.

# If My Mind Had Wings



***Inspired by Psalm 55***

Sometimes I want
to get away from my own head.

Not forever.

Just long enough
for everything inside it
to stop talking at once.

There are days
when thoughts do not arrive
one at a time.

They arrive together.

Something I need to do.

Something I forgot.

Something someone said yesterday.

Something I should have said back.

An idea for tomorrow.

A conversation next week.

A memory from twenty years ago
that apparently requires
my immediate attention.

Then another thought.

And another.

And another.

I try to follow one
and lose three others.

I start doing something
and remember something else.

I walk into a room
and forget why I am there,

then remember something
completely unrelated
that suddenly feels urgent.

It can be funny.

Sometimes it is.

Other times
it is exhausting.

David wanted wings.

I understand that.

He wanted to fly away
from everything surrounding him.

Far enough
that the noise could not follow.

Find somewhere quiet.

Somewhere distant.

Somewhere the storm
could no longer reach him.

I have imagined
my own versions of that place.

A quiet room.

A beach.

A long drive.

Somewhere with no demands.

No notifications.

No conversations.

No decisions.

No one needing anything.

Just silence.

But there is a problem.

Wherever I go,

I come too.

And my mind
packs remarkably quickly.

I can sit somewhere beautiful
and still be having

three conversations
that are not actually happening.

I can watch the ocean
while planning next month.

I can lie in bed
and revisit something
I should have forgotten
ten years ago.

I can sit down to pray
and within thirty seconds
be organising tomorrow.

Then I realise
I am supposed to be praying.

Sorry, God.

Where was I?

Sometimes I wonder
whether You become frustrated
with me.

I do.

I would like to give You
my undivided attention.

I would like prayer
to move neatly
from beginning to end.

I would like to sit
in Your presence
without remembering
that I need to buy toothpaste.

It seems like
a reasonable spiritual goal.

Yet this is the mind
I bring to You.

Restless.

Fast.

Curious.

Distracted.

Capable of becoming completely absorbed
in something that matters to me

and completely unable
to remember why I opened
the refrigerator.

This mind has carried
some beautiful things too.

Ideas.

Stories.

Compassion.

Questions.

Connections between things
other people might not notice.

Moments when Scripture opens
and suddenly I can see
ten different paths
running through it.

Moments when I become so absorbed
in You
that the rest of the world
seems to disappear.

I don't want to hate
the mind You gave me.

But there are days
when I would like
to turn the volume down.

David's storm
was outside him.

Sometimes mine
is inside.

And I cannot fly
far enough away
to escape it.

Maybe escape
isn't what I need.

Psalm 55 eventually moves
somewhere else.

David takes what is weighing on him
and throws it toward You.

Cast your burden
on the Lord.

I like the violence
of that image.

Not carefully placing it down.

Not organising it first.

Not making sure
everything is labelled.

Throwing it.

Perhaps that is a prayer
my mind understands.

Here.

You take this.

The conversation.

The worry.

Tomorrow.

The thing I forgot.

The thing I cannot fix.

The future I keep rehearsing.

The fear underneath
all the planning.

Here.

And this.

And this.

And this too.

I will probably pick
some of them back up.

I know myself.

Five minutes later
I may discover
I am carrying tomorrow again.

So I will throw it back.

Maybe prayer
doesn't always have to be
a quiet mind.

Maybe sometimes prayer
is a restless mind
continually returning.

Wandering.

Returning.

Wandering.

Returning.

Not failure.

Relationship.

Perhaps You are less concerned
about how often my attention leaves

and more interested
in the fact
that I keep bringing it back.

I still understand
why David wanted wings.

Some days
I want them too.

But maybe I don't need
to fly away.

Maybe I need somewhere
my thoughts can land.

And perhaps,

somewhere beneath the noise,

that place
has always been You.

# When I Am Afraid



***Inspired by Psalm 56***

I used to think trust
was what came after fear.

First I would be afraid.

Then I would pray.

Then eventually,
if I had enough faith,
the fear would disappear.

Trust would arrive
and take its place.

That seemed like
the correct order.

But I am beginning to wonder
whether I misunderstood it.

David said,

When I am afraid,
I trust You.

When.

Not if.

There is something strangely freeing
about that word.

He was afraid.

And he trusted You.

At the same time.

I know something
about holding two things
at once.

My mind does it constantly.

I can be excited
about what is ahead

and frightened by it.

I can believe You are leading me

and wonder whether
I have heard You correctly.

I can want the door to open

and be terrified
that it actually might.

Sometimes I think
waiting is difficult.

Then I imagine getting
what I have been waiting for

and discover
that has its own fears.

What if I am not ready?

What if people expect
more than I can give?

What if I fail?

What if the things
I feel called toward
are bigger than my ability
to carry them?

What if I finally reach
the place I have been praying for

and discover
I am still me?

Distracted.

Imperfect.

Still learning.

Still capable of doubt.

Still occasionally waking
at ridiculous hours
with my mind trying
to solve problems
that do not yet exist.

Fear is creative.

Give it an unanswered question
and it can write
an entire future.

Usually not a good one.

I know what I am supposed
to do with those thoughts.

Trust You.

But sometimes
I have treated trust
like another test.

If I were really trusting God,
I wouldn't feel this.

If my faith were stronger,
I wouldn't be worried.

If I truly believed
You were in control,
my heart would be calm.

Then Psalm 56 interrupts me.

When I am afraid.

David did not wait
until fear left
before he trusted You.

He trusted You
from inside it.

Perhaps I can too.

Maybe trust sounds like:

I am frightened, God.

And I am still coming.

I don't know what happens next.

And I am still following.

I don't know whether
I am enough for this.

And I believe You already know that.

I cannot guarantee
the outcome.

And I will take
the next step anyway.

That feels more honest.

Because there are things
I am afraid of.

Losing people I love.

Getting older.

Wasting time.

Missing what You are doing.

Failing at something
that matters deeply to me.

Being misunderstood.

Opening my heart
and discovering
that vulnerability still hurts.

Being called somewhere
beyond what I think
I can manage.

I could pretend
those fears disappear
when I pray.

Sometimes they do.

Often they don't.

But perhaps courage
was never the absence of fear.

Perhaps faith isn't either.

David was surrounded
by people who wanted
to harm him.

His fear had reasons.

Yet somewhere in the middle
of those reasons
he remembered You.

Not as an explanation.

As Someone to trust.

That is what I want.

Not a faith that requires me
to deny what I feel.

A faith strong enough
to bring what I feel
with me.

Fear and all.

Because maybe I don't need
to wait until I become fearless
before You can use me.

Maybe I don't need
to become certain
before I can follow.

Maybe I don't need
to silence every anxious thought
before I can say,

I trust You.

Both things can be true.

I can be afraid.

And I can trust You.

I can have questions.

And I can trust You.

I can feel completely unprepared
for whatever comes next.

And I can trust You.

Perhaps tomorrow
the fear will be quieter.

Perhaps it won't.

But when it comes,

I don't have to treat it
as evidence
that my faith has failed.

I can let it become
an invitation.

When I am afraid,

I trust You.

Not afterwards.

Not when I have everything
under control.

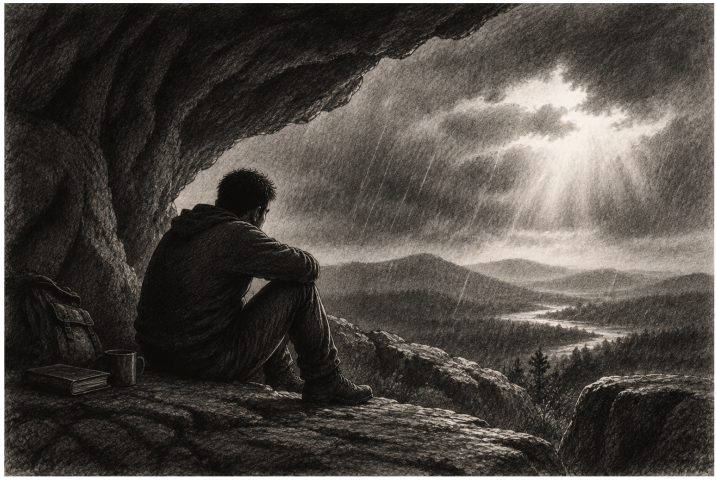
Not when my mind
has finally stopped imagining
everything that could go wrong.

Here.

Now.

While I am still afraid.

# While Nothing Changes



***Inspired by Psalm 57***

I think I have sometimes
confused refuge with rescue.

I come to You
when something is wrong
and expect movement.

Fix it.

Open the door.

Change the situation.

Give me the answer.

Make the uncertainty stop.

Preferably soon.

Then, when nothing changes,
I wonder whether
I have missed something.

Maybe I prayed incorrectly.

Maybe I need to wait.

Maybe I need to act.

Maybe this is one of those moments
when You are waiting for me
to take the first step.

My mind can turn
an unanswered prayer
into a strategy meeting
remarkably quickly.

There must be something
I can do.

Some way to move things forward.

Some conversation to have.

Some plan to make.

Some problem to solve.

Stillness feels irresponsible
when everything around me
feels unresolved.

David was hiding in a cave.

His enemies had not disappeared.

Saul had not suddenly
changed his mind.

There was still danger
outside.

And somehow,

inside that unresolved place,

David talked about sheltering
beneath Your wings.

I find that challenging.

Because I would have wanted
You to deal with Saul.

Immediately.

Why hide in a cave
when God could simply
change the circumstances?

I recognise that question.

Why wait
when You could open the door?

Why wonder
when You could give clarity?

Why carry uncertainty
when one answer from You
could settle everything?

Why shelter
when You could rescue?

Maybe because they are not
the same thing.

Rescue changes
what is happening around me.

Refuge changes
where I stand
while it is happening.

I am learning that slowly.

There are situations in my life
I cannot resolve today.

Questions about the future.

Calling.

Timing.

People I love
whose struggles I cannot fix.

Things I am waiting for.

Things I wish
You would explain.

I bring them to You,

and sometimes
they remain exactly as they were.

That is difficult.

I want prayer
to produce movement.

Instead You sometimes offer
presence.

Come here.

Stay.

Let the storm continue
outside for a while.

You don't have to stand
in the middle of it.

That feels almost
too simple.

My mind wants to know
what happens after the cave.

Where are we going?

How long are we staying?

What happens
when we come out?

Do we have a plan?

You seem less interested
in answering those questions
than I am.

Perhaps refuge only works
when I stop demanding
that it also become a map.

David eventually
left the cave.

The story moved.

His circumstances changed.

But Psalm 57 was written
while he was still there.

That matters to me.

Praise did not wait
for resolution.

Trust did not wait
for safety.

God was still God
inside the cave.

Maybe I need to learn
that too.

You are still good
while I wait.

You are still present
when the answer hasn't come.

You are still leading
when I cannot see
beyond the next step.

You are still shelter
when the storm
has not moved.

I don't particularly like
unresolved things.

They follow me around.

My mind keeps checking them
as though something might change
if I think about them
one more time.

Usually it doesn't.

So perhaps there are moments
when faith looks like
putting the question down.

Not forever.

Just for now.

Coming beneath Your wings.

Letting myself be sheltered
without requiring You
to explain what happens next.

The circumstances may still
be waiting for me tomorrow.

The door may still be closed.

The question may still
have no answer.

The storm may still
be making noise.

But perhaps tonight
I do not need it to stop.

Perhaps tonight
I simply need somewhere
to rest while it continues.

And if nothing changes
before morning,

You will still be here.

Maybe that is refuge.

# Higher Than I Can Reach



***Inspired by Psalm 61***

There are days
when I can carry a lot.

I know how to keep moving.

There is work to do.

People who need things.

Conversations to have.

Responsibilities that do not disappear
because I am tired.

So I manage.

I organise.

I make lists.

I solve the next problem.

Then the next.

I have become quite good
at functioning
while carrying things.

Sometimes so good
that I don't realise
how heavy they have become.

Until suddenly
I do.

Nothing dramatic necessarily happens.

There is no single moment
I can point to
and say,

That was too much.

It is usually smaller than that.

One more thought.

One more responsibility.

One more unanswered question.

And something inside me says,

I cannot carry
one more thing.

David called it
a faint heart.

I understand that differently now.

Not weakness.

Not failure.

Just the moment
when whatever strength
I have been generating
finally reaches its limit.

My mind doesn't like limits.

It believes most things
can be solved
with enough thinking.

Give me a problem
and I will turn it over.

Look at it from another angle.

Imagine the possible outcomes.

Build a plan.

Build another plan
in case the first one fails.

Then build a third
because apparently
we are doing this now.

Thinking feels like movement.

Planning feels like control.

And sometimes
both are useful.

But there are places
my mind cannot think
its way out of.

There are things
I cannot organise
into peace.

There are burdens
that do not become lighter
because I understand them.

There are moments
when I simply reach
the end of myself.

Lead me to the rock
that is higher than I.

I love that David
didn't say,

Give me the strength
to climb.

I think that would have been
my prayer.

Make me stronger.

Help me cope.

Give me more capacity.

Help me become
the kind of person
who can handle this.

But maybe I don't always
need more strength.

Maybe sometimes
I need somewhere
stronger than me.

That is difficult
for the part of me
that likes being useful.

I am comfortable
being the person
who helps.

The person who listens.

The person who finds
the next step.

The person who remains calm
while someone else
is overwhelmed.

But I am not always
that person.

Sometimes I am the one
whose heart is faint.

Sometimes I have no answer.

Sometimes I cannot find
the next step.

Sometimes prayer itself
feels like another thing
I need energy to do.

So perhaps this is enough:

Lead me.

Not,

Here is my plan, God.
Please bless it.

Not,

Tell me where we are going
and I will find my way there.

Just,

Lead me.

Because I cannot see
very far today.

Lead me somewhere
higher than my thoughts.

Higher than my fear.

Higher than the future
I keep trying to predict.

Higher than my ability
to hold everything together.

Somewhere my mind
does not have to solve
what happens next.

Somewhere I can lean
against something
that does not move
when I do.

I will probably want
my strength back tomorrow.

I will make another list.

I will start planning again.

That is part of who I am.

But perhaps I need to remember
that my ability to carry things
was never meant
to become my refuge.

You are.

So when my heart is faint,

when the thoughts become heavy,

when I have reached
the edge of whatever strength
I thought I had,

do not simply make me stronger.

Lead me somewhere
strength is not required.

Lead me to the Rock
that is higher
than I can reach.

# When Everything Else Disappears



***Inspired by Psalm 63***

There are moments
when everything becomes quiet.

I wish I knew
how to make them happen.

I would schedule them.

Probably put them
in the calendar.

Set a reminder.

Create the right environment.

Work out exactly
what I did last time
and try to reproduce it.

But it doesn't seem
to work that way.

Most days
my mind arrives before I do.

I sit down with You
and bring an entire crowd.

Things I need to do.

Things I forgot to do.

People I need to call.

Something I read yesterday.

An idea for a book.

A conversation
that hasn't happened yet.

A completely unrelated thought
that apparently cannot wait
another thirty seconds.

Sometimes five minutes
with You feels like
trying to keep twenty doors
closed at once.

Then there are
the other moments.

The ones I cannot explain.

I open Scripture

and something catches.

One sentence.

One thought.

One glimpse of You.

And suddenly
everything else disappears.

The room is still there.

The responsibilities
have not gone anywhere.

My phone still exists.

Tomorrow still needs
to be dealt with.

But none of it
seems particularly important.

For a while,

there is simply
You.

David wrote about thirst.

A dry and weary land
where there was no water.

He wanted You
with the desperation
of someone whose body
knows exactly
what it needs.

I think I understand
something about that hunger.

Because once I have known
these moments with You,

I want them again.

Not because they make me
more spiritual.

Not because I can turn them
into something useful.

Not even because
they make me feel better.

I want You.

There is a difference.

I have sometimes chased
the feeling of Your presence
instead of Your presence.

I know that.

I have wanted
the quiet.

The warmth.

The certainty.

The sense that everything
inside me has finally
found its proper place.

But those things
are not You.

They are simply what happens
sometimes

when I become aware
that You are near.

And when it happens,

my restless mind
does something extraordinary.

It rests.

Not because I forced it.

Not because I finally mastered
some spiritual discipline.

It simply becomes absorbed
in something greater
than everything else
competing for its attention.

You.

I can lose track of time.

A verse becomes another verse.

A prayer becomes silence.

Silence becomes something
I don't want to leave.

The same mind
that struggles to remain
in one place

suddenly doesn't want
to go anywhere else.

Perhaps that is why
Psalm 63 feels different
from some of David's
other prayers.

He isn't asking You
to fix everything.

He isn't asking
for a map.

He isn't even asking
for an answer.

He is hungry
for You.

I want more of that.

Not more religious activity.

Not more information
about You.

Not another plan
for becoming better
at following You.

You.

I want to know You
in the way thirst
knows water.

In the way hunger
knows it cannot be satisfied
by being told
that food exists.

And perhaps that is why
the distracted days
frustrate me so much.

I know there is more.

I have tasted it.

I have sat with You
while everything else
became distant.

Then the next morning
I struggle to finish
a prayer without wondering
what I am having for lunch.

Both are me.

I am learning
not to despise either one.

Because maybe hunger
does not disappear
just because attention does.

Even when my thoughts wander,

somewhere beneath them
there is still something
reaching toward You.

Still thirsty.

Still searching.

Still remembering
those moments
when everything else disappeared.

And perhaps
that hunger itself
is evidence of something.

I came back to You
after years away

and discovered
I was hungrier
than I knew.

Now there are moments
when I find what
I was looking for.

No noise.

No performance.

No future to organise.

No past to revisit.

Just You.

And me.

And for once,

my mind does not want
to be anywhere else.

# When Everything Is Too Much



***Inspired by Psalm 69***

Sometimes nothing is wrong.

And everything is too much.

That is difficult
to explain.

There is no disaster.

No single thing
I can point to
and say,

There.

That is why
I cannot cope today.

It is everything.

The noise.

The conversations.

The questions.

The things that need doing.

The phone.

The notifications.

Someone talking
while I am trying to think.

Another thought arriving
before I have finished
with the one already there.

Plans.

People.

Responsibilities.

My own emotions
turning up without explaining
why they are here.

Individually,

I can carry them.

Together,

they become water.

David wrote about sinking.

Deep mud.

No foothold.

Water rising around him.

I know my circumstances
are not his.

But I recognise
the feeling.

That moment when your feet
cannot seem to find
anything solid.

When one more sound
feels louder than it should.

One more question
feels harder than it is.

One more person needing something
makes something inside you
want to disappear.

And then comes
the guilt.

Because nobody
has done anything wrong.

The person asking the question
doesn't know
it is the fifteenth thing
my brain is trying
to process.

The noise isn't actually
that loud.

The task isn't actually
that difficult.

The conversation isn't actually
that demanding.

So why does everything
feel like so much?

I start judging myself.

Come on.

Focus.

Settle down.

Deal with one thing
at a time.

Other people manage this.

You should be able
to manage this.

Those words never seem
to make the water shallower.

They only give me
something else to carry.

Sometimes I want
everyone to stop talking.

Not because I don't love them.

Not because I don't care.

I just need enough silence
to hear myself think.

Sometimes I need
the lights lower.

The phone away.

The door closed.

No decisions.

No questions.

No one asking me
what happens next.

Just somewhere
for my mind
to stop receiving.

There are days
when even things I love
become too much.

People.

Writing.

Serving.

Conversation.

Music.

Plans I was excited about
yesterday.

That frightens me sometimes.

Because I wonder
what changed.

Maybe nothing did.

Maybe I simply reached
my capacity
before I noticed
I was getting close.

David cried out
until he was exhausted.

His throat was dry.

His eyes grew tired
from looking for You.

There is something
almost uncomfortable
about how honestly
he describes it.

He doesn't make overwhelm
sound spiritual.

He sounds desperate.

Save me.

Sometimes that is
all the prayer I have too.

Not a beautiful prayer.

Not carefully structured.

Not something
I would write down
and give to someone else.

Just:

God,

this is too much.

I don't even know
which part of it
is too much.

Please help me.

I wish You always
lowered the water immediately.

Sometimes You do.

A quiet moment comes.

Someone understands.

The pressure eases.

My mind settles.

Other times
the water stays high
for a while.

And I have to learn
something I still find difficult:

I am allowed
to have limits.

I do not have to prove
my strength to You.

I do not have to remain available
to everything
simply because everything
feels important.

Even Jesus withdrew.

Even David cried out
when the water reached his neck.

So perhaps overwhelm
is not always something
to conquer.

Sometimes it is something
to notice.

The water is rising.

I need somewhere quiet.

I need to stop.

I need to say no
to something.

I need to let someone else
carry something.

I need You.

There is humility in that.

My mind wants
to handle everything.

My heart sometimes wants
to be everything
for everyone.

My body eventually
tells the truth.

Enough.

And perhaps You are present
in that word too.

Not disappointed.

Not wondering why
I cannot cope better.

Simply meeting me
where the water is deep.

I don't need You
to explain why
everything feels like too much.

I don't even need
to understand it myself.

Right now,

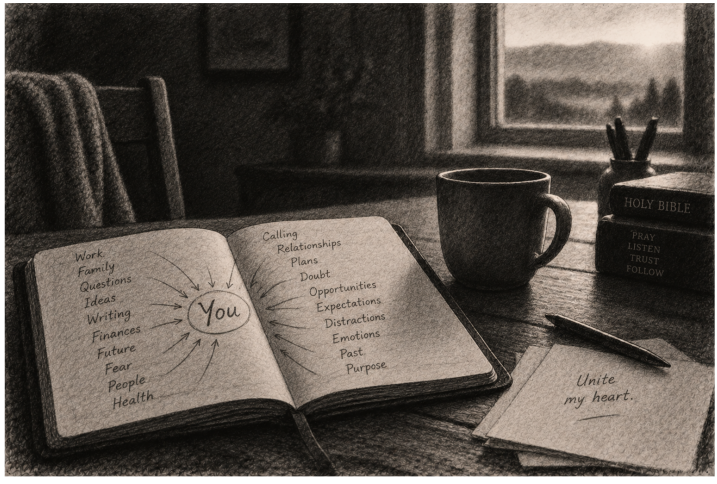
I just need something
solid beneath my feet.

And if I cannot
find the bottom,

then hold me

until the water
goes down.

# Unite My Heart



***Inspired by Psalm 86***

For a long time
I think I have been asking You
the wrong prayer.

Quiet my mind.

Slow it down.

Help me focus.

Stop the thoughts
from arriving all at once.

Let me pray
without wandering.

Let me read Scripture
without remembering
something completely unrelated
halfway through a verse.

Let me sit with You
without my mind getting up
and leaving the room
every thirty seconds.

I have prayed versions
of that prayer
more times than I know.

Sometimes You answer it.

There are moments
when everything becomes still.

Moments when I lock in
and the rest of the world
seems to disappear.

I love those moments.

But they do not last.

Eventually the thoughts return.

The ideas.

The questions.

The plans.

The unfinished conversations.

The things I need to do.

The things I might do.

The things I probably
will never do
but apparently need
to think about now.

And somewhere along the way
I began to wonder
whether a quiet mind
was the goal.

Then David prayed something
that stopped me.

Unite my heart.

Not my thoughts.

My heart.

There is a difference.

My thoughts may always
move quickly.

They may always branch.

One idea becoming another.

One question opening five more.

I may always notice
too many things at once.

Maybe that is not
the spiritual problem
I have sometimes made it.

Perhaps the deeper question is:

Where are all those thoughts
ultimately facing?

Because I can have
a quiet mind
and still be far from You.

And I can have
a noisy mind
that keeps returning
to the same place.

You.

Maybe unity
doesn't mean everything
inside me becomes identical.

Maybe it means
everything belongs
to the same centre.

My writing.

My work.

My relationships.

My calling.

My questions.

My ambition.

My fear.

My excitement
about what might come next.

My disappointment
when nothing seems to happen.

My past.

My future.

The parts of me
that feel deeply certain.

The parts that still wonder.

All of them
turned toward You.

That is a different prayer.

Because sometimes
my problem is not distraction.

Sometimes my heart itself
is divided.

I want You,

and I want control.

I trust You,

and I want guarantees.

I want Your timing,

as long as it resembles mine.

I want to serve,

and sometimes
I want to be noticed serving.

I want Your will,

but I also have
a surprisingly detailed version
of what I think
Your will should look like.

There are competing desires
inside me.

Some noble.

Some selfish.

Some I cannot distinguish
from each other yet.

And You know them all.

So perhaps this prayer
is more dangerous
than asking You
to quiet my mind.

Unite my heart.

Bring the scattered pieces
toward one centre.

Not so I become
less myself.

Not so curiosity disappears.

Not so every wandering thought
is finally brought under control.

But so that beneath
everything moving inside me

there is one direction.

Toward You.

I think I have sometimes
imagined holiness
as becoming simpler.

Less distracted.

Less complicated.

Less contradictory.

Perhaps it is something else.

Perhaps holiness
is allowing You
into all the contradictions.

The man who believes
and the man who questions.

The man who wants to wait
and the man who wants
to force the door open.

The man who wants
nothing more than Your presence

and the man who gets distracted
during prayer
by something he needs
from the supermarket.

All of him.

Me.

United.

Not because every part
finally behaves perfectly,

but because every part
is learning
where home is.

Maybe that is what
I have been looking for.

Not silence.

Alignment.

A mind can wander
and still belong to You.

A thought can disappear
down some unexpected road
and still eventually
find its way home.

Perhaps I don't need
to spend my life
fighting the mind
I have been given.

Perhaps I can ask
for something deeper.

When my thoughts scatter,

unite my heart.

When my desires compete,

unite my heart.

When calling becomes ambition,

unite my heart.

When fear becomes control,

unite my heart.

When I become so busy
doing things for You
that I forget
to be with You,

unite my heart.

And when my mind
is finally quiet,

unite my heart then too.

Because quiet
was never the destination.

You were.

Maybe somewhere
beneath all the noise,

that has always been
the prayer.

Not,

God, make me
less restless.

But,

God,

whatever is moving
inside me,

let all of me
move toward You.

# Don't Forget What Has Already Happened



***Inspired by Psalm 103***

My mind is very good
at remembering
what hasn't happened yet.

The door that hasn't opened.

The prayer that hasn't
been answered.

The conversation
I am still waiting to have.

The thing I thought
would be clearer by now.

The future I keep trying
to look around the corner
and see.

There is always
something unfinished.

And unfinished things
are loud.

They sit somewhere
in the back of my mind
even when I am doing
something else.

Waiting.

Reminding me.

What about this?

What happens next?

How long?

Have you forgotten?

Sometimes I become
so occupied
with what You haven't done yet

that I forget
what You have already done.

David spoke
to his own soul.

Bless the Lord.

Do not forget
His benefits.

I understand now
why he needed
to tell himself.

Because remembering
does not always happen
automatically.

Sometimes it requires
intention.

Especially when the present
is uncertain.

So perhaps I need
to speak back
to myself too.

Remember.

Remember the years
when you thought
faith belonged
to another version of you.

Remember when God
was mostly a memory.

Remember the ordinary day
when His presence
suddenly wasn't ordinary.

Remember the car.

Remember what it felt like
to realise that after all
those years,

He was still there.

Remember walking
into church again.

Remember the first moments
when Scripture began
to sound alive.

Remember praying
and discovering
that the words
had returned.

Remember serving.

Remember standing
with people
and praying for them.

Remember the conversations
you could never
have planned.

Remember the opportunities
you didn't manufacture.

Remember the people
God placed around you.

Remember the doors
that opened quietly.

Remember the things
you once thought
were finished

that somehow
started breathing again.

Remember.

Because my mind
has a strange habit
of turning yesterday's miracle
into today's normal.

Something I prayed for
becomes something
I expect.

Something that once
made me stop
and thank You

becomes part
of the furniture.

Then I start looking
for the next thing.

What now?

What's next?

Where is this going?

When will that happen?

I can move from gratitude
to impatience
with remarkable efficiency.

Perhaps that is why
David keeps listing.

Forgiveness.

Healing.

Redemption.

Compassion.

Good things.

He is reminding his soul
of its history with You.

Maybe I need
to do the same.

Not because everything
has worked out.

It hasn't.

There are still prayers
I am praying.

There are still doors
I would like You to open.

There are still questions
about calling
and timing
and what these next years
are supposed to become.

There are people I love
whose stories
I wish I could change.

There are parts of myself
I still want You
to change.

There is plenty
that remains undone.

But unfinished
does not mean
You have done nothing.

That is the lie
I sometimes believe.

I stare so long
at the blank spaces
that I stop seeing
everything already written.

So today
I will remember.

Not perfectly.

Not sentimentally.

I will not pretend
every difficult thing
was secretly wonderful.

Some things hurt.

Some years were lost.

Some choices had consequences.

Some prayers were answered
differently than I wanted.

Some questions
still do not have answers.

But mercy has been here.

Grace has been here.

You have been here.

Again
and again
and again.

And perhaps remembering
is one way
of trusting You
with what remains.

Because the God
I am waiting for

is not a stranger.

You are the God
who has already met me.

Already forgiven.

Already carried.

Already surprised me.

Already found me
in places where
I wasn't even looking
for You.

So when my mind
fills itself
with everything
still undone,

teach me to interrupt it.

Remember.

Remember what He has done.

Remember who He has been.

Remember how many times
you thought the story
had stopped

only to discover
another page.

There will always
be something next.

Another question.

Another hope.

Another prayer.

Another unfinished thing.

But before I rush
toward all of that,

my soul,

don't forget
what has already happened.

# Maybe This Is Quiet



***Inspired by Psalm 131***

I have spent a long time
trying to become quiet.

It sounds simple.

Be still.

Sit with God.

Clear your mind.

Focus.

I have heard versions
of those instructions
for most of my Christian life.

And I have tried.

I really have.

But my mind does not seem
particularly interested
in being cleared.

Tell it to be quiet
and suddenly it remembers
everything.

Something I need to do.

Something I should have said.

Something I said
and now wish I hadn't.

A line I want to write.

A person I need to call.

A question about God.

A question about tomorrow.

A completely unnecessary question
about something that happened
fifteen years ago.

Apparently now
is the time to investigate it.

So when David says
he has calmed
and quieted his soul,

part of me wonders
what that must feel like.

Because I have known
moments of extraordinary stillness.

Moments when I become
so absorbed in You
that everything else disappears.

But I cannot live
in those moments.

Eventually my mind
starts moving again.

For years I think
I assumed this meant
I wasn't very good
at stillness.

Maybe I needed
more discipline.

More prayer.

Less distraction.

A better routine.

Maybe one day
I would become
the kind of Christian
who could sit silently
before You
for an hour

without mentally reorganising
the rest of the week.

I am beginning to wonder
whether I have misunderstood
quietness.

David doesn't say
he understood everything.

In fact, he seems
to do the opposite.

He stops reaching
for things too great
for him.

That catches me.

Because reaching
is something my mind
does constantly.

I want to understand.

Why this?

Why now?

What next?

Where is this leading?

What does this mean?

What are You doing?

What should I do?

What if I choose wrong?

What if I miss something?

Give me enough information
and I will happily
attempt to understand

the entire future
before breakfast.

But there are things
too great for me.

That sentence
does not come naturally.

I prefer:

Things I haven't
worked out yet.

That sounds temporary.

Solvable.

Give me enough time.

Enough books.

Enough prayer.

Enough conversations.

Enough thinking.

Eventually
I will understand.

Except I won't.

There will always be things
beyond me.

Things about You.

Things about people.

Things about suffering.

Things about timing.

Things about my own life.

Things You may explain later.

Things You may never explain
at all.

Perhaps quietness begins
when I stop demanding
that understanding
come before trust.

David describes a child
with its mother.

Not a child reaching
for what it wants.

A child who has already
been fed.

No longer demanding.

Simply resting.

I like that image.

Although if I am honest,

I am usually the child
still asking questions.

Are we there yet?

What happens next?

Why?

How long?

Can we go now?

What about this?

Did You forget that?

I bring You
an exhausting amount
of follow-up questions.

And yet perhaps
You are not asking me
to stop having them.

Maybe You are teaching me
that I don't have to follow
every question
where it wants to go.

A thought can arrive

without becoming
an assignment.

A worry can appear

without becoming
a prophecy.

A question can remain unanswered

without becoming
an emergency.

My mind can move

while my soul stays.

That feels different.

Maybe quietness
is not silence.

Maybe it is settledness.

The thoughts are still there,

but they are no longer
in charge.

Tomorrow still exists,

but I don't have to live
there yet.

The unanswered prayer
is still unanswered,

but I don't have to check it
every five minutes.

The calling still matters,

but I don't have to force it
into existence.

The future is still unknown,

but unknown
does not mean unsafe.

I can sit here.

With You.

My mind may wander
and return.

Wander
and return.

There may be ten thoughts
before the next minute passes.

But somewhere beneath them

something else
can remain still.

My heart knows
where it is.

With You.

Perhaps that is the quietness
I have been looking for.

Not an empty mind.

Not perfect concentration.

Not finally becoming
someone whose thoughts
move slowly.

Just a soul
that no longer needs
to chase every thought
that passes through it.

A soul that can say,

I don't know.

I don't understand.

I cannot see
what happens next.

And I am okay
here.

Maybe I have experienced
this more often
than I realised.

Maybe quietness
was never the absence
of noise.

Maybe it was the moment
I stopped needing
the noise to disappear
before I could rest.

My thoughts are still moving.

But I am here.

You are here.

And for now,

nothing else
needs to be solved.

Maybe this
is quiet.

# You Were There Before the Thought



***Inspired by Psalm 139***

Sometimes I don't understand
my own mind.

I can tell you
what I am thinking.

Usually.

But ask me why
I am thinking it

and things become
more complicated.

A thought appears.

Then another.

Then something connects
to something else

and suddenly I am somewhere
I did not intend to go.

A memory.

A fear.

An idea.

A prayer.

A plan.

Something I should do tomorrow.

Something I should have done
ten years ago.

Sometimes even I
cannot follow the path
that brought me there.

But You can.

David says
You know his thoughts
from far away.

I find that extraordinary.

You know the thought
before I finish thinking it.

Before I find words for it.

Before I decide
whether it is sensible.

Before I work out
whether I should tell anyone.

Before I understand
what it means.

You already know.

That should probably
frighten me.

Sometimes it does.

Because there are thoughts
I would rather
You didn't see.

Not every thought
is generous.

Not every motive
is pure.

Not every imagined conversation
makes me look particularly holy.

There are judgments.

Jealousies.

Fears.

Desires.

Resentments.

Ambitions I am not sure
are calling or ego.

Questions I hesitate
to say aloud.

Doubts that seem louder
at certain hours
of the night.

You see all of it.

There is no private room
inside my mind
where You wait outside.

No drawer
I can close.

No thought
I can delete quickly enough
for You not to notice.

You know me.

Not the version
I present.

Not the version
I write.

Not the version
standing at church.

Not the version
praying with someone.

Not the version
I hope one day
to become.

Me.

And somehow,

David does not respond
to that knowledge
by running away.

He calls it wonderful.

I am beginning
to understand why.

Because being completely known
means I no longer have
to explain myself perfectly.

And I spend a lot of time
trying to explain myself.

Even to myself.

Why did that bother me?

Why can't I focus today?

Why am I thinking
about this again?

Why can I spend hours
completely absorbed
in one thing

and struggle for five minutes
with another?

Why did that conversation
stay with me?

Why am I excited
and afraid
at the same time?

Why does my mind
sometimes become quiet
in Your presence

and on another day
refuse to stay
for thirty seconds?

I want explanations.

Labels can help.

Understanding can help.

Learning how my mind works
can help.

But none of those things
introduce You to me.

You were already here.

Before I understood
anything about myself,

You understood me.

Before I knew
why my mind worked
the way it did,

You knew.

Before I learned
how easily I become distracted,

You knew.

Before I discovered
how deeply I could focus,

You knew that too.

Before the questions.

Before the wandering.

Before the years
I spent away from You.

Before the return.

Before the calling
began stirring again.

You knew.

David wonders
where he could go
to escape Your presence.

Heaven.

The depths.

The far side of the sea.

Nowhere works.

I tried distance
in my own way.

Not by travelling
to the far side of the sea.

I simply built a life
where I stopped looking
for You.

Years passed.

Faith became something
I used to have.

Calling became something
I used to talk about.

I moved on.

Or thought I had.

But apparently
there was nowhere
I could go
where You stopped knowing me.

Even there.

Even then.

You knew.

That changes the way
I look at those years.

Not because I need
to pretend they were
something they weren't.

I was away.

There were choices.

There were consequences.

There were parts of my life
I would write differently
if I could.

But there was never
a version of me
You lost track of.

Then David says
You formed him.

That makes this
even more confronting.

Because it means
You did not simply discover
the way my mind works.

You were present
before I had thoughts
to think.

You saw something
before anyone else
saw anything.

Which means perhaps
I can stop treating
every part of myself
I find difficult
as though it surprised You.

Maybe I can stop arriving
in prayer apologising
for the fact
that I have brought
my own mind with me.

Here I am again, God.

Distracted.

Thinking too much.

Feeling too much.

Planning three steps ahead.

Forgetting what I was saying
halfway through saying it.

Locking onto something
and disappearing into it.

Restless.

Curious.

Complicated.

Me.

And You say,

I know.

Not dismissively.

Intimately.

I know when you sit down.

I know when you get up.

I know the thought
before you understand it.

I know the word
before you say it.

I know where you have been.

I know where you are going.

I know.

There is something
almost unbearably tender
about that.

Because beneath so much
of my striving

is perhaps a desire
to be understood.

Not excused.

Not admired.

Understood.

To have someone see
the whole complicated landscape
and not reduce me
to one part of it.

And You do.

Completely.

Which makes the end
of David's prayer
even more remarkable.

Search me.

After spending an entire Psalm
saying that You already know him,

he invites You
to look again.

Search me.

Know my heart.

Know my thoughts.

Show me what is there.

That takes courage.

Because being known
by You is comforting

until I remember
that You also see
the things in me
that need changing.

The patterns
I defend.

The motives
I rename.

The wounds
I allow to become excuses.

The fears
I disguise as wisdom.

The ambition
I sometimes call calling.

Search those too.

Not because I want
to become ashamed
of who I am.

Because I want
all of me
to belong to You.

The restless parts.

The faithful parts.

The frightened parts.

The hopeful parts.

The parts still healing.

The parts still waiting.

The parts that know exactly
what they believe.

The parts that whisper,

Are You sure?

Search all of it.

And lead me.

Because perhaps
the greatest peace
I will ever find

is not finally understanding
every thought
inside my head.

It is knowing
that I am understood.

Before the thought.

Before the word.

Before the explanation.

Before I can make sense
of myself.

You are already there.

And somewhere beneath
all the noise,

beneath every unfinished thought,

beneath every question,

beneath every attempt
to understand who I am,

there is this:

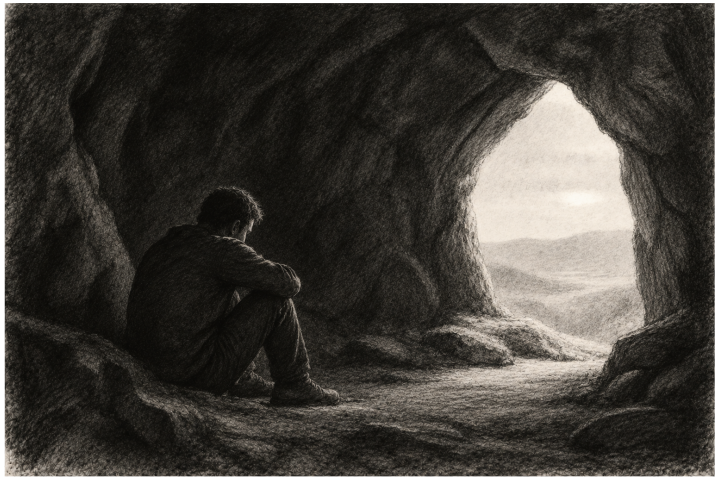
You know me.

Completely.

And still,

You lead me.

# When the World Gets Small



***Inspired by Psalm 142***

There are seasons
when the world gets smaller.

Not suddenly.

At least
not always.

One thing disappears.

Then another.

A relationship changes.

A door closes.

A routine ends.

Something you thought
would always be there
isn't anymore.

And eventually
you look around
and realise

your world has become
much smaller
than you remember it being.

David had a cave.

Four walls of stone.

An entrance.

Somewhere outside,
people were looking for him.

Inside,

there was nowhere else
to go.

I have had caves too.

They didn't look
like caves.

Sometimes they looked
like rooms.

Cars.

Long drives.

Late nights.

Places where nobody
knew exactly
what was happening
inside me.

Sometimes the cave
was simply the distance
between the life
I thought I would have

and the life
I was actually living.

That can become
a lonely place.

There have been times
when I have been surrounded
by people

and still felt alone.

I could talk.

Laugh.

Work.

Help someone.

Have ordinary conversations.

Answer,

I'm good.

And mean it
just enough
for the conversation
to continue.

Then return
to the quieter place
inside myself

where things were
not quite as good.

I think we become skilled
at respectable answers.

Especially in church.

How are you?

Good.

God is good.

Keeping busy.

Trusting Him.

All true, perhaps.

But sometimes
not the whole truth.

David doesn't seem interested
in respectable prayer
in Psalm 142.

He complains.

He tells You
what is happening.

He tells You
how overwhelmed he feels.

He tells You
that nobody seems
to notice him.

He tells You
there is nowhere
for him to go.

There is something
refreshing about that.

No introduction.

No attempt to sound
spiritually mature.

No carefully balanced sentence
to make sure
the complaint doesn't seem
too much like complaining.

Just,

God,

this is where I am.

Maybe prayer becomes
different in a cave.

There isn't enough room
for performance.

When the world becomes small,

the unnecessary things
start falling away.

Eventually it is just
You

and whatever
I have been trying
not to say.

I am lonely.

I am disappointed.

I don't know
what happens next.

I thought my life
would look different
by now.

I miss what I lost.

I am tired
of being strong.

I am angry about something
I thought I had forgiven.

I am frightened
that nothing will change.

I want someone
to notice.

I want someone
to understand.

I don't want advice.

I don't want
a lesson from this.

I just don't want
to carry it alone.

There.

Perhaps that
is a prayer.

My mind sometimes wants
to improve it.

Add something hopeful
at the end.

Find a Scripture.

Turn the pain
into a lesson.

Make sure I finish
with enough faith
that nobody misunderstands me.

But You already know
what I mean.

You know what happened.

You know what hurt.

You know which part
I am leaving out.

You know the thought
I haven't found
the courage to say yet.

So maybe I can say it.

Even if it sounds ugly.

Even if it sounds selfish.

Even if tomorrow
I would phrase it differently.

This is what I feel
today.

David said
no one cared for his soul.

I don't know whether
that was objectively true.

Maybe there were people
who cared deeply.

Pain sometimes makes
the world look emptier
than it is.

But it was how
the cave felt.

And You let him
put that sentence
in a Psalm.

You didn't edit it out.

That matters to me.

It means I don't have
to correct every emotion
before bringing it to You.

I can tell You
what the cave feels like

from inside the cave.

Maybe later
I will see it differently.

Maybe tomorrow
I will remember
the people who were there.

Maybe eventually
the entrance will widen

and the world
will become large again.

But today,

this is where I am.

And if all I can do
is sit here
and tell You the truth,

then I will.

No performance.

No polished ending.

No pretending
I understand
what You are doing.

Just me

in whatever cave
I have found myself in,

speaking aloud
what I usually keep inside.

And You,

somehow,

still listening.

Maybe when the world
becomes very small,

that is enough space
for prayer.

# Teach Me the Way



***Inspired by Psalm 143***

I still want to know
where this is going.

I know we have talked
about this before.

Quite a lot, actually.

I ask.

I wait.

I think I hear something.

I move.

Then I ask again.

There is something in me
that believes calling
should eventually become
a destination.

A place I can point to
and say,

There.

That is what all of this
was leading toward.

Maybe one day
it will.

But right now,

there are pieces.

Writing.

Serving.

Learning.

Praying with people.

Standing beside them
in moments that matter.

Conversations I did not plan.

Doors that seem
slightly open.

Others that remain
firmly closed.

Old desires
coming back to life.

New ones appearing
beside them.

And this persistent sense
that You are doing something
I cannot quite see
the shape of yet.

My instinct
is to work out the shape.

I am good at that.

Give me three pieces
and I will happily imagine
the other forty-seven.

Then I will build
a future around them.

Give it a timeline.

Work out what needs
to happen next.

Identify possible obstacles.

Create alternatives.

Then ask You
to confirm the plan
I have just made for You.

I am learning.

Slowly.

David prayed,

Teach me the way
I should go.

I notice he didn't say,

Show me everything
that is going to happen.

That would have been
my preference.

Teach me the way.

There is something
ongoing about that.

A student doesn't receive
the entire education
in one lesson.

You learn.

You practise.

You misunderstand.

You try again.

Something that once
felt difficult
becomes natural.

Then another lesson begins.

Maybe calling
works like that.

Perhaps You are not simply
taking me somewhere.

Perhaps You are teaching me
how to become someone
who can walk there.

That changes the question.

Instead of,

When will the door open?

Maybe:

What are You teaching me
while it is closed?

Instead of,

When will I finally arrive?

Maybe:

Who am I becoming
on the way?

Instead of,

Why didn't this happen
twenty years ago?

Maybe:

What do I know now
that I could not have known then?

I still don't particularly like
that last question.

Part of me
would still like
the twenty years back.

There are moments
when I look at my age
and want everything
to move faster.

Almost fifty.

Those words can sound
very different
depending on the day.

Sometimes they sound
like gratitude.

Sometimes urgency.

There is still so much
I want to do.

So much I feel
stirring again.

And I don't know
how much time
any of us have.

That thought can make me
want to run ahead.

To make something happen.

To turn calling
into a project plan.

But perhaps direction
is not the same
as acceleration.

Teach me the way
I should go.

Today.

Not twenty years from now.

Not even five.

Today.

Who needs me
to listen?

Where can I serve?

What needs to be written?

What do I need
to learn?

What part of myself
are You asking me
to surrender?

Which door should I knock on?

Which door should I stop
standing in front of?

When should I move?

When should I wait?

Those questions
feel smaller.

But perhaps
they are more useful.

Because I have spent
enough of my life
thinking about destinations.

Maybe this season
is teaching me
to pay attention
to direction.

A few degrees
can change everything
over enough distance.

So turn me toward You.

Again.

And again.

When ambition pulls me
slightly sideways,

turn me.

When fear makes me hesitate,

turn me.

When comparison convinces me
I should be travelling
someone else's road,

turn me.

When impatience makes me
run ahead,

call me back.

When disappointment makes me
want to stop,

teach me another step.

I don't need You
to hand me
the whole blueprint.

I say that carefully,

because part of me
would still very much
like the blueprint.

But I am beginning
to understand
why You might not give it.

I would probably
stop following You
and start following it.

I would study the plan.

Measure my progress.

Decide whether
I was ahead or behind.

Worry about step twelve
while standing at step three.

Perhaps You know me
well enough
to give me less.

A direction.

A step.

Enough light
for today.

And Yourself.

So teach me
the way I should go.

Not merely
where I am going.

Teach me how
to walk there.

Teach me how
to recognise Your voice
without needing certainty
about everything else.

Teach me how to move
without rushing.

Wait
without becoming passive.

Prepare
without trying to control.

Dream
without demanding.

Follow
without a map.

And when my mind
runs far ahead again,

as it probably will,

bring me back
to the road beneath my feet.

Maybe calling
is not something
I eventually solve.

Maybe it is something
I keep learning
to walk.

One step.

Then another.

With You.