

# Want to Talk About It ? -God

*“But truly God has listened; He has attended to the voice of my prayer”  
(Psalm 66:19).*

Me: Okay, God, here's the thing. I'm scared. I'm trying not to be, but I am. I am worried about my family and friends.

God: I know. Want to talk about it?

Me: Do we need to? I mean, you already know.

God: Let's talk about it anyway... We've done this before.

Me: I know, I just feel like I should be bigger or stronger or something by now.

God: \*waiting patiently, unhurried, undistracted, never annoyed.

Me: Okay. So, I'm afraid I'll do everything I can to protect my family and it won't be enough. I'm afraid of someone I love dying. I'm afraid the world won't go back to what it was before. I'm afraid my life is always going to feel a little bit unsettled.

God: Anything else?

Me: EVERYTHING ELSE.

God: Remember how your son woke up the other night and came running down the hall to your bedroom?

Me: Yes.

God: You were still awake, so when you heard him running, you started calling out to him before he even got to you... remember? Do you remember what you called out to him?

Me: I said, "You're okay! You're okay! You're okay! I'm here."

God: Why did you call to him? Why didn't you just wait for him to get to your room?

Me: Because I wanted him to know that I was awake, and I heard him, and he didn't have to be afraid until he reached the end of the dark hallway.

God: Exactly. I hear you, my child. I hear your thoughts racing like feet down the dark hallway. There's an other side to all of this. I'm there already. I've seen the end of it. And I want you to know right here as you walk through it all, you're okay. I haven't gone to sleep, and I won't.

Me: \*crying. Can we sit together awhile? Can we just sit here a minute before I go back to facing it all?

God: There's nothing I'd love more.  
(Copied and comforted)