



A Letter to God

(based on Psalm 22, but because we discourage singing in public right now, it's a letter)

July 8, 2020

Rachel Yates

God? God? I'm sure you're busy right now, but I have to ask: why have you left me all alone? I keep trying to speak to you about my pain, but you don't feel close...certainly not close enough to do anything about it.

God? I've been trying to reach you. Day and night, I've been quite vocal about how crappy everything is right now. But, you don't answer. It's like I'm praying into nothingness.

I know you're the Holy One, who sits up high on your throne. Since the olden days, people have praised you. My parents and grandparents and great-grandparents all trusted you. I feel like you were there for them. I always hear about how times were hard for them – walking to school through the snow in bare feet, and all that – but you didn't disappoint them. The church was packed in those days, so they say, and everyone knew they could trust you.

In comparison, I'm apparently not worth anything, a bug to be stepped on. When I try to show my faith in you in the midst of everything that's going on, people think I'm nuts. Or, they're downright mean. They hold Bibles in the air, as if mocking how I'm expecting you to swoop in and rescue me. If she's such a supposedly strong Christian, they say, where is her God now?

I'm a cradle Presbyterian, you know. When I was little, my mother took me to Sunday School at Second Presbyterian Church. Ever since, I've believed in you.

So, especially now, please don't be distant. There's a lot weighing on me right now: the pandemic and systemic racism and political division and destruction of our environment and government fraud and deprivation of voting rights and the pandemic and systemic racism and...my mind races in circles. The thing is, there's no one to fix it all.

I feel like I'm at risk of being gored – a too-slow participant at the bull running festival in Pamplona, Spain, although apparently even that's been cancelled this year because of the coronavirus.

I'm just a big blob of nothing right now. I roll out of bed in the mornings with bones that are too tired to hold me up; my heart is numb. I don't get any exercise, and I'm eating junk food. It's like my body's ready to give it up.

Everywhere I look – especially when I watch the news, which I'm doing too often – I just see evil. What we're doing to each other out of a desire for power and money cuts me deeply. I know I'm a pawn in all of it. People are competing for my vote and my loyalty and my anger.

God? Don't be so far away. Especially now, I'm asking you to be strong for me because I've lost all my own strength. I know you must be busy right now, but could you please make time soon to help me? Give me just enough to keep running, so the sharp horn of that bull doesn't stab me.

I promise that I'll tell everyone about you. I'll go to church every Sunday –virtually for now. I'll let people know that you have been here for me, just like you were for my great-grandparents. God doesn't hide away, I'll tell them. God is listening! That's what I'll tell them. You called me to serve you, and the Church ordained me as a



ruling elder. So, I'll do what you've asked, just like your churches all around the world are doing right now. We need to remember that you're in charge – not just at church, but the whole world.

It doesn't matter whether we're rich or poor, healthy or sick, alive or dead – we all will kneel before you.

I know that I'll look back on this time and tell my grandchildren and great-grandchildren about you. I will tell them about how you made everything right. I'll tell them how you protected them before they were even born. I might even embellish a little bit about walking through the snow without shoes.

You've already done all this, haven't you God?