

## THIS MOTHER'S PRAYER

Here I am, Lord,  
Standing on the precipice,  
Ever looking to the next highest point.  
Never mind my body is no longer young.  
I only see the next peak, the next goal.

So there are valleys and dark places in between.  
I don't see them, even though I know I will walk through them.  
My eyes are fixed on the next rise, the next point ahead and up.  
My heart flutters like a bird in a cage,  
And my vision is blurred.  
Are those tears?

Behind me stands the dense wood of life,  
Filled with all sorts of nooks and crannies,  
And never a place I have wanted to stay.  
Forward, forward my feet take me.  
When I trip and fall, You pick me up.  
When I can see no more for the tears, You lead me onward.

I cannot stop myself from this climb.  
There is no place to rest,  
Only pauses to see the scenery from time to time.  
Then, one step after another, I push on.  
You do not see my blunders, only my progress.  
You place peak after peak, and goal after goal, before me.  
Keep me ever mindful of Your love and Your purposes.  
Lead me forward, O God, I pray.

This is an incredible time of emotion.  
Everything in me pushes toward the goal.  
At the same time, there is a sense of deep chasm,  
Of loss, that brings forth weeping, sobbing, moaning, and wailing.  
A grief so deep that it seems as a death has overtaken me.  
And yet, I know the future holds great promises, great light.  
It is Your light, Lord, for all who go and all who remain behind.

Like a rainstorm, a rain of sorrow whips around me.  
Suddenly, a let up, then a deluge of tears.  
A wind howls in my heart.  
A tree bends and nearly breaks.  
Upright once more, it is pounded with gale winds of emotion.  
O tears, when will you cease?

O emotions, when will you calm?  
Like after the rainstorm, quiet will follow.  
The birds will sing,  
And once again,  
I will stand on the precipice, looking forward to the next peak.

--Penny S. Hession