



Hope for Brighter Tomorrows

the mental health ministry of Kay Warren

Faithful, kind and merciful God. You are eternal love and life. I want to love you with my whole heart. I want to receive your love fully. I want to be so secure in your love and deep in trust in you that nothing can harm me.

And still I have to ask.

Why oh why don't you heal my kids? Why, when I pray in accordance with your will for them to walk with you all their days – why doesn't it happen? Don't you want that more than I do? You're omnipotent, omnipresent and omniscient – so what gives? It feels sometimes like you don't care...like you're so far off and so terribly silent and not really doing anything in their lives.

I am full of guilt for asking with such boldness, but your word shows you delight in our honesty so here's more of mine.

Why are your people often the meanest about those who suffer? Why do they not care about people, made in your image, who suffer so much and yet seem to often be met with platitudes and yawns? Do you see that? Do you care? What are your plans to fix it?

Why does your word seem to tell me to keep begging over and over for my kids' very lives? That feels sadistic if I'm honest. Yet I know that I know that I know sadistic is the opposite of who you are, though, so I trust it's my understanding that's skewed because you, O Lord, most surely are not.

Why will this one life of mine contain almost nothing of the entirety of the dreams I had for family life? Weren't they your dreams too? For closeness, for worshipping together, for being on mission together in this world. Instead, it's who will survive the next day in the darkness and despair of mental illness. God, it feels so cruel and sad.

I wanted kids to go to college and have noble careers and beautiful families who all walked closely with you. O how far from it life is and I still hate that. It grieves me so deeply.

Help me to accept it.

Thank you for caring about my grief. There's so much grief, so much loss. I am so weary, so worn. It's hard to experience joy in the things that always brought joy. Life feels endlessly hard.

And yet I thank you. I love you. Help me. Help me to know and feel your presence and love with me always. Thank you for your love. Thank you for your forgiveness and mercy. Thank you for blue skies and animals that show off your attributes of loyalty and faithfulness. Your faithfulness reaches to the heavens and may your name be praised from the rising of the sun to the place

where it sets. May I sing and dance to the tune of your love and may I love those around me in the way that you love. Help me. I need you. Help me with acceptance, with gratitude and with keeping my everything buried deep with YOU. Only and always with YOU my beloved, wonderful, merciful God.

If your loved one is in immediate danger or you are concerned about their safety, contact the 988 Suicide and Crisis Lifeline by calling or texting 988. If there is an emergency, call 911 and let the operator know your loved one is experiencing a mental health crisis.

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