

I thought

*I thought I had to be ideal
perfect, never disappointing
I thought that otherwise
I wasn't worth any love whatsoever
that otherwise, there would be
no hope for me*

I felt

*I felt that I fell short
that they had expected much more
after all –
they had invested so much in me
I felt that I was
also hurting others
inflicting pain, sometimes,
till deep in their soul*

then I saw


*– as by a miracle –
that all people are imperfect
and that Jesus was there
all unexpectedly – standing besides me
in my brokenness
in His presence I was allowed
to be like I was – broken and all
He said: "Come, give Me
all that pain, all those shortcomings"
silently,
I huddled myself against Him
sensing how His warmth nourished my body
how my muscles relaxed
my heart became quiet*

now I know

*I am allowed to be who I am
walking quietly as a child by His hand
enjoying the conversation with Him
lavishing myself
on the loving smile on His face
now it's His concern
that I fully reach my goal
but not only with me
but also with all those around me
He wants to go that way
I don't have to push
– nor to pull either
quietly, I may look
what He is doing,
offering myself as a willing vassal
in His service.*

AR, February 1995

this English translation: December 2002
quoted with kind permission from the author

[Accede! home](#)  or [back to the articles index](#)

Thanks for your interest!